

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Hi, my name is Emma, and I have just left school. I was due to start University in September, doing environmental studies. You see, I wanted to save the world and all the animals on it. I was a tree hugger. My dad called me naive and a dreamer, but I didn't care. He was just an old drunk and very, very cynical.

My Mum had died when I was twelve, which left Dad to bring me up, but he didn't want the responsibility. He was too interested in drinking and going to the pub. It was an accident, you see. Both Mum and Dad were in their forties when I came along and had never wanted kids. So, when Mum died, I more or less took care of myself, much to my father's joy.

Luckily, Mum had given me her love of nature, for which I was truly grateful. I studied hard and gained a place at uni, which pleased Dad. It meant I would be gone most of the time.

Being a 'greeny,' as some girls used to call me, meant that many peers at school didn't like me either. If it wasn't for the fact that I was very pretty with a nice body, I don't think anyone would have even spoken to me. However, all the boys tried to talk to me, or rather they pretended to talk to me to be alone with me so that they could try it on.

I had one really good friend, Jane, and I would have gone mad if it wasn't for her. She was my rock; we did everything together, even losing our virginity in the same bed. She had decided it was time we became 'women,' so she chose two boys and invited them to her house when her parents were away. After many drinks and Jane ordering me to the bedroom, we gave up our cherries. The lucky boys even got to swap with us after that first shag, another of Jane's ideas.

I'm very timid, you see, and although I'm very vocal when it comes to the environment, anything else and I'm just too shy. I wouldn't say I like confrontation and would avoid anything that could cause it, even doing things I didn't want to do. The funny thing was, after losing my virginity, I wanted more sex. I loved it. Paul, one of the boys who shagged me that night, waited for me after school on the Monday after and insisted I went to his for a 'chat,' he said.

Once there, he just started kissing me, and we did it in his bed within a few minutes. I tried to say no, but he wouldn't listen. He just started stripping me and touching me, making me all hot. He fucked me three times that afternoon, making me cum like never before. We did it daily for a month, only stopping when he nearly killed himself on his bike. He was in the hospital for months.

Luckily, the other boy who fucked me on that first night, John, took his place. After visiting Paul, he gave me a lift home, stopping at his first. John had to get something. Once inside, he started kissing me, saying Paul told him he could. Being an idiot, I believed him and let him fuck me. I only realized what I had done after he told me not to tell Paul. I never did tell Paul, and when he waited for me after my next visit, I let him fuck me again. He was aggressive, saying he would tell Paul I had come on to him if I didn't.

After Paul left the hospital, John left me alone, not that I would have said no if he had carried on. I liked doing it with him. Paul and I broke up a few months later. He met another girl who liked motorbikes and dressed in leather; she was perfect for him. I wasn't that bothered, but I did miss the sex. It made me feel good. Paul was a big boy, six foot tall and broad, opposite me. I was five foot two inches tall and weighed about a hundred and ten pounds.

My eyes were blue, and my hair was blond, long and straight, to the middle of my back. I was slim

with small tits, but when I got excited, my nipples grew to be very long, embarrassingly so. I was not athletic but had no fat, my tummy was flat, and my bum was tight. Paul loved it, biting it all the time.

I had a few freckles but not too many; my nose was small, and my cheekbones were quite pronounced, giving me a distinct look, as many boys told me. Men and boys had always paid me much attention, usually making me feel shy and embarrassed, sometimes even nervous, and occasionally downright scared, especially when trying to get me to do something rude. Most girls would have told them to fuck off, but I always struggled to do this. I would rather not make them angry and occasionally let one or two of them touch me to avoid a scene, regretting it after.

The day after leaving school, Jane came around with some wonderful news. Her uncle, who worked in the local council environment department, offered me a summer job. It was helping with a survey to record the birds nesting on the local river. The river runs through our county for about fifty miles; if you count both banks, that's a hundred miles. I was to walk along the banks, record all the birds I saw, and take some photos. I wasn't expected to do it all. Someone was doing the other side and starting in the opposite direction.

Tom, her uncle, saw me on Monday and explained everything. He told me I had permission from all the landowners to enter their land to do this, so I shouldn't worry about angry farmers. If anyone questioned me, I should show them my new shiny badge, freshly issued.

Armed with my clipboard and backpack, I set out on my first day as a real adult, working for a living and earning my own money. I was proud and eager, determined to log every bird on the river. It was a beautiful sunny day, summer was in full swing, and it must have been at least eighty degrees, perfect for a walk along the river.

I was wearing my white cotton summer dress. It was perfect for this weather, light and airy. Because I had such small and firm tits, I didn't wear a bra, it was too hot, and I didn't need one. Yes, the dress was short and rather low at the front. Still, I would be in the middle of nowhere with no one around, so I felt comfortable, even opening an extra button down the front.

When I drove to my starting point, I realized how remote the area was, I could see for miles, and not a single building or other car came into view. Wow, I thought, this is beautiful. I parked my car in a small lay beside the field and exited. The field I was to go in, to get down to the river, had cattle grazing, about twenty or so. I looked for a bull but couldn't see one.

I jumped over the gate and began walking. The river was about half a mile away. The cows all stopped grazing and stared, wondering who I was. As I passed them, they began to follow me. They seemed very interested in what I was doing in their field.

"Morning ladies, I'm just going down to the river. No need to worry," I told them, using my best cow voice.

They followed me for a little longer but then gave up, eating far more important than some silly human. When I got to the river, I stopped and looked all around. It was so peaceful and beautiful. I was so lucky to get such a job. I couldn't believe it. I took my trainers off and walked a little into the water. It was cold but felt so nice on my skin. I considered taking a swim for a moment but thought better of it. I had a job to do.

For the next hour, I walked along the bank recording everything I saw, taking many photos, too. I then came to a particularly lovely area, it was all grassy, and the water was crystal clear. It was like something from a movie. There was a fallen tree that just reached the water. I sat on it and gazed at the scenery, feeling good about life. Sitting there, I began daydreaming, my feet in the water. I

remembered the last time Paul fucked me. It was about three months ago, in his bed, he made me cum so hard.

I started to get horny. The sun and thinking of Paul were making me wet. My fingers went to my pussy. My panty's already damp. I looked around quickly to ensure no one was there, though I knew there wasn't. I pulled my panty's down and placed them on the tree, my fingers going back to my pussy, entering me, making me moan loudly. God, I needed to cum.

The tree was big enough to lay back and spread my legs, which I did. Again, I looked around. I had never masturbated in the open before, I felt so naughty, and it made me even hornier. My dress was now above my waist, my pussy on full display, the breeze adding to my excitement as I played with myself. I closed my eyes and imagined Paul with his big cock climbing over me, holding me down, and forcing me to submit.

It didn't take long for me to cum. I was so aroused, surprisingly so. I put it down to the weather and my first day on the job. My thighs were all wet and sticky, so I knelt and washed with the lovely cool water, also taking a pee. As I was standing, I saw my white panty's drifting away from me, the current taking them quickly. They were twenty or so yards away. I started after them but couldn't reach them. They were gone, leaving me pantyless and now with a wet dress.

I exited the river and sat down, giggling, watching my new panty disappear downstream. I was too happy to worry that much. Who would know? It's not like I'm going to meet anyone, I thought. It was time to return to my car and move further down the river.

Walking back was lovely. The sun was drying me out, and I felt good after my orgasm. I decided me and Jane needed to go out and find some boys to have fun with. We were young and should have been having more fun. About halfway back, I saw some movement in the distance. I could make out a man and a dog, they were quite a way ahead, but I could make them out. As I approached, I saw the man sitting on an old tree stump while his dog was jumping about. He looked like a farmer, I thought. He was probably wondering who I was, so he was waiting there.

When I was about fifty or sixty yards away, the dog came running toward me, he was a big old thing, but I guessed he was friendly; otherwise, the man would be shouting at him. As the dog reached me, I looked at the man, who was still watching.

The dog was indeed friendly. The dog's tail was going mad as it jumped around me. He was a real beauty. His face was adorable, black on one side and white on the other. I looked again at the man, this time raising my hand in greeting, but he ignored me, still. The dog demanded attention, knocking into me and running around my legs. I began to pet him, scratching his head, telling him how good he was. He was so nice, and I loved dogs. I always wanted one but was never allowed.

He then put his head under my dress, his cold nose touching my pussy. I gasped loudly, my eyes shooting to the man not forty yards away, so embarrassed he could see this. I pushed at the dog, desperately trying to get him away from my still-wet pussy.

"No... No... Naughty dog," I cried, trying to walk nearer his master, hoping he would call him.

But he didn't. He just stared. The dog was now licking me, his head jammed into me, not moving, his tongue swiping along my pussy and lapping up my juices. I cried again, stumbling as he pushed harder against me, loving my taste.

"Please, stop this, bad doggy," I implored, my hands trying to push him away and keep my dress down simultaneously, failing on both accounts.

The more the dog licked me, the more determined he seemed. He was not stopping, no matter what I did or said. I changed tactics and called out to his owner.

"Please call him. Can you please stop him?" I begged, the dog's tongue going deeper and deeper inside my cunt.

The man said nothing. He just sat there, watching, expressionless. I was now only yards from him, my dress quite high and my pussy probably in view. I was so embarrassed but helpless. The dog wouldn't leave me alone.

He pushed harder. Suddenly, I was on the grass, my legs open and the dog in between them, still licking my pussy. My dress was above my waist, the man now fully aware I had no panty's on. I cried out as I tried to cover myself and push the dog away, failing miserably. The dog's bloody tongue was relentless, going so deep inside my cunt, making me gasp not only in horror but more and more with a little pleasure.

