

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Prelude

Nikki contacted me several years ago. She said she was a fan of my bestiality stories. She made several very flattering comments about my stories, "Liz's Secret Pleasures" and "Dragon - Book One Nicole "In Need of a Good Dane". She asked if I ever attended a bestiality show. I told her I hadn't, and she replied, "There are shows where you can see it, dogs with women. Trust me, I know."

Nikki proceeded to tell me her story. A story about how she had been forced to perform in a bestiality show against her will. As incredulous as her story sounded, she had me believing her. I will be the first to admit I could have been duped, but if I was it was a helluva ride.

I tried to write her story several times but kept falling short of my expectations and what I believed Nikki deserved. I think I've finally captured her story in the only manner I could do justice for her.

As I stated before, Nikki's story is so extraordinary it's hard to accept as true. I had a difficult time believing all of it. So, to add credibility to the story I've written, I included some of the conversations I had with Nikki as she relayed her story to me. They are in the postscript following the story. I leave it to the reader to judge whether or not I portrayed her story as told to me.

Be forewarned, this is a long story. If you prefer short pieces of erotica about women with animals, this story isn't for you. If you've wondered how a woman could be forced into bestiality and want more, then you need to understand the characters involved. This takes character development and makes for a long story. You've been warned.

So, without further ado and as they say in the movies; here is Nikki's story, "inspired by real events..."

Rex Canis

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## **Chapter 1**

The bustling sounds of the neighborhood invaded Nikki's head like an unwelcome intruder, disturbing the serene peace of her unconsciousness. The warm midday sun was pouring through the window, flooding her with light as she lay naked in bed. Her body was only partially covered in the swirling, wrinkled folds of the bedsheet. She kept her eyes closed and listened to the cacophony of life that accentuated her modest, upscale suburban Charleston, South Carolina community. The amnesia and innocence of her slumber were swiftly fading like puffs of smoke as the harsh reality that accompanied her consciousness swelled to consume her thoughts. She clenched her eyelids tighter in a mildly pained and annoyed expression, keeping them closed and hoping the world would just go away. Nikki grunted a pitiful little groan as she rolled over in bed, her body aching as she turned away from the bright light.

Grabbing the pillow from James' side of the bed, she pulled it over her head to hide and hopefully block out the world. She didn't want to get up. She didn't want to get up ever again. To open her eyes and get out of bed meant having to deal with what happened last night. Her befuddled brain was overwhelmed by a cauldron of mixed emotions and images of what they did to her, what she'd let them do, how it changed her, and what she'd become...

But most of all, she despised herself for liking it.

Nikki slowly parted her eyelids to glance around the room through half-opened slits. The familiar

sight of her bedroom brought an unexpected soothing comfort to her, temporarily quieting the raging voices in her head.

She could tell it was almost noon by the bright sunlight filling the room. Her head was still in a dull fog from whatever Bryan had given her. Her mouth was dry, and she had to pee. She pulled the sheet back, throwing it off her body, then slowly lifted herself and turned to sit on the edge of the bed, her body slightly hunched over with her hands holding on to the mattress on either side of her thighs to steady herself.

Someone had undressed her and put her to bed naked. She rarely slept naked. She always wore one of her cotton night tees to bed. They removed her clothes, threw them on the floor, and tossed her body onto the bed. Nikki vaguely remembered riding home in Bryan's car with the cool predawn air blowing on her face, but she couldn't make out the face of the dark shadow driving the car. She was sure that she hadn't passed out but was so physically and mentally exhausted from everything she'd been through that she fell into a deep, sound sleep as the cool breeze flowed over her face.

She raised her head and took a deep breath, the air filling her chest. In the mirror above the dresser, Nikki was confronted by a woman she didn't even recognize. Oh God, she thought, a soft gasp escaping from her throat. She looked like shit. Her hair was a mess, and her face was streaked and smeared with last night's makeup. She looked down at the pillow on the bed and saw the black mascara and red lipstick stains soiling the pillowcase. Shit, she'd have to soak the pillowcase to remove the stains. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she started feeling nauseous as she became aware of the subtle odors that wafted about the room. It smelled like a men's locker room: sweat, smoke, sex... She sniffed the air and then lowered her head to smell her body. The odor was coming from her, and the smell had leached off her body into the sheets.

As she looked at the sheets, she saw the wet spot at the center of the bed. She turned and gently placed her hand on her pussy, softly caressing her tender vulva and gingerly sliding her middle finger between her labia as she rubbed her hand up and down over her poor, abused sex. A sad frown graced her face as she studied the delicate, light brown hairs of her once cute, trimmed pubic mound. The little patch of hair that crowned her vagina was now a matted mess of multiple tangles and clumps of hair stuck to her skin in patches of crusty dried cum. Her probing finger confirmed semen was still slowly weeping out from deep inside her. As the silky folds of her vagina wrapped around the tip of her finger, she breathed a small sigh of relief; at least everything seemed back to normal. Thank God. She worried his cock had stretched and deformed her forever. She feared James would sense a difference the next time they had sex.

Nikki leaned forward to slowly raise herself off the bed and stand on wobbly legs, her body stiff and aching as she moved. Looking in the mirror as she made her way to the bathroom, she noticed the numerous little bruises covering her body from being grabbed, squeezed, and pawed by lecherous hands. She also saw the scratches on her thighs, waist, and lower back. God damn rambunctious dog. Hopefully, everything will heal before James returns next Friday. She didn't know how she'd ever be able to explain the bruises and scratches to him.

As she staggered into the bathroom, Nikki reached out her right hand, skimming the bathroom counter's surface to catch her in case she fell. Approaching the toilet, she turned and gingerly lowered herself down to sit. She took a steadying breath and then let her body relax. Her shoulders slumped, and her belly protruded, showing the slight bulge of her painfully full bladder. The sound of streaming water hitting the cold, hard porcelain almost instantly filled the room as a torrent of hot pee flowed from her urethra. The discomfort in her abdomen was quickly replaced by a mild sensation of euphoria and relief as the golden liquid flowed between her labia. She closed her eyes as she savored the simple pleasure. God, it felt so good to relieve the pressure, her bladder relaxing

as it shrank back to normal.

Absent-mindedly, she placed her right hand over her abdomen above her pubic bone. The tips of her fingers lightly caressed her skin as they moved through the tangled folds of her matted pubic hair. If she concentrated hard enough, she could almost feel him inside her again. Throbbing and cumming in her. Not the first time but the second time when he had his huge cock entirely buried inside her. God, he was big. Her body began to tremble with nervous anxiety as she remembered the tip of his fat cock penetrating deep inside her, the pressure of him pushing against her cervix, his cock throbbing and twitching as he spewed his hot seed deep into her womb. He felt so good. No, it wasn't just good, it was fantastic. The most disgusting thing she could ever imagine doing was now the most incredible experience of her life.

Nikki started to cry.

"Fucking Bryan! Fucking asshole!" She thought as tears flowed down her cheeks mixed with little black specks of last night's mascara.

She hated him for what he did to her. How could he have done this to her? After everything she and James have done for him. They'd treated him like family. The bastard violated her. He drugged her. He let a dog fuck her. He fucked her. He let all of them fuck her.

Nikki sobbed quietly for several minutes. She hated herself, too. Why did she go out with him? Why hadn't she just stayed home? Why didn't she want to kill him for what he did? She now saw herself as a fucking slut, a whore, and the worst of it was she didn't care. She'd tasted the forbidden fruit and wanted more. She wanted to feel like that again. Her breasts began to swell, and her nipples hardened as she remembered how exhilarating it was as they watched him fucking her. God help her, but she wanted to feel that dog's cock fucking her and filling her again as they gawked and jeered at the dog slut giving her body to the beast to satiate his lust...

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Chapter 2

"Come on, Sarah, it'll be fun. We haven't been out in ages!" Nikki pleaded in her sweet southern drawl.

"I can't, Nicole. Between Paul, the kids, and the house, I'm just too tired to go out this week. My idea of a wild night is putting the kids to bed early, soaking in a nice hot tube, then curling up with a good book and maybe a glass of wine." Nikki could hear the exhaustion in her friend's voice.

"What happened to you, Sarah? You used to be so much fun." The tone of scorn carried with Nikki's words was painfully apparent as she pouted at Sarah's refusal to come out and play with her.

"Life, Nicole, that's what happened. Some of us moved on and started families. I still occasionally enjoy a fun girls' night out, but can't do it this week. Maybe next time."

Nikki's silence on the phone was deafening to the point of making Sarah uncomfortable.

"Why don't you and James come over for dinner when he gets back in town? We'll grill steaks on the patio or something." Sarah nervously proposed as a peace offering.

Nikki smiled a pensive little smile her friend couldn't see over the phone, then slowly replied in her infamous dismissive tone. "Sure, that sounds great, Sarah. I'll call you when James returns, and we'll

make plans. I'll talk to you later. Bye." She abruptly hung up before Sarah could reply.

Nikki tossed the phone on the couch next to her. God, she was bored. Nobody wanted to do anything fun anymore. If she had to stay in this house one more night by herself, she would go crazy. Nikki sunk back into the couch and sulked as a frumpy middle-aged woman on TV with a cheap haircut and tacky clothes spun a big wheel, hoping to win a stupid prize.

When the phone beside her started ringing, Nikki thought it might be Sarah calling back to say she'd changed her mind. She glanced down to see who was calling. "Bryan Smith," read the phone's display. Nikki hesitated to answer his call. It had been almost a year since she and James had last seen Bryan. James had explicitly warned her to keep away from him. When she asked why, he told her Bryan had fallen in with a rough group of people and didn't want her to have anything to do with him anymore. After how close Bryan had been to her and James for so many years, she thought this was strange. James had met Bryan when he was still a professor at the college. He'd been assigned to mentor Bryan as part of a diversity program for African Americans returning to college after military service to help them succeed academically. Nikki had always considered Bryan as James' personal liberal crusade to help Charleston's poor, oppressed blacks. Bryan was fresh out of the Army and attending school on the G.I. bill when they first met.

The phone rang again.

Screw it. James wasn't here, and she was bored. Bryan was just a few years younger than Nikki and one of her favorite teasers. She knew he had the hots for her right from the first moment he laid eyes on her. There were more than a few occasions when she had to sternly put him down and admonish him for forgetting his place, not as a black man, but as a horny male taking liberties with a married woman. Nikki was flattered and even a little excited by his attention. She secretly relished seeing his vexation at being so close to her yet unable to have her. She found her power over his desire to have her exhilarating. Nikki smirked as she remembered when she and James hosted a party for some of the faculty and invited Bryan. James was off talking nonsense with someone boring, and she was left to fend for herself with these snobbish eggheads who disapproved of the co-ed who married her professor. She stood alone off to the side of the room when Bryan came up behind her and grabbed her ass, then whispered in her ear.

"Call me the next time you're home alone, baby girl, and I'll come over and treat that sweet pussy of yours to the fucking it deserves."

Without flinching, Nikki slowly turned to look him straight in the eyes with her notorious Southern bitch, ice-cold, piercing glare. "You take your hand off my ass right now, or it will be the last thing you'll ever remember doing."

In that brief instance, Bryan and Nikki remained frozen in a game of wills, each looking deep into the other's eyes, searching for a sign of weakness. While the collegiate crowd here on campus was far more liberal than most environments in Charleston, he was still a black man in the Deep South with his hand groping the butt of a married white woman. A woman like Nikki could bring a world of hurt down on his head in the bat of an eye.

Bryan showed her a big, toothy smile as he released his grip on her butt and raised his hands in surrender. "Hey, hey, hey... Relax, baby girl. I was just kiddin' around. I didn't mean nothin' by it. Relax. Come on... Relax..."

A warm rush filled and excited Nikki as she smirked at Bryan with a come-hither look. A little consolation prize for the poor bastard to remember her by later this evening when he was home

alone pleasuring himself.

The phone rang again. Nikki smiled a devilish grin as she picked up the phone.

"Hello?" she said sweetly with a subtle hint of sensuality.

"Hey, baby girl! How you been? Is James there?"

Bastard. He knew she hated it when he called her baby girl, but she let it slide for now as she had bigger plans for him.

"Oh, hi, Bryan. No, James is away on business until the end of next week. But why do you want to talk to him? I thought you called to talk to me. Don't you want to talk to me? You used to like talking to me." she said coyly. "Where have you been? We haven't seen you in forever. I've missed you. What are you doing these days?"

