

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I stood in Master's house as he circled me, staring intently. He said very little the whole way back from the airport except for establishing some safe words and an exchange of medical papers. I was here at Master's house for one purpose only - to live the weekend as his slut and earn my place in his kennel. We both knew it. We both craved it. The very thought of raw, uninhibited sexual submission to a virtual stranger of a Master made me wet just standing there. What began as a fantasy was about to become a reality.

He stopped behind me and spoke into my ear, "This will be a weekend of many firsts for you, my pet. Now, remove your clothes."

The butterflies in my stomach were flying as I began to unbutton my blouse. Slowly and nervously, I removed my jeans until I was before my Master in just my panties and bra. I caught his slight smile of approval as I shed my undergarments. I stood before him, completely naked and exposed, staring straight ahead as he examined my nakedness. He caressed my nakedness with a slight smile of approval. I winced as Master stopped over my nipples and gave them a slight but firm pinch and tug. I gasped as his hand reached down my stomach and between my legs to feel my wetness. He slid a finger in as I moaned ever so lightly.

"Wet already, my pet? First things first." He went over to the table and picked up a collar and leash.

"When was the last time you ate, my pet?"

I replied, "On the plane, Master."

He thought for a bit, then said, "While you are here this weekend, you will be fed a very strict diet. This diet will consist of water from your dish, vitamins, your birth control pill, and of course, cum. You will learn to appreciate your offerings of cum and learn to savor the delicate nuances between semen like a fine wine. This diet will also keep your other fuck hole relatively clean for the weekend so it can be readily used."

Master walked behind me, fitted the collar around my neck, and then attached the leash.

"Well, now we have to get you prepared." He led me by the leash slowly to the back door and outside. "Come along slut, it's time for you to do your business."

The backyard was shielded from other's view, and Master took his time walking me around the lawn on all fours as his bitch.

He led me up to a large tree and said, "Use the tree like a dog, bitch." I squatted by the tree, and Master quickly corrected me. "On all fours and, lift your back leg like the filthy dog you are!"

I quickly obeyed and sheepishly waited for what seemed like an eternity to pee. When it finally came, I sprayed the tree while some trickled down my leg, making a mess of myself.

"We will clean that up in a moment. But first, we need to clean out that fuck hole." Master opened up a bag and brought out a disposable enema. "Put your cheek to the ground and put your hands behind your back," he ordered.

I awkwardly complied, such that I was on my knees and the side of my face with my hands behind my back. My ass was pointed high in the air and completely exposed to my Master. He inserted the tip of the enema into my ass, and I let out a slight gasp.

Squeezing the enema into me, he said, "Now, you will stay in this position for a few minutes while this does its job." After what seemed like an eternity, the cramping began to set in. "Now squat by the tree and relieve yourself, my pet."

My ass noisily exploded as I squatted and sheepishly expelled the enema at the base of the tree. I bowed my head in embarrassment as Master sternly tugged on my leash, "Look at me, my pet. How do you feel?"

I gazed at him submissively, "Humiliated, Master."

He chuckled a bit and said, "Good. Stay squatted on your feet and bring your hands up front. Now, drag your ass on the lawn and clean yourself like a real bitch."

I complied only to feel even more humiliated and embarrassed and yet still very much turned on.

"Now get on your elbows and knees and stay like a good dog." Master came up behind me and examined my backside, "Hmm, you filthy animal, you're covered in your mess." He stepped away for a minute and returned with the garden hose. "Let's get you presentable, shall we?"

With those words, Master turned on the hose and directed the cold water onto my naked body. I shrieked as the ice-cold water drenched me from head to toe.

"Stay in that position, bitch! Don't move an inch!" ordered Master.

I cringed as Master directed the cold spray at my crotch, cleaning off the grass and dirt. Finally, Master turned off the water as I did my best to stay in position while shivering and dripping like a dog left out in the rain.

"Shake like a dog," he ordered.

I paused briefly, then did my best to imitate a wet dog shaking dry as Master laughed at my humiliation. He grabbed a towel and wiped me down, still in the doggy position, until I was just damp.

"There, all nice and clean." He led me back into the house by a collar on my hands and knees and into a bedroom with a large bed. As I knelt at attention, he undid the leash and ordered me onto the bed.

"On your knees, slut. Now beg and whine for some cock like a good dog."

I sheepishly brought my 'paws' up in front like a dog begging for a treat and began to whimper. Master smiled approvingly at my display of humiliation and servitude.

"Well, who am I to deprive this horny pet of a nice juicy bone?" he said as he began to disrobe. He ordered me onto my stomach and directed me to bring my head over the edge of the bed. "Spread your legs, whore. Bend your knees and bring your feet up in the air. Now reach back and grab hold of your ankles, and don't let go."

I complied with my Master's orders and lay in this prone and submissive position. I felt Master grab the hair on the back of my head and lift my head to look straight ahead. I gazed upon my Master's erect cock that was mere centimeters from my hungry lips. He grabbed the base of his swollen member and slapped me several times across the cheeks.