"No... No... Stop. Why are you letting him?" I managed to ask, trying to turn on my side and escape.

The man still ignored me but was smiling, moving forward on his tree stump for a better view. I managed to turn over, my bum now the object of interest to both of them. The dog was now licking my pussy and butt, his head forcing my legs apart, his strength far greater than mine. No tongue had ever touched my butt hole, and now this big dog was forcing his leathery thing inside mine. The feeling was incredible. The dog would swipe along my pussy and then into my butt, making me moan as he did so. I had to stop this. It was disgusting. No girl should be made to suffer this.

I started to crawl, the dog following, his head still between my legs. I looked behind me, and the man was now standing. He was making sure he still had a good view. He didn't want to miss a thing. It suddenly dawned on me. He wanted this to happen and probably knew it would happen. Maybe it was something that had happened before. How naïve and stupid of me, I thought. He was getting off on this, watching me, enjoying my reaction. My god, would he rape me after the dog had finished with me?

I stopped crawling. It was pointless. The dog would not let me go until it had finished with me, whatever that might be. The dog was licking me furiously, my juices flowing out onto its canine tongue, making it even more determined. I couldn't decide whether to lie down or stay as I was. Either way, the humiliation would continue. That was certain. A huge shudder went through my body. His tongue had scraped over my clit, the pleasure unbelievable. I was disgusted with myself.

"Just enjoy it. Let it go. My dog won't stop until he has made you his. I knew the moment he smelt you, another bitch in heat, he's got the nose," the stranger said.

His words hit me like a train. 'He knows. My god,' I thought. 'He could smell I had just had an orgasm and thinks I'm in heat or something.'

I collapsed on the ground, trying to roll into a ball to protect myself. I'm not in heat, I told myself. The dog was having none of it. He pushed hard with his head and pawed at my sides, forcing me to open up, not letting me off the hook. He was back between my legs when I lay straight, opening them wide for easy access. I looked up at the man. The man stood over me, watching me squirm as his dog molested me, smiling each time I let out an involuntary moan.

I hated my body. Why on earth was it reacting to this abuse? The man's eyes were on mine, holding me, boring into my soul, seeing me.

"Get back on all fours. My dog wants to breed you, and deep down, you want it to," came the stranger's shocking words.

I shook my head, telling him no, my eyes begging him to make it stop. Another low moan escaped my lips. My pussy was on fire now, this tongue was so good, and the deep humiliation of having this man watch me somehow added to my reaction.

"Barny," the man said, the dog stopping at once. 'Stand up,' He told me.

I just lay there, not moving, breathing heavily for a second.

"Stand up," he repeated.

I found the strength to move and shakily got to my feet, my legs trembling as I stood before him. He reached out and began undoing the buttons on my dress, not stopping until they were all open. I did nothing. I just looked down, my body frozen, unable to stop him. He then pushed it off me, leaving me naked. I took a deep breath, shocked by being naked in front of this stranger and even more so that I still did nothing.

"Mmmm, nice body. Small tits, but wow, look at those nipples, so long," the man said, a knowing sound to his voice.

He pushed me downwards, forcing me to my knees. Again, I let him.

'On all fours now, bitch. Barny is going to fuck you,' he simply said.

Barny was in front of me. He was bigger than I was, much bigger. I looked at the dog's cock. I couldn't help it. It was sticking out, big and red, disgusting looking. I leaned forward and put my hands on the grass. I was now on all fours, naked, in front of a stranger and his dog, waiting to be bred like a bitch in heat.

I was convinced it was a dream. I'd had these dreams before, sexy ones. Usually, they were about Paul forcing me and Jane to do things to each other. I would wake up wet and aroused, having to masturbate to get back to sleep. 'This must be one of those,' I told myself, realizing it wasn't when I felt Barny's nails scraping my butt. I jumped and looked back at him. He was climbing on me, trying to fuck me, just like the man said he was going to.

He was soon gripping me with his front legs, holding me in an embrace, preparing me for his cock. I could feel his thing banging against my cheeks, trying to find my pussy, all the time dripping drool over my back and neck. He was not giving up. The dog's cock was getting closer, banging beside my opening. I could feel his sperm wetting me. It was warm as it sprayed my pussy.

He readjusted himself and started again, his back nails raking my hips, making me gasp in pain as he thrust. This time he was on the mark. His big, red cock suddenly entered me, knocking the air from my lungs and making me squeal. I couldn't believe he was in me, a dog, I had a dog's cock in my body, and there was nothing I could do about it.

A wave of deep shame hit me. I felt humiliated. Nothing would ever be the same again. I just knew it. Barny was now fucking me. His cock was going in and out at a breakneck pace. He was stretching me with every thrust. I could feel him getting bigger. It was painful but not in a bad way, not something that would make me scream in agony.

I was also being pushed along the ground. Such was the dog's power. Barny was so big and strong. I

could feel it. He had me under his control and would do as he pleased. I held onto the grass, trying to steady myself, his pace relentless. The pain had gone, and now there was pleasure. It felt good. I had never felt so full. It was amazing.

The man came to the front and knelt, telling me, "He will soon knot you. Have you ever seen two dogs stuck together when fucking? Well, that will soon be you. Can you feel something big trying to get in your pussy? That's his knot, at the base of his cock, and once it's in you, you are sealed together so his sperm can impregnate you."

And he was right. I could feel something big hitting my pussy lips. It was slowly being forced into me.

"Stop it, please. I don't want puppies," I cried as another wave of pleasure hit me.

I was so scared now. The thought of being stuck to this dog made me sick. I had to do something. I squeezed as hard as I could, trying desperately to close my pussy and stop the dog's knot, but all that happened was it caused me to moan loudly as a new, even better wave of pleasure hit me. I squeezed again, not realizing I had done so, moaning even more.

Then it entered me. I gasped as it stretched me to the limit, filling my whole pussy, rubbing itself everywhere, sending bolts of pure pleasure throughout my body.

"It feels good, huh?" the man asked, chuckling.

I ignored him, fighting hard not to show any sign I was enjoying this. I wasn't enjoying it, I told myself. My body might have betrayed me, but I hated this and him. Barny was now still, laying across my back, but his cock wasn't. It was throbbing and releasing all his sperm, jet after jet hitting me. I could feel everyone. I bit my lip in an effort not to moan. 'How could it feel so good,' I asked myself, hating my body.

I knew I would cum soon. There was nothing I could do to stop it. My body had decided. The dog's knot was constantly moving and rubbing me, the friction as it did so delicious, it was so wrong to feel this, but I couldn't stop it. I was almost there. God forgive me. The man lifted my face, I had been looking down, trying to hide my feelings, but he wanted to see me. He knew what was happening and was determined to see me cum.

"No, don't, please, leave me alone," I begged my body shaking as my orgasm began.

But he didn't. He held my face and watched me cum with his dog, my whole body shaking and mewling sounds escaping my mouth. I closed my eyes and accepted I had no choice, the best orgasm of my life ripping through my young body. My cunt was going spastic, gripping hard on Barny's cock while at the same time going into the most beautiful spasms.

It went on and on, by far the longest continuous feeling of pleasure I had ever experienced. It was amazing. I pulled at the grass, trying to hold still, my body rocking uncontrollably as Barny continued to ejaculate, adding to my pleasure and almost sending me crazy.

When I opened my eyes, the man still held my face, his arrogant smile greeting me. I shook my head, not wanting him to touch me, I was already humiliated, and I didn't want him staring at me, laughing, and making me feel like a slut.

"Hey now, it's OK. You couldn't help yourself. Barny here is an expert lover. No woman has ever not cum when he's fucked them. Just enjoy it," he said, all smarmy, grinning.

He let me go and sat back, still watching me, knowing I couldn't go anywhere with Barney tied to me. He was just sitting there, enjoying himself, relaxing while I was fucked by his dog, and chuckling every time I moaned or shuddered, knowing what it was. I couldn't stop myself. That knot just kept rubbing me in all the right places. It was the strangest feeling having this thing inside me, giving me such pleasure.

"What's your name, and what are you doing on my land, trespassing?" he asked sternly.

I couldn't answer him straight away, the pleasure I was feeling rendering me speechless. It took me a few minutes before I could say anything.

'Emma, and I'm not trespassing. I work for the local authority," I answered quietly, shuddering again.

"You are trespassing, and that is why you're paying the price, but I think you don't mind the price, do you?" He chuckled.

Barney was moving again, the knot rubbing me in just the place, causing me to moan and close my eyes, wishing the ground would swallow me.

The man laughed aloud and said: "See, you like the price."

"How long will I be like this?" I asked, my voice very quiet.

"About twenty minutes or so. Relax, enjoy it. Let yourself go," the farmer teased, laughing again.

I was going to cum again, even though I had just minutes ago. Barney moving around was bringing me ever closer. No matter how hard I tried to think of something else, I couldn't stop my body from reacting to this knot. Barney then jumped down from me and turned the opposite way. We were now butt to butt. In doing this, the pressure and rubbing against my G-spot sent me over the edge. I put my head down and cum, my fingers pulling at the grass as I grunted and gasped, Barney pulling at me, sending me mad with pleasure. It was just too much.

"Oh yes, a second one. Well done, good girl. You're a natural bitch, born for this," he sniggered, loving my humiliation.

I couldn't believe how good that was. 'Paul had never made me cum like that. How could a dog do this?' I asked myself. I unconsciously pushed back against him, but I did it, trying to squeeze the last drop of pleasure out of him.

Two minutes later, there was a loud plop as Barney pulled out of me, a gush of sperm flowing out onto the grass. I could feel my pussy gaping open, stretched wide by this monster cock. The sudden feeling of emptiness made me wish he was still inside me. I collapsed onto the grass, laying there not knowing what to do, not wanting to look at the man but desperate to escape.

"Well, Barney, another bitch satisfied, well-done lad, let's go home. Oh, and Emma, if I find you on my land again, you know the price you have to pay," he laughed, walking off, whistling for Barney, who was trying to lick my face.

"Oh yes, we're here daily checking the cattle and fences, about the same time," he added.

'What does he mean by that?' I wondered, watching them walk off toward the road. I turned over and looked at my pussy, it was still open, and I could see right in it Barney's jizz seeping out still. I lay

there stunned, not able to comprehend what had just happened.

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## **Part Two**

The rest of the day was a bit of a blur. I didn't even go home. I just continued with my job, going to my car and driving to the next location for the survey. I remember washing my pussy several times in the river, though. Barney's stuff kept leaking out of me and running down my thighs. I had no panties to soak it all up.

When I got home, I was disgusted with myself. I couldn't get the picture of me and the dog out of my head, the way I cum while that man watched me. It was just so wrong. Jane phoned, but I didn't want to talk. I fobbed her off, telling her I had a headache.

The next day I was at the river doing my job, my pussy hurting and my body sore from the scratches Barney had left. As hard as I tried to forget about the previous day, I couldn't. Every little sound made me jump, expecting to see that man and his dog. It wasn't very good. After a few hours of walking, I stopped for a rest, taking out my flask and having a cup of tea, leaning against an old Oak tree.

I gazed out on the river and relived what happened yesterday for the hundredth time. My dress today was much the same as the previous days, just blue, but I had my panties on this time. I sipped my tea and closed my eyes, images of Barney on my back flooding my head. The way he felt as he fucked me and the orgasm he gave me made me shiver, my pussy twitching despite it hurting from his huge cock.

"Oh god, Emma, stop it, you stupid girl," I said out loud, my fingers under my dress, gently touching my bruised pussy.

My pussy was wet. I could feel the dampness through the material. It made me angry. How could I feel like this? I kept asking myself. I got up and started on the survey again, hoping I could keep my mind from wandering back to yesterday.

I managed most of the day, but I saw someone walking toward me as I returned to my car. My heart began to race. I could feel it thumping in my chest, and my breathing became ragged. Somehow, I kept walking, the sweat trickling down my chest between my tits, making me aware of my erect nipples. I looked down at them and saw them sticking out clearly, mortified by my body's behavior.

I was looking down as we met, a sudden cheery hello making me look up. It was a stranger; he was perfectly normal, just saying hello.

"Hello," I replied, "It's a lovely day."

"Yes, beautiful," he responded, walking on.

When I got to my car, I leaned against it, looking back at the man, laughing at my stupidity but feeling something funny in my tummy. I drove home, still feeling silly but better. I was hungry.

The next few days passed, much like today, my imagination running wild and my thoughts always going back to Monday, no matter what I did to try and stop them. My pussy was better, and the soreness had gone, only to be replaced by a constant other feeling.

Tom had asked me to pop into the office this morning. He wanted to see my paperwork and check

everything was going OK. He was very pleased with my progress, telling me how invaluable this data would be. He then told me a farmer had called him and told him he thought a pair of river warblers were nesting on his land. He wanted me to check it out but be careful not to disturb them and get a photo if possible. He was very excited, I could tell.

He gave me the location and sent me on my way, telling me I had been there already, but the birds probably had just started nesting.

When I got to the location, I was shocked. It was where I was fucked by Barney. I nearly drove off but just sat there, looking into the field, frozen, not knowing what to do. The man's words ran through my head, the price I would have to pay if I trespassed again. I shivered and kept looking, expecting to see Barney running toward me.

Eventually, I got out of the car and stood by the gate, my heart pounding, my eyes scanning the area, trying to decide if I should risk it. I then realized I was wearing the same dress. I couldn't believe it, was it fate, I asked?

I decided I had to do it, look for the nesting site. I couldn't tell Tom exactly what happened. What would he think of me? I opened the gate and stepped into the field, another shiver going down my spine, my nipples suddenly aching to add to my confusion. The cows came to see me again, losing interest fairly quickly, leaving me alone to walk to the river.

All the time I was walking, I looked around, half expecting to see the man, scared but not turning back, suddenly determined to do my job.

They were nesting on the bend near the rotten old rowing boat. I arrived and began looking, camera in hand, hoping this was not just a ruse to get me here. The sun was blazing down on me, making me all sweaty as I walked up and down, looking in every likely nesting spot but finding nothing. After an hour, I sat, emptied my water bottle, and gulped half down. I was so thirsty.

Tom would be disappointed, but at least I tried. I was under a tree trying to keep cool, sipping my water and looking for a tiny bird that could fly by me, and I wouldn't even notice it. I giggled and threw a stone into the water, enjoying the shade, closing my eyes for a few minutes while I relaxed.

"Well, hello, Emma. Why are you on my land again, trespassing?" a familiar voice suddenly asked.

I cried out and jumped up, shocked to see the man and Barney, the dog. Barney, on a lead, wagging his tail like crazy, the man leering at me.

"I'm ... not ... trespassing. I'm doing ... my ... uh ... job. You called ... uh ... Tom about nesting ... birds," I stammered, sounding pathetic.

"I didn't phone anyone. I couldn't care less about some bird nesting. I'm only interested in my cattle and land. You are trespassing. Now come here. You know the price for that," he said, still leering at me.

'No... Stop this, please. I didn't do anything wrong. You... You... Did phone... Please...' I begged, my body feeling so hot and sweaty.

"Emma, you want this. That's why you trespassed. Just accept that you want Barney. Now come here," he ordered, sounding very serious.

"Please, let me go. I'm sorry... Please..." I pleaded, my legs feeling very weak.

"Come here, now," he shouted, now angry.

I let out a little gasp, scared by his anger, walking slowly to where they were, my heart pounding. I was under his spell, hypnotized by some evil creature. I felt powerless to resist.

"Good girl," he said as I stood there, shaking.

His fingers went to my buttons, undoing the first one. I gasped again, knowing what was coming, my hand going to his, holding it.

"Uh-uh, no, hands down," he told me sternly.

I dropped my hand, looking down at Barny. He sat patiently, his tail still wagging, his long tongue hanging out, drool dripping to the ground. I shivered as my eyes saw his cock, bright red and sticking out, ready to fuck me.

Before I could regain my thoughts, my dress fell from my body, landing at my feet, the warm sun feeling good against my skin.

"Oh Emma, look at those nipples, so long and hard, anyone would think you're excited. Are you excited, Emma?" he asked, reaching out and pinching one, making me gasp and wince.

I didn't answer him. It was too humiliating, being naked and treated this way. I just stared at Barny.

"Answer me," he demanded, his other hand pushing my panties down.

"No... No... I'm not. I hate this," I whispered, lifting my leg and letting my panties fall to my ankles.

"Good girl, but I think you are. Look how eager you are to lose those panties," he snickered., twisting my nipple, the pain delicious.

He unhooked Barny, the big dog going straight for my pussy as the man stepped aside. He knocked me back, his head pushing hard between my thighs, forcing them apart, revealing my wet and puffy pussy, his tongue diving between my lips, licking furiously. I moaned loudly, unable to hold it in, blushing even more if possible.

The man just smiled. I had to look at him, see if he had heard me. He did, of course, his arrogant grin telling me instantly. I wobbled backward, the feeling of his tongue and his sheer power making me feel weak. It was beyond humiliating.

"On all fours, he needs to breed his bitch, and you definitely need it," he laughed again.

I was going to beg again, but as I looked into his eyes, I knew it was pointless. He wanted to see me fucked by his dog, and nothing I said would change this. My fate was sealed. I knelt before him, submitting to them both, waiting for my lover to take me, waiting to be humiliated for this man's pleasure.

Barny went straight to my rear, his tongue snaking out and tasting my bum, making me jump and moan, the feeling as good as last time. I bit my lip, punishing myself for letting them know I liked that. His tongue was going so deep now I could feel it scraping my insides, scooping out my juices, and making my pussy spasm in delight. It was a horrible feeling this way, knowing a dog was causing it.

I could see the man's legs in front of me, yards away, and every time a low moan escaped my lips, I

could hear him sneer or chuckle, my attempts to remain silent still failing. Why? I kept asking myself, Barney's tongue deep inside me, why me?

He then climbed on my back. He was ready now, gripping me tightly, like last time, his cock banging against my pussy, spraying me with his warm sperm as he lined me up. I gripped the dirt beneath me, waiting, knowing what was coming, my pussy soaking and ready for his huge cock. His rear nails scraped my hips, making me wince with pain, reminding me of his eagerness and determination to breed me. There would be no escape.

"Good boy, Barney, take your bitch. She's dying to feel your big dog cock inside her," he cried excitedly.

God, I hated him. How could he make me feel this way? Before I had time to think of an answer, Barney had found my opening, his cock filling me completely. A deep moan escaped my mouth. There was no stopping it. The feeling of being taken by this beast was overwhelming. It was amazing, no matter how much I fought against it.

My pussy was so wet he only needed one push to bury himself. I was so ready for him, almost sucking him in. The man was now kneeling, his hand holding my face as he stared into my eyes, his head nodding his approval. I closed my eyes; I wouldn't say I liked seeing that expression that said, 'I told you so. You wanted him.'

"OK, Emma, just close your eyes and concentrate on cumming. I'll watch it. I love to watch you cum," he laughed, letting go of my face.

Barney was fucking me wildly. He was so eager to have me. I could feel his urgency. I was his bitch, and he was reinforcing his dominance over me. It was that simple. For a second, I embraced it, wanting to feel that desire, it was madness, but I couldn't stop it, at least for that instant. He was so powerful, and the way he held and filled me was so different from Paul. It was intoxicating, but I knew I had to fight with all my strength to deny him my acceptance.

When he forced his knot inside me, I uttered another involuntary moan, this one louder. The bolts of pleasure shooting from my pussy to the rest of my body were too much. My body was tingling all over, getting hotter and hotter.

"Oh God, I hate you," I cried, my head on the ground as the first orgasm approached.

"I know, I know. What a bastard I am letting Barney give you the best sex of your life," came his sarcastic response.

His knot felt incredible. There was no point denying that probably even better this time. The way it rubbed my insides was just perfect. I could feel its texture as it pressed against my G-spot. The friction was almost painful but not quite, my hands desperately trying to pull the grass from the dirt. I tried thinking of my drunken dad moaning at me or Tom coming onto me, anything to try and block out what I was feeling, all to no avail.

The man could see this and knelt back down. He grabbed my long hair and pulled my head up, clearing it from my face so he could see me, my eyes staying closed.

"You can fight it all you want, Emma, but we both know how much you're enjoying this, and there's no point in delaying the inevitable, but hey, it's your choice. I enjoy it either way," he said, letting me go and standing back up.

He was right, I was enjoying it, but I knew it was wrong, and I shouldn't feel this way. It was so dirty, and I would fight no matter what. I was scared if I went too far down this road, I wouldn't be able to get back, something was happening to me, and it wasn't normal.

As soon as that thought left my head, I began to cum, my body went rigid, and pussy contracted hard on Barney's cock, squeezing down and gripping it, holding it. At the same time, I sucked all the pleasure from it.

The fight was lost, my body needed release, the pressure was too much, and now I was fully letting go. The wave was washing over me, and it was beautiful. The lights in my head were like a firework display, exploding different colors and sounds. It was spectacular, with water and fire mixing to bring me somewhere special.

Barney's cock was pumping his cum into me, each pulse bringing its own pleasure, the warmth of his sperm making me feel even hotter. I was panting loudly, sometimes grunting, but it didn't matter. I was not in control anymore. My body and my mind was just a passenger.

The man was laughing. I could hear him through the fireworks in my head, taunting me, mocking me, knowing what I was becoming. Barney was off me again. We were butt to butt, like last time. His knot was moving and rubbing and making me moan in delicious agony, it was torture, and I could do nothing about it.

I began to cry, partly in shame but also overwhelmed with emotion. I couldn't cope with such euphoria; my mind was still fighting it, and crying seemed the only option. Tears rolled down my cheeks, the salty taste reaching my lips as I sighed deeply, my eyes opening and focusing on the legs before me.

"Are you happy now?" I asked, totally defeated.

He knelt and looked at me, asking, 'How does the knot feel inside you? Tell me.'

'My god, he wants more,' I thought. I looked back at him for the first time, he was about forty and really good-looking, but he had something dark about him. I could see it in his eyes. He was dangerous.

"Big," I simply said.

He laughed loudly, pushing my hair from my face and saying, "You are very pretty and have such a sexy body. I'm so glad we found you. Maybe next time you can describe it all to me. I'd like to hear your feelings while he's inside you."

I was going to tell him there wouldn't be a next time, but Barney moved, and a bolt of pleasure hit me, making me gasp and unable to speak. The man laughed, standing, not waiting for my response.

We both knew it could be a while until Barney pulled out of me, and more than likely, I would cum again, like last time. The man stood there watching, waiting, smoking a cigarette. I wanted to say something but was embarrassed, so I stayed silent. Barney's cock lodged deep inside me. He constantly moved around, making me moan and gasp, building up the pressure and bringing me closer to my next explosion.

When it came, I cried out, unable to stop it, the man clapping his hands as I debased myself yet again, seemingly incapable of any restraint. My whole body embraced this exquisite feeling, absorbing it all, my pussy pulling at the knot, the pain giving me even more pleasure. I was acting

like a whore, but I couldn't stop. A primal need was driving me, regardless of how it looked.

"Oh my, Emma, look at you, wow," he mocked.

Barney gave a big pull, escaping my pussy, leaving me on the ground with his seed flowing out of my gaping cunt. I crawled into a ball; any self-respect I had left was now surely gone, fresh tears wetting my cheeks as I waited for them to leave.

Barney didn't want to leave. He lay beside me and cleaned his huge cock, that tongue licking the long shaft before my eyes. I watched, mesmerized by its size, amazed that thing could fit inside my small pussy.

"You could help him clean it. I'm sure he would appreciate it," the man suddenly said, chuckling.

I knew exactly what he meant but didn't answer him. I just wanted him to leave so I could dress and go.

"Maybe next time," he added, leaving Barney and me laying together.

I watched as he got further away, wondering why he wasn't calling Barney. The dog then got to his feet and came to my face, licking me before following his master, leaving his taste on my lips.

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Part Three

Again, I didn't go home. I washed myself in the river, dressed, and went to my next spot for the survey. Doing my job helped me cope with the deep shame I felt. I could concentrate on looking for the birds and not think of Barney and that horrible man. It worked for a while, but my pussy kept leaking dog sperm, reminding me of what happened, no matter how many times I washed it in the river.

When I got home, my panties were soaked, and I could still smell Barney. His scent seemed to be a permanent part of me now. I showered and rubbed moisturizer on my scratches, shocked by how many I had now. My sides looked like I had been whipped. I stared at the patterns and could see exactly how they came about. It was Barney trying to get his knot inside me, and when he couldn't, he would try and climb higher or from a different angle, and this was the result, my new look.

I sat in front of my mirror and spread my legs, opening my pussy and looking for any damage. I was happy I couldn't find any, surprised by my ability to accommodate such a big cock. My pubic hair was very soft and light, and I kept it very trimmed, hardly enough to see, but I liked it like that. It felt sexier and cleaner.

The man's face suddenly came into my head, the way he looked at me while Barney was fucking me. What was he thinking, I wondered? How did he know I would submit like that? Did he recognize something in me? Was it that obvious? God, who was he?

It was still very warm, so I stayed undressed. Dad was out somewhere, so I had the house to myself. I went to the bathroom and then downstairs for a cuppa. I was still feeling humiliated, and every few minutes, I would be transported back to that field, getting fucked by a dog. At the same time, some stranger watched me, mocking and laughing at me.

A shiver went down my spine as I looked out of the kitchen window into our garden, my neighbors

dog playing next door. He was a big old Labrador. Billy was his name. He was very friendly, and I had played with him many times over the years, but I couldn't look at him the same now. He seemed different, more threatening, capable of taking me against my will in my garden.

"Emma," I said out loud, in exasperation at my silly thoughts.

I stared at him as he chewed an old ball, tossing it in the air and then chasing it, rolling around and doing it again, his tail wagging with happiness. Fuck, I thought, they don't need a lot to be happy; a good bitch and a nice ball. I smiled and watched him in my little world, not hearing the front door open and close.

"Jesus, Emma, what the fuck happened to you?" my Dad suddenly asked, sounding very surprised.

I jumped about a foot in the air, turning and trying to cover my body, my Dad's eyes wide open and looking at me with an expression I had seen many times before but never from my Dad.

"Dad!" I screamed, wanting to run but being blocked by him in the doorway.

"What are those marks?" He smirked, "Are you into BDSM or something?" Not moving, leering at me.

"Can you please let me out and stop staring at me?" I shouted, getting angry and embarrassed at the same time.

"Tell me first, I'm your father, and I want to know," he demanded, still blocking my way, his eyes wandering all over me, making me uneasy.

"Dad, for fuck's sake, let me go. It's none of your business," I shot back.

"I've got all day. It's up to you," he said flippantly.

I couldn't believe he was acting this way. Usually, he didn't say more than two words to me all week, and now he wanted a conversation about my sex life.

"OK, I like being whipped. Can I go now?" I answered sarcastically.

He smiled and said, "Like mother like daughter."

"Dad! Stop it, let me go," I insisted, horrified by the thought of my mother being whipped.

He just stood there, staring. He had been drinking. I could smell it, but that was no excuse. He was being inappropriate.

"What now, Dad? You just going to stare at me all night?" I asked, dropping my arms and stepping forward, hoping he would realize how stupid he was acting.

For a moment, he didn't move. I could see he was enjoying my body. It was the weirdest interaction I had ever had with my Dad and very unnerving. I was very close to him now, his breath reeking of booze, making him act stupidly. For a second, I thought he would reach out and grab one of my tits. His eyes were not moving from them; my hard nipples were a nice sight. I began to feel scared, not believing this was happening, not another man taking advantage of me.

But he didn't. He moved slightly, giving me only enough room to squeeze by him, my body rubbing up against his, shocked when I felt his erection, gasping as I quickly made my way up the stairs,

slamming my door behind me when I got to my bedroom.

I was breathing heavily, totally shocked by what happened. My Dad is getting aroused by my body. 'Ewwww,' I thought, looking in the mirror. 'God, I do look like I've been whipped. No wonder Dad acted so weirdly.' I tried to remember the last time I was naked before him. It was so long ago that I couldn't recall.