"Of course! I always want to talk to you, baby girl. You're my sugar. I've been busy working, girl. Workin' on a new business with some friends."

Nikki had overheard James talking with some male friends who also knew Bryan and heard him say Bryan was working as a bouncer and general muscle for a private gentleman's club in town. Rumor had it that the club was run by the Russian mafia out of New Jersey or something. She assumed this was the unsavory crowd that James had warned her Bryan was now involved with.

"A new business?" Nikki asked innocently.

"Yeah, yeah... uh, some guys I work for opened a new club for their special clients, and they asked me to manage it."

"Wow! Sounds exciting." She cooed breathlessly. "When will you come to take me to see your new club?"

"...ahhh, I don't think this is your type of club, baby girl. I don't think a woman like you'd be interested in seeing this club."

"Why not?" Nikki pouted. "I never get to go anywhere fun anymore. James never takes me anywhere."

Nikki hoped Bryan sensed the opening she was giving him. She knew how badly he lusted for her but was confident she could still easily manipulate him into taking her out for an evening of fun. Nikki's body tingled, and her nipples were becoming erect at the thought of a night of sensuously teasing Bryan, only to have him drop her off at the end of the night, leaving him blue-balled. She'd give him a quick peck on the cheek, then swiftly close her door to send him home alone to masturbate to thoughts of her sweet, hot pussy. A night out with Bryan was an enticing thought. Race relations in Charleston had come a long way, but the unspoken taboo against a white woman from a prestigious and prominent southern family going out alone, drinking and dancing with a black man, was still very real. James and Nikki's father would disapprove, making the idea all that more alluring. Nikki was getting aroused at the thought of her wicked plan.

"You want to go out, baby girl? I'll take you out. You want to go dancin'? Hell, I'll take you dancin' if you want. I'd love seein' you get all hot and sweaty on the dance floor as you shake that fine booty of yours. Hell yeah, I'll take you dancin', girl."

Nikki smiled as she saw her plan falling into place. Then, with shocked innocence, she said, "Oh, I don't know, Bryan. It wouldn't be right for me to go clubbing alone with you. I mean, what would people think? Me? Out with you? While James is away? I don't know..."

"Ahhh, come on, girl. I'll show you a good time. We'll have fun. I'll treat you right, baby girl." Nikki could hear the excitement in his voice.

"I... I don't know... I don't want to give you the wrong impression. We're just good friends and nothing more, right? It's just that I'm so bored and lonely when James goes out of town." Nikki smiled as she sensed his growing tension over the phone, knowing her words tormented him.

"No problem. Yeah, yeah, we're just good friends goin' out for a good time. No problem. You can trust me, baby girl."

The anxious nervousness in his voice confirmed for Nikki her control over him. Men were such simple creatures. She was confident she could safely manage her plaything on this little excursion into Charleston's nightlife. Better still, James would be none the wiser.

"Well... If you promise this is just a fun night for two old friends..." Nikki purposely let her words linger.

"Absolutely, baby girl, absolutely..."

"Well, I guess it wouldn't do any harm to go out for a couple of drinks and a little dancing."

"That's right. Just a few drinks and a little dancin'. We'll have fun, baby girl. How 'bout Thursday night?" The words spewed out of Bryan's mouth so fast they almost collided as they ran together.

"Okay, I suppose that will be alright. You can pick me up at 8:30. It'll be nice to see you again, Bryan. Bye now." Nikki let the words flow off her lips in her sweetest little girl voice.

Nikki threw the phone on the couch next to her once again, but this time with a smile of satisfaction. This was going to be fun. She was already starting to think about how she would tease, torment, and drive Bryan wild with desire, only to be left high and dry at the end of the night. This was going to be fun. She needed to go shopping for some new clothes.

On the other side of town, Bryan hung up the phone, then looked across the desk at Henry and smiled. "The bitch fell for it hook, line, and sinker, just as I knew she would. Separate Hercules from the other dogs and start him on the high-protein diet. Talk to your breeder friends to see if any of 'em have a bitch that's in heat that we can put in the kennel next to him for a few days. I want him crazy for pussy by Thursday. The lucky bastard's gonna get to fuck a hot new bitch on stage, and I want him ready and horny as fuck for her pussy."

"How about Bo? You want me to get him ready, too?"

"Nah, Hercules is younger, stronger, and more aggressive. He'll be able to go twice for the show. The big bastard is more impressive and puts on a better show. We'll use the shield on him to start and let him go at her for a while with just that big dick of his without the knot to loosen her pussy up. That'll fuckin' freak her out. Then, just when she thinks it's over, we'll pull him off 'en her, remove the shield, and wait for his knot to go down. Once he's ready to go again, we'll set 'im loose to fuck the shit out of her with the full magnificence of that monster cock of his, knot and all. We'll let him stuff the whole fuckin' thing in her cunt and breed her like the snotty bitch she is. Won't she be in for a surprise? That should give the pervs their fuckin' money's worth and teach the bitch a

lesson.” Bryan said with a lecherous sneer.

“Why use the shield? Why not just let him fuck her bareback to begin? He can go mor’in once. He’s done it lots of times before with the other bitches.”

“I’m pretty sure the only thing that cunt has ever had stuffed inside her is her husband’s puny little old pencil dick. The shield will let him get her all nice ‘n stretched up with his big fuckin’ cock before we let him tie with her. I don’t want him to tear her up right away. Plus, it makes Hercules twice as randy and determined to bury his knot deep in a bitch once we take the shield off of him. I can’t wait to see him get stuck in her tight little pussy as he spews his hot puppy seed in her. Serves the cock teasin’ bitch right. This is gonna be fuckin’ hot. We should charge double for this show. They’re gonna luv seein’ him do this bitch.”

Bryan smiled at the thought of Hercules fucking Nikki. “Yeah, I’m pretty sure he’s gonna take a likin’ to this one...”

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### Chapter 3

Lifting the lid off the shoebox, Nikki removed her new black leather pumps with 4” stiletto heels. They’d be difficult to dance in, but they were so sexy. Slowing her dance moves to undulate to the music would work just fine in her plan to torment Bryan. She smiled approvingly, then placed them neatly on the floor next to the bed. She detached the tags from her new Paloma black cross-back bodycon cocktail dress before carefully laying it on the bed next to the Falke “Stay Up” Lunelle 8 thigh-high hose package. The sound of water rapidly flowing out of the spigot and splashing in the tub echoed from the bathroom behind her. She stepped back and cocked her head, looking at the dress for a moment before picking it up again to carefully reposition the waist to rest on the edge of the bed. The supple material cascaded over the mattress edge above the shoes on the floor. Standing back, she cocked her head and smiled, admiring her smart purchases with pride and imagining how sexy she would look wearing them tonight.

The dress was perfect. Suggestively short while still being tasteful, coming just above her knees. The flirty, low-cut, twist front bodice with light padding nicely accentuated the cleavage of her 36C breasts without being too risqué.

“Bryan will get a nice view of the candy he can’t have.” she thought.

The dress’s tailoring was perfect for her figure, almost as if the dress had been custom-made for her, accentuating her legs, hips, and plump bottom. Nikki always thought her legs and firm butt were her finest features.

Gleefully, she pivoted with a spring in her step and then walked into the bathroom to stand by the tub. Bending at the waist, she thrust her hand into the hot water, swirling the foaming bubbles floating on the surface. Nikki closed her eyes and inhaled the luscious aroma of the lavender bath salts dissolving in the steaming pool.

Nikki reached over and turned the water off, bringing a sudden silence to the room. The torrent flow quickly diminished until several final drops formed on the rim of the faucet before dropping through the air to land with soft little plunks into the steaming liquid. Nikki grabbed her shaving cream and razor from under the sink and set them on the tub’s edge. She turned, pulled a bath towel off the rack, threw it on the floor next to the tub, then stood erect, arched her back, and crossed her arms across her body as she grabbed and lifted her t-shirt over her head to throw it on the floor beside



her. Placing her hands behind her back, she reached up and unfastened her bra with a swift, graceful motion, letting the taut material relax and fall from her chest. She shrugged her shoulders to allow the straps to slide down her arms, followed by the cups dropping away from her ample breasts. Nikki tossed the bra to land on the floor to lie in a pile with her t-shirt. She then picked up the tortoise claw hair clip from the counter next to the sink, pulled her shoulder-length brown hair into a swirl, and clipped it together on the back of her head. Sucking in her tummy, she unbuttoned her shorts, pulled the zipper down then hooked her thumbs into the waistband to roll them down over the sensual curves of her hips, butt, and thighs. There were no panties. She rarely wore panties. Nikki stepped out of the little puddle of clothing around her ankles to raise her right leg over the edge of the tub, then pointed her perfectly pedicured toe to slice into the steaming water. Nikki closed her eyes and sighed as her leg was engulfed by the hot liquid.

Nikki took a deep breath, then shifted her weight to balance on her right leg in the steaming water, raised her left leg to glide over the edge of the tub, then slid it into the water next to her other leg. She turned and bent down gingerly, placing her hands on each side of the tub to steady herself, her breasts gently swaying out. Slowly, she leaned back to lower her bottom into the water followed by the rest of her body into the tub. The soothing water enveloped her as she stretched out and rested the back of her head on the hard porcelain.

"Ahhh..." Nikki exhaled and then took another deep, cleansing breath, filling her lungs and causing her buoyant breasts to rise and her pronounced nipples to break the water's surface. This was heavenly. Nikki closed her eyes and relaxed.

Nicole Singer was only 34 years old, but she already felt her world beginning to slip away. The tighter she tried to hold on, the more it faded from her grasp. She was attractive, but the years were catching up with her as she approached her mid-thirties. Standing at 5' 7" and a healthy 130 lbs., she still turned more than a few heads. Her 36C-29-36 figure had changed little since her college days. She kept up with her yoga exercises most weeks and was in better shape than many women her age. Still, her body had the distinct advantage of never bearing children. Yet, her breasts and butt weren't as pert and firm as they were ten years ago. She no longer commanded the same lecherous stares she so dearly coveted. She used to revel in crushing the fragile little egos of the men she spurned. In her prime, she'd been the embodiment of the quintessential cock-teaser and proud of her title.

Nikki learned at a very early age how to manipulate, tease, and torture men with her charms, beginning with her father. She'd grown up a privileged princess on the prestigious side of town. As an only child of a proper Southern Methodist family with a long heritage in the Charleston community, she had everything she desired as a child. She was Daddy's little girl from the day she was born and had instinctively understood how to make the most of her developing feminine wiles, almost as if she'd been born with the talent to make males bend to her will. Once, when she was seven, her father dared to punish her for bad behavior. After crying a river of crocodile tears, she looked up at him with her big, sad, brown eyes and said, "Don't you want to be my precious anymore?" He crumbled like a house of cards and never tried to discipline her again.

Daddy ruined Nikki for every man who followed. Over the years, she continued to hone and perfect her skills on him as she grew and matured into a pretty young woman. By the time the boys and young men in high school started to take notice of Nikki, they were no match for her deft powers of persuasion and manipulation. They'd do anything she asked without question. They showered her with little gifts and vie for even her slightest attention. Most other girls hated her and thought she was a conniving bitch. She didn't care that they didn't like her; she knew they were just jealous. She loved being the center of attention and would rather be hated than ignored.

In high school, Nikki was a drum majorette. When she was on the field in her adorable, pseudo-military outfit, all eyes were on her, and she knew how to work the crowd, at least all of the males. She had a sultry, mildly suggestive pose here and there in her routine, a cute little pout to the audience when she made a mistake and her unique, well-practiced, seductive little smile that made each male think she was performing just for him. Nikki was a pro at alluring innuendo.

During her senior year at the debutante ball, she started her signature trait of going out in public without panties. Being naked under her gown next to her father while so many other unsuspecting people surrounded her was intensely exhilarating and naughty. What would they think if they knew? What if she tripped and her gown slid up, exposing her pussy and cute butt for everyone to see? What if there was a car accident and the brawny firemen rescuing her from the wreckage found her pantyless under her dress? The brash boldness of it all made her wet and excited the entire evening. After that first time, Nikki got bolder and more daring, wearing shorter and shorter skirts with no panties and teasing unsuspecting men with fleeting glimpses of her coiffed, furry muff.

Indirectly, that's how she caught her husband's eye. James Singer was a psychology professor at the local community college in Charleston that Nikki attended. During her freshman year, she quickly gained a reputation amongst the male faculty as a dangerous coed flirt known for casually flashing tiny glimpses of her naked beaver at them during class. She made a game out of trying to break their concentration during lectures while maintaining a sweet, innocent, demure expression of, "Who me, professor? Why, I have no idea what you're talking about."

It wasn't until Nikki's senior year that she took James's class in advanced social psychology. When she entered his classroom and tried to play her head games on him, she quickly discovered he was wise to her tricks. Instead of avoiding her when she'd start playing her little games, he'd call on her and aggressively engage her in the lecture, forcing her to stop misbehaving and start paying attention in his class. James was unlike any man she'd known. Even though he was twenty-one years her senior, she found him dashing and his Southern gentleman ways quaint. When she spoke of him to her friends, they accused her of having a Daddy complex. Maybe she did, but James was one of the few men she couldn't control, which fascinated and challenged her.

At the end of the semester, having just completed her finals, including the final exam for James' class, Nikki and her friends were out celebrating at a popular off-campus pub frequented by students and faculty. After sharing a couple of pitchers of beer with her friends, Nikki glanced across the crowded, smoke-filled room to see James talking with several graduate students. Nikki grabbed her beer and sauntered through the herd to stand beside him.

"Hi, Professor Singer." Nikki sweetly chirped as she gave him a big smile and batted her big brown eyes at him.

"Oh... Hi, Nikki." He smiled curtly before turning to resume his conversation with the other students.

The anger and disbelief in Nikki's face were immediately apparent. He was ignoring her. Nikki refused to be ignored!

"Professor Singer?"

"Yes, Nik..." As he turned to face her, she grabbed the back of his head, pulling his mouth to hers. She vigorously stuck her tongue between his lips and passionately kissed him, her tongue probing and darting into the warm recesses of his mouth. Just when Nikki began to wonder if she'd made a horrible mistake, she felt him turn, take her into his arms, and return her kiss with a passion of his

own.

They went back to his place that night and continued to fondle and grope each other with the passion of horny teenagers. While lying on the couch, James hovered over her body as he unbuttoned her blouse, removed her bra, and began sucking her beautiful full breasts. Nikki closed her eyes and held his head in her hands, savoring the sensation of his tongue on her flesh. He kissed and nibbled her nipples, moving his head from side to side as he shared his lust equally with both her gorgeous orbs. He kissed the skin between her heaving breasts, slowly working his way down her rib cage to her firm belly with a mixture of kisses and flicks of his tongue before stopping at her waist to unfasten her jeans.

"Stop... Please stop, James..." Nikki cried breathlessly, her heart pounding in her chest. "I'm... I'm a virgin..."

"W- What?" James looked at her, confused and incredulous. "What kind of game are you playing now, Nikki?" The frustration in James' voice was rampant.

Nikki started to cry. "I'm sorry... Sorry..." She sobbed. "I'm not playing a game, James... I'm a virgin. Please stop..." Nikki swallowed hard and wiped away a tear. "I'll give you a blow job if you'd like. Or I can give you a hand job, and you can cum on my tits. I've been told I give really good hand jobs for a girl. I know it's silly, but I'm saving myself for my wedding night. Please don't be mad."

James stared at her in disbelief. The biggest cock teaser on campus was a virgin.

"I know it's stupid..." she sobbed. James placed a finger on her lips to make her stop talking, then leaned down and kissed her. He kissed her long and hard, fucking her soft, moist mouth with his tongue.

Nikki did give James an incredible hand job that night. She had him straddled her chest, then slid a finger from her left hand into his ass and began massaging his prostate. With her right hand, she cupped his balls in her palm and fondled them, then slowly ran the tips of her fingernails over his scrotum several times before slowly dragging her perfectly manicured pink nails over the underside of the shaft of his cock up to the head. Nikki teased the slit in his penis with the tip of the nail on her index finger, gently fucking his cock with her fingernail as she continued to massage his prostate, staring into his eyes with the look of a horny demon. Nikki then wrapped her hand around his cock and began rapidly stroking his cock with incredible deftness. James was amazed at her obviously cultivated skill. She seemed to know just the right amount of pressure and tempo of motion to apply to excite his hard cock.

"Come on, baby... Cum all over my tits... Come on... Give me your cum..." Nikki was panting and moaning as she stared up at him. She could feel him getting close. She was the whore of Babylon leering at him; her eyes glazed over as she ran the pointed tip of her tongue over her upper lip. She knew this drove men wild. "Come on, baby... You can do it. Give me your cum... Do it! Do it! Shoot it all over me... Yes! YES! YES!!"

She felt James' sphincter muscle clamp tight around her finger in his ass, quickly followed by long, sticky ribbons of white cum rocketing out of his penis to land in little glops of goo on her face, hair, and breasts. Nikki clenched her thighs tight as she shuttered with a tiny mini-orgasm, born more out of her control over his gratification than the sexual nature of their intimacy. She watched him cum and savored the feeling of his warm sperm landing on her breasts before running down her skin in little rivers.

That was over ten years ago. James and Nikki married three months later. Nikki was true to her

convictions and remained a virgin until her wedding night. James is and has been the only man to ever make love to her.

But a leopard can't change its spots, and neither could Nikki. Even as a married woman, she continued her cock teasing ways. She didn't just love it; she was addicted to the thrill of sexually teasing men. Her favorite pastime was wearing short skirts with nothing on underneath and flashing unsuspecting male victims. She took great delight in the number of guys in restaurants that have dropped a fork after a brief glimpse of her pussy, especially if they were in the company of a pretty woman. In the beginning, James was a co-conspirator in her salacious little game, almost taking pride in his little cock teaser. After an evening out, they'd return home and talk about the expressions on the faces of her prey as he fucked her. James would taunt her, asking if she wanted to fuck them, if she thought about their cocks fucking her, and what kind of lovers they would be. This usually drove Nikki over the top, and she'd become multi-orgasmic, violently shaking and quivering as she came over and over again until she'd lay back exhausted on the bed. James would laugh at her when she did this, saying she came like a fucking machine gun.

But those days were long gone now. James had grown wearisome of her perverted little games. She wasn't a perky twenty-something anymore. Her flirtatious cock teasing was becoming increasingly uncomfortable, sometimes even embarrassing for him. Nikki couldn't prove it, but she felt James resented her for losing his position at the college; she suspected he may even regret having married her. James left the college to start a professional consulting business, providing psychological profile services to the Human Resources departments of mid to large companies. The work was steady but required him to travel and be away from home for long periods, leaving Nikki all alone. When he was home, he was usually out playing golf or sleeping. Their sex life was almost non-existent, leaving Nikki anxious and frustrated. She had become a prisoner, isolated and alone in her own life.

Nikki rose from the tepid water to sit on the tub's edge. Picking up the shaving cream, she shook the can vigorously and then pressed the button, causing the foamy white cream to flow into the palm of her left hand. Nikki spread the shaving cream over the top of her shapely left leg, then gently glided the razor over her skin, rinsing the foam-covered razor in the pool of water in the tub. She repeated this beauty ritual until her legs were transformed into silky smoothness. Nikki grabbed the can again, but instead of shooting the fluffy cream into the palm of her hand, she directed the stream of expanding white foam at her crotch. Whether intentional or subconscious, the shaving cream resembled cum landing on her pubic mound. Nikki rubbed the foamy cream around the edges of her pubic hairs, then carefully shaved away the unwanted areas around the edges until she'd sculpted a charming little patch of fur for herself. She slid back into the tub to splash in the water to rinse off the remaining shaving cream.

The water was now becoming cold and making her shiver. She pulled the plug to let the water drain, then jumped out of the tub, bending to pick up the towel to lightly dab the water off her skin.

She turned to look at the clock: 7:45. Bryan would be arriving soon. She grabbed her pink satin Kimono robe from the closet, wrapped the smooth material around her naked body, and tied the belt securely around her waist. She spent the next 45 minutes in front of the mirror, meticulously primping and preparing her hair and make-up to create the perfect illusion of the temptress she desired to be.

When she was done, she stepped back from the mirror to look at the woman she'd become. Her makeup was flawless, with sultry, smoky eyes and glossy red lips. Her shoulder-length brown hair was simple yet stylish. She unfastened the belt on her robe and then dropped her shoulders to let the silky material flow like water over her skin as it fell to the floor. Her breasts rose as she took a deep breath and inspected her handiwork. She felt a surge of emotions in her chest; she thought she

looked pretty. She hadn't felt like this for a long time and missed it. She exhaled and smiled at herself. She knew she would drive Bryan wild, but the thought of ensnaring other male passersby in her web of feminine charms made her glow.

Nikki picked up the bottle of Versace Eros she saved for special occasions. She removed the glass stopper and turned the bottle upside-down to place a dab of the aromatic oil on her fingertip. Tipping her head to the left, she put her finger behind her right ear, then lightly drew her finger down her neck to her collarbone, applying the arousing scent to her skin. She repeated this ritual to the left side of her neck, then to her cleavage, starting at the notch at the base of her neck down to the bottom of her breasts. She pressed the neck of the bottle to her left wrist and turned the bottle upside-down to place a dab on her skin, then crossed her wrists to gently spread the perfume. She raised her left wrist to her nose to savor the aroma before capping the bottle and placing it back on the counter.

Nikki walked into the bedroom and moved to the bed to open the package of black hose. She sat on the edge of the mattress, then curled the nylons into little rings before pointing her toes and pulling the sheer fabric over the shapely curves of her calve and knee to finally stop halfway up her thigh on one leg, then the other. She stood and pulled up on the silicon grippers to secure them when she heard the doorbell ring.

"Ding-dong... ding-dong..." A minute didn't pass after the doorbell ringing was followed by several serious firm knocks on the door.

Nikki looked at the clock; it was 8:29. Bryan was right on time. She smirked with a sense of satisfaction. His promptness implied his eagerness and impatience to see her, which delighted her with giddiness. She strolled over to the bedroom door and poked her head through the doorway to call out to him.

"Hang on, Bryan. I'll be there in just a few minutes..." She yelled down to the door. She liked the idea of making him wait on the doorstep for her.

Nikki walked over to the bed, picked up her new dress and put it on. She turned and watched herself in the mirror as she contorted her arms to pull the zipper up her back. She faced the mirror as she smoothed the snug-fitting fabric over her body, cupping her breasts to adjust to the fit of the cups in the dress and expose her cleavage. No panties, no panty lines, she mused. She moved to sit on the edge of the bed again to slip on her stiletto pumps. She then stood to admire herself in the mirror, twisting her body from side to side as she ran her hands over her tummy, thighs, and butt to smooth her dress in preparation for showtime with Bryan. She looked damn good, and she knew it.

"Ding-dong... ding-dong... ding-dong... Knock, knock, knock... Come on, Nikki!" Nikki smiled. She was ready.

"Yes, yes... I'm coming, Bryan..."

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Chapter 4

"Ding-dong... ding-dong... ding-dong..."

"I'm coming, I'm coming..." Nikki shouted as she opened the door.

The look on Bryan's face was priceless as his eyes feasted on Nikki. "Oh my, baby girl... Whoo! Don't

you look fine!”

“Don’t call me that. You know I hate it.”

“What?”

“Baby girl. Don’t call me that. It’s so juvenile.”

Nikki grabbed her clutch purse and stepped out onto the porch next to Bryan as she closed and locked the door behind her. Bryan Smith was fairly handsome, standing 6’ 2” and weighing 220 lbs with broad shoulders and an impressive athletic build. Between his physical stature and dark black complexion, he held a commanding presence standing next to Nikki, accentuating her petite stature. Turning back to face Bryan, she smiled with a cute sparkle in her eyes as she gazed up at him. She moved in to give him a kiss on the cheek and a big hug. As she hugged him, she calculatingly but ever so innocently and subtly pressed her crotch against the bulge in his slacks. Bryan had always casually intimated, and even a few times blatantly bragged to her, that he was well endowed. Nikki had never thought much about his boasts as she thought all men made the same claim, but tonight was the first time she had ever wondered if Bryan’s claim was true. She had no intention of finding out, but imagining his big, black cock getting excited and becoming uncomfortable in the caged confines of his pants as he ached to have her was deliciously evil.

Nikki released her hug and let her hands glide over his shoulders to rest on his formidable biceps. Teasingly squeezing his muscles in her hands, she flared her eyes and smiled, then quickly sucked in a tiny little breath between her puckered red lips for dramatic effect.

“Ooohh... I see you’re still working out.” She exclaimed, then slowly exhaled through the tiny little O formed by her glossy red lips before adding. “It makes a girl feel so safe to be escorted by a real man.”

She purposely let the sexual tension between them briefly build as she continued to smile and look up into his eyes. Bryan stood before her, frozen and mesmerized by Nikki’s charms, with a big toothy grin that highlighted his white teeth against his dark face.

“Shall we go?” she asked. “I’m so excited. I haven’t been out clubbing in forever! This is going to be so much fun.”

Nikki pushed past Bryan to head down the sidewalk to the large black SUV in the driveway. Bryan lowered his head and smiled in disbelief at his good fortune.

“Is this a new car?” she cooed.

“Um, I’ve had it a few months now.”

“Ohh, so fancy. What is it?”

“A Cadillac Escalade.” Bryan clicked the button on the remote, and the car responded with two short chirps, unlocking the doors, flashing the headlights, and extending the running boards. Bryan smiled and opened the passenger door for Nikki.

Nikki turned and placed her hands on Bryan’s broad shoulders. “It’s so big. I need a little help getting in.”

She stood there looking up at him with a cute little smirk that showed her dimples. Bryan smiled and

placed his hands firmly on her waist, then effortlessly lifted and gently placed her in the car. Nikki was sitting sideways on the black leather seat with her legs pointing out of the car toward Bryan. She lowered her head slightly and stared at him with a devilish grin. Then, slowly moved her left leg into the car, spreading her legs apart and exposing a tiny glimpse of her bare pussy under her dress to Bryan. She paused momentarily, making sure he got a glimpse, then twisted to sit facing forward, pulling her right leg into the car and hiding her pussy from his view. Bryan stood there motionless, holding the door and smiling at her. Nikki turned her head to look at him, a little smile on her face as she noticed the now prominent bulge along the right side of his inner thigh.

"Are you ready to go?" she said ever so innocently.

Bryan smiled and looked down, shaking his head. "Girl, you're something else. Yeah, I'm ready to go."

Bryan closed the car's passenger door and then walked around the front of the vehicle. Nikki continued to smile as she watched him; he was still looking down, smiling and shaking his head as he walked. She wondered what he found so amusing.

"Did you like that, Bryan? Poor baby. You'll get to look but won't get to touch." Nikki whispered to herself as Bryan reached out to open the car door.

Bryan climbed into the driver's seat and started the engine. He turned and continued to smile as he ran his eyes over her. He looked at her as she nonchalantly looked out the window and slowly pulled her shoulders back to sit upright, knowing she'd accentuate her breasts and give him a nice view.

"Are you ready to have some fun? Let's make this a night to remember, baby girl. Oops, sorry about that. No more baby girl tonight. I promise..." Bryan smiled to himself at his private joke. Hell yeah, this was going to be a night to remember. This was too fuckin' easy, he thought. If everything goes as planned, this will be a night he'll never forget, and she'll never remember, thanks to Dr. Pavittar's special joy juice. God damn, this was going to be good.

Nikki almost immediately started making small talk about old friends and acquaintances, playfully flirting with Bryan as he drove. She asked him what he'd been doing and told him about her and James's life over the last year. She wasn't paying attention to where Bryan was going until he crossed over the Ashley River and then got on Highway 26 going west.

"Where... Where are you going? I thought we were going clubbing?"

"We are, baby... Uh, sorry, Nikki. We are. I just need to make a quick stop first."

Nikki nervously looked out the window before continuing her mindless banter. Bryan politely let Nikki blabber away, only paying enough attention to keep her content. When he signaled to get off the interstate and go north on US-17, Nikki stopped talking.

"Where are we going?" she asked with growing concern.

"I told you, I need to make a quick stop first. I need to see a guy. He owes me money."

A chill ran through Nikki as she looked out the window at the neighborhoods of North Charleston. She didn't like being here. She remained quiet as Bryan got off the main thoroughfare, turned several times, and then pulled into the dimly lit parking lot of what appeared to be a dive biker bar. A red neon sign flickered the word "open" next to a small yellow porch light to the left of a battered, weathered wooden door with three little diamond-shaped windows. Each tiny window was

illuminated with a bluish glow emanating from within. These were the only lights coming from the building. Nikki could see the moonlight reflecting off the chrome of a row of motorcycles neatly parked next to the entrance. Several men were standing outside near the bikes, drinking beer and laughing, their leather and jean vests emblazoned with their club affiliations.

Nikki's fear was apparent as her heart pounded in her chest. She turned to look wide-eyed at Bryan, silently pleading with him to leave. Bryan unfastened his seatbelt and opened his door, causing the dome light to come on, signaling their arrival and piquing the curiosity of the men who stood near the door.

"C' mon. I'll buy you a drink."

"No, I don't think so. I'll wait here for you." her soft voice trembling.

"C' mon. Relax. You're with me. I'll take care of you. Let's go in, have a drink, I'll get my money, then we'll go dancin'."

"I don't..."

"If you're with me, nobody's goin' to be messin' with you. If you stay in the car, I can't be here for you cuz I need to go in there to talk to my man and get my money."

Nikki looked at the men outside the bar and then back at Bryan. "Okay..." she said meekly.

Nikki unfastened her seatbelt and waited for Bryan to come around and open her door for her. She noticed they had drawn the attention of the bikers at the front door. Bryan opened her door for her. Nikki swallowed hard, then swiveled her hips to face him, keeping her thighs and knees pressed together this time as she turned. Bryan grabbed Nikki by her waist, lifted her out of his car, and placed her beside him. Nikki immediately wrapped her arms securely around his beefy left arm to hold him tight. He could feel her trembling on his arm.

"C' mon, baby girl... er, Nikki. Don't worry. We'll just go in, have a drink, I'll get my money, and we're outa here. Okay?"

"Okay..." she whispered.

Bryan and Nikki walked as one across the parking lot to the entrance of the bar, their every move closely scrutinized by the burly, hairy men near the door. Nikki avoided their gaze as they came ever closer; she could instinctively tell they were undressing and violating her in their filthy, perverted thoughts. Her mind blocked out their words as they cajoled and taunted her as she and Bryan passed them to enter the seedy bar. She was relieved when the door closed behind them, and they were finally inside the bar. But her relief was short-lived. Once inside the smoke-filled room, all eyes turned to look at her. She felt like a doe that had stumbled into a lion's den. The bar was filled with men and a scant few women. The women she could see were practically as masculine as the men or slutty tramps. All of these women were an extreme contrast to Nikki.

An unexpected loud clank of pool balls smashing together made her jump and clutch harder onto Bryan's arm. Nikki peeked around Bryan to see a room with several tables filled with men playing pool. Directly across the room from them was a long bar filled with patrons laughing, smoking, and drinking; a dozen tables filled the void between the door and the bar. To her left was a row of poorly lit booths along the wall. Bryan scanned the room and nodded towards an open booth leading the way as Nikki followed close behind. She could feel all the lecherous stares devouring her flesh and making her skin crawl.

Bryan stood next to the booth to let Nikki slide in first, then slid in next to her, shielding her from the menacing horde. He placed his elbows on the table and crossed his fingers as he rested his hands next to his lips, his eyes scanning the room. Nikki tried to make herself small and hide behind Bryan. A rough-looking dishwasher blonde with tattoos covering her arms and neck approached them.

"What do you want to drink?"

"Is Tyrone in?"

"Yeah, he's in the back."

Bryan turned to Nikki, "Wait here. I'll be back in a minute."

"No, no, no... Don't leave me here! Please!" Nikki begged as he broke away from her to stand.

"This will only take a minute. I'll be right back. Do you want something to drink?"

Nikki was visibly shaking. "A Chardonnay?"

The waitress stifled a laugh.

"This isn't a Chardonnay kind of place. I'll order you something." Bryan leaned in and whispered something to the waitress. The waitress turned to look at Nikki as Bryan continued whispering to her. She got a weird smile as she studied Nikki, then turned to look at Bryan and nodded before heading back to the bar.

"Wait here, I'll be right back." And with that, Bryan disappeared into the cloud of smoke and the sea of strangers that filled the bar.

Nikki's eyes nervously swept the bar while avoiding making eye contact. She knew they were talking about her, lusting for her, eyeing her like a dog eyes raw meat. Her fear began leading her down a dark path, imagining these animals acting on their impulses, grabbing her and ripping her clothes off, then gang-raping her over and over as each used and abused her body for their sick pleasure. Her thoughts of their perversions made her shiver with horror, but the sexual nature also made her pussy and nipples tingle a little.

"Here's your drink, Cupcake. Enjoy..." Nikki looked up to see the waitress give her a snarky smirk.

"What is it?"

"It's what he ordered for you, a screwdriver." With that, she turned and walked to another table.

Nikki sipped the drink and was instantly taken aback by the amount of vodka in it.

"Whoa, Bryan must think he's going to get me drunk and take advantage of me tonight." She thought. "That's not going to happen."

She pushed the glass away from her to the center of the table and scanned the crowd, hoping Bryan would return soon. Just as she debated going out to wait by the car, she saw Bryan's familiar face poking through the crowd. He made his way to the booth and slid in next to her again, then tilted his head back, taking a big sip from his bottle of beer. She playfully slapped him on the arm.

"Yeah! What's that for?"

"Don't you EVER do that to me again!"

"What?"

"Leave me like that. Did you get your money? Can we go now?" she said, pleading with him to leave this awful place.

"Yeah, yeah... Everything's good. Finish your drink, and we'll get out of here and go dancin'. You've been good. I'll take you somewhere really special. I can't wait to see that booty of yours twerkin'."

"Let's just go. I don't want that drink. It's too strong." she protested.

"Nikki. Finish your drink. I told her to make it strong. You're so uptight I thought you needed a little somethin' to loosen you up a bit."

"You're not going to get me drunk tonight." She said, giving him a stern look.

"No, no. I just had her make this one drink a little strong to get you to relax a bit. Loosen up. How are you gonna dance if you're so stiff and uptight?"

Nikki gave him a wry smile. "Well, okay. But you're not going to get me drunk."

Nikki picked up the drink and placed it to her lips. Looking at Bryan, she raised the glass and tilted her head back, gulping down the entire drink.

"There. Can we go now?" she asked as she forcefully set the glass on the table.

"Just give me a minute to finish my beer."

"Well, hurry. I want to go," she whined as Bryan tried to ignore her and took another sip of his beer.

As Nikki waited for Bryan to finish his beer, she started feeling a little light-headed. A warm glow was taking hold in her stomach. She nervously looked around the room and began fidgeting in her seat as the sensation spread with intensity; her breathing became slightly erratic.

"Oh, my... That drink really got to me. Wow... I probably should have eaten something more before coming out this evening..."

Nikki took a deep breath. The odd sensation spread quickly throughout her body; the warmth in her belly now radiated further, filling her chest, breasts, hips, and thighs. The disorienting feelings were becoming more layered and complex, soothing warmth mixed with different tingling sensations, anxiety flowing back and forth with euphoria. A dull fog crept over her mind as she became more hypersensitive and cognizant of the room's sights, sounds, and smells. The smell of smoke, beer, and sweat was becoming overwhelmingly repugnant to her. Still, the musky smell of so many men started to excite her. Noises were crashing together in her head as laughter, coughing, talking, glasses clinking, pool balls clacking, and jukebox music mixed in a chaotic, wild symphony. Nikki labored in vain to focus on a single thought for longer than just a few moments. Her mind struggled to find order in the tempestuous frenzy of feelings and emotions, racing from sensation to sensation, experiencing everything simultaneously with no filters, everything assaulting her mind with equally high intensity. She could feel her heart rapidly beating in her chest, the flow of air into her lungs, and the blood coursing through her veins. The tingling flowed up her spine, into her neck, and over her scalp, then raced down her arms and legs while simultaneously exploding out her nipples and clit with wild palpitations. In her hypersensitized state, she could feel her heart beating in her hard,

erect nipples as they strained against the material of her dress, her swollen clitoris pulsing with uncomfortable energy, making her squirm in her seat.

"Nikki, are you okay? Nikki?" From a million miles away, Bryan's voice drifted in through the fog.

Nikki turned to look at Bryan through dull, glazed-over eyes, barely comprehending what he said. She smiled seductively as she studied him, wondering why she never realized how handsome and sexy he looked. Images of his muscular black body pounding his stiff cock into her filled her head, making her pussy wet for him. She turned and saw the horde of grungy, brutish men milling about the room. She was once again struck with fear mixed with inexorable excitement from an image consuming her mind of being stripped and gang-raped. But there was also a new longing and craving filling her loins, mingling with a warped desire to have them use her body for all their wicked desires.

Nikki leaned closer to Bryan, licking her lips and biting her lower lip. She placed her left hand on his inner thigh and ran her fingers over his slacks seeking out the manly bulge of his nice, fat cock.

"I want you in me... I know you've always wanted me. Take me... Take me now..." she whispered as she nibbled and licked his ear.

Bryan smiled. "Come on, Nikki, let's go. I think you're ready for your big debut at the club..."

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## Chapter 5

"Hey! Henry! Have you seen Bryan? I can't find him."

Henry looked up from his desk with a concerned look. "He's not here."

"What? Where is he? Dmitry just called. He's gettin' ready to send the limos over with the guests. Did you hear me? They're on their way."

Henry stared into his desk without seeing it, his eyes nervously shifting from side to side. "Don't worry, he'll be here soon. He'll be here..."

Henry looked at his watch; 9:14. Shit! He still hadn't heard from Bryan, and it was getting close to showtime. If Bryan fucked this up, there were going to be a lot of pissed-off, angry people. Dmitry and Mr. Volkov would not be pleased. Damn it! He knew he shouldn't have let Bryan talk him into this; they should've just gone with one of the girls from the strip club as usual.

"Hey," Henry suddenly called out, "what's the name of that new Russian chick I saw down at the club? You know the one I'm talkin' 'bout? The cute blonde with the nice tits."

"You mean Katre? She's Estonian, not Russian."

"Yeah, that's her... How the fuck do you know she's Estonian?"

"Dmitry told me. He said all of the good-looking blondes Mr. Volkov brings over are from Estonia."

"Estonia, Russia, I don't give a fuck. Is she working tonight?"

"I don't know. I'd have to check with Dmitry. Why?"

"I haven't heard from Bryan. I'm thinkin' we'll need a backup plan fast, or there'll be hell to pay."

"Uuuuhhh... I don't wanna be the one to hafta tell Dmitry we don't have a girl for tonight's show."

"Don't worry 'bout it. I'll deal with Dmitry. I need you to call the Pakistani and tell him we need more joy juice, then go over to his pharmacy, get the juice, and get back here as fast as you can."

"Okay, boss."

Henry's cell phone began to vibrate in his pocket. He took it out and looked to see who was calling.

"Hold up, it's Bryan. Damn you, Bryan. Where the fuck are you, bro?"

"Calm down. I'm at Tyrone's. Everythin's goin' great. You wouldn't believe me if I told ya. This bitch is going to be fuckin' great."

"Yeah? She's with you then? Has she taken the juice yet?"

"She's getting' it now."

"Yeah. Well, get her juiced and her fuckin' ass over here now. Dmitry's gettin' ready to send the guests over."

"Chill, bro. Everythin's gonna be fine. I'll be there in 20 minutes."

Henry hung up his phone.

"You still want me to call the pharmacist?"

"Nah. Bryan said he's good. He's on his way with the bitch now. Hey, call Dmitry back and ask him to delay sending the guests for 10 minutes or so. Be sure to tell him everythin's fine, but we just need a little more time to get prepped for the show. Also, make sure he's got the updated guest list; Bryan cleared some personal friends with Mr. Volkov for tonight's show. Remember to collect all the goddamn cell phones as they get out of the limos. I don't care how much they bitch; we don't need another fuckin' incident."

"Okay."

Henry walked out of the office, past the private session rooms and the restrooms, and down to the end of the hallway. Opening the door, he stepped into the capacious ballroom. He paused to let his eyes adjust to the stark contrast between the modestly lit room and the bright spotlights pouring down on the stage on the far side of the room. The last chairs were being set around the stage, the bars were stocked, the cameras were ready, Hercules had been fed, bathed, and was as horny as ever. The Y-frame bondage bench at the center of the stage was in position and waiting for the show's star to arrive. It was almost showtime at The Groves.

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Chapter 6

Hercules was excited and alert as he lay upright in his cage, his head held high, eagerly waiting for Henry. He repeatedly snapped his head toward the source of every little sound, bringing his large head to a jarring halt, then turning his ears forward and pausing to look and listen. His nostrils flared as he took in the multitude of scents flowing on the cool night breeze. He was anxious. Like

Pavlov's dog anticipating a treat, all the signs had been there that this would be one of those special nights. A night when Henry would bring him inside to breed a female.

Being separated from the other dogs, the raw meat and egg diet, the female bitch in heat next to his cage, the especially thorough bath and grooming earlier today. His simple mind had been conditioned to associate these things as leading up to breeding a bitch. His brain was consumed with an overpowering primordial drive to mount and inseminate a female. He felt virile, ready to assert his sexual dominance over a susceptible female. There was an anxious tension in his bones, aching to be released.

He lifted his muscular torso by his front legs, then spread his hindquarters open, exposing his massive sheath and the hairy black satchel holding his egg-sized balls laden with sperm. He turned and lowered his head, then began licking his sheathed cock and balls with his obscene, oversized tongue. It felt good when he licked himself, but it felt better when he pushed it inside a bitch's wet hole.

Hercules was a magnificent specimen of a large, alpha male canine. At two and a half years old and 189 lbs., he was an adult male in his prime. He was a beautiful beast with a coal-black coat, a bold patch of white on his chest, long cropped ears, and an old soul's dark, chestnut brown eyes. He had all the distinctive characteristics of a classic Great Dane. His tall, muscular, yet svelt body moved with a unique power and grace that attracted the attention of everyone who witnessed his grandeur. Heads would turn when Hercules entered a room.

Hercules swiftly snapped his head up. What was that? He scrutinized the door leading into the building, waiting and watching to see if Henry would appear.

Hercules stood and then paced the perimeter of his cage, impatiently waiting. He was sure something special was supposed to happen, but he couldn't fathom when. All the signs had been there. What was going on?

Hercules stopped and listened. He could hear the sound of cars. There was the sound of men laughing and talking loudly. All the dogs, including Hercules, were becoming restless. They all sensed something was happening here tonight.

WOOF, WOOF, WOOF... Hercules bellowed from deep in his chest as he and the other dogs howled into the dark night.

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## **Chapter 7**

Nikki smiled as she looked out the car window at the blur of pretty colored lights reflecting off the glass as they swirled and danced before her. She mindlessly ran her fingertips over her cheeks, neck, and the exposed cleavage of her breasts as she rested her head on the window. The soft, sensual sensation of her fingers gliding over the surface of her skin was pleasingly addictive. She felt good. Her whole body felt really good. She was ripe, juicy, and very horny. She barely remembered leaving the bar or getting in Bryan's car. She recalled her body's odd supple flow as she struggled to hold Bryan's arm tightly. She was aroused by the strength emanating from his muscular body and the heat radiating off his skin. She gazed adoringly at him with a captivating smile as she floated at his side through the hazy of people, smoke, and noise. The rest of the world melded into an annoying, noisy distraction that she chose to ignore as her mind was bombarded with bizarre thoughts of Bryan making wild, passionate love to her. Her body literally ached to be fucked. She'd never felt like this before, but she didn't care to question why. She just knew that she needed

to be fucked. She needed to feel a stiff cock filling and pulsating inside her. She needed to find a release for the sexual tension building in her like a simmering volcano about to blow. She lazily rolled her head to look at Bryan as he drove, then smiled and bit her lower lip as she ran her eyes over him.

Nikki reached down and clumsily fumbled with her seatbelt, struggling to make sense of how to open the buckle to release her from her confines.

"What are you doing, Nikki?"

Nikki looked up at Bryan with a drunken, seductive smile.

"I want you... I want you now... I need to feel your cock in me..." Nikki cooed as she awkwardly fought against the seatbelt straps, turned in her seat, and leaned her shoulders against the door. She closed her eyes and ran her hands over her abdomen and breasts as she took slow, deep breaths. She lowered her chin and then opened her eyelids to look at Bryan with the face of a woman possessed. She began kneading and fondling her breasts through the material of her dress while running the tip of her tongue over her pearly white teeth, trying to lure Bryan to fuck her.

"Fuck me... Fuck me now... You've always wanted me, so do it..." Nikki pleaded breathlessly in a soft, deep sultry voice as she repeatedly flexed and then slowly relaxed her butt cheeks to taunt him with her gently undulating hips.

Bryan hadn't ever seen the joy juice work this well on the other girls before. Yeah, they all got sexually aroused, but Nikki was on a whole different plane. "Calm down, Nikki. We're almost there."

Nikki grunted her disapproval with a rapid burst of little whiney crying sounds. "Nooo... I can't wait. I want you now. Don't you want me?"

She couldn't understand why he wouldn't fuck her. She knew he wanted her. All the men wanted to fuck her. She closed her eyes and began to pout as she gently stroked and fondled her breasts to feed the hunger for physical stimulation her body so desperately craved.

Bryan turned down the dark, winding road that cuts through the lush overgrowth in this remote enclave hidden within the confines of Charleston. The Groves had once been one of the hottest nightclubs in North Charleston in the late '60s and early '70s. In the early '80s, the place became a dance club catering to the disco craze. It changed hands several times during the recession years that followed, even having limited success as a rave in the early '90s before being abandoned like most other neighboring businesses in the area. When Dmitry found the old nightclub, she was in pretty rough shape. The property was overgrown; the cloth awning that once welcomed guests to her grand entrance was mainly gone, exposing her rusted and twisted metal bones. Transients and junkies had trashed her insides. The once elegant glass front doors were boarded over and sprayed with graffiti, piles of dead leaves mixed with the shards of glass scattered everywhere over the ground. As sad and broken as this once grand lady had become, she was perfect for their needs. She had good bones that were easy to tailor to their specific needs. She had very few windows and no views into the main ballroom. She was close enough to downtown Charleston and their other clubs but still remote and isolated; there was nothing around her for over a mile or two in any direction.

Bryan turned into the thick vegetation onto a practically hidden driveway that led to a vast, mostly vacant parking lot. The Groves was now a ghost building hiding in plain sight. There were no signs and very few lights on or around the dark gray building nestled in a grove of old-growth oak trees covered in Spanish moss. The only distinguishing characteristic she bore was the crimson border at her roofline. She was a dark and mysterious enigma to any uninvited, prying eyes. As the black

Escalade entered the expansive, empty asphalt terrain that stretched out before the nondescript building, Bryan could see the lights of the two black stretch limousines off to his right, unloading guests at the main entrance. He turned his headlights off and drove across the parking lot, stopping just outside a metal door on the opposite side of the building from the main entrance. Bryan exited the car, walked around, and opened the passenger side door.

"Come on, Nikki. We're here."

Bryan reached in, unfastened her seatbelt, then lifted her out of the car, her head swaying like a ragdoll's as he removed her semi-limp body. He kept his arm firmly around her waist as she struggled to stand.

"Where are we?" she said with a befuddled look.

"We're at the club. Come on. Let's go inside. Everyone is waiting for you."

Suddenly, the sound of dogs wildly barking came out of the night. Nikki perked up with adrenaline-fueled fear as she pressed herself close to Bryan. These weren't distant sounds. These animals were very close. Nikki whipped her head from side to side, peering into the darkness, struggling to see the pack of dogs she imagined in the shadows.

"Relax, Nikki. You'll be..."

"WOOF, WOOF, WOOF." The sound from a huge dog nearby pierced the night's dark shadows. Nikki pressed her body tighter into Bryan's side and trembled, holding him close as she heard the terrifying noise. Bryan smirked as he listened to the distinctive sound of Hercules's mighty roar. That fucking dog. I bet he can smell her. He knows she's here. Don't worry, boy, it won't be long now, he thought, you're going to get your chance with her soon.

"Come on, Nikki. Let's go inside and get you ready."

Nikki leaned against Bryan as he led her into the building, past the office, and down the dimly lit narrow hallway to one of the private session rooms. The reasonably sized room seemed small because of the built-in platform bed that filled half the room. The mattress on the bed was more like a thick exercise mat covered with a black fitted sheet than a sleeping mattress. A mirror covered the length of the back wall and stretched from the top of the bed to the ceiling.

Bryan guided Nikki over to sit on the edge of the bed, then opened the closet and removed a black leather corset and black leather restraint cuffs for her wrists and ankles. When he turned around, he found Nikki lying on her back on the bed, her legs still hanging over the edge with her feet resting on the floor. She was off in a world of her own, sighing and softly moaning as she gently caressed her neck and breasts with her fingertips.

Bryan threw the corset and cuffs on the bed beside her, then sat her up and unzipped her dress. Nikki opened her eyes and smiled at Bryan, thinking he was finally undressing her so he could fuck her. She was already soaking wet and ready. She started breathing deeper as she felt the excitement growing in her, the warm glow in her ears, cheeks, breasts, and thighs building stronger in her again. Bryan slid the shoulder straps of her dress down and lowered the top half to her waist, then began tugging the dress down over her hips and butt. Nikki smiled and bit her lower lip as she laid back on the bed and lifted her butt to help him. Bryan knelt at her feet, pulled the dress to her ankles, then lifted her feet out of the garment and threw it on the bed.

Bryan paused to look at Nikki. Incredible, just as he suspected, the cock teasing bitch wasn't

wearing a bra or panties. She was one of the few women her age who could get away with it. She may be a cock teasing bitch, but she had a stunning body. He was tempted to fuck her, but there would be time later. Right now, he needed to get her ready and on the stage.

Leaving her nylons and shoes on, he grabbed an ankle restraint. Opening the band of leather, he wrapped the cuff around her right ankle, then fed the tongue of the strap through the bright, shiny buckle and pulled it tight until the band was firmly in place. He slid the prong into a hole in the strap to secure the restraint cuff and then slid the strap through the loop. He reached over to the bed, picked up the other ankle restraint, and fastened it around her left ankle.

Bryan lifted his head and looked down the length of Nikki's voluptuous body from his vantage point between her thighs. The black nylons ended halfway up her thighs in a dark band of intricate lace embroidery, transitioning into the soft, white skin of her thighs and hips beyond. A cute little tuft of pubic hair pointed the way to the entrance of her vagina, partially obscured by the gentle curves of her thighs and the flush, full folds of her ripe vulva that pushed her labia together into a crooked little vertical smile. A hint of the wetness within was glistening on the inner edges of her pussy lips.

As he looked past her pussy he could see Nikki gently squeezing and pinching her nipples. When he stood and looked down at her, Nikki stared piercingly into his eyes and started softly panting. She spread her legs open while reaching out to him, thinking he was about to fuck her.

Bryan chuckled. How ironic seeing her this way after lusting for her for so long. "You enjoy'n Dr. P's juice, Nikki?"

He reached down and gripped her hips between his large, black hands. Lowering his head to within inches of her pussy, he began softly blowing the delicate curly hairs on her pubic mound. The simple stimulation of his warm breath on her chiffony skin set off an unbridled firestorm of sensations exploding in Nikki's body. Electricity and heat raced each other through every nerve in her body, like a giant tsunami crashing against the constraints of her physical shell. Her body quivered and shook, making her cry out.

"AHHHHHH!" she gasped as she struggled to catch her breath.

Bryan laughed as he stood and watched her helplessly succumb to the reverberation of her flesh. Dr. P's joy juice was the perfect magic elixir. Women seemed to lose all their inhibitions and become slaves to the pleasures of their flesh. Dr. P claimed the juice didn't make people do anything they were unwilling to do; it just removed the shackles restraining their inner animal from doing what it wanted. The juice amplified and enhanced sensations, keeping them docile yet responsive for hours of enjoyment. And best of all, it blocked their memories. Ideal for the shows Bryan hosted. The juiced bitches always put on an extraordinary show and were never the wiser the next day.

"Does that feel good, Nikki?"

Nikki whimpered and moaned as her body continued to twitch with slowly diminishing spasms rocking her body. Nikki was reacting differently from the others. She seemed to be enjoying the juice more intensely.

"Come on, let's finish getting you ready. Stand up, Nikki." Bryan grabbed Nikki's wrists and pulled her semi-flaccid body to stand before him.

"Turn around."

Nikki reluctantly complied, wobbling as she turned. She tried to turn to face him, wanting him to



kiss her, but Bryan stopped her and grabbed the corset off the bed.

"Here... Put your arms through here. That's it... Good girl, Nikki..." Bryan had Nikki put her arms through the opening at the top of the corset so he could place the neck strap around her head and then wrap the under-bust waist cincher around her torso.

"Turn to me..."

Nikki turned and smiled, wrapping her arms around his neck and then pulling his mouth to hers. She passionately kissed him, darting her tongue in his mouth as she ground her furry pubic mound against the bulge in his slacks. She could feel Bryan's cock swelling against the material that separated their genitals, flaming her desire to be fucked. Nikki tried to pull him down to lie with her on the bed. She desperately wanted to feel his cock inside her.

"No, no, no... Stand up, Nikki." Bryan wrapped his massive hands around her waist, easily overpowering her and forcing her to remain standing.

"We need to finish getting you ready."

Bryan pulled the corset together, inserting the pin into the retaining box of the zipper and pulling the tab up the length of her abdomen and rib cage, coming to a stop between her breasts. He then buckled the three belt straps that crossed over the top of the zipper before adjusting the position of the straps around her breasts and neck. Her exposed, plump, full orbs were framed by the black leather straps and rested beautifully on the curved underwire of the corset.

"Stay standing, Nikki." Bryan sternly scolded as he reached behind her to grab a wrist cuff from the bed.

"Give me your wrist."

Nikki looked confused but willingly complied. She watched intently, trying to understand what he was doing as he wrapped her left wrist in the restraint and securely fastened the strap in the buckle.

"Now give me your other wrist."

With both wrist restraints securely in place, he brought her wrists together, then took the nickel-plated snap hook dangling from the D-ring on her right wrist cuff and fastened the free end to the D-ring on her left wrist. Befuddled, Nikki turned to look at the reflection of the woman standing next to Bryan in the mirror behind the bed. She was practically naked, her femininity on vulgar display and accentuated by the black adornments she now wore. Her round, firm butt, hips, pubic mound, and breasts were prominently exposed. She felt sexy and yet so vulnerable. Something was exciting but unsettling about how she looked that she couldn't quite comprehend.

"There! Let me see how you look..." Bryan leaned back to get a better view of his handy work, then turned to look at her in the mirror.

"Not bad, Nikki, not bad at all... You're not as young as the other girls, but you'll do just fine. Come on, let's go. Follow me, Nikki."

Nikki was confused. What was Bryan saying? What other girls? Where was he taking her? She tried hard to think but couldn't focus. Thoughts came and went like passing clouds. It was far too easy to just relax and let her mind wallow in the physical sensations of her body.

Bryan grabbed the snap hook linking her wrists in his right hand, then opened the door before leading her out of the room. Nikki nervously looked around the confines of the now comfortably familiar room as she followed him through the doorway into the dimly lit hallway. She didn't want to leave but couldn't understand why. Where was he taking her? She wanted to flee but couldn't find the will to do so. She could hear people talking and laughing as they approached the door at the end of the hallway. Nikki made a meager attempt to pull away, to run back to the safety of the room they just left, but Bryan just increased his grip and gently tugged on the snap hook in his hand. Her wrists rose with his hand as her body jerked forward, and she followed him through the doorway into the ballroom.

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Chapter 8

Carol aimlessly strolled around the cavernous, dimly lit ballroom, surreptitiously sizing up the discrete clusters of people gathered while casually sipping her champagne from a crystal flute. She felt invisible, or at least safely anonymous, behind the veil of her elegantly bejeweled golden mask as she studied the odd disparate group assembled. They were an interesting collection of over a dozen eclectic characters scattered about into several small clique groups garnished with a couple of lone wolves milling about the room. Her accounting did not include the bartender, the scantily clad cocktail waitress, the two muscular men wearing gold bikini briefs setting up the bondage bench at the center of the stage, nor the man she heard them call Henry talking with Dave. Henry apparently was the ringmaster in charge of coordinating tonight's spectacle.

Carol was practically giddy with anticipation. Dave had been unusually secretive about tonight. The mysterious limo ride to a discrete destination. Masks adorned the faces of most guests, the bartender, and the waitress, like a cabaret masquerade party. A small, well-lit stage with a prominent bondage bench of some sort at the center. The suspense was killing her. Dave had taken her to private BDSM shows before, but nothing this elaborate.

As she strolled the room, she perceived an undeniable fetor of wealth, arrogance, and privilege swirling about the attendees. She cautiously peeked out of the corner of her mask to her right as she glided around a row of chairs near the stage. There stood four boorishly arrogant millennials who exuded old Southern money. They talked and laughed a bit too loud as they used vulgar profanities to taunt and challenge each other's masculinity with meaningless bravado.

Behind the millennials, away from the bright lights of the stage, almost hidden at the edge of the darkness enveloping the room, were three dark, exceedingly hairy, middle-aged, Middle Eastern men, all wearing sunglasses and ostentatiously laden in gold jewelry. They huddled together and engaged in an intense and animated conversation that required fast and explosive gestures with their hands. One of the men had a profoundly pockmarked complexion and a full, bushy mustache laced with kinky gray hairs under a bulbous nose. He kept disengaging from the conversation with his friends to nervously eye the other people in the room.

As she lowered her head and turned to move closer to the stage, she almost bumped into two Asian men in dark suits, button-down shirts, and ties who were scrutinizing her every move. One was a short, paunchy man sweating profusely, dabbing his forehead and upper lip with a white handkerchief. His compadre was a skinny, jittery man with slicked-back hair. Both Asian gentlemen had chosen simple black Kato masks to protect their anonymity. The slender, uneasy man squinted hard at Carol as she deftly adjusted her stride and swiftly moved around them.

A tall, silver-haired, bearded man wearing glasses with gradient smoked lenses paced back and

forth, chain-smoking cigarettes, near the back of the stage. Carol thought he must be European, possibly Dutch or German, because of the pack of Atis cigarettes he repeatedly retrieved from the breast pocket of his sports coat. The other lone wolf was a curious, disheveled little Indian or Pakistani man with a bad comb-over wearing a polyester suit. He had stopped wandering randomly around the room and was now sitting in a chair near the stage, nervously bouncing his right leg on the ball of his foot rapidly. Carol noted how out-of-place he seemed from everyone else in the room as he watched the men on stage impatiently.

The only other woman in the room was an alluring, young, black woman in an emerald and gold mask wearing an iridescent, long-sleeved green sequin dress that twinkled with tiny sparks of light as she laughed and moved. She was in the company of three strapping black men who Carol thought could easily be professional athletes, possibly football players. The black woman's brash demeanor and overtly suggestive remarks to her male companions led Carol to believe she was probably a paid escort.

As Carol studied them, she noticed one of the men in their little entourage wore an unsettling, evil-looking blood-red devil mask with black accents to highlight an implied gaunt face and short, protruding horns. She thought this was slightly peculiar since the other two men in her company wore plain Lone Ranger-style masks like those worn by the staff. An unexpected chill ran up Carol's spine when the man wearing the devil mask suddenly turned sharply to glance at her, meeting her gaze with a cold stare. Carol wasn't frightened easily, but the sight of his dark pupils in tiny pools of white peering out at her from the depths of his intimidating facade justifiably disturbed her. She quickly averted her eyes and pretended to nonchalantly continue her stroll unfazed in the false twilight of the ballroom.

Carol changed course once again and silently floated back to the security and safety of the penumbra of her paramour. She knew she had nothing to fear and no harm would come to her if she was by Dave's side. She smiled seductively as she drew closer while he continued his robust conversation with Henry. Dave was easily the elder statesman in the room, but she thought he was by far the most handsome. He looked confident, relaxed, and dashing in his charcoal Armani suit and white open-collar Oxford shirt. The intriguing and mysterious but simple black Lone Ranger-style mask he wore complimented his beautiful gray hair. As she approached the two men, she noticed Dave discreetly pass a small cache of folded bills to Henry. She knew better than to interrupt Dave when he was conducting business, so she stopped to stand a respectful distance behind him on his right side, then began casually watching the men on stage and sipping her champagne.

Carol hadn't stood there long when Dave turned to see her behind him.

"Ah, there she is." He smiled at her and raised his glass, signaling his invitation for her to join their little cadre. Carol turned to face the two men with a mirrored smile before stepping closer. Henry ran his eyes over her slinky body as she moved toward them, then smiled back and turned to Dave.

"Very good, Sir. I'll take care of it. Now, if you'll excuse me." Henry bowed his head ever so slightly, took two steps back, then walked over and began talking with the group of Middle Eastern men.

Carol's smile deformed into a pensive smirk as she stepped closer to his side while taking another sip of her champagne. She knew better than to inquire into his business, but she was becoming edgy with each passing minute. Dave hadn't shared much with Carol about tonight except that he had a very special surprise for her. He'd explicitly instructed her to be ready to go out on Thursday night and what she was to wear, but where they were going was a mystery. She was to wear the sexy new dress he liked so much on her. She knew he was talking about the deep V-neck, berry-colored dress with the midriff black faux leather panel wrap. He liked how the dress showed off her striking figure

and ample cleavage. He also instructed her to wear her sexiest black lingerie and be ready for anything. Her heart raced a little when he told her to be prepared for anything because she knew from past experience that when he said anything, he meant anything. As she watched the men on stage make their final adjustments to the bench, she couldn't help but wonder if she was to be the sacrificial lamb of tonight's performance? Was this Dave's latest adventure for her? Did Dave remember he had not given her a safe word?

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## Chapter 9

Carol stepped closer to Dave as she watched Henry walk away. When she was sure she wouldn't be overheard, she turned to look at him cocking her head slightly to look up into Dave's steel-gray eyes. Licking her pursed lips, she summoned the courage to ask the question she'd been afraid to ask all night but now desperately needed to hear him answer.

"So? ... What's up? ... When are you going to let me know what's happening here tonight?" she said in a voice barely above a whisper, her eyes rapidly shifting from side to side as she scanned his rugged face while keeping a wary eye on the rest of the room. She nervously bit her lower lip, her pearly white teeth gently pressed into the glossy, blood-red coating on her luscious lip as she anxiously awaited an answer. The subtle tremors in her voice combined with her unique tell of biting her lower lip signaled her nervousness to him. A nefarious sparkle gleamed in Dave's eyes as his face beamed with the infamous, lecherous grin she knew only too well signaled his perverse desires were at hand.

"Are you nervous?" he asked.

"No... Why? Should I be?" she retorted with mock indifference. He knew she was lying.

Dave's smile deepened as he stared back into her beautiful ice-blue eyes. "Relax. You have nothing to worry about, Gorgeous. Tonight, we're spectators to something I hope you enjoy as much as I do."

His words brought her a modicum of solace. Dave had remained coy all week about where he was taking her. She was sure he was planning another of his little escapades for her. Still, he was being more secretive than usual, making her nervous. Usually, he'd tease her with little hints or make sly innuendos about his plans to titillate her. But this week, he'd remained uncharacteristically silent. She knew no harm would ever come to her; he always respected her hard limits and rewarded her with beautifully tender and loving aftercare. But she also knew he relished unabashedly exploring the physical and emotional bounds of her sexuality. Sometimes, the road to heaven was through the gates of hell or at least purgatory, he'd tell her. She had no regrets. Over their seventeen years together, he'd always been an insatiable lover with a voracious yet discriminating sexual appetite, always challenging her limits and constantly surprising her with new erotic adventures. His satyriasis had ruined his first two marriages. But his sex obsession was the very characteristic that drew her to him and bound them together in their symbiotic, physical relationship. They were like the proverbial moth and flame, she the curious moth forever lured to the light and heat of his consuming fire.

Nikki nervously looked around the large, cavernous ballroom as Bryan led her through the semi-darkness toward the bright lights at the other end of the room. The massive space was mostly empty except for a platform awash in bright lights surrounded by a few chairs on three sides and a portable bar with a bartender more than a dozen feet off to one side. People were milling about near the platform or sitting in chairs, laughing and mingling as if some type of party was happening. She

groggily surveyed the room, trying to understand where she was. The vast space was mostly empty, and the walls were covered from floor to ceiling with heavy dark burgundy ruffled drapes that swallowed the room's light and sounds. There were no echoes or reverberant sounds. Discreetly placed sconces on the dark walls glowed with soft, amber light, providing just enough ambient lighting for the comfort and convenience of the guests without distracting from the central focus of the stage ablaze in light.

As Bryan led her through the shadows, she looked up to see faint sparkles of light reflecting off an old disco mirror ball hanging from the center of the ceiling. She smiled and thought how pretty it looked as the globe glimmered in the dark expanse above her head. The air in the room felt chilly on Nikki's bare skin, making her areolas constrict and her nipples erect; tiny goosebumps formed on her arms and breasts as she was pulled practically naked through the room. The contrast of the cool air flowing over her breasts and thighs, while heated by the strange warmth glowing within her, was unusually exhilarating.

"Come on, Nikki, keep moving," Bryan commanded as he gently tugged the snap hook connected to her wrist cuffs. Nikki's head lightly jerked back as Bryan pulled her forward, and she hesitantly continued to follow him toward the platform.

As they approached the circle of light raining down from above that illuminated the platform, she could start to make out the small clusters of people talking and laughing. The scattered groups seemed idly biding their time as if waiting for something to begin. The crowd was mostly men, but a couple of women were also in the group. Their presence oddly made her uncomfortable and self-conscious. Everyone was smartly dressed as if they were attending a posh cocktail party. Both women and most of the men wore masks; some were elegantly decorated Colombina masks. Panic swelled in Nikki as they moved ever closer to the crowd. This was like some horrible dream where she was the only person naked at a party.

That's it. She thought that's what this was; it was just a horrible dream. She prayed to be invisible but suddenly realized the clicking of her stiletto heels on the floor's hard surface betrayed her presence and signaled her arrival to the crowd of people. She watched in horror as, one after another, the people abruptly stopped their conversations and turned to look in her direction as she and Bryan emerged from the shadows into the light. Bryan yanked on her wrist restraints yet again, pulling her forward, ever closer to what she now understood was a stage.

As Carol continued to study his face, a new sound pierced the air: the sharp, distinctive click-clack sound of high heels impacting the hard ballroom floor. The piercing sound slowly spread through the crowd gathered around the stage, like ripples in a pond. The noise caught their attention one by one and caused them to stop talking mid-sentence to pause and listen. Everyone touched by the sound began turning their heads, searching for the source of the noise originating from somewhere in the darkness. The familiar metronome click-clack associated with a female walking in heels grew louder as two figures began to slowly coalesce from the shadows in the direction of the glowing red exit sign floating in the dark above an unseen door at the far end of the room. After several anxious moments, a large, handsome black man wearing a white dress shirt and khaki slacks broke through the darkness into the outer recesses of the circle of light. Following close behind him was the source of the click-clack noise, a pretty woman provocatively dressed and essentially naked. The black man pulled the woman by wrist restraints fastened to her outstretched arms. Carol felt an erotic tingle as she noticed the woman was shackled in heavy black leather restraint cuffs at her wrists and ankles. She wore only a black leather corset, thigh-high nylons, and black stiletto high heels that continued to snap against the floor as she walked. The meager corset embracing her midriff left her shoulders, breasts, hips, and butt exposed for all to see. The black apparel contrasted beautifully with her bare white skin to accentuate the soft curves of her abdomen, as well as highlighting her neatly trimmed

bush as it curved over her mons pubis to flow down into the crevasse between her thighs. Carol thought the woman appeared drunk or high from how her head bobbed and swayed as the black man pulled her along.

Carol was struck by a sudden lightning bolt of giddiness as she watched the woman being paraded around the stage. A sense of relief mixed with disappointment filled her as the emotional tension that had been building all week was finally released. She nervously giggled and started to shake with anticipation. She looked around at the men in the room as they watched the sack fodder being paraded around the stage, watching them transmogrify into rude, testosterone-driven male animals presented with fresh meat. She was a little embarrassed to think she was as excited as the men around her to see what they had planned for this pretty woman.

Nikki looked to her right to see two men up on the stage, bending and adjusting the height of a bench at the center of the platform. Both men were naked except for their identical skin-tight, form-fitting gold bikini briefs. One of the men on stage was light-brown-skinned and fairly ordinary, but it was the other man who instantly commanded Nikki's attention. He was a fantastic hunk of masculinity, standing well over six feet with a short blonde crew cut. He was an ugly man; his rough, brutish features terrified her. While she feared him, she couldn't look away. She became mesmerized by the sight of his beautifully sculpted and chiseled physique as he moved and flexed on stage. When he stood upright, Nikki had to catch her breath. She saw the conspicuous bulge in his briefs. The tight-fitting garment left little to her imagination of the large, fat cock concealed within. An uncontrolled, anxious yearning abruptly ignited in her loins. She could feel her clitoris throbbing as her addled brain was suddenly consumed with images of his hard cock. Bryan jerked on the snap hook linking her wrists, breaking her concentration and forcing her to continue moving forward.

When Bryan reached the small ramp at the back of the platform, he decided to not take the ramp just yet but would parade Nikki around the outer edge of the stage. He sensed awe in the group and their interest in getting a good look at tonight's star before strapping her down to the bench. He guided her through the space that acted as a tiny moat between the chairs and the stage, parading her like the spoils of war before the audience for their review before her big performance. She felt so vulnerable and exposed, but their wanton stares also inexplicably excited her inner demons as they fed her yearning to be desired; she could feel the dampness building on her inner labia as her thighs lightly brushed against each other as she walked. The crowd's voices mixed into a weird jumble of sounds and murmurs. Most of their words were barely comprehensible, but she could hear some of their lewd comments as she passed them.

"No shit! That's the bitch who's gettin' it? ... Hey, hey, check her out... Look at the sweet fuckin' ass on that bitch! ... No, fucking way... Look, look... Jeez, this is going to be fuckin' great!" Those were just the sounds she could understand. She thought some of the other voices were in foreign languages.

"Oh, God, why are you doing this, Bryan?" she thought as she walked steadily behind him.

Carol thought it was curious that the three black athletic men in the crowd seemed to know the black man and the woman he was promenading around the stage. Yet they appeared to be surprised to see the woman here. Their comments were a strange combination of crude humor and irony personally directed at the woman as she staggered past them. The black woman with them joined in their revelry as she shouted vile racial slurs at the woman.

"Look at that fuckin', white hoe, cracker, bitch! Do you boys like that? Shit! That's just nasty. Ugly bitch like that. I hope he messes her up good... Teach that cock-teasin' cracker bitch."

The Middle Eastern and Asian men all stepped closer to get a good look at the woman as she passed by their section of the stage. The two Asian men stood silent as they ran their lustful eyes over the woman. The fat man licked his lips as he continued to dab at the sweat running down his rotund face with his damp white handkerchief and devoured the woman's flesh with his eyes. The three Middle Eastern men pointed and whispered to each other in hushed tones interspersed with raucous laughter. Carol couldn't understand what they were saying to each other. They reminded her of merchants at a bazaar negotiating a deal she'd seen once in a movie.

The millennials were by far the most vocal and outrageous in their crude, cruel comments. They seemed disappointed that the woman wasn't younger. Carol guessed the woman was in her late twenties or early thirties and looked really good for her age. While she probably had been quite a beauty in her younger years, she was still a beautiful woman. Carol was glad she wasn't the one who was naked in front of these ungrateful assholes.

As she watched the black man completing his stroll around the stage with his prey and seeing them rise as he led her up the ramp, Carol couldn't help feeling that everyone here understood what was about to happen to this woman tonight except her. Everyone was in on some special secret she wasn't privy to. As she watched the woman being led to the bench, she thought she saw a look bereft of comprehension on the woman's vacant face. Did she know what they were doing to her? Did she know what they had in store for her? Or was she just as ignorant about what was to happen as Carol?

Carol leaned in to whisper to Dave. "What are they going to do to her?"

"Be patient. It's a surprise. You'll see soon enough." There was that lecherous grin again.

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Chapter 10

The stage Nikki walked on was not original to the old ballroom. The 16' diameter circular wooden platform rose approximately 18" off the floor and was set up on the edge of where the now-gutted original band stage once stood and jutted out of the old alcove into the room. The special stage seemed small and out of place in its large space. While the platform wasn't original to the ballroom, it wasn't new. It looked worn and used, evidenced by the scratches and stains that covered its surface. A small ramp ran along the backside to provide access to the stage. Nikki squinted as she looked up to see a myriad of lights attached to an elaborate labyrinth of theater truss supports suspended from the ceiling directly over her head. A ring of mirrors alternating with flat-screen monitors hung like a halo above the platform. The monitors were blank, but the mirrors were strategically positioned and angled to provide multiple stage views. As Bryan pulled Nikki toward the center of the stage, she noticed a glint coming from one of the many shiny metal loops and rings attached to a curious tangle of black metal bars with black padded surfaces rising from the center of the platform. Her addled brain wrestled with the sight, trying to comprehend the purpose of the oddly shaped piece of furniture that looked like a strange exercise bench to her. Bryan aggressively ushered her around the bench to stand with him at the end that faced the center of the semi-circle of chairs for the audience. Nikki still didn't comprehend the stage prop she was approaching, which was an adjustable Y-frame bondage bench on which she would soon be confined and splayed while she was used for the entertainment of these people over the next several hours.

Bryan pulled her around the bench, then stopped and turned to face Nikki, raising her wrists to unfasten the snap hook that kept her wrists together. She peered into his face, trying to fathom what was happening. She desperately wanted to say something but couldn't find the words. With her

hands separated, she let them fall to hang limply at her sides as Bryan turned her body to face the bench. He stood behind her and guided her to stand at the vertex where the three limbs of the contraption met.

"Lie down on the bench, Nikki." Bryan somberly commanded.

A confused expression graced Nikki's face as she looked at the bench before her, trying to grasp what he wanted her to do. She stood at the aperture of the inverted "Y," thinking the central limb of the bench was barely large enough for her to lie on. The small black padded surface extending away from her was maybe a foot wide and a couple of feet long, with two narrower but longer padded limbs extending out behind her from either side of her hips.

Nikki looked over her shoulder at Bryan with a sorrowful, pleading expression, silently begging him to not make her do this. She groggily turned her head to look to her left to see the semi-clad, ordinary man, then to her right to see the huge, ugly man, also semi-clad. She was trapped. There was nowhere to run, even if she could. Bryan and the two men were all sternly staring at her, intently watching her every move, waiting for her to comply with Bryan's command. Beyond the bright lights of the stage, she could barely make out their faces, but she could feel the people pointing and ogling at her from the shadows that obscured the details of their faces.

"Oh God, I'm going to be fucked in front of all these people..." Nikki finally constructed a coherent thought in a fleeting moment of sobering fear. She looked down at the silhouettes of the people surrounding the stage. "Is this the kind of club Bryan ran? Live sex shows? Oh, God... Who's going to be fucking me? Bryan? The ugly bastard? Are they all going to fuck me? Oh, God... Fucking James! This is his fault. If he wasn't out of town, I wouldn't have gone out with Bryan... Shit, shit, shit..."

Nikki's plans for a fun evening of cock teasing were now a long-lost memory. Panic filled her as she began conjuring up vivid pornographic images of what could soon happen to her. They frightened yet inexplicably excited her. She pictured herself being wildly fucked by the ugly bastard standing next to her for the demented pleasure of these people. Maybe both of the men on stage were going to fuck her. What about Bryan? Was he going to fuck her too? Her body tingled uncontrollably with a yearning at the anticipation of all of them fucking her. The thought of feeling copious amounts of beautiful, warm sperm filling her and being sprayed on her face and body. Images of naked men stroking their cocks and fucking her while these people watched made her quiver with a sick desire. She couldn't explain why, but she craved to have them all use her body, to feel their hands running over her skin and their cocks throbbing inside her as they shot their beautiful sperm in her cunt. Her horny mind envisioned the muscular, ugly bastard next to her rapidly pounding his massive cock into her cunt over and over again, his firm flesh smacking hard against her ass as he savagely pumped his cock deep inside her.

"Oh my God, why do I keep having these filthy thoughts?" she wondered. "What has Bryan done to me?"

"Come on, Nikki. Hurry up! Lay down on the bench. Everybody's waiting." Bryan said more forcefully, his harsh words bringing her back to the moment.

She looked into Bryan's eyes again, searching for something to say. She couldn't find the words to ask him why but also knew anything she said would be meaningless. She lowered her head and reached out to steady herself as she leaned forward to lower her body to lie face down on the bench. Her torso just fit on the bench, running from her collarbone down to the top of her hips, leaving her neck and head unsupported on top and her crotch exposed below. The padded surface was slightly inclined, so her head was slightly lower than her butt. This increased her sense of disorientation.

The pad's surface felt cold on her exposed skin but quickly warmed with the heat of her body. The pad pressed against the center of her chest and pushed her breasts to flow over its sides. She then felt her legs simultaneously being lifted by strong, muscular hands as the two stagehands grabbed her ankles and shins, spreading her open and exposing her sex as they placed her legs on the limbs of the bench behind her. The rough, callous hands of the ugly man caught and snagged on the surface of her nylons as he ran his wretched hands over her right leg. She could feel the men fastening her ankles to their respective limbs of the bench as they pulled and tugged her spread legs into position. The two men then moved to stand on either side of her body.

Nikki's head and arms were dangling over the end of the bench. Her hair hung down, hiding her face. She felt like she was about to slide over the edge if it wasn't for the bend in the bench at her hips and the restraints holding her ankles. Bryan chuckled as he walked around to Nikki's head and watched her trying in vain to steady herself by raising her shoulders and holding on to the post supporting the bench.

"Here, let me help you out, baby girl," he said as he squatted in front of her.

Bryan reached out to pull a padded armrest up into position from the post and locked it into place with a sharp "click." He lifted Nikki's forearm to lie on the padded surface before attaching her wrist restraint to the metal loop at the end of the armrest. He then pulled the matching armrest on the other side into place and set her left forearm in place before fastening her left wrist restraint to it. The armrests were about 12" below her shoulders. Nikki could now support her upper body some and lift her shoulders off the bench slightly. Still, there was no doubt in her mind that she was confined to the bench, her legs spread open with her pussy fully exposed. She was at their mercy to be used however they wanted for as long as they wanted. Nikki hung her head in despair, covering her face from the people in the room under the pretty brown hair that hung down like a curtain around her head.

Bryan reached out to gently lift her chin between his thumb and forefinger. Looking deep into her glassy brown eyes, he tenderly brushed the hair away from her face and caressed her cheek with his hand.

"Just relax and enjoy tonight, baby girl. Hercules is going to luv fuckin' you. Who knows, you might enjoy it too, considerin' the bitch you are. Won't matter, though. Tomorrow, you won't even remember what happened." He smirked, then stood and walked out of her field of view.

What did he mean by that? What were they going to do to her? Why wouldn't she remember? Almost as quickly as these thoughts came to her, they disappeared from her mind as her body once again flooded her brain with physical sensations to consume her thoughts. As she lay prone and prostrate with her sex on full display, her mind floated in the euphoric sea created by the endorphins exploding in her brain. The warmth radiating in her breasts and pussy sent electric waves racing through her body again. God, she was horny. She just wished someone would come and fuck her. She yearned to have someone use her body to release the pent-up energy raging inside her. Who the fuck is Hercules? Nikki raised her head and turned to look at the ugly bodybuilder guy. Is he Hercules? Is he the bastard who's going to fuck her? If they wanted to see her being fucked then bring him on. The bulge in his briefs hinted at a nice, big cock, and her body was craving what he had. Her pussy tingled at the thought of him sliding his penis inside her and filling her pussy. She didn't care anymore who was watching; she just wanted to be fucked. What choice did she have? So, what the hell, just do it! Fuck her! Nikki licked her lips and slowly rocked her hips as she softly moaned, waiting for Hercules or whoever to come fuck her. She raised her head and noticed her reflection in the mirrors above. The thought of all these people watching her being fucked was kind of exciting.

Carol stood with her left arm across her chest just below her breasts, holding herself tight while continuing to savor her champagne. Watching them strap the woman down to the bondage bench was more thrilling than she'd imagined. Seeing the two burly, almost naked men lifting her legs and spreading her open to lie on the bench made Carol flush. She thought the champagne was starting to get to her as her heart pounded faster, followed by a warm glow radiating her face. From this vantage point, all Carol could see of the woman were the soles of her new shoes and her black sheer nylons leading to the twin smooth, round mounds of her butt. The plump curves of her butt met, then split in the middle and parted to show her tight brown sphincter puckering just above a glistening, pink vagina peeking out from between the folds of her distended labia and vulva. The woman was obviously very excited. My God, she thought, how erotic for us yet embarrassing for her to be splayed so publicly for all these perverts to ogle.

Carol watched attentively while the men on stage attached the restraints on the woman's wrists and ankles to the bench. She thought she saw some hesitation in the woman as she paused to look at her captors before slowly lowering herself to lie on the bench. "Was she having last-minute second thoughts?" Carol wondered. Her resistance was brief and fleeting as she now was just lying there, softly moaning and ever so slowly rocking her hips and clenching her butt cheeks. She seemed to be resigned to her upcoming fate. The scene beginning to unfold before Carol was becoming surreal: the elaborate stage with its production-quality lighting, the pretty woman strapped to the bench, and the eclectic audience. Carol was becoming more excited with each passing moment as perverse thoughts of what they would do with this pretty woman raced through her mind. She was obviously going to be fucked, but this was far too elaborate of a preamble just for an old fashion fuck. What were they planning on doing to her? Whipping? Gangbang? A BDSM exhibition? Considering the deliciously deviant possibilities, Carol found herself getting uncomfortably wetter by the minute.

Dave looked over at Carol to see her mesmerized by the activities taking place on stage. He could see she was lost in her thoughts as she lightly chewed on her bottom lip. Her erect nipples were now becoming visible through the material of her dress, one of the many reasons he loved this dress on her.

She didn't notice him move as he bent down to whisper in her ear until she felt his hot breath and heard his voice. "Do you like what you see, Sweetheart?"

"Huh? What?" she replied, somewhat startled as he pulled her back from the storm of her own wicked thoughts.

"I said, do you like what you see?"

Carol turned to look at Dave and started panting softly, catching her breath as if she had momentarily forgotten to breathe. "God, yes. This is so exciting... I'm so wet right now... What are they going to do to her?"

"Be patient. I don't want to spoil the surprise."

"No! Tell me! I want to know. Please." She pleaded, begging him to divulge the secret.

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## Chapter 11

An almost eerie silence had fallen over the room as all eyes intently watched Bryan and the two men on the stage prepare Nikki for the depraved spectacle everyone eagerly awaited to begin. The tension in the room was palpable as the air buzzed with quiet whispers and faint murmurs in a

twisted form of reverence to the preparation ceremony being conducted. Bryan was stoic as he stood up and looked down at the woman he once coveted above all else, pleased his devious plan to extract retribution on the bitch was going so well. Whatever he once felt for her had gone stone cold inside him. Tonight would be atonement for all the years she had teased, tormented, and emasculated him to feed her sadistic little whims. She was a cock teasing bitch who would soon experience being Hercules's bitch in the true sense of the word.

Bryan walked to the edge of the stage and motioned to Henry. He saw Bryan's subtle hand gesture out of the corner of his eye, then excused himself from his conversation with a small group of guests and walked over to the stage.

"Did you check out the cameras? Everythin' good?"

"Yeah, everything's ready. I checked 'em all myself. I started 'em recording just before the first guests arrived. We're good." Henry assured him.

"Good. Turn on the monitors." Henry pulled out his phone, ran his thumb over the surface, and tapped the screen. Suddenly, the monitors above the stage came to life. They all had the same image, a view looking up from the base of the bondage bench to Nikki's pussy hanging over the edge of the bench. Her flush, swollen vulva was on full display for everyone to see.

Bryan looked around the ring at monitors and approved. "Great. Where's the shield?"

"Right here with the lube." Henry bent down to retrieve the odd, soft silicone sleeve and a bottle of lubricant from the floor next to the stage. He handed them along with a hand towel to Bryan. "You sure you want to use the shield? You know how it frustrates the shit outa him."

Bryan smirked, "Yeah, but it'll make him twice as ornery when we take it off and let him finally go full bore on her pussy." Bryan paused momentarily and grinned as he remembered the last time they used the shield on Hercules and how aggressively he fucked the bitch once the shield was taken off. "Fuck yeah, I want to use the shield on him," he thought.

"Whatever you say, boss. You ready for 'em to bring him in?"

"Yeah, let's bring him in and start this thing."

Henry looked up at the ugly blond-haired brute on stage, "Hey, Arseniy! It's time. Go get him."

Arseniy nodded, walked to the back of the stage, down the ramp, and headed off to disappear in the darkness along the back wall of the alcove. Shortly after he disappeared from view, there was the frenzied sound of dogs barking, followed by a brief wave of cool evening air that briefly flowed in to mix with the humid, stale air in the room as an unseen door was opened and then slammed closed.

Nikki toiled against her bonds. She lifted her head, squinting to see in the dark shadows, curious to locate the source of the new noise. But as quickly as the sound had invaded the room, it dissipated and then faded as it merged with the chatter of the crowd in the room. She slowly lