

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Hi all! I am Sarah, and I am a dirty little slut. I mean not really but kinda really, if you know what I mean. I give an easy-going and friendly image to everyone, but when it comes to my NSFW side, all bets are off. Last few weeks I have explored my sexuality in ways that I could have not imagined before. I've always been a little naughty, but lately, I have pushed myself more and more. I started writing with this one pervert online and he has made me do some stuff that I would have never done on my own. For example, he made me walk 5 kilometers with a vibrator in my pussy, locked behind a chastity belt, and the key for it was at my home. He had me writing "I am a dirty little slut" like 100 times while having a clitoris stimulator on my clit. Earlier this week, I had to orgasm in the middle of the busy library. Today he dared me to a local store to buy a banana, cucumber, eggplant, and their cheapest lube. And then explain my purchases to the overweight pervy old cashier by saying 'My Master wants me to consume my daily dosage of veggies'. Let's just say that the old perv understood the message. I could read his erection from his eyes. And no, I was not allowed to leave the shopping center before I had properly "tested" the vegetables. My master really is quite devious...

Anyway, I did all of that. And more. Much more. Disgustingly amount of more. And... I'm still doing more. That is actually the reason why I am writing this. I was not always like this, but something happened to me around a year ago. I chatted about it online with the person who I now refer to as Master. And before I had noticed, I was doing everything he dared me to do. He was (and still is) a master of manipulation, and he used that skill to take advantage of my vulnerability. One might feel sorry for me but don't. I have enjoyed every second of these last few weeks. And that brings us to why I am here. My Master's latest dare for me was to write a detailed story about an event with a dog from a year ago. We call them "dares", but don't be mistaken, they are in fact orders. And I will obey. I am a dirty little slut. That being said, let's start the dare #081.

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Firstly few things about myself. So, as I already told you, my name is Sarah. By the time the event took place, I was 23 years old. I'm just about 160cm tall and weigh around 63 kg. I am curvy from all the right places, and thus I have nice C-cup breasts and a juicy ass. My long brown hair reaches almost to my butt, which is the only hair that can be found under my chin if you know what I mean. Back then I loved touching myself. Simply letting my fingers slide on the smooth surface of my pussy mound made me always wet very quickly. Since I did not have a boyfriend by then, I masturbated often, around once or twice per day. I soon noticed that my fingers were not enough. Either I get myself a stud to bang me to oblivion or I would buy some toys. I chose toys over the boys. I did not want to get the reputation of being easy. My toy arsenal was not great back then, with one vibrator and two pairs of handcuffs. I absolutely loved cuffing myself to different places around my home and then imagining how someone would fuck me senselessly. I might even sleep with my handcuffs. And don't even try to judge me! I bet all of you have kinks of your own... pervs! On the plus side, I had become a regular Houdini to get out of the cuffs. That being said, that should be enough generic information to get us properly started.

The story takes place on one Friday in June 2022. I work as an administrative assistant and since that means regular hours, I was free during the weekends. I did not have anything crazy planned for the evening. Bottle of red, some Netflix, and at some point, maybe a finger or two inside my pussy. You know? Normal Friday stuff for a 23-year-old lady. Well, at least one thing was not normal. I had a huge rottweiler licking his nuts a few meters from me. I had promised my sister to take care of his dog, Brock, while she was out of town. Brock was wonderful, but I was still not very enthusiastic about it. He might take orders from my sister and her boyfriend, but he did not take orders from me. Or he did when he felt like it. I was never scared in his presence, however, I never felt fully in charge of him either. If he wanted to rush after something or someone while we were outside, he

would do whatever he damn well pleased. That is not cool when you live in a fairly large town. But I must admit that I feel somewhat safer now when he is around. I think my neighbor is a pervert of some kind. I could have sworn that I have seen him outside of my windows every now and then. But funnily, he was never to be seen when Brock was around.

My best friend Lilly was coming to visit me in the evening. She said that she was bored and if I was willing, she could come over and watch a movie with me. I was fine with the idea, but that meant that if I wanted to enjoy some me-time, I would need to hurry up. I hate to rush my climaxes, but I hate even more to be left without one. Lucky for me, I had been watching Bridgerton. Girls, you know what I mean. Who among you did not imagine yourself in Daphne's shoes? Being pounded away by the Duke himself? 'Fuck me... Oh my... Duke... I would let you shove your cock in any one of my holes', I whimpered by myself. I could feel my panties getting wetter by the second and I decided to remove them. I opted to keep my skirt in case Lilly comes here early. I did not want to be surprised without any clothing.

There I was. On my sofa. Playing with my pussy while being deceptively well-clothed. I was still wearing the clothes from my work; a white blouse, white bra, and black knee-length skirt. It was obligatory to wear pantyhoses at work as well, but I always take those off the second when I get home. I can't stand them. I had raised my skirt up so I could better reach my wet hole. I ran circles around my now erect clitoris. The sensations made me shiver. I love these first few steps after becoming aroused. At this phase, every sensitive part of me reacts strongly to every little touch. When my finger brushes my clit, it is like electricity is running through my body. While toying with my hardened clitoris, I use another hand to push my finger into my vagina. With both hands, I start rhythmically stimulating my pussy inside out. My moans start echoing from the walls of my living room. Even Brock became curious about what had gotten me so riled up. He got up and watched from the other side of the room how I finger-banged myself. I closed my eyes to better focus on the sensation that was building from deep inside of me. 'Ah! Ah! Ah! Fuck me Duke! Fuck my pussy! Make me your Duchness!', I moaned louder and louder. I was seconds away from my orgasm when I heard someone knocking on the window. Lilly was smirking and waving outside next to the door... Crap. I had not closed the curtains. For a good measure, she rang the doorbell a couple of times and then returned to the window to wave and make gestures of grabbing her groin. I could die from the embarrassment.

I tried to play it cool when I opened the door, 'Oh hey Lilly. I did not notice you there. Please come in.'. She could not grin any wider, 'Oh don't hey Lilly me! Only by having your skirt over your head, you could have been more obvious.'. I got blushed and flustered, it would not help to lie now. Lilly would not let this go before admitting everything. 'Fine. You ambushed me with this movie thing. I had planned some me-time for this evening and then you said that you are here in a few minutes.', I tried to explain. Lilly kept piling on, 'Then why didn't you say that you need 30 minutes? And why did you leave the curtains open? Or maybe you wanted me to see your knuckles deep in your pussy?'. 'Please stop Lilly!', I shouted from embarrassment. I knew that she would not stop that easily, but I had to try, 'It really was an accident and I don't want to talk about it. Please.'. She saw Brock inside and continued, 'And you have a dog here too? Did you want it to lick you a little? Oh, you really are a dirty dirty girl Sarah.'. 'If you don't stop right now Lilly, you can go back home.', I said firmly. And that actually worked, 'Oh fine. I will not forget this Sarah, but I can let it go for now.'.