I picked out a dress and slipped it over my head. I was starving now and needed to eat. When I got to the kitchen, Dad was in the sitting room, asleep, thank God. I cooked and ate before he woke, going to my room immediately and finishing my paperwork. Tom was expecting me in the morning.

The following morning I managed to have breakfast and get out of the house before Dad got up, again, more than happy not to see him. What a bad night I had, tossing and turning, dreaming about dogs and incest, fuck, I'm so fucked, I thought, driving to the office. Tom was already there when I arrived, at his desk, drinking coffee, the first of many. He was a coffee addict.

"Morning, boss," I said, knocking on the open door and stepping inside, trying to sound cheerful.

"Ah, Emma, give me some good news. You found those River Warblers," he asked, smiling.

"Sorry, I couldn't find them and looked for over an hour. I think he was wrong, the farmer. But I have all the paperwork you wanted," I told him, hoping he wouldn't blame me.

"Oh, and he sounded sure he knew what he was talking about. Pity that it would be nice to have such rare birds. But if you're sure. OK, leave what you have and get off to the river. But if you have a spare hour, maybe you could check again. Just a thought. I'll see you next week, have a nice weekend," he said, smiling but with a hint of disappointment in his voice.

"OK, if I get a chance, I will," I told him, not meaning it, smiling nicely as I left.

The morning went well, I made good progress, and the part of the river I walked was lovely and scenic. I loved this part of the job, and if it weren't for the constant thinking of that man and Barny, it would have been even better. Thinking of Tom and his disappointment did bother me, but I was not going back there to check. I knew they weren't nesting. It was all a lie. A trap.

As I was having my lunch, feet in the river, birds and bees my companions, I began thinking about that man and who he might be. 'Was he married?' I wondered. 'Does his wife know what he gets up to? Does she like it, too?'

Then my phone rang, it was Tom. "Hello, boss," I answered.

"Emma, that farmer was just on the phone. He said if you can get to him in the next hour, he will show you exactly where they are nesting. Can you get there?" he asked, all excited.

I was so shocked that I couldn't answer, a shiver went down my spine, and my body felt hot.

"Emma, you there?"

"Yes... Yes... Um... I'm a bit too far away. I don't... Ah... Think I could get there that quickly," I managed to say, my voice trembling.

"Oh, Emma, please, can you try? I've told him you would. He said he would love to show you. It would mean so much for the survey," Tom said, disappointed.

What a bastard. He knew damn well there were no nesting birds. He was using Tom to get me. God, he was so devious, I thought, my hand now shaking.

"I'll try, Tom. I'll leave now," I sighed.

"Thank you, Emma. I won't forget this," Tom finished, ending the call.

I sat there, dazed, not knowing what to do. All morning I had been trying to think of anything but that man and his dog, managing it mostly. Still, now I remembered it all, every second of Barney fucking me, his big cock filling me up and then knotting me, making me cum so good I cried out in ecstasy, humiliating myself yet again.

My pussy was damp, and my nipples were erect, aching with arousal, betraying me as usual, turning me into this man's private whore. I felt so helpless. All seemed lost. I stood and began walking to my car, images of Barney's cock now the only thing on my mind. I stopped and pulled my panties down, angry with my inability to stop thinking of him. I put them in my backpack before continuing.

A Landrover was parked in the layby when I arrived at the field. It was his. I knew it. I couldn't see him or Barney as I climbed the gate, but I knew he was waiting there. I saw Barney first, running around near the river, chasing something. The nearer I got, I could hear him barking. Then I saw the man leaning against an old Oak tree, smiling as I approached. He called Barney and made him sit next to him.

"You just can't stop trespassing, can you?" he asked sarcastically.

"You told Tom you would show me the nesting Warblers," I replied, equally as sarcastic, not expecting an answer.

He didn't say anything, just smiled, looking me up and down, my dress short enough to show off my legs. I stood there uncomfortably, waiting for him to tell me to come to him or strip, my nipples so hard, now, easily visible through the thin material. But he said nothing. He leaned against the tree and looked at me, his expression so calm and in control. I shuffled my feet, not knowing what to do, feeling silly just standing there, waiting.

"Are you going to show me then?" I asked, not knowing what else to say, sounding nervous, my voice trembling.

"I've told you I know nothing of birds. Stop making excuses to come here. If you want Barney to fuck you, just strip and get on the ground like a good bitch," he said, sounding indifferent.

"Fuck you," I dared to say, scared to death, turning and stepping toward my car. I took two steps and stopped, turning back to him, angry and saying. "What game are you playing now? Why are you doing this?" My hands were on my hips, trying to look defiant.

Standing away from the tree, he laughed, saying, "I thought you were going? You don't want to. You want Barney to fuck you and me to watch. It's exciting and gets you off. You love it. Admit it. Just take that dress off and get on the ground like a good bitch."

I stood there, looking at him and Barney, not knowing what to say or do, my legs not working.

"Look at those nipples, so hard and long, and I bet if I put my fingers inside you, you'll be soaking," he taunted, walking over to me.

I took a step back but no more, my heart racing as he reached me and put his hand under my dress. His fingers touched my pussy and stopped. He smiled smugly at me, saying, "And you say you don't want this?"

I blushed even harder, wishing I had left them on now. His fingers then pushed inside me, making me moan loudly as he moved them in and out, teasing me before bringing them back out to show me. He held them between our faces, all wet and glistening. He then wiped them on my face and lips before moving back to the tree and leaning against it, under the shade, looking at me and waiting. I slowly undid a button, then another, my eyes looking at the man, hating his smug expression.

"Do I have a choice?" I asked, feeling like I didn't.

"You could have left, but you stayed. You didn't have to come here without your panties on, but you did, and I'm not the one all wet and aroused, am I?" the man asked, still sounding smug.

Those words hurt; they were true, but I hated hearing them, especially from him. I stopped undressing. I was angry again. He was just being mean now.

"OK, I get it. You like me to take charge and tell you what to do. It makes you feel better about yourself. You can pretend I forced you," the farmer laughed.

"You know you are," I said quietly, my dress half open.

"Take it off and get on the ground. Barney's getting impatient," he told me.

"No," I managed to say so quietly that I wasn't sure he heard me.

But he had. He walked over to me, so close now I could smell him. It was nice, manly even. I looked at him and wanted him to kiss, hold, and show affection. Of course, he didn't. He undid the rest of my buttons and pushed my dress off, letting it fall. He then stood back, admiring my young body. I could see the desire in his eyes, and my heart thumped in my chest. 'He is human,' I thought.

"Do you like my body?" I asked, trying to sound sexy, pushing my tits out.

"It's lovely, so slim, and perfect for Barney," he answered, still looking.

"Touch me if you want," I said, surprised by my boldness.

He just stepped back, ignoring my invitation, his eyes still on me but making no attempt to touch me. I was disappointed and annoyed. 'Why won't he touch me?' I wondered. 'I'm young and pretty. Surely he desires me?'

Barney was still sitting by the tree, waiting so patiently. I felt sorry for him having to sit there and not allowed to come to me. 'At least he wanted me,' I thought. There were no games with him. It was all very simple.

"Call him if you want him, don't just look at him," the man teased, trying to embarrass me.

"Is that all I am to you, a bitch for your dog? A sex toy for him?" I asked.

"Exactly, just that," he answered, not a hint of sarcasm in his tone. He meant it.

A shiver went down my spine, and my pussy twitched. The realization that this stranger only wanted me to be a bitch for Barny sent sexy chills throughout my body. I was just another dog to him, one to own and control, just like Barny. To be used for his viewing pleasure. I knelt on all fours, not waiting to be told. What was the point?

"Call him," he told me, reinforcing my surrender.

"Barny," I called, like a good bitch.

Barny jumped up and came straight to me, his tongue going between my cheeks and tasting me, pushing into my eager pussy, a deep moan of pleasure escaping my lips. I didn't hold back. I was too aroused to try and hide my feelings, I wanted sex, and I wanted to cum. The man came and sat at my side, leaning back on his hands as he watched me. This was different from the other times. Something had changed.

I gasped as Barny's tongue penetrated my bum. The feeling so good made me push back, trying to get it deeper. I wanted it in me, pleasuring me.

"What does it feel like, tell me?" he asked, a sense of urgency in his voice.

I looked at him in surprise. He wanted to know. His tone and expression were absolutely sincere. This is what got him off. 'My God,' I thought, 'this is what he wants.'

"Big," I answered, knowing this wouldn't be enough.

"Describe it better. Tell me exactly how it feels?" the man demanded, irritated.

"It feels strong, powerful, and slightly rough texture. When it scrapes along my lips and clit it's just amazing, the sensations are like electric shocks, It just makes me twitch, and my pussy goes spastic. I've never felt anything like it. And God, can he go deep with it, like now. Mmmmmm. Oh God, it feels so good on my pussy when it's inside me. He can slide that tongue so deep inside my cunt."

"Are you going to cum?"

"Soon, I'm getting close. Do you want me to cum on Barny's tongue? See me cum like his bitch?" I gasped, feeling like a complete whore.

"Yes, cum on his tongue. Show me what a bitch you are," he said, his voice all excited.

"Oh god, here it comes, he's licking my clit, it's too much... Oh God, yesssss," I cried, my head on my arms as a powerful wave of pleasure washed over me.

It was so good; having him beside me made it even better. I felt like a slut cumming and not having to hide it, but I wanted that to be on display for him, humiliating myself for him. Barny didn't care that I had just cum. He'd had enough of tasting my pussy and now wanted to fuck his bitch, knot her and impregnate her. He was on my back and inside me in almost one movement, his nails adding more scratches to my collection.

He gripped me tightly and started to fuck me. He was in a hurry, it seemed. I braced myself as this powerful animal took full control of me, his hips a blur as he thrust wildly into me, desperate to join us together, trap me. At the same time, he unleashed his seed into my womb, hopefully giving me his

puppies. The man watched me, still eager to see me taken by his big dog.

"Jesus, look at him go. He's near twice your size. It must feel incredible being fucked by such a beast, tell me," he demanded again.

It was hard to talk while being pushed along the dirt. My lungs were sucking in air as Barny knocked it out of them.

"He's...growing inside...me, getting bigger and bigger...I can feel him. It's amazing. His cock keeps battering me, and his grip is so tight that I feel like a prisoner. I am a prisoner. I can't move. I'm his bitch. Barny owns me. Barny owns my cunt."

"More, tell me more," he insisted.

"I can feel his knot. It's banging against my lips, he'll soon be in me, and he keeps scratching me. His nails are raking me. I like it," I wailed. "He's nearly there. God, his knot is stretching my cunt so much. It hurts but feels amazing."

"I can see it, it looks like it won't fit, but it does. Open up for Barny's cock. Let him in. Be his bitch," the man implored.

"I am. The dog's inside me—cock and knot—filling my whole pussy. It's so good. Mmmmmm...yesss," I cried.

Barny's face was next to mine. I could smell his breath as he panted. His drool was all over my shoulders, and we panted harmoniously.

"Oh God, I'm so full, he's so big, and his cock tip is right up against my cervix, trying to get in. I can feel his cock throbbing, his sperm filling me, shooting into my womb. It's the best feeling ever," I cooed.

The man put his hand just above my pussy, trying to feel Barny inside me, laughing as he did so. "I can feel him, you lucky girl. Are you going to cum?"

"I will, but not yet. My orgasm is building. Barny's knot is rubbing my g-spot, and his throbbing cock is getting me there. Oh God...he's shooting more cum into me... Oh yes... I feel like a bitch now. His bitch. He's my master. I'm just here for breeding. That's what I feel. Is that what you wanted to hear, cos it's true. That's how I feel. Are you happy now? I'm Barny's bitch. My cunt belongs to him," I said, moaning loudly.

"I'm very happy, Barny has a new bitch, and she knows her place now. Are you happy?" he asked, turning the question on me.

"I suppose... I don't know. I think so. Oh, I'm getting close now. He's doing that thing, grinding against my insides. Oh yes," I sighed. I closed my eyes. I wanted to concentrate on Barny, his knot bringing me to another orgasm. "Here it comes," I cried, squeezing my cunt and moving it from side to side for extra friction.

The man was suddenly squeezing my nipples, twisting them as I came, giving me even more pleasure, the pain a delicious extra. I cried out as a wonderful explosion of sheer, undiluted pleasure again racked my body. Shock after shock hit me, making me grunt, moan, and claw at the earth, my fingers digging deep to hold this feeling, never wanting it to end.

"Emma, yes, ride that wave. Give yourself completely to Barny. He is indeed your master now."

I heard him but wasn't taking it in. My body is still in the throes of an amazing orgasm. The world was wonderful, and I had no worries. At least, that's how I felt at that moment in time. He just watched me as I bathed in the afterglow, not needing to say anything, he was in awe of my performance, and no words could add to the moment. When I opened my eyes, he was still there, leaning back and smiling, waiting for me to return to earth, seemingly happy with what he had seen.

"That was truly incredible. You are a special young lady. I've seen a few women in this position, but never have they embraced it as you did. You were meant to be fucked like this, to be owned by a beast such as Barny. It's your calling. I'm being serious. You will never find anything as good as this. No man could ever satisfy you. Give you what Barny gives you. Do you know that?"

Barny gave a big pull and was now out of me, surprising me and making me gasp a little with the pain. I fell to the ground and rolled on my back, looking up at the man.

"What's your name?" I asked.

He smiled and said, "John."

"I think I know that, John," I told him, still ashamed of what I'd just done.

Like the other times, I expected him to leave, but he stayed where he was, happy to look at me. Barny was cleaning himself, and I remembered what John had said about me doing that for him, a sudden urge to suck on his cock coming over me. It looked so big, still, probably nine inches long and thicker than any cock I had ever seen, though I'd only seen two in real life. Hundreds if you count the internet.

John picked up my dress, saying: "Let's go. I'll walk to your car with you."

I was so surprised that I forgot about Barny's cock. I got to my feet and took the dress, putting it over my head and thanking him. As we returned to my car, John asked me about my home life, where I lived, and what I would do with my life. He sounded genuinely interested in me. I told him about my Dad and how we didn't get on. About my mom, going to Uni and some other stuff. He listened and asked questions, almost like we were friends, it was nice, and I didn't feel so embarrassed about what I did this time.

When we got to my car, he stopped and said, "Follow me."

He got in his Landrover and pulled off slowly, waiting for me to follow him. I sat there for a second, wondering what to do, unsure if I should, thinking he could be a serial killer, but then realizing he could have killed me anytime. He honked his horn and drove off, leaving me to decide. I quickly put it into drive and started following him, scared but intrigued.

About five miles later, he turned off the road onto a dirt track. We were in the middle of nowhere, and I was completely lost. We came to an old farmhouse with many outbuildings a mile down the track. It was a stunning place, old but really beautiful. As we pulled up, two big dogs came to greet us. Both looked exactly like Barny. When I stopped and saw they were both males, a shiver went down my back.

John got out and came to my door, opening it and letting me out. The two dogs went mad and jumped all around me, both sniffing me and putting their heads under my dress. My naked pussy is still dripping sperm. I leaned against the car as they both began licking me, John smiling as I tried to

defend myself, failing.

For a moment, I thought he would let them fuck me here in the yard, but he called them just as I was beginning to fall over. I steadied myself and followed after him as ordered. He led me to a long barn attached to the house, all three dogs following. We entered the barn and stopped. John let me take it in, it was a stable of sorts, and I could see two horses a bit further down. Both looked very expensive. To the right was a door. It looked like an office. John opened it and went in, gesturing for me to do the same.

It wasn't an office. It was a living area, a self-contained flat kind of. There was a bed, kitchen, and dining area with a big sofa and two armchairs. It was bigger than my house and looked very expensively decorated. John then turned to me.

"This is where you will live. You can move in today, pack your stuff, and return by six pm. There won't be any rent as such, but you will be the bitch for my dogs, all three of them. You will let them fuck you whenever they want, night or day, wherever that may be. No will not be an option. If you ever refuse them, you will have to leave. You can stay until you go to University, or longer if you want. It's up to you. If you're not back by six, I'll understand, but you'll never see Barny or me again, your choice."

With that, he turned and left. I was so stunned that I couldn't move for a minute. I just looked around at the beautiful room, trying to understand what had just happened, totally shocked. When I regained my senses, I ran after John. I had to ask him some questions. This was so sudden and unbelievable.

When I got outside, he was gone. He and the dogs had driven off before I could get to them. I stood there dumbfounded, not sure what to do. I looked around but saw no one. It was pointless waiting for John to return. I got in my car and drove home, my mind in turmoil as I pulled up to my house. Glad Dad wasn't home. I needed to think. I went to my room and showered. Barny's jizz was still leaking out of me, and I stunk of sex.

As I showered, I tried to go over all that had happened. The first thing was the sex with Barny and how good it was. It was different today. I let myself go and gave in to my desires, John pushing me and making me act like a real slut, even giving him what he wanted. That's why he wants me at his place, I realized. Today was everything the farmer wanted, a young woman acting like a total bitch for his dogs. He loved it. I'm just what he was looking for. He wants me available whenever he, or the dogs, want it. I felt good knowing this, unsure exactly why.

I got out of the shower and dried myself. More moisturizer is needed for the fresh scratches. I admired my body in the mirror, even the scratches looking good. I liked them. I lay on the bed and tried to imagine living at John's place with three dogs. God, could I cope with three of them? Do I want to be that kind of girl, a whore for someone, just a sex object? But that room and finally getting away from here, fuck, it would be so nice.

I could hear the next-door's dog barking. It made me think of Barny and his brothers. I imagined all of them taking me, one after the other, while John watched. My pussy was tingling just thinking of it. I got up and went downstairs to the kitchen window to see the dog. He was playing again, chasing the ball. I found him sexy, his sleek body shining in the sun. He looked young and strong, more than capable of fucking me. I giggled as I stared, knowing I wouldn't do anything.

Standing there, I made up my mind. I would go and live at John's, it would be exciting, and I had to

admit I liked being fucked by Barny.

I heard the door open and close. It had to be Dad. He was probably drunk again, so I stayed where I was, looking at the dog, hoping he would go to the sitting room.

"Jesus, girl, more whip marks. What kind of slut are you?" my Dad asked, obviously not in the sitting room, his words slurring.

"The worst kind, Daddy," I shot back, turning and facing him.

"Yeah, I see that, just like your mom," he added, repeating what he said yesterday.

"I'm worse, Daddy. If only you knew," I told him, my nipples still hard and sticking out.

"She would let men tie her up and whip her, then they would fuck her, here, in this house, while I watched. She loved it. Whore," he spat, rocking back and forth.

"That sounds so good. I'm going to try that. Can I do it here? You can watch if you want," I asked, daring him to say something more.

He stumbled toward me, his face red with anger but also something else. I could see it. I didn't move. I wasn't scared of him. He stood right before me, his beer breath filling my nostrils.

"Maybe I should do it now, with my belt. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" he said, his eyes all over me as Dad tried to undo his belt.