"Open," he said as he pressed the tip of his cock into my mouth. "Don't move," he ordered as he began to slowly but firmly fuck my mouth. "Stick your tongue out," he said as he slowly began to go deeper and faster.

I gagged a bit, and he pulled out to let me breathe. But then he returned his cock to my throat and grabbed both sides of my face, and started again until I began to tear up and gag some more. I wiggled in vain as I struggled to take his cock deep in my throat, though not daring to disobey Master and let go of my ankles. Finally, he pulled out as I gasped and coughed.

"Good little slut. I see you are experienced in taking cock very well in that fuck hole. Now, get on your back and hang your hips over the edge of the bed."

I got off my stomach quickly and onto my back as Master grabbed my hips and adjusted my position to suit him better. He grabbed a small bottle of lube from his nightstand and squeezed a small dab onto his fingers.

"Bring your knees to your chest and put your feet in the air. Now grab your ankles, and don't let go of them no matter what," Master ordered.

I complied as Master began to rub the cold lube on the outside of my asshole. I moaned a bit as he circled my fuck hole, massaging the lube all around the outside but never penetrating me.

"I would loosen you up a bit with a finger or two slut, but I need to see how adept you are at handling cock with this fuck hole."

With that said Master brought his hard cock up and slowly began to push the tip of his cock into my tight fuck hole. I gasped as he penetrated my horny yet non-prepared hole, thankful that the lube eased his entrance. Grasping my hips, he pushed into me in one slow yet firm, forward stroke and held himself in as my tight rectum swallowed his full length. I groaned and squirmed in shock and obvious mixed pain/pleasure, which only seemed to bring a smile to Master's face. I continued to squirm uncomfortably as I dug my nails into my ankles, making sure not to break grasp.

Master continued to hold himself deep inside and began to tense his cock on and off, laughing every time I jumped at the sensation of his swollen cock stretching me inside. He began to stroke in and out of my ass, slowly but always at full length, pausing when I was fully penetrated to ensure I felt all of his manhood and superiority. My groans slowly began to show more ecstasy than discomfort as I became more stretched, and Master began to fuck me harder and faster. Again I dug my nails into my ankles as my clit ached to be touched.

"Yeah, that's it, slut. Take it all in your ass," Master said as he continued to pound my hole.

Just as his strokes were getting rhythmic, he suddenly pulled out of my gaping hole and grabbed my wrists. Pulling my hands from my ankles, Master pulled me toward him until I slid off the bed onto my knees on the floor in front of him.

"Suck," he stated.

I paused hesitantly, staring at the throbbing sticky wet cock mere inches from my mouth. I had known that this moment would come and prepared myself for it, but I paused nonetheless. Master slapped me across the face to break my daydream.

"I know this is a first for you, my pet. But you will keep your hands behind your back and savor every taste. Now, show me that you are a worthy slut for my kennel."

I wet my lips and took his cock into my mouth, tasting the mix of juices from both myself and my Master. I worked his cock clean, licking and sucking every inch of my Master's throbbing cock. Master held still, watching me work his cock with my slut mouth-making me work to taste my ass rather than fucking my face.

"Crave it, slut. Savor the taste of your ass on my hard cock."

Master then swiveled me toward the bed and pushed my chest down onto the bed such that my knees were still on the floor.

"Hands behind your back."

I moved my hands behind my back as my chin dug into the mattress. I felt the cold, hard feel of handcuffs go onto my wrists and the sound of them snapping shut. I felt the tug as Master grasped the chain between the cuffs with his hands as he maneuvered his cock once again to my now loosened but sore ass. I groaned as he began to have his way with my backside once again. He began to fuck me faster and harder in an unrelenting way.

"Now beg me to let you taste your ass, slut!"

Between grunts caused by his forceful strokes, I managed to utter, "Please...Master...I...want...to...taste...my...ass."

Master continued to fuck me forcefully. "You don't sound very convincing slut! You had better make me believe you want to taste your ass off my cock, or I will be pounding your ass for the rest of the night!"

I regrouped my thoughts a bit as he continued to punish my ass, "Please...Master...may this...worthless...slut...have...the...pleasure...of...tasting...her...ass...off...your...cock...Sir?"

Master quickly withdrew and pulled me down onto my knees again in front of him with my hands still cuffed behind my back.

"You may, slut," he replied.

I quickly wrapped my mouth around his cock and began to suck it hard and fast, not even thinking twice about the fact that just moments ago, it had been balls-deep in my tight ass. I bobbed my head to and fro, sucking hard and tasting the mix of my ass juices and my Master's pre-cum. I could tell he was getting near, and making him cum was all that mattered now. After a few minutes of hard sucking, Master pulled out of my mouth and began stroking his hard cock.

"Lick my balls slut," he ordered. I began to hungrily lick and slurp his jewels as he jerked up and down on his cock. "Tilt your head back and open your mouth, slut. Stick out your tongue and get your just reward."