She came in and I poured her a glass of wine. She had brought her own wine but accepted the offer anyway. We could open her bottles when the first one had been taken care of. We talked a bit about something else than me playing with myself before she suggested the movie she had in mind. It was not a new movie, but I had not seen it myself. I do not know how to categorize the movie since it had a little bit of everything, but then again it is not really an important detail for this story. We missed

many parts of the movie while we talked about our week. It was nice to chat with Lilly. She was always up to something and I liked to hear what she had in her mind. The more we drank the red wine, the more often she teased me about what had happened earlier. But on the hand, the more we drank the red wine, the less embarrassed I started to feel about it. I think that was her goal all along. I believe she wanted to talk about naughty stuff, and by getting caught, I simply offered her a nice segue to the topic. She started to open up about her latest conquests from last weekend. According to her, she had participated threeway with two dudes. That really piqued my interest. I had always wondered how it would feel to be taken by multiple partners. Lucky for me, she was more than willing to share.

'It was wild Sarah!', she told me. 'They were friends or bros or something at the university, and they had been dared to do the devil's threeway. They were quite hot so I think both of them would have gotten tons of girls, but not many girls had the guts to join into a threesome.', she continued her story. Once she got started, it did not take long to get to the good parts, 'At the beginning, they took turns with my mouth. While I sucked one of the cocks, I jerked another one. After a moment, one of them started to lick my pussy. I think he wanted to be the one drilling my cunt, so he took the initiative. The other guy started more forcefully fuck my mouth and we decided to take this party to a more horizontal location.' At this point, Lilly had to take a moment and took a sip from her wine glass. I had a stupid grin on my face while I anxiously waited for her to continue. She noticed my eagerness and resumed her story, 'Alright, so we get to the bedroom and soon I was on my hands and knees. One of them is pushing his cock into my pussy while the other one starts furiously fucking my face. It was a little difficult at first, but I did not want it to stop. And then... things got even more wild.' I was at the edge of the sofa listening to every word Lilly was saying. I noticed that I was getting wet again. I urged her to keep going. She smiled and said, 'One of them asked if I had ever been handcuffed. When I said no, he asked if I wanted to. And I was very interested to experience it all so I agreed. In a moment, my hands were cuffed behind my back and those two started a very rough fucking. I could not steady myself with my hands anymore, so the one who was fucking my pussy, pulled me from my hair until I could blow his friend again. I was so utterly helpless between those two that I got a little bit scared even. Being fucked to two holes like a ragdoll made me cum like a mad person.' When she closed her mouth for a moment, I yelled, 'Oh my god Lilly! You are so bad!'. She was grinning like she was very proud of that, 'And that's about it. The one behind me blew his load into a condom while the other one made me drink his jizz. I would have not minded going for the 2nd round, but I think they got nervous. They released the cuffs and left me to recover from the excellent orgasm.'

I was breathing heavily when she ended her story. It got me more excited than I had realized. I emptied my glass and looked at how she was still grinning like she was expecting more praise from me. I smiled back and said, 'That was a nice story. Now I do not feel so bad that you ambushed me.'. 'After I saw you like that, I just had to tell you that Sarah.', she replied. We continued to talk about her night and she went a little bit deeper in the details. I had many questions, maybe even too many. But she did not mind me asking so I went ahead. I was especially interested to know what she thought about being handcuffed. She noticed my interest and asked, 'Would you like to try it out, Sarah? Maybe on your own?'. She did not know that I loved being handcuffed so I smirked and said, 'Yes.'. She looked me straight into my eyes and pulled handcuffs from her purse. 'What? Why do you have handcuffs in your purse?', I blurted out. She explained that she actually had them since the evening she just told me about them. When they released her from the cuffs, they only removed the cuffs from one of her hands. They gave her the key to release the other hand, but they had left before she had done it. 'You can have them, Sarah. Just don't lose the key. Those are not toys, so you actually need the key to unlock them.' I studied the cuffs Lilly gave me and felt how my juices trickled down my thigh. 'Alright Lilly, I need to be honest as well.'. I got up, walked to my nightstand, and pulled out my own handcuffs. 'Yeah... I like handcuffs as well.'. She smiled, 'It seems

that you are the naughty one here, Sarah. You must tell me what you've done with those.'. I was glad to.

We continued comparing notes until it was closer to midnight and she told me that she had to leave. She still had some plans to visit a local nightclub, but for me, the week had been quite long. I might be up for some partying tomorrow evening, but today I was too tired. However, I did want to do something arousing before I was ready to go to sleep. I gathered my courage and asked if Lilly could do something for me, 'Hey Lilly, before you go... Can I ask you to do something for me?'. She got immediately interested since I was looking obviously uneasy about the situation, 'What you need Sarah? I am not sleeping with you.'. I laughed, 'Nothing like that. But before you go, if I go to bed while my hands are cuffed, could you hide the key for me?'. She looked a little stunned but relaxed soon after, 'I did not think you had it in you. Naughty naughty. Of course, I hide the key for you.'. I was simultaneously relieved and excited, 'Thanks Lilly! Just put the key somewhere and tell me where it is. But don't make it too easy.'.

I gave her the key and went to prepare myself for bed. I wanted to give her some time to prepare. She was smiling deviously when I got back to the living room, 'Go ahead Sarah, cuff yourself. The key is hidden in an excellent hiding place.'. She was a little too sure about herself so I got a little alarmed. But I could not back out anymore.

I sleep nude so I undressed myself and took the handcuffs from the table. She made no effort to hide the fact that she stared at my naked body, 'Looking sexy Sarah. Maybe I should rethink my stance of not sleeping with you.'. I did not take her suggestion seriously and cuffed one of my hands. I turned around and asked, 'Would you like to do the honors?'. She took my hand and cuffed it roughly, 'I would. I really really would. And now, maybe I will do whatever I want to you.'. The idea aroused me greatly, but I knew she was joking. She slapped my ass and bit my ear. At least I think she was joking. When I felt her hands on my breasts, she suddenly broke the tension, 'Nope. I like cocks. Big fat cocks that slide into my pussy. And maybe into my ass. And... I will go find them. Nighty night, naughty Sarah. Let's talk more about this tomorrow.'. I admit that I was a little disappointed, but I was not surprised. I heard the door opening and I shouted after her, 'Lilly! The key!'. She laughed and replied, 'That's right. It would have been a shame if I had to come tomorrow to uncuff you. Maybe I still need to... The key is at a very easy-to-find location. It is hanging from Brock's collar. Have fun Lilly!'. She laughed mischievously while she slammed the door shut. And then I was alone.