"Mmmm, yes, please, I dare you," I replied, my hands on the sink, my tits pushing out.

I was angry but also excited, I didn't know why I was acting like this, but I was getting aroused. It must have been what happened earlier. With John and Barny, my boundaries had been shattered. I was acting out, being silly, and not worrying about the consequences. I would be gone soon. Anyway, that's what I told myself. I could see he was shocked; even being drunk, he couldn't understand why I was acting this way. He grabbed my tits, squeezing them, making me cry, but I didn't move. I just stared back at him. He twisted my nipples, grinning, trying to hurt me.

It hurt, but I liked it, and even though it was him doing it, I moaned loudly to let him know, not caring anymore. He squeezed harder, making me gasp in pain, but I didn't move again.

"These aren't whip marks, Daddy. They're from a dog. I fuck dogs, and I love it, even when they scratch me. I love it and can't get enough of their cocks," I told him, smiling.

He let go of me and stumbled back a yard, his booze-befuddled mind trying to work out what I just said, unsure if he heard me right.

"Yes, dogs, Daddy. I fuck dogs," I laughed, waiting for him to get it.

"My god, you are a whore," he shouted, grabbing me and pushing me toward the table.

I laughed again and let him, bending over the table and presenting him with my bum, watching him as he tried to get his belt off. It was so exciting acting like this. My pussy was tingling and very wet. I couldn't believe how naughty I felt.

"Come on, Daddy. Punish me. I deserve it," I pleaded, not meaning it but wiggling my bum.

I could see his erection in his trousers. It made me shiver. Daddy was hot for me, the daughter he never had time for. 'Now he wanted me, bastard,' I thought.

"Fuck me, Daddy. Punish me with your cock," I teased, loving his reaction.

He got his belt off but wasn't sure if he should beat or fuck me. He looked so confused, staring at my bum.

"Fuck me, Daddy. You know you want to," I begged, loving his expression.

He undid his pants, pulling them down, his cock springing free. I gasped. It was so big. I wasn't expecting that. I watched spellbound, unable to move as he took it in his hand and pushed it between my cheeks. It slid easily into my pussy, making me jump, bringing me back to my senses. I tried to move, but Daddy pushed me back down, his weight holding me as he began to fuck me, his big cock thrusting in and out of my pussy. I turned my head and looked at the door, realizing my mistake. My arms stretched out in front of me. I was going nowhere.

For some reason, he felt good inside me, he was a big man, and his cock aroused me more with every thrust. I closed my eyes and accepted the situation, enjoying the sensations coming from Daddy. He was calling me names as he fucked me, telling what a whore I was and a slut, that I would always be one and no one would want me after this. He grabbed my hair and yanked my head up, squeezing it in his hand, making me cry in pain. He slapped me hard on my bum, his big hand crashing down my cheek. Again, I cried out.

He was in his sixties, but he could still fuck. His cock was filling me up and bringing me ever closer to another orgasm, my third of the day. His harsh words and smacking only added to my pleasure. I began to moan, enjoying this incestuous fucking.

Just as I felt my orgasm approaching, Daddy went rigid, thrusting hard again, grunting loudly, and pulling hard on my hair. He was cumming. I felt the first shot of his cum flood my pussy, it was hot, and it felt so good. I moaned in pleasure and disappointment; I wouldn't get to cum. The bastard wouldn't even give me that. He collapsed on top of me, his weight pinning me to the table.

"Fucking whore. What kind of girl fucks her father?" he asked with real venom.

"Only the good ones, Daddy. Did you enjoy it? It felt like you did," I asked sarcastically.

He got off me and stumbled back to the sink, his trousers around his ankles, his cock wet with my juices, still semi-hard. I stood and looked at him, his face now ashamed of himself. His cock was so big, I still stared at it, really impressed. He looked up and saw me looking but didn't say anything. He was too embarrassed and couldn't hide it.

I walked out and went to my room. I had a case to pack.

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## **Part Four**

I arrived at John's just before six. He was in the yard with the dogs as I pulled up, all coming to greet me. John opened my door and smiled. He seemed genuinely pleased that I had decided to accept his offer.

"Welcome. I'm really happy my boys will have a new bitch. Have you got any luggage?" he asked,



taking my hand.

His words stung a bit, but I knew he was right. I was here for his dogs to fuck. I was their bitch, nothing else. He had made that clear.

"Just a case in the back. I'll get the rest later," I told him, taking his hand.

"OK, let's get this to your room so you can play with the dogs. They're very keen to meet you. This one is Duke, and this fellow is Casey. All three are related, as you can probably guess," he said, taking my case and walking toward the barn.

My heart skipped a beat. John wanted me to fuck the dogs straight away, I wasn't expecting that, but that's my job, so hey. We got to the room, all five of us, John putting my case on the bed and sitting beside it, smiling and looking at me. It seemed the rent was payable upfront. I pulled my dress over my head and stood there, letting John look at my naked body, turning slowly before getting on all fours. The three dogs were by his side, all watching me intensely.

"Who's first?" I asked, wiggling my butt.

"Well, Barney's already fucked you, so I think Casey can have you next."

He tapped Casey's head, and the dog came straight to me, his nose going to my pussy, sniffing loudly before licking me, tasting his new bitch. I moaned loudly, letting him know I was enjoying his tongue, looking at John, hoping I was pleasing him, too. Casey knew exactly what he was doing. He had fucked before. The dog climbed on me and found my pussy within a few seconds, his power and energy just as great as Barney's. He held me vice-like as he fucked me with real enthusiasm.

My body responded immediately. It loved being taken like this, forcefully and with no choice. Casey was just as big as Barney, his thick, long cock battering me without mercy, determined to knot and impregnate me, give me his puppies before the others. Knowing all three wanted me to carry their offspring made the sex even better. Each of them was competing for my womb, it was exciting, and I wanted them to want me, fight for me, and make me their bitch.

"I'm cumming, John. Casey's making me cum. He's so fucking big. I love him," I cried.

My pussy spasms as he unloaded jet after jet of boiling cum into my womb. I stood strong as he bred me, taking everything he had to give, crying out in ecstasy as his nails raked my young body, adding his marks to the ones Barney gave me. I was one of the pack, and this was my home. As soon as Casey had finished with me, Duke took over, fucking me even harder, making a point, telling me he was just as good as his cousins. I came again with Duke, my body ready and willing to take all these dogs had to give me.

Barney was last, but he needed to show his dominance and was brutal in his fucking, even holding my neck in his jaws as he knotted me. He told me he could snap me like a twig, I was just his bitch, and I must know my place. I got the message. I was at the bottom of the feeding order, they were all my masters, but he was number one. I was to please him first.

I lay in a pool of sperm as all the dogs lay next to me, John still sitting on the bed, more than pleased with his new tenant.

"Why don't you shower and then come to the house? Dinner is almost ready," he said, standing and leaving, the dogs following him reluctantly.

My new shower was amazing, it was so big, bigger than my whole bathroom back home, and the water came from all directions. I lifted a leg and could wash my pussy just by leaning against the wall. I loved it. I felt like I had won the lottery. I would have stayed longer, but I was hungry and dying to see what the main house looked like. Plus, I wanted to eat with John and get to know him a bit more, and eating together is a great chance to talk.

I put on one of my sexiest dresses, without underwear, and put a touch of makeup on, just enough to look nice, not overdoing it. I looked in the mirror and was pleased with what I saw. The dress was sexy but not slutty. It was knee-high with a low back and buttons down the front, my nipples sticking through the thin, white material. I had two buttons undone, just enough to show my tits if I leaned over but still modest if I didn't.

As I made my way to the house, I could feel sperm trickling down my inner thigh. 'Shit,' I thought, 'I should have known that would happen.' I decided to leave it, I had taken too long already, and I didn't want to keep him waiting any longer.

The front door was open, and all the lights were on. I could hear some music coming from further inside the house. A lovely smell greeted me as I stepped inside. The hall was big with high ceilings, and the décor reminded me of a stately home. It was Georgian, I think. But whatever it was, it was lovely, and the further I got inside, the more I was impressed.

A lovely, wide, and grand-looking stairway led to an open landing with hallways leading off. God knows how many bedrooms there were, too many probably. I was just glad cleaning wasn't part of the rent, also. There was a set of double doors to the left as I came into the big entrance area, and the music seemed to be coming from there, so I surmised that would be a good place to start. I hadn't seen or heard the dogs, so I guessed they were probably in there too.

I knocked and pushed the door open, stunned by what I saw. Sitting at the table were John and two elderly people, his parents judging by their striking similarity, all smiling as they looked up. To the side of them was a woman serving some food. She was probably in her thirties and very pretty, dressed normally. The three dogs were laying by the fireplace, though no fire was lit, all standing and wagging their tails once they saw me. John clicked his fingers, and they all lay back down, their tails still wagging. I stood there blushing, so embarrassed. I only expected John and didn't know what to do or say. I felt so awkward.

"Come on in, don't just stand there," John said, smiling and waving me in.

I walked in and stood by the table, still feeling embarrassed and awkward.

"Oh my, John, what a beautiful bitch. You have outdone yourself this time. Where on earth did you find her?" the lady asked, staring at me. "Beautiful and so young, I can't wait to see her being bred."

The older man joined in, making me gasp and grab a chair for support. "She was on our land, and Barny took her immediately. She just submitted herself to him instantly. Like she had been looking for it all her life. She's a natural bitch, who loves being bred by dogs. She craves it. You'll see," John told the woman, his tone so even.

I just stood there, my face glowing with shame and my heart pounding, feeling like it might explode. 'How could I let these people talk about me like this?' I wondered.

"Come here, dear, come, come," the lady ordered impatiently.

I looked at John, and he nodded, telling me to do as I was told. So I did. I walked to her and stood

next to the table, trembling slightly.

"Lovely, really lovely," she said, with sincerity, her hand lifting my dress above my waist, telling me to hold it.

I took it as she inspected me like I was a new bitch. Her hands caressed and fondled me, feeling my body for condition and muscle. I had never been so humiliated. I felt like I might faint. It was so shameful. She then pushed a finger inside my cunt.

"Mmmm, nice and wet, she's aroused, ready for breeding, and the girl's tight. She'll bring good puppies," she laughed, bringing her fingers out and licking them, making me gasp again.

But I still didn't move. The woman's husband then got up and came to me, taking my dress, pulling it over my head, and placing it on a chair before feeling my tits and playing with my nipples.

"Small titties but wow. These nipples make up for that. They're so hard. The girl's a real bitch. These will make great milk givers. The puppies will love them so long," he said.

He then ran his hands all over my body, gently playing with me, touching me like a lover, even bending me over the table and fingering my butt. I let him constantly, a moan escaping my lips as he fingered me. What was even more shocking, the other woman carried on serving as if this was perfectly normal. I watched as she set a plate for me and dished out the food, her eyes taking sneaky looks whenever she could. When he was finished with me, he pulled out a chair and had me sit, my food in front of me, my nakedness not an issue.

"Emma, this is my mum and dad, Robert and Emily. And this lovely woman serving us is Sheila. She runs the house, and if you need anything, ask her. Now eat, please," John explained, passing me some gravy.

"Look at those scratches," Emily suddenly said, smiling. "Emma looks so beautiful with them. I love to see how the boys mark their bitches. It's a kind of branding. We'll recognize her anywhere if she gets lost."

I couldn't believe they were talking about me like livestock. It was so shocking and humiliating. 'This wasn't part of the deal,' I thought. To be treated like this wasn't kind. They seemed to disregard my feelings, and the more humiliated I was, the better. It was as if they wanted to hurt and debase me, to make me feel less than human, an animal, to be treated without feeling. I lifted my fork to my mouth and ate some food, a drop of hot gravy dripping onto my tits, making me wince a little.

"Mmmm, leave it, don't wipe it. The dogs will lick it off," Emily whispered, sipping her wine.

'Go home, leave now before you get sucked in,' I told myself, taking another bite of this delicious food, more gravy dripping on my chest.

Emily laughed as she watched me eat, my table manners amusing her. Robert then leaned over to me, dipping his hand in the gravy bowl, lifting it, and smearing it all over my tits. Emily laughed some more, John joining in this time. If I went home, I would have to deal with Dad, and I didn't want to do that. What if he wanted to fuck me again? I would rather fuck the dogs, that was for sure. Robert smeared more gravy on me, pinching my nipples as he did so.

"I love her, John. She's the best one yet. Look how she revels in this. Nothing is too much for her, a complete bitch, nothing but a cunt who wants to be punished and bred. She's perfect," Emily said, so calmly.

I wanted to throw something at her for saying such a thing, but I shivered excitedly every time someone did, no matter how hurtful. It was so arousing being treated this way. When I finished eating, I was covered in gravy. It was running down to my lap. There was that much. Robert then took my hand and stood me up. He wanted to smear more on me, this time on my pussy and thighs. He then led me to a big rug in the center of the room and told me to lie on my back and open my legs. Emily, John, and Sheila stood around me, looking down and grinning.

John then clicked his fingers, and all three dogs responded immediately, coming straight to me. I gasped loudly as all three tongues began to lick at the gravy. Emily pushed my legs further apart, giving them even easier access to my pussy. I closed my eyes and began to moan, their long, hard, and rough tongues sending a million bolts of pure pleasure throughout my body. At that moment, they had won. I was theirs.

I lay there, moaning and writhing like a porn star, those three tongues licking me. At one point, I had one on each nipple and one on my pussy. It was beyond good. I opened my eyes and looked up at my hosts, all staring down at me, enjoying what I was going through, happy I was there putting on a show.

My body felt so sensitive. The roughness of the tongues as they scraped over my body made me cry out. It was so delicious, and knowing I had an audience made me feel shameful but added to my arousal. If I wasn't sexy and desirable, why would they all be watching me? Why would John want me here? These thoughts drove me on. I wanted to cum, for my audience, for their viewing pleasure. I was nothing but a whore, doing this for my room so I didn't have to pay. That's what whores do.

It was too much. I had to cum, and my body gave itself to the dogs and let the dam break. I moaned and stretched out my body, the pleasure taking hold and sending me to a place where no shame existed, only acceptance and forgiveness.

"Oh yes, look at the bitch. She's cumming. She can't get enough of it. And wow, does she look the part? She's going to be a star. The others are going to love her," I heard Robert saying, but I couldn't process it. I was too far gone.

"She is, oh yes, she is. I've never seen a bitch so keen. I can't wait to have her," Sheila added.

John was also talking, but my orgasm had peaked, and my mind went blank. The pleasure was just too much. I couldn't hear or see. I had to concentrate on holding onto this wave. It was wonderful. My body just reacted perfectly to these dogs. Whatever they did, I couldn't get enough of it. It was just about better than anything I had experienced before. Each time just got better and better, and I wanted more.

Then they were gone. John had called them off. I was left lying there, covered in their drool, twitching as little aftershocks of pleasure shot through me. My pussy was tingling and aching, still aroused and wanting a cock. The dogs were next to John, all with their cocks sticking out, red and angry.

John then brought one over to me, Barney, I think. He stood right over my face, his big cock just above me, sperm squirting and dripping onto my face. The others all knelt next to me, watching with glee. I knew what was coming. I was to suck this beast's cock, and drink his sperm while they all looked on.

Sheila lifted my head, holding it less than an inch from this throbbing cock. She looked at me and smiled, nodding her head. I opened my mouth as she pushed me forward, Barney's cock sliding along my tongue, his juice now squirting directly down my throat.

Sheila pulled my head back, making me suck it back and forth. "Show everybody your skills. Suck his cock like he was the love of your life. When your mouth is full of cum show us all before you swallow it. You are performing a show, be the best star you can be, and make us all proud of you," she said, stroking my body.

I suddenly felt like a star in a great show, and all these people had come to see me perform. They expected to be entertained. My mouth was full of cum. I could taste it on my tongue as Barny filled me up. It was delicious. I opened wide and showed everybody, my tongue moving about, letting a little run down my chin.

"Don't lose any," Emily said, smiling.

I closed my mouth and swallowed loudly, smacking my lips before opening back up widely and showing them all what a good girl I was. They all laughed and praised me, telling me I was a good bitch and to continue. So I did. I took him in and began sucking him again, moaning as I did so, letting them all hear how much I was enjoying it. Sheila was still by my side, her hands caressing my body, sexually touching me, not hiding it all.

She twisted a nipple and whispered, "I'm going to fuck you later. Suck that dirty pussy of yours and make you suck mine, you slut."

I looked at her as I sucked Barny, her face full of desire. She meant it. A shudder went through my body as I moaned again, pulling off the cock and opening up to show my audience.

"Oh yes, look at it all. Barny is filling her up nicely," Robert said.

I swallowed again, exaggerating it loudly. Before I could go back to Barny's cock he was gone, only to be replaced by Duke, I think. I sucked him straight away. My mouth was eager to be full of cock. His taste was the same, delicious. His cock was just as big, and he came bucket loads, my mouth full in seconds.

I sucked them all, drinking every drop they gave me, loving how it felt and tasted, sorry it had to end. Sheila kissed me when I was finished, her tongue going in my mouth and licking me, tasting me and the dogs, sucking out my saliva and what was left of the dog's cum. She was so passionate, holding my face tightly as she kissed me, her lips and tongue attacking me with an urgency that was so exhilarating. It felt special, at least to me. I had never been kissed like that, and not by a woman.

She let me go and pushed me to the floor, her face smeared with mine and the dog's secretions, her tongue licking her lips. I lay there, panting, looking at them all, wondering what was next.

"I told you she was a natural. Look at her, what a slut, she can't get enough," John exclaimed, his expression one of validation.

"Yes, yes, she is indeed a fine bitch. Now let's see her bred. I want to see her full of dog cock, cumming and begging for more," Emily added, sounding very excited.

I was excited, too. Emily's words sent shivers down my spine. I was to be fucked in front of the whole family and Sheila.

"Barny, mate her," John said.

I was already on all fours when he got to me, my butt sticking out, waiting for him, my pussy twitching with anticipation. He was on me in a flash, gripping me vice-like with his front legs,

holding me still while his hips violently thrust, looking for his bitch's cunt. His nails were scratching me and making me gasp in pain. Such was his eagerness to breed me.

I moved slightly, hoping this would help, my pussy desperate to feel his huge cock burying itself deep inside. He found me in an instant, pushing so hard I was forced along the floor, my lungs emptied by the violence of his fucking.

"Yes, yes, yes, oh my god, look at him breed her. It's simply wonderful," Emily cried out,

Sheila was at my front, looking at me and grinning, loving the show I was putting on. The others were all shouting out comments, too. Having so many people watching me was wrong, but It made me even hornier. I was a whore, fucking three dogs on a rug for all to witness. How much further could I sink?

Another wonderful orgasm crashed into me, my loud moans and grunts letting everyone know. I didn't even realize we were knotted. It was all such a sexual blur, I was being fucked by a huge dog, and I loved it.

*To Be Continued...?*