I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue as Master began to cum. He angled his cock such that every squirt either coated my tongue or squirted into the back of my mouth. Expertly, he made sure every drop landed into his slut's waiting mouth. I stayed there holding that position as Master filled my mouth with his precious seed for what seemed an eternity. He wiped the last drop from his cock onto my tongue and smiled down at the sight of his slut holding her reward in her open mouth.

"You may swallow it now, slut," he said as I gulped down my Master's precious seed and licked my lips.

"Thank you, Master," I gratefully said.

"You have done well so far, my slut," Master said as he helped me to my feet. "Your pussy must be aching for release," he said as he undid the cuffs binding my wrists. "Understand that I had to ensure that your other holes were as prepared as I am sure your pussy is, slut. I am not an unreasonable Master, and I will grant you the release you long for. I will retrieve your luggage from the other room. I take it you brought all of the clothing I requested?"

I nodded as I remembered to bring all the things my Master had requested.

"Good," he said. "Then you will now get dressed in the following items. Your black lace bra and panties, black lace stockings and garter, and black heels. You will also take the time to freshen up and put on new make-up. You are to look especially inviting and slutty with your make-up. If your Master is going to allow your pussy to experience release, then you will look as fetching as possible. Under no circumstances are you to touch yourself. When you are finished getting ready, come into the living room."

Master left the room, closing the door behind him. I began to clean and freshen up with my ass a little sore but still excited for the release. I made up my face and began to get dressed in the lingerie as Master wished. After a final check in the mirror, I was satisfied that I was dressed as sexily and slutty as any man would want. I slipped into my stilettos, opened the door, and strutted my way into the Master's living room area. As I got there, it surprised me to see Master there standing behind a camcorder on a tripod.

I must have looked a little shocked as Master smiled, "You look absolutely delicious, my pet."

I stuttered, a bit unsure about the presence of the camera. Master, obviously feeling my reluctance, began to reassure me.

"Slut, your whore pussy is going to get released, and I will be taping this session. Only you and I will have a copy of this tape. I will not release it ever to anyone. However, the power of you knowing that I could is what this is all about. Obey me always, and you shall never need to worry about anyone seeing your tape or photos. As always, I will never make unreasonable requests of you, and this collateral, much like your photos, is merely for our play.

"That you are my sex slave physically, mentally, and emotionally. Rest assured, I will not blackmail you with it in a serious nature. The only exception is that I may show your tape to other prospective sluts who come for a weekend, such as yourself, for the prospect of joining my kennel. It will serve as a training video for viewing here only, and they will not be given a copy. They, too, will make such a video of themselves for my collection."

I still felt a little nervous, but the fact that Master had kept my previous photos private for this time left me with some feeling of reassurance.

"You truly look like a cock-loving whore dressed like that, my pet. And any Master would appreciate his pet dressing like that for him. Even a Master such as the one over there."

Master pointed to the other side of the living room, and I glanced over to see a large German shepherd sitting patiently in his kennel cage. I gasped a little, knowing that I was about to have another sexual fantasy fulfilled. Butterflies began swarming in my stomach as the thought of finally being bred like a dirty bitch was at hand. Nervous, excited, and anxious, I gazed back at my Master.

"But first things first, slut. We need to have you sit over here for an on-camera interview."

I somewhat reluctantly walked over to the chair Master had placed in front of the camera and sat down as he began filming me. He started at my feet and slowly panned up my body to my face.

"Uncross your arms. We need to see all of you, dear," Master said. He zoomed in on my face, and I began to look away. "No, my dear, look into the camera and answer truthfully. First of all, what is your name?"

I looked away and nervously answered, "Jane."

"Jane, what?" he said.

"Barker," I replied.

"And Jane Barker, where are you from?"

"Canada."

"Good, Jane Barker from Canada," Master repeated. He was clearly enjoying the humiliation I was experiencing. "And why is Jane Barker dressed like this today?"

I paused for a moment before quietly saying, "I don't know."

"Of course you know, Jane Barker. Is it because you are a slut?"

"Yes," I replied. "I am a slut."

"And Jane Barker, the slut, is anyone forcing you to do any of this today?"

"No," I answered.

"Is anyone paying you to do this today?" he asked.

"No," I repeated.

"And what exactly are we going to do today, Jane Barker, the slut from Canada?"

"Have sex," I said somewhat nervously.

"Have sex with whom?" he asked.

I pointed over at the kennel and said, "Him."

Master panned the camera over to the German shepherd and said, "That dog? You're going to fuck a dog?"

"Yes," I replied sheepishly.

"And why are you going to fuck a dog Jane Barker if no one is forcing you and no one is paying you?"

I paused again, looking humiliated that I was admitting my darkest secrets on camera, "I dunno...cuz I'm a slut?"

Master chuckled a bit, "As good a reason as any, I suppose. Have you ever fucked a dog before Jane Barker, slut from Canada?"

"No," I said.