"So Brock has the key?", I thought to myself. That was actually funny of her. This might be the most difficult Houdini trick ever... or maybe the easiest. As long as he does not move, I should be able to get the key quite easily. But if he thinks that this is a game, it might take me a little bit longer. "Nice touch Lilly.", I had to respect her idea. Either way, we shall see in the morning.

I shut off the lights and went to bed. For some, it might be uncomfortable to sleep by having hands tied behind your back, but I did not mind. It always got me thinking about being kidnapped and then being ravaged by an evil man who had taken me. Even back then I had serious fantasies of being forced to do sexual activities against my will. When I slept with my handcuffs, I always dreamt of being an unwilling participant in such a scenario and I woke up hornier than normally. The feeling I got from acting on my kinks could be compared to edging. Try to edge yourself many times during the day. Or maybe several days. It makes you feel horny all the time, and for me, that rush made me feel more alive than anything else... and yeah the huge climax at the end of teasing was awesome as well. But, there were some negative impacts as well. Every now and then, I take the edging too far and I wake up in the middle of the night with a need to masturbate. And the same thing happened this night. I had been denied my orgasm when Lilly arrived too early, then she had gotten me all riled up with her story, and finally, she cuffed my hands behind my back. I was so primed to go off, that I cannot understand why I thought I could last until morning. Something had to be done.

I had to try to get myself off, but I knew before I started that I have no chance in hell to do it. Anyone who has had their hands tied behind their back knows that you cannot really do anything until the cuffs have been unlocked. If you stretch a little, you can reach your "fun area", but any kind of effective touching is really not an option. I got up from the bed and hands behind my back opened my nightstand. I might still be able to use the vibrator that I had. I've been able to do this trick in the past, but it is always kinda so and so. With some effort, you might be able to activate the vibrator and slip it in. However, you could still not play with your clit or even change the settings of the damn thing. I was so horny and my pussy was throbbing like crazy. My hands shook from the lust and effort. I tried to push it in for a while, but after I had dropped it several times, I gave up. I had to admit my loss. I was so wet from my dream and I needed to climax. There was no other option, I had to get the key.

I got fully up and walked out of the bedroom. Brock woke and got up at the moment when I opened the door to the living room. He was clearly curious why I was up in the middle of the night. For a moment I thought that he might sense my predicament, but then I remembered that he always gets up if I visit the bathroom in the middle of the night. My stupid horny brain is just going overdrive and makes me think odd stuff. "Now, where is the key?", I thought. I got as close to Brock as I was able and I had to kneel down to check his collar. It was dark, so it wasn't easy. But I did find the key. It was exactly there where Lilly had told me it to be. While I was close, Brock did his best to lick my face. 'Knock it off Brock!', I told him. I did not mind his tongue normally, but tonight I was not really up for his tricks. I wanted to have my fingers on my clit and a vibrator in pussy as soon as I got rid of these cuffs. At this point, I was so wet that there was a trail of my juices slowly flowing down my left leg.

It was one thing to confirm that key really was hanging from his neck, it was completely another thing to actually take it. And trying to reach the key was my downfall. As stated many times, my hands were cuffed behind my back. So the only thing I could do to reach for the key was to turn around and try to find his collar. I was now facing away from him while sitting on my knees. This exposed me to Brock in ways that I had not thought of. Brock being who he is, he shoved his snout between my ass cheeks and tried to dig further towards my moist pussy lips. 'HEY! STOP IT!' I shrieked when I felt him exploring my backside. I jumped up quickly, even hurting my knees in the process. The wooden floor is quite an unforgiving surface. Anyway, I got up to only realize that I did not really have any other option than trying to get the key. 'Oh for fuck sake.', I said to myself when I understood the challenge in the situation. If I wanted to uncuff myself, I would need to kneel down and expose myself at least on some level to Brock. In hindsight, I could have retreated and put some clothes on me, but I was too invested to think that far ahead. And I did not really think there to be much danger. Oh how wrong I was.

Even though I did not plan it perfectly, I at least tried to be smart. I walked to my sofa and took one of the pillows with me. If I had to be a moment on my knees, I did not want to hurt them any more than I had already done. To my not-so-big surprise, I did not need to walk far back to reach Brock since he had followed me. He had gotten excited about "the game" we had just started. I dropped the pillow on the floor and prepared myself mentally. All the while the big rottweiler did his best to figure out his next step. "No time like the present.", I told to myself. I bit my teeth and knelt down, knowing that he would probably do the same thing as he did a moment ago.

And I was not wrong. At that very moment, when my knees touched the pillow on the floor, his tongue found my pussy lips. It was like electricity had run through my body when I felt him licking the most sensitive areas of my body. His tongue touched the head of my clitoris and then withdrew back to his mouth while touching everything in-between. The sensation was something unique that I had never experienced. He repeated those steps several times in a very short amount of time. I could feel how I started to produce more and more juices and I knew that it excited Brock even further. He

had definitely located the source of the delicious nectar and he was now doing his best to push his tongue into my pussy. I had to rush my efforts to get out of this nightmare. While he was focused on my backside, I had been able to locate his collar by feeling around his neck. Even the key was easy to find. The problem was how to remove the key or maybe the whole collar. I tried to reach the collar from under his jaw, but since that blocked his access to my ass and pussy, he pulled his head away and readjusted to get a better position. I tried it a few times, but I just could not hold such a big dog from his head. The only way to get the key was to turn the collar around his neck so that the key would be reachable from the top. To succeed with this idea, I had to stretch my arms on top of his head while he was pushing his snout into my intimate area.

For a moment it seems that my plan worked. The collar was quite tight so I was only able to progress slowly, but it was progress anyway. Also by tightening my butt cheeks and sitting firmly on my knees, I was even able to block some of his access to my ass and pussy. This left Brock somewhat unhappy. He had been able to savor me properly just a few moments ago and now the sweet nectar of mine was out of his reach. But Brock knew that there was a simple solution to this problem, apply more force. He was a big dog and the weak knees of this silly female would not deny him his treat. He pushed me hard and levered with his head and snout. I had not expected this and I lost my balance very quickly. I fell down on the floor, but I avoided hurting myself. I had quite good core strength so I did not crash down uncontrolled. 'Fucking mutt!' I said while in anger. However, he could not care less. I was now bending over and in a position that offered easy access for him. I was shocked when I again felt his rough tongue once again exploring my virginal asshole. "Oh my god! This is so wrong...", I thought when I felt pleasure was building up.

I realized that I had to adjust the plan a little. I could still reach the collar from the position I found myself in. I now knew that I cannot deny him access, so the best course of action would be to continue turning the collar while having my ass up. I realized it was somewhat ironic that I could actually reach the collar better when Brock could push his head closer to my pussy lips. "Alright you stupid dog, all-you-can-eat-buffet is now in your reach so come at me!", I joked in my head while preparing for the battle.

He was very good at what he was doing. No one had ever licked me like Brock was licking me right now. That's the advantage of having a ridiculously long and nimble tongue. Of course, it did not hurt that my position was very ideal for him to sample the more delicious parts of my body. Licks made me squeal and the heated moans escaped past my lips. My body was starting to feel the stimulus that Brock was giving me. Whenever Brock touched my ultra-sensitive clitoris, I almost lost all the progress which I had made with the collar. The part of his collar where the key for the handcuffs was hanging, was relatively heavy. If I accidentally let go of the collar, the key would force the collar back to its original position. I was begging for a short break from licking so I could quickly turn the collar enough to reach the key, 'Please... please... aaaah! Just fe... ooh! Few seconds... of... uuuh! Time...'.

It was like someone heard my prayer and Brock really stopped his effort. I could not believe my luck. I felt the key in my hand, but the joy was brief. It was not a benevolent god who had heard my prayer, it had been a mischievous god. To my surprise, Brock pushed his stiffened tongue past my moist labia into my welcoming and warm vagina. My body reacted violently from the abrupt penetration and I had my first ever orgasm from bestiality. Sufficed to say, the key was beyond my reach when I was swept up by a strong orgasm.

The rapture from my vagina surprised me completely. I obviously knew that I was aroused, but since I had been focusing on the other matters, I had not realized how close to a climax had I reached. It was like when in pain, you focus on something else so you forget the pain... but this time with pleasure. To Brock's delight, my cunt started to squirt clear liquid which he lapped eagerly. I do not

normally cum like that so the behavior was probably due to the prolonged arousal that I had felt since I went to bed. I felt completely helpless in that situation. Even though the orgasm was not the biggest one ever, it just kept going when Brock kept licking me off. I thought of running away or falling down to escape the sensations, but I could not will myself to find enough to do so. There I was, on my knees and on my head. Sobbing from the pleasure of involuntary climax.

Brock had penetrated my pussy with his tongue only for a moment. After my sudden and wet orgasm, he was too busy to lap all the lady cum that was gushing out from my vagina. It took a while before he finally ended his assault on my pussy and started to focus on my soaked legs and on the living room floor where a lot of my juices had landed. And the timing could not have been better. My body was just about to go overdrive and force another climax, or set of climaxes, right after I had survived the first one. The tongue torment would have never stopped if Brock had realized that he could dig the liquid gold indefinitely from my pussy. I was gasping for air when I was finally granted a respite. I knew what had happened was wrong, but I was more surprised about it than shamed, "I was just tongue fucked to an orgasm by a fucking dog". I am not saying that I was happy about it, but I knew that I can live with myself. No one saw me and if anyone heard me they assume that I was just having a good time.

If I had known better, I would have gotten up immediately and rethink my situation. But I was in no rush. I allowed myself to catch my breath and calm down from the non-consensual sexual act with my sister's dog. To be honest, I could not fathom that there could be an even more dangerous situation brewing. In my mind, I could get up at any second before things escalate again to another round of tongue fucking, so what's the harm to take it easy. "Hey! I actually got what I wanted, a nice and wet orgasm. Maybe "how" I wanted was not really what I had in my mind, but close enough.", I thought while still being in a little bit uncomfortable position on the floor. There was really no reason for me to even try to get the key today, I could do it in the morning after things had calmed down. I even laughed a little at my own stupidity, "Yeah, I could even get some actual protection and put some clothes up in the morning."

I talked to myself, 'Alright, I think we are done here.', and was planning to get up. I have been straining my abs during the whole time while I had been bent over and now they were killing me. I was slow to get up and that gave Brock enough time to react. He was not done, not anymore. He had gotten interested in "the game" just because of the intoxicating scent and taste of my pussy. But during his exploration into my vagina, he realized that he had actually found a female in heat. His dog brain did not care that we were not matching species. His own instincts were saying to him that he had a unique opportunity to breed and it was not something he was going to miss. Brock could not understand the bizarre position of the female who had her front legs behind her back. But otherwise, everything was looking ideal for mating. I felt his furry underbelly at the tip of my fingers and two paws taking support from my naked sides. Panic gripped my body when I realized that Brock had just mounted me.

I was surprised to find his weight on top of my body, but it took me a moment to understand the severity of the situation. When he humped my backside for the first time, I suddenly realized what was happening. "Brock is trying to fuck me!", I screamed in my head. I could not have been more vulnerable in front of this assault. Brock's front legs prevented me to escape by falling and since I could not use my arms at all, I could not really struggle either. He had me pinned down under his muscular body. I was powerless to do anything else than shout loudly to Brock, 'STOP IT YOU FUCKING BASTARD!'. But the animal could not care less. He had found his rhythm and he replied to my protest by humping harder and harder. He thrust so strongly that the impact made my body slide on the floor. My knees were still on the pillow which slid easily on the top of the wooden floor. I would have imagined that being pushed like this was going to hurt my head and face. But luckily for me, my hair acted as a cushion. I have never been as thankful for having that much hair as I did at



that moment. I might've been seriously hurt otherwise.

I never could have believed that I would ever end up in a situation like this. My body was being pushed on the floor by a dog that was actively trying to screw me. I could not see between my legs from the awkward position where I was, but I started to feel his cock unsheathing from his loins. I had seen Brock's penis once or twice before and it was quite magnificent, but right now it was terrifying me. Each thrust pushed me further away from the middle of the room and each second brought a few more millimeters of growing cock closer to my glistening pussy. After a minute or two of this disgusting act, my head hit the side of my sofa. I had no idea what to do. There was no escaping from under a bigger and stronger being like Brock. And if he had been able to push his tongue into me, there was a solid chance that he would find a way to penetrate with his hardening doggy cock. By now I could clearly feel the shape of his cock which was trying to find my wet and warm hole. I felt him wildly poking all over my nether regions. I did not know how male dogs mate, but I felt that he had less accuracy compared to human males. However, I also understood that he would only need to locate my pussy once and he might not let go until he was finished.

Brock was panting loudly when his loins kept smashing against my exposed backside. The level of effort he was putting into it, made it obvious that he wanted to have a piece of me. His drool was pooling on my naked back and streaming down to my neck. On a normal day, I would find this disgusting but today I had worse things to consider. The constant humping started to hurt my head which was uncomfortably being hit against the bottom part of the living room sofa. But I did not worry about my head for too long, there was something else that needed my attention, my sweet pussy. Brock was poking his hardened cock against my labia. He was being guided by the shape of my bottom as well as his own instincts. The pointy head of his cock was touching my vaginal opening and by then I knew my situation was hopeless. But I still begged, 'Please no... Not with a dog. Not with Brock... Please...'. And only two pokes later, his cock penetrated my tight pussy and filled me like never before. My screams launched from my lungs in mid-sentence, 'Pleas... AAAAAAAH! NOOOOO!', and then my cunt was violently spread open to accommodate the invader.

The sheer size of the cock was unbelievable. I could not see the cock which violated me, but I could feel the girth stretching my walls. The initial penetration hurt me, but I was lucky that my body was quite prepared for this. My own arousal had kept me lubricated and so I was able to handle his cock physically. But in my mind, I was screaming. My sister's dog had just shoved his canine dick into my pussy in my living room. "How the hell something like this can happen?", I asked in my mind. But the situation was about to turn even more bizarre. Now that he had been able to bury his bone into me, Brock started to hump even harder. 'Aaah! Aaah! Aaah!', I moaned in the rhythm of the strong thrusts. I could not believe the sounds that were leaving my mouth. Brock was making me his bitch and my body went along for the ride. My pussy did not even care how the dog cock inside of me was still growing and further spreading my hole. In fact, it felt wonderful. I knew that I liked some weird stuff, but having a dog fucking me into submission was something that I was not mentally prepared for.

Nothing as big had ever entered my pussy. Not only Brock was spreading my pussy, but he was also reaching further than any man or toy had ever reached. It was uncomfortable at first, but as I said, my inner sluttiness was embracing the feeling of being filled up. I had always loved the doggy style because I could feel my lover deeper than in missionary. It is only natural that dogs knew how to do the position in the best way possible. I was still screaming at the back of my head, but there was really nothing I could do. And I was afraid that soon I would not care about it. I could feel how the big dog was still picking up the pace and soon the level of stimulus would reach unbearable levels. I really did not want to climax while being taken by a dog. However, that was not up to me anymore.

My breathing was becoming unsteady and I was feeling certain hotness spreading across my body. I

had felt these sensations only a few times before and they were always preludes to a mind-breaking orgasm. The kind of orgasm, where you forget who you are and you wake up a few minutes later in the pool of your own drool. I have tried to reach that level of nirvana on my own, but so far I've only succeeded with a partner. I hated the idea that a dirty dog could trigger this kind of sensation inside of me. It was increasingly apparent that my body was calling the shots here and I could sense something big building within. I tried to speak, but only moans and grunts came out. It was right there that I realized that my sister's dog was going to make cum like a common whore. When I felt my toes curl up and convulsions beginning to ravage my body, I knew I would be descending to a new level of degradation.

'AAAAH! AAAAH! NO!', I moaned when the sensations overwhelmed me and I lost control. At the very moment when the first waves of humiliating climax struck my body, something clicked inside of me. I started to crave pleasure. In a trance, I found myself at fucking back. I did not want to admit it, but I tried to get Brock as deep into me as I could. Every time our loins smashed together, I fell deeper into the abyss. Orgasm after orgasm tortured my body and I had difficulties understanding who I was or who I was supposed to be. I just wanted to be bred and my pussy needed to be filled with the seed of my partner. My instincts kicked in and I could not stop my vagina from doing its best to squeeze the cock which was impaling me. At that moment, I really had become a bitch for a dog. Brock could understand the signals and doubled his efforts. He was not ready to empty his balls, but through centuries of evolution, he understood that his female was one step closer to receiving his seed.

Even though my lower body was delighted by the extra sensations from Brock's doubled efforts, my head had started to hurt from being smashed at the bottom end of the sofa. I did not have many intelligent thoughts at this point, but subconsciously I did react to the pain. I tried to channel the force of the thrusts to my upper body rather than my head by bending my neck slightly. It was supposed to be a simple solution to a simple problem. However, due to the momentum created by Brock's strong loins, I could not keep my orgasm-ridden body in balance and I found myself tumbling forward. In a moment, I snapped out of the ecstasy and I shirked from surprise. Brock who was deep inside of me, could not prevent the sudden forward movement either. So, both of our bodies collided against the sofa.

I was dazed by the series of orgasms, and from the tumble that I had just experienced. For a moment, I did not understand anything that had happened. To make sense of the situation, I opened my eyes. What I saw made even less sense. I saw the two hindlegs of Brock at both sides of my head, I saw his loins and big balls hanging right above my face, and finally, I saw my pussy being penetrated by the largest cock ever. I had always been flexible, but this was something I had not expected. The tumble had forced me on my upper back while my lower body was now right above me. It probably wouldn't be overly difficult to get in the position where your body is basically two-folded, but tumbling into one while being fucked by a dog is what made it difficult for my mind to grasp. I focused my attention on Brock and I saw how he was supporting his body by having his forelegs up on the sofa. He must've jumped on the sofa to avoid falling. This must've also been the reason why the sneaky dog had been able to keep his cock in my cunt through the whole incident. At least that is what I told myself. I did not like the idea that I had been gripping the cock with my pussy muscles so hard when I climaxed, that I would have helped him to maintain the copulation.

This was a completely different situation now. When that bastard was taking me from behind, I could at least pretend to not know all the details. But this time I witnessed the beast forcing himself on me in horrific detail. For example, now I was able to see that his cock was much bigger than I had imagined. It was as wide as my wrist and longer than I could estimate right now. I could feel his dick deeper than anything else that ever had the honor of penetrating me, but he still had like 7-8 centimeters of hard tool outside of me. "Oh my fucking god! I can't handle that thing!", I thought

when panic started to rush in. Next, I glanced at his huge testicles that were hanging very close to my face. And it was obvious that they were storing a ridiculous amount of canine sperm inside. The skin on his balls looked so tight that for a second I thought that they might burst on their own. Finally, I had a good look at my gaping pussy. The doggy cock had forced it as wide as it can be spread. Or so I thought back then when I had not yet experienced knotting. I saw how my pussy juices, and something whitish and thicker, were trickling downwards from my vagina. When the stream reached my erect clitoris, it quickly created a droplet that fell down to my tits. Only at a later date, I learned that the whitish liquid had been Brock's precum, which unknowingly by me, he had been shooting at and into me from the very beginning.

It was like time had slowed down to allow me to study the nightmarish situation in detail. In my mind, the whole world had stopped for a moment. But that moment ended when I saw and felt Brock moving his loins again. The huge cock withdrew slowly from my sensitive vagina and just when I was about to see the pointy tip, he pushed it back inside as far it went. For Brock, my body was an ideal height for him to resume the unnatural bestial act he had started. Granted, even for him the position felt slightly off. His animal brain recognized doggy style, but not what one could call "reverse piledriver". But the feeling of a tight, warm, wet, and welcoming hole around his tool, was more than enough reason for him to continue. He started out slowly, but forcefully. I got the impression that he was trying to find a way to bury his cock deeper into me. The first several strong thrusts locked me into my place. My lower back was pushed against the side of the sofa, while my handcuffed hands fit narrowly under the space of heavy furniture. My legs were dangling above me and my knees were almost touching the floor. I could feel how my abs started to strain due to my body bending to this new position. But since I was pinned so perfectly between Brock's body and my living room sofa, there was nowhere to escape. I could only observe the violation of my vagina right in front of my face.

Brock was now confident that he could screw me just as well as before, so he picked up the pace. He started driving his cock into me faster and harder. For me, everything felt so much more real this time around, because I was experiencing the bestial act with all of my five senses. My extremely wet pussy made loud sloshing sounds when Brock played hide the salami with my body. Focusing on the sounds made me realize that I had also quietly started to whimper from the pleasure. The previous series of climaxes might've been interrupted, but I was still very much aroused. I could also smell and taste our sex. The movement of his loins made our juices rain all over my face and boobs. I would have thought that smelling and tasting our liquids would have disgusted me, but at the moment I remember finding it quite exhilarating. With my eyes wide open, I was seeing my pussy being forcefully spread open by a huge, purple, and veiny cock. When something like that happens mere 30-40 centimeters away from your eyes, you will not forget it. That image is burned in my brain forever. And finally, just the feeling of being fucked in this position was unbelievable. Not only was he able to reach all the way to the far end of my vagina, but he was also able to touch my elusive G-spot. I have only been able to play with it with certain toys and even then it had been difficult. Now a goddamn dog was able to hit it with each thrust. I knew that before he was done with my body, I will experience something unforgettable. That thought terrified me, but I would be lying if I said that I did not feel some level of excitement as well.

After a few minutes, I could no longer just whimper, I was squealing like a dirty hoe. 'Uuuh! Aaaaah! Ooooh!', I howled when Brock kept seesawing his cock inside of me. It seemed that the "reverse piledriver" position was ideal for Brock. His loins were at the right height while his cock could not have been positioned in a better way for fucking me. In this way, he could hammer into me with force and speed which was incomparable. Every hard thrust made my body closer to inevitable. More and more of our love juices fell down my body and soon I was coated by the mixture. But I did not really care. All of my energy was used to keep some level of sanity. If this kept up, he would fuck

my brains out. While I struggled, parts of me had already accepted my fate and just wanted the next orgasmic waves to wash through me. 'Someone... AAH! Ple...ase... hel...p... me! Ooh!', I mumbled, but no one replied. Brock was forcing me to become his bitch, and there was nothing I or anyone could do about it.

I had no idea how much time had passed since I was forced into a position where I had to stare at my body being violated. It just might have been a short while, but it felt like Brock has kept his steady but rough pace for ages. Although I could not deny how aroused I was feeling, the screwing had taken a toll on my body as well. My abdominal muscles were about to cramp from being strained by being locked in this unnatural position for an extended period of time. I'm sure my body would have felt the pain even if I was just staying in that position, but it was far more excruciating since Brock was plowing his humongous cock into me. Then an idea occurred to me. An idea that ended up being a blessing and a curse at the same time. I looked at my dangling legs and figured that there might be a way to support my body. Since my knees almost touched the floor, I tried to use my feet and simply "stand". But cramps attacked my thighs at the very next second when the soles of my feet touched the floor. The other idea was trickier, but I did not feel that I had much choice on the matter. I could try to lock my legs behind his back. I admit that I was not a fan of the idea of "embracing" him while he was violating me, but at the same time, I felt that I could not last much longer.

It was not particularly easy to move my legs behind Brock's back. My feet had been hanging above me since he started to piledrive me. By now those limbs were lacking the blood they needed for me to efficiently move them. Fortunately, right when I felt cramps creeping up on me, I found enough dexterity to do what was needed. It is funny when you are backed against the wall, you figure out a way to succeed. Or backed against the sofa... Anyway, I locked my ankles behind Brock's lower back and pulled my body against his to relieve the strain I was feeling. To my delight, I found out that my theory was absolutely correct. In the manner of a few seconds, the pain in my abs was disappearing. However, I had made a huge miscalculation. I had not realized that by pulling our loins together, I would be opening my body for even further probing. Brock's hard cock had been smashing against the entrance of my cervix without having any chance to penetrate further due to poor angle. But by easing my pain I had unknowingly helped him with his mission. The remaining several centimeters of hard cock that had not yet touched the walls of my vagina was suddenly shoved into me when the canine dick found the cervical entrance. The tight passage which separated my womb from my vagina was forcefully spread open by the pointy cock which lubricated its way forward with its precum. I screamed and cried when I realized that the beast had now conquered even my untouched uterus. And I was at least partly to blame for that.

Either the time had reached a standstill or Brock had slowed down his pace, but I found out that I was able to make sense of my situation. My eyes were wide open when I stared in disbelief at how Brock's whole cock had now fully disappeared inside of me. He had me impaled. I had never even thought that something could reach so deep into me. Any other time, I would find the picture in front of me erotic. Seeing the union of you and your lover would be sensual. But having my sister's dog fully and forcefully embedded himself into me was a picture of nightmares. I had 25+ centimeters of doggy cock inside of me, and I could feel every single vein of that dick pulsating against my walls.

Brock had recovered his balance. It was a pleasant surprise for him that he was finally able to feel himself fully inside the tight hole of the bitch. He had been nearing his limits for a while now. His loins had been preparing to release the contents of his testicles, but he had not reached the depth necessary to secure the knot. Until now I mean. He was now as deep in the bitch as he can reach. Younger dogs would have emptied their nuts already, but Brock knew better. Now he could allow his urges to fully take over and inseminate the willing female under him. It would have been enough for him to stay safely inside of me, make sure that knot grows, and lock us together. However, Brock's

animalistic instincts took him over completely. He could not contain himself and started savagely hammering me into complete submission.

The hard cock was being slammed into my pussy with a level of intensity that I had never experienced before. I was just a hole for the beast and he took full advantage of me. My pussy was so wet that it offered very little resistance to Brock's monstrous cock. Loud squelching sounds filled the living room when he ravaged my hole. He fucked me with such speed that I had hardly time to even see his cock when it withdrew and when it was plunged back in. But I felt every moment of it.

Now that he had pierced his way through my cervix, he did not leave it alone. I do not know if it was luck or instinct, but he never pulled out so far that he could not find a way to push back into my baby-making factory. The pain that I had felt after the initial penetration had subsided quickly. But life was throwing more hardships in my direction. There was more pressure building right at my vulva. I could swear that he was still becoming bigger. Panic started to creep into me again when I was about to receive the next lesson about how dogs mated. There was something ball-shaped forming at the base of his cock. I learned later that it was called "knot" and it was accurately named. The knot is supposed to tie our bodies together. But at that very moment I could not care less what it was, I did care that it might tear my pussy.

The pleasure, pain, and panic were rushing through my head. I could not think clearly anymore. I tried to reach the knot with my hands to prevent it to be inserted into me, only to realize that I was still in cuffs and my arms were under the sofa. There was nothing else to do than just see and experience the violation that Brock had prepared for me. At first, he had no difficulty fucking me with the knot of his, but after half a minute or so, it had grown quite big. He had to slow down, but he did not stop. Without any mercy, he kept stretching the entrance of my vagina. Whenever my pussy gave in and the ball was safely inside, I breathed in relief. But then I had to experience how my sensitive pussy was forced open again when he pulled back. It was not enough that I had to witness how he was molding my cunt, the knot was also able to scrape an increasing amount of our combined juices out of my vagina. And for my displeasure, it all rained down on me. I could not contain my moans and screams, so I surely got my share of the taste of it.

'PLEASE! AAAH! NO!!!! MORE! GOD! PLEASE!', I cried when Brock kept jackhammering me with his fist-sized knot. I had no idea how long could I last before my body gave out. But luckily, it never came to that. After a particularly difficult insertion, I saw my chance and I clenched my aching pussy as hard as still I could. I felt him trying to pull it out, but fortunately, he had grown too big. The knot sealed our bodies together and made sure that nothing would leave my vagina before he was done with what he was planning to do.

I might've not had known about "knots", but I did know enough about mammals and males. I knew what came next. This also gave me a general idea what was the purpose of the knot. He was about to release the pressure from his balls and paint my insides with his sperm. I could not miss the noticeable twitches coming from the testicles that were hanging right next to my eyes. I took a closer look at his balls and I could not stop myself to think how much semen did he have in store. The skin on his balls was stretched so tight that it gave the impression of a small bowling ball. "Oh fuck... If he empties those into me, I will be cleaning myself daily for a week, and still... I don't think it is enough.", I thought to myself while I was recovering from violent fucking.

Even though we were finally knotted, Brock was not done. His loins were still making his cock move inside of my pussy, but he was nowhere near forcible as he had been. In fact, the movement felt quite nice actually. While whimpering from the pleasurable sensations that I had not felt for a while, I looked closely at my pussy mound. More precisely, I stared at the shape of the knot which was clearly visible inside of me. Also, due to how my body had been bent, the cock itself was partially

visible. I could not understand how something as big had been able to enter me. But now that it had, my body started to enjoy the feeling more than I was willing to accept. By now I had been in a constant state of arousal, but the pleasure had numbed down by the pain and the pressure of being penetrated with a fist-sized ball. Suddenly, it was like a switch had been flipped inside of me and pleasure started to fill the void that pain had left. Maybe what they say is right, it's a fine line between pain and pleasure. The same knot that had just made me cry, was now making me moan.

The movement of the knot felt like there was a vibrator inside of me. Brock was making short jabs with his cock and that movement was about to break me. The sensation caught me by surprise. 'AAAH! FUCK...! ...ING! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! OOOH!', I howled when I understood that I was nearing a climax. I faintly remembered how I had felt when Brock had made me cum last time. That time had been one of the strongest orgasms that I had ever experienced. But I knew that it would not hold a candle for the show which might happen soon. I had no doubt in my mind that I would pass out from the pleasure if Brock did not stop like right now. And yes, I knew that there was zero chance of that happening. I was so scared that I did my everything to fight against the sensation. In hindsight, my struggle only built up the pressure which was soon about to be released in a very violent manner.

In the end, it was Brock who triggered my rapture. First I could hear him starting to pant harder than before. Then I could see how his balls started to twitch even clearer in front of my eyes. And finally, I felt how his gigantic cock started pulsating even harder than before. Vibration enough was making me mad, especially since the knot was right at my G-spot. The pump-like motion ran through his shaft and it further caress my delicate vaginal and cervical walls. By now I was already expecting what was going to happen. The dirty dog was about to fill my uterus and pussy with his seed, soiling my body from the inside. I was basically about to become cum dump for my sister's dog. Brock is going to make me his bitch. And those were the last, somewhat sensible thoughts that I can remember. When the first hot cumshot touched my insides, I lost it. 'NO! GOD! NO! PLEASE! AAAH! I'M...! CUMMING!!! UGH!', I screamed when an overwhelming orgasm messed me up.

I could not contain my rapture at all. When the heat erupted from deep inside of me, I immediately released an obscene amount of female ejaculation on my own face. I squirted like never before and I stained myself completely. But I could not care. The hot canine sperm was filling my uterus and it made me climax with a burning passion. Convulsions ran through my limbs and my eyes rolled at the back of my head. I kept trashing my body to find an escape from the pleasure. I had already pushed my legs and loins as up as they go without dislocating my shoulders. But there was no way out of this mess. Not only I was perfectly pinned against the sofa, but the knot also made sure that I was forced to endure the mind-shattering series of orgasms until Brock was ready to dismount. 'AAAH! OOOH! NO!!! FUUUUCK! PLEA...SE!', I cried and prayed when my body was experiencing something that most women can only dream of.

While I suffered through wave after wave of orgasmic bliss, Brock calmly kept pumping his seed inside of me. He did not care that it was a female human who he was filling up, he was just happy that he was able to assert his dominance over the bitch and breed her like she was meant to be bred. The knot had formed a perfect seal behind my vulva and made sure that not a drop of that fertile cum escaped. I had no control of the actions of my lower body at this point and thus my pussy was spasmodically milking Brock's cock. My stomach had started to swell from the torrent of cum, but he kept going. His testicles shivered when the pressure was being transferred to a new host. However, there was still an ample amount of white substance to be shot out. It would be only a matter of time before the cum pooling inside of me was going to reach critical mass and some of it was going to leak out via my cervix.

Soon I could no longer form any understandable words. Voices that left my mouth varied between

animalistic grunts and deafening screams. There was no doubt in mind that my neighbors heard everything. To this day, I hope they only thought that was a semi-violent gangbang happening at my apartment and not that I was being forced to climax due to being bred by a dog. By now, I was squirming due to the cramps happening all over my body. My position made it very difficult to relax from the very beginning, but it was next to impossible to try to calm down while I was cumming non-stop. There was no way to keep up with how many times I had been forced to climax at this point. When one ended, another one blasted through me. It was just one big blur for me.

A long time later I started to calm down. I simply reached the point where my mind was not able to manage the rush of endorphins that was being released from my rolling climaxes. Brock had quite figuratively fucked my brains out. I was a drooling mess when my mind rebooted. I'm not sure if I had passed out, but at least I came very close to it. For most of my rapture, I had my eyes rolled behind my head so I was quite taken aback when I started to make some sense of what had happened to me. Even though I had released my legs behind Brock's muscular back at some point, I was tied to him. His cock was still very securely stuck in my pussy. The seal had partially given in and some of his seed was leaking out, and dripping on my body. I was already soiled by our juices so this made no difference. My stomach had swollen to a size that someone could think that I was 4 months pregnant. I tried to convince myself that since my lower body was still upside down some of the swelling can be explained with gravity... but it was quite difficult to lie to myself. I knew what Brock had done to me.

Some after quakes still rocked my body while I was waiting for him to dismount me. I did not mind them since those took my mind off how sore I felt. Brock had ravaged my body so hard that I would not be able to move for a week. But even though, I was hurting all over, something had changed inside of me. I had been taken against my will, and on some level, I had liked it. Scratch that, I had loved it. I had cummed like never before, and there must be a reason for that. I did not love the idea that it was my sister's dog who had made me his bitch, but being fucked like a ragdoll without any human rights made me feel more alive than anything I had experienced during my adult life. The submissive thoughts scared and excited me. I was too messed up, physically and mentally, to be able to figure things out right now. I had to focus on getting myself out of this situation first.

While I was contemplating how this experience was going to change me, Brock was trying to pull out. Sharp pain from my pussy woke me up. 'AAH!', I shrieked. The adrenaline of being fucked and used as a cum dump had started to wear down and even small movements made me squeal. And he was still anything but "small". Brock tried a few more times yanking his gigantic cock out from my sore pussy until he changed tactics. He proceeded to jump down from the sofa and turned his massive body around so we ended up being butt to butt. 'AAAAH! STOP!', I yelled when I felt my pussy stretching from the movement. 'PLEASE! DO NOT MOVE BROCK!', I ordered him. To my surprise, he actually listened. My words had not had much effect this night, but I was glad we finally found something that we could agree with. Although he had just made me see stars, I was still quite impressed that Brock was able to move his body like that while being tied to me. "That is one flexible cock...", I thought to myself while waiting for him to deflate his cock and vacate the premises.

After waiting for 15 minutes, I was about to fall asleep. Brock had not nudged his tool after dismounting me and my body started to feel the strain of a long and rough night. I was in that in-between phase where you try to keep your eyes open, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to do so. That is why I was completely unprepared when Brock suddenly did pull his monster cock from my pussy with one strong tug. Before I could even yell from the sudden sting radiating from my sensitive pussy, a deluge of canine sperm rained down on my tits and face. The whole floor, and me with it, was now completely stained by our extracts. I was busy coughing the cum out from my mouth while making an effort to get up as soon as possible. It was not an easy feat because of how sore I felt, and because how my hands were still very tightly cuffed behind my back. I struggled a

bit, but I was able to get myself to a sitting position next to the sofa. I had to wipe my face on the sofa cushion so I could even see through Brock's cum. On any other day, I might have been curious about the amount of semen one dog can hold in his balls, but tonight I had witnessed enough already. Adding insult to injury, when I got up, the cum just kept leaking out from me all the way to the bathroom.

Next hour or so I did my best to wash my pussy, legs, tits, hair, face... the list goes on. Every part of my body felt tender or sensitive. And I found out how difficult it actually is to wash while being handcuffed. Not to even mention how difficult it is to dry yourself... Needless to say, I gave up after a while and went to bed. I thought about trying to get rid of the handcuffs and clean the mess Brock and I made, but I did not have any energy left in my body. I did my best to move the semi-wet hair out from my face so I could see and exit the bathroom. I saw Brock outside, but he paid me no attention. He was lapping the pool of our love juices from the floor. "Guess that mess handles itself.", I joked in my head. Seeing Brock, made me remember what had happened. Mixed feelings raged inside my mind and I immediately ran away to my bedroom. I could not deal with that right now. I convinced myself that it will be easier in the morning. After closing the door and getting on the soft bed, it took me mere seconds to fall asleep.

Not so surprisingly, I dreamt of being fucked over and over again with no chance of escaping. I kept seeing how every hole of my body was being filled with cocks and then dirtied with cum of my violators. After the restless night, I woke up at noon. I was slow to get up... until I remembered what had happened last night. During my sleep, more of Brock's cum leaked out from my pussy and then dried on the sheets of my bed. But that was not the most alarming thing I found out when sitting up. The door to my bedroom was wide open. I am sure that I closed it before I fell asleep. I turned around to see Brock waiting at the side of my bed. His eyes were demanding, one might call dominating. I felt something primal inside of me, an urge to please and obey. I whimpered 'No... No...', when I subconsciously opened my legs. Satisfied by the behavior of the bitch, Brock climbed to the bed.

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