"So, this will be your first time then, Jane? Are you a submissive Jane?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then you will breed with this dog today, and he will be your Master. You will serve him like you would serve any other Master. Your pleasure is secondary to his. Do you understand this?"

I nodded in affirmation.

"Good. Then stand up and go release your Master from his kennel."

I walked over to the kennel and lifted the lever to let the dog out. The German shepherd came out, sniffed me, and jumped up toward me. His paws were already covered in socks so that he could not scratch me. I was a little taken aback, not being quite used to dogs.

"Come over here, and he will follow," my human Master said. "Sit," he commanded.

The dog complied, sitting down about five feet from me.

"That command was for you as well, my little bitch."

I quickly sat on the floor as my Master continued to film. He removed the camera from the tripod and brought it over toward me.

"Now, leave your bra on, but pull the cups down so we can see your breasts."

I complied, letting my boobs hang out over my bra. Master reached out while still filming, slapped my left breast, and pulled on the nipple.

"You nasty little dog whore. You can remove your panties now, too, Jane."

I squirmed out of my panties on the floor and tossed them on the couch.

"Now, sit with your legs open, Jane. Spread your lips with your hands,"

I did so, and he brought the camera toward my crotch, zooming in on my spread pussy.

"This is what your pussy looks like now, Jane. Before getting bred by a filthy dog. This is a K9 virgin pussy. Soon, it will never be the same. Soon, you will give up your K9 cherry, won't you?"

I nodded as Master panned the camera back up to my face.

"And this mouth...it's a K9 virgin mouth. Just thirsting for its first taste of sticky dog spunk, I can tell."

With that, my Master called over my K9 Master and began petting him.

"Pet him, Jane, so that he will be comfortable with you."

I began petting and playing with him until he flopped over to one side.

"Now, gently grab hold of him and begin jacking him."

I started to jack my K9 Master, and before long, his red cock began to peek out. After several minutes his cock was engorged, and he began to squirt some watery pre-cum.

"Now Jane, use that slut mouth and serve your K9 Master. Taste his cock slime," he said as he continued to film.

I wrapped my lips around the bulging red cock and began to suck him and felt him squirt in my mouth. I swallowed down his salty juice and began licking and sucking away, lapping up all the juice I could.

"Look at the camera while you're doing that," my Master said as I gazed into the lens while stuffing the red cock into my eager mouth.

My nervousness was beginning to fade, and I began to enjoy the moment, even playing with the camera.

"If you're watching this video and you're about to lose your K9 virginity, don't forget to try the doggy cum...it's delicious," I said with a wry smile.

Master looked pleased as he cut the camera footage and put the camera down. "It's almost time, my pet," he said. "But first, we need to set a few things up."

He brought my K9 stud over to the table and leashed him out of reach. Then, my Master brought out and handed me four poles, and Velcro wraps as he started up the camera again.

"Place a restraint on each arm above the elbow and one on each leg just above the knee."

I attached the wraps as ordered and looked at the wooden poles.

"Now, get on your elbows and knees, my little bitch."

I did so, and Master began to connect the restraints with the poles such that my knees and wrists formed the four corners of a box. The poles were about two and a half feet long, forcing me into a position that had my legs spread wide and my arms restrained. I began getting very nervous being in such a helpless position for the first time. Master brought the camera behind me and zoomed on my pussy as he reached out and spread my lips even further.

"Nice and wet," he exclaimed for the camera. "But just to make sure there are no problems, we will add a little lube."

I felt the cold touch of the lube as Master spread the lube on my already wet lips. He came to the front with the camera and zoomed on my face.

"What do you want, Jane?" he asked.

"Dog cock," I answered without hesitation. "Big, hot, throbbing dog cock!"

Master smiled as he mounted the camera back on the tripod and angled it in my direction. He unleashed my K9 Master and brought him to my exposed and helpless backside. I suddenly felt the ticklish nose of my K9 Master in my crotch. I giggled and then fell into a wave of ecstasy as his warm wet tongue lapped the length of my pussy. I moaned in pleasure as my clit finally got some release, and I shuddered. I could hear my Master jerking my mate and exclaiming he was ready and bulging. I felt his paw come up around my waist and my Master hoisting him onto my back.

I could feel the pointy cock thrusting around my crotch area as my K9 Master furiously humped, looking for his mark, drenching my ass and legs in his cum. I could feel my Master guide him into me

and the sudden startling thrust as my K9 Master took my doggy cherry. I shrieked as he thrust hard and fast into my wet pussy, pounding relentlessly in raw, animal abandon. This was the true definition of fucking - raw, emotionless breeding. His only concern was to fill me with his seed. I was merely the receptacle of his seed to him, nothing more. My Master retrieved the camera from the tripod and began getting close-ups.

He brought it up to my face and asked, "What's going on, Jane?"

I looked into the camera briefly, my face contorted in obvious mixed sexual distress/pleasure and moaning loudly. "He's fucking me!" I exclaimed.

"Who's fucking you, Jane?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

"My doggy Master!" I screamed. "My doggy Master is fucking me with his fucking huge dog cock!"

"So that officially makes you a doggy whore, I guess. So say it, Jane. Look into the camera and say who you are and what you are."

"I'm Jane Barker...and I'm a doggy whore," I muttered between moans.

My Master smiled and moved around to the back for some close-up shots as I continued to shriek in painful delight as the dog cock continued its relentless assault on my womanhood. I orgasmed time after time, knowing a beast was making me his bitch. After a few minutes, I felt him slow and could feel him knotted in my pussy. I gasped at the swollen feeling as my Master remained behind me filming. I could feel myself getting filled with dog sperm even though gallons seemed to have covered my legs and the floor around me.

He was still quite swollen when I felt my K9 Master shift off of me and begin to pull out. I screamed as he pulled out and stretched my already tender pussy, leaving a sea of dog sperm flooding out of my pussy. Before I could even realize what was going on, my Master was behind me, having his go at sloppy seconds. I groaned as he entered my sopping-wet hole and began a fast, hard fuck. I heard him grunt and slam into me hard, filling me with even more hot cum. He pulled out and quickly grabbed a tall wine glass from the table and held it against my clit.

"Push it out, Jane." I pushed and out poured a stream of cum from my used pussy. A sticky mix of both my Master's seed.

After a few minutes of collecting about a half glass, my Master walked in front of me and presented his still-sticky cock for me to clean. I sucked and licked the pungent mixture of human and beast cum off his cock. As my Master released me from my restraints, he presented me with my dinner - a glass of human and beast cum straight from my pussy.

"I know how you like a nice glass of wine, so I made you a special blend, Jane."

He retrieved the camera and filmed as I gulped down the warm cocktail and licked the glass.

"Thank you, Masters," I humbly said.

My Master smiled and told me to remove the rest of my cum covered clothes. He attached my leash to my collar, walked me to the kennel, and told me to get in. Inside was a water dish and a dog pillow.

"Tonight, my pet, you will sleep here. And your K9 Master will take the guest room. Sleep well, my

little dog whore, you have a big day ahead of you tomorrow.”

I nestled in my nakedness on the pillow, my whole body still covered in sperm. I lay there nervously, thinking about what tomorrow would bring, but too exhausted to worry about it. I drifted into sleep after only a few minutes as cum continued to slowly seep out of my fuck hole through the night.

The Morning After

I could sense the morning light through my still-closed eyes as awareness slowly and painfully crept back into my clouded and exhausted head. The kennel cage was relatively large for what it was, but I could hardly stretch or maneuver with too much freedom. It was a situation that I was sure was both purposeful and intended. Despite the cramped accommodations, I slept through that first night without waking. I didn't recall if I dreamed that night. I imagine I must have, but exhaustion from the plane ride and my first canine breeding session had allowed me to sleep so soundly.

As those first waking morning thoughts worked their way into my consciousness, I could hear the events of the previous night playing out in my head. My mixed screams of ecstasy, pain, and submission filled my head as I relived my canine deflowering. It was something I had looked forward to and planned for months ahead of time. My new Master had promised to push my boundaries with this weekend trip, and I made sure to promise to follow through with it this time. So many times before, I had gotten cold feet at the last minute, so this time, it had to be different.

Once I had established that we were on the same page, I did something completely out of character and sent him a single photo of myself. Not just a photo, but a nude photo. Not just a nude photo but a humiliating photo. A humiliating photo that left me feeling very vulnerable. One that I knew would cause me great distress if it ever got into the public realm. I had an insatiable appetite for sex and kinky sex. Still, it was a side of myself that I indulged in privately and kept separate from my everyday life.

I still had a very normal everyday life - loving family, great friends, decent job. Things that could be shattered, or at the very least made extremely awkward by this photo being seen by people in my private life. Not that a girl such as myself should be ashamed of her sexuality, but this photo went beyond what everyday people might consider normal. My Master knew how exposed the photo made me feel, and it ensured my presence this weekend. It ensured I would finally submit to my beastly desires. It ensured I would finally go through with my submission.

It was such a mixed ride of pleasure, lust, fear, humiliation, and gratification. Emotions that should probably not go together but somehow did. His condescending and probing questions only added to my exhibitionist experience as he filmed me giving up my canine cherry to his dog. I could hear him in my head asking me again who I was and what I was going to do. They were questions to which he already knew the answers. Still, he just wanted the satisfaction of humiliating me more by making me tell the video camera. I recalled the sequence of events in my head and practically mouthed the words again.

“Dog cock...Big, hot throbbing dog cock,” I mouthed as I recalled the moments before my canine deflowering.

I heard my shrieks as I recalled when my Doggy Master found his mark and began making me his true bitch.

“What's going on, Jane?” I could hear my Master say.

It was from the night before, but it seemed to be in the present as I began to rise from my long night's slumber.

"He's fucking me!" I heard myself say.

I opened my eyes in confusion and glanced across the room to see my Master lounging on his sofa in front of the TV. As my eyes focused, I began to realize he was watching my taped session from last night on the TV. I tried to stretch out, but the cage would not allow me to straighten out fully. My Master heard me stirring and glanced over.

"Ah good, you're awake," he said matter-of-factly as he remained lounged on the sofa. "I was letting you rest up, as you will need your energy today. I have to tell you, slave, you pleased me last night. This is some great footage-you film very well."

Leaving the video running, he slowly got off the sofa and made his way over to the cage as I sat up in the cage and brushed my disheveled mop of hair from my face.

"Don't you think this video fits well with your photo, slave?" he asked as he came up to the kennel.

I glanced at him briefly as I connected the dots in my head.

"Yes, Master," I meekly said just as the video screamed out. "I'm Jane Barker...and I'm a doggy whore!"

I glanced away, somewhat ashamed that my inter-species submission was forever immortalized on film.

"So, you know what this means, don't you?" he asked. "Not only do I have your nice little photo, but I have the proof on video to back it up. So, for the remainder of the weekend, I will respect the boundaries we have set, but I will push them as far as I see fit. You wouldn't want your family, co-workers, or Facebook friends viewing our little collection, would you? Do you understand?"

I nodded in nervous obedience. "Yes, Master."

"Good, now put your mouth to good work, my dog cock loving slut," he said as he pulled down his boxers and put his engorged cock through the cage bars.

Apparently, watching last night's session got him excited again. I got on my knees and began to work his cock with my mouth, getting it wet and swallowing deeper with every thrust. I sucked him long and hard with a determination to please him. Without a word, he pulled his fully engorged cock from my gaping mouth and opened the kennel. He snatched the leash from above the cage and quickly clipped it to my collar. He tugged on the leash, drawing me out of the cage on all fours, and walked my stiff body like a dog to the sofa. Scooping me up, he laid me on the sofa inverted, with my legs going up the back and my head hanging over the seat edge. I caught an upside-down glimpse of the TV in front of me and watched myself on video, bound on all fours, being taken by my Master. Just then, my view was blocked as my Master straddled my face.

"Open your hole, slut!" he said as he slapped my face hard with his stiff cock.

No sooner had I opened my mouth than Master forced his cock in, thrusting hard into my face and throat. I gagged and writhed at his starting tempo and depth down my throat, but he held my flailing legs and body down and continued his torrent pace. I gagged and spit but relaxed my throat, allowing my Master to use it at his full length.

"Good, that's it, slave. Take it all in."

I felt his hands between my thighs, spreading my legs and bringing my feet up and forward. I could feel him grabbing my right ankle and the sudden feel of my toes in his mouth. He ran his wet tongue between my sensitive toes and tickled them with his slurps. It startled me, causing me to gag as Master's cock continued to pleasure itself against my tongue and throat. I adjusted again only to have Master start to open-hand slap my crotch repeatedly, making me squirm and cringe and eventually gag on his cock again. He slowed his pace, withdrew from my mouth, and pulled me upright to the floor in front of him. He brushed my hair from my face and positioned me on my knees in front of him. I looked up at him, panting for breath, teary-eyed, and with my spit and his precum all over my face.

"You've got the panting down," he said sarcastically. "Now, bring your hands up like paws and beg for your breakfast like a good little dog slut."

I lifted off my knees slightly, brought my hands up in front like dog paws, and began to whine and beg like a puppy. Master continued to stroke his cock just inches above my upward-gazing face.

"Bark for me, bitch!" he commanded as I complied with my best woofing sounds. "Open your slut mouth, slave, and stick out your tongue. You are to hold my cum in your mouth but do not swallow until I allow you to do so. Do you understand, slut?"

I nodded in affirmation and opened wide with my tongue out just below his beating cock. I felt him place the head of his cock on my tongue and just inside my open mouth as he continued to stroke his shaft. Within a few minutes, I heard my Master begin to groan, and his face contort as he prepared to feed me his seed. I tasted the first drops on my tongue and then felt the wet spurts as they sprayed the roof of my mouth and the back of my throat. Master groaned and slowly squeezed his cock as he milked every drop into my hungry mouth. He wiped the tip of his cock on my outstretched tongue and examined his hungry bitch with a mouthful of seed in front of him. A small spurt had missed its mark and had made a line of cum on my cheek just below my left eye. He gently wiped it up with his finger and then onto my tongue.

"Proper cleaning and hygiene is essential for pets in my kennel, especially in the mornings." Master reached over to the coffee table and grabbed what appeared to be a toothbrush. "Now, use this brush and your special toothpaste to clean your teeth."

I dipped the brush into my mouthful of cum and began brushing my teeth as Master watched.

"This toothpaste, you don't spit, my pet," he added. "But it doubles as mouthwash. So gargle and swish with it."

I placed the brush down and began to gargle with his cum, much to Master's delight. I rinsed and swished with his salty seed, which had now become a watery mix of spit and semen.

"Now you may swallow your breakfast, slut," Master told me.

I swallowed his load in one gulp and looked up at my Master. He leaned in so he was looking down at me from mere inches away.

"Are you forgetting something, slave?" he quipped.

"Thank you, Master," I blurted out in a rushed apologetic tone.

But it was too late. Master stood back up and slapped me hard across my stunned face as my wide open eyes and mouth betrayed my surprise at his stinging rebuke.

"Don't forget again, slave," he scolded as I favored my stinging cheek.

"Yes, Master," I humbly replied.

"Stay in that position," he said as he walked over to the kennel cage to grab the water dish.

He brought it back and placed it on the floor in front of me. "It's time for you to take your vitamins and birth control pill, slut. We have to keep your strength up, and we can't have you making puppies," he said with a chuckle. He fed me the pills off the palm of his hand like a dog treat and made me lap up some water from the dish to wash them down.

"Time for you to go relieve yourself outside, my pet, and time to get you clean," he said as he tugged on my leash and began to walk me on all fours towards the door.

As I passed the still-playing television, I glanced at the screen just in time to see my contorted face look straight into the camera and right back at me. 'I look in my rightful place,' I thought.

The Playroom

Once outside, Master made the most of humiliating me as he allowed me to relieve myself by the tree again by lifting my leg like a dog. I had my enemas repeated like the previous day and stayed on all fours as Master lathered me with soap and hosed me down with the frigid garden hose water. As I remained on all fours, Master towel-dried me while I shivered in the morning sun. Grabbing my leash, he lifted me onto my feet.

"You may walk on your feet, slave, since we are going downstairs," he said as he tugged me towards the door again.

Once inside, he led me down the flight of stairs into the basement. The basement was partially finished and cold. The walls were without drywall, and the floor was concrete. Scattered throughout the basement were what appeared to be various restraints and BDSM equipment.

"Welcome to my playroom, my bitch. Please have a look around."

I gazed around in nervous excitement, somehow unable to move my feet to approach anything. I marveled at the numerous chains and cuffs hanging from ceiling and wall studs alike and the two St. Andrew's crosses in the corners of the room. There was also an old sofa couch against the far wall and a large mattress on the floor. There was a large screen television in another corner, along with the Master's video camcorder mounted on a tripod. I swallowed hard, knowing that I would be doing unimaginable things in Master's playroom over the next two days and having it all immortalized on video. Towards the center of the basement was an old bed of sorts on a rusted metal frame. Looking closer, I realized it was a makeshift bondage bed. My facial expression must have betrayed my nervousness as my Master looked at me and smiled.

"That particular bed is perfect for you, my pet. It has been readjusted to your every measurement."

It didn't look particularly impressive, although I wasn't quite sure how it was designed to work.

"Let's see how it fits," he said.

He led me over to the device, which consisted of a padded bed mattress sitting on a metal frame about three feet high off the ground with a two-foot-high metal railed footboard and headboard. On the left side of the bed ran a metal rail from the headboard to the footboard about a foot above the mattress.

"Sit," Master commanded. I sat on the bed nervously as he walked over to grab a box beneath the bed. I watched nervously as he slowly began to remove several restraints and chains from the bag. "These belted restraints go onto your ankles and wrists. Strap them firmly in place." He tossed them to me as I began to put them on. "Good," Master said upon seeing me suited in his restraints. "Now, sit on the edge of the mattress in the middle of the bed and then lie back so your head is towards the side rail."

I did so as Master came over and helped position me. He lifted my one leg and brought it towards my head. "Bring your legs up towards your head."

I did the best I could as Master hooked a chain to each ankle restraint. I heard the clicks as Master locked the chains of my ankle restraints to the side rail. Fortunately, it was not terribly uncomfortable as my feet were only about three feet apart, and I was still able to bend somewhat at my knees. Master then grabbed my wrists and moved my arms on top of my restrained legs so that my elbows helped pin my legs down. I heard the click as he locked each wrist restraint chain to hooks on the headboard and footboard. Unlike the restraints holding my legs in place, the chains on my wrist restraints were pulled tight and did not allow any give to bend my arms at all. My arms were locked in the extended position and kept my open legs pinned and splayed apart.

"Perfect access to these holes, don't you think?" he asked sarcastically as he brushed his finger over the exposed crotch.

I looked at Master very nervously from that vulnerable position - flat on my back, arms and legs immobilized from the wrists and ankles, spread eagle legs pinned down by my restrained arms and fully exposed just at the bed's edge.

"Try to move now," he said as he suddenly inserted his thumb into my pussy and two fingers into my ass. I gasped in shock and instinctively flailed my hips. I was able to squirm somewhat, but I was secure in the bed. A wry smile of satisfaction grew across Master's face.

"But this toy is for another time, my pet," he said. "Right now, I need you to listen to me carefully. This weekend is about pushing your limits. So, while I will respect them, you will also be open to my interpretations of your limits. It would be best if you trusted me as your Master. For example, you and I agreed to sex without protection this weekend on the basis we both had our medical STD papers. Know that this weekend, you will be engaging in unprotected sex with more than just me but whomever I wish. You must trust that I have secured the medical papers of all those who will use you this weekend and that I will share yours with them. Do you understand slut?"

"Y-y-yes, Master," I said nervously. "I didn't plan on involving more people, Master..."

Master smiled and began moving his fingers in and out of my ass, making me squirm in discomfort. "No, you did not, pet. However, you did not include it as a limit so that you will capitulate. You need to learn your place as a slut and a whore, and I will be most pleased to train you as a worthy addition to my kennel. Now, I will unlock you from the bed, and you will go upstairs to the bathroom and fix your hair and apply some makeup and perfume - nothing too fancy or slutty - do it as if you were going to work. I want you to be comfortable - I have a surprise for you. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied as he unlocked me from the bed. He removed the restraints, leaving me naked save for my collar. "Once finished, wait for me to bring you some clothes," he said.

I went upstairs into the bathroom and found my makeup bag there waiting for me. I closed the door and began putting on my face. It was nothing overly done for work – just some moderate foundation, blush, eye shadow, mascara, and a spritz of perfume. As I finished and began combing the knots out of my hair, I heard Master approach the door. I opened the door, and Master looked at me approvingly with a bag in hand.

"Don't you look lovely and natural? Hard to believe such an angelic face belongs to such a dirty slut. Here you are, my pet – I hope you like it," he said as he handed me the bag.

"Thank you, Master," I said, opening the bag to find a skimpy red lace bra, a matching red G-string, and a pair of red fence net stockings. A perfect mix of sexy and slutty, I thought to myself as I slipped into the lingerie in front of my Master he smiled in approval.

"You look delicious, my pet," he said as I finished rolling the top of one stocking up my thigh.

"Thank you, Master," I replied. "May I get my heels from my suitcase, Master?"

"No, my pet," he answered. "I want you to get your work uniform and wear it on top. This lingerie underneath is like your true self – a sexy and uninhibited slut, while your work clothes represent everything the world sees – a regular girl fitting into society."

"Yes, Sir," I said. It was quite a contrast in clothes. I worked for a grocery chain as a floral department operator, and the uniforms were decidedly unsexy. A dark green, somewhat fitted tunic emblazoned with the company name and logo, black slacks, and black running shoes. Master had asked that I pack my work uniform and go to the next room to retrieve it from my suitcase. As I unceremoniously began to get dressed over my lingerie, Master mused out loud from the doorway.

"Almost like you're hiding that inner slut with your everyday work uniform, isn't it?" As I slipped on my running shoes, I covered the red fence net stockings over my feet – hiding the last of my lingerie.

"Look at you, all ready for work," Master retorted. "Except for that collar, of course – the only piece showing what you truly are underneath." Master took the leash out from his pocket and attached it to my collar. "Now, like a dog, slut!" he bellowed as I quickly got on all fours. "Even with your work clothes on, Jane, you are still just a slut with that collar on, isn't that right?"

"Yes, Master – I am a slut," I replied.

"Good. Now we're going to go back downstairs. You will walk down carefully on all fours – it will be difficult, but you will do so with me leading the way with your leash. Once we get down there, we will make our way to the couch – me leading you on all fours, of course. On that couch are three men, or guests, shall we say, that entered when you were in the bathroom putting on your makeup. You will be their entertainment this afternoon, and you will please them with all of your holes. When instructed, you will satisfy them with enthusiasm like the true slut you are. You will take their cocks without condoms, and you will accept their seed anywhere on or in you – is that understood?"

"Y-y-yes, Master," I stuttered nervously.

"First, once we get down there, I will walk you up to about 10 feet from the men on the couch. You will be more nervous than you know, but you will stay on all fours until I remove the leash. At that point, you will stand, say nothing, and wait until I start the music. I will play three songs – you are to

dance for your guests – tease them for what is to come, but do not touch them. When a song ends, you are to stand at attention facing them. Despite your unsexy work attire, you will make it a seductive performance. During each song, you will slowly remove one part of your uniform. First song – your running shoes, then your jacket, and finally your pants – slowly shedding the good working girl clothes until the slutty real you are exposed in your lingerie. Then the real fun begins, Jane. We'll discuss that once we get there." Master reached down, grabbed my chin, and locked my gaze into his eyes. "You will make me a proud Master, won't you Jane?"

"Yes, Master," I instinctively replied.

"Good, then let's go," he said as he led me on all fours by my leash towards the stairs.

My heart raced again, knowing I was about to be taken by three strangers. Then, the humiliating thought of dancing and stripping for them filled my mind. My thoughts got distracted as Master led me slowly down the stairs. It was difficult crawling on all fours, but eventually, I got to the last step with just some sore knees. I kept my head down, but I could see the men's silhouettes in my peripheral vision as I slowly was led to them on my hands and knees. As Master stopped in front of the couch, I looked up at the three men seated on the couch. I gasped, and my stomach dropped.

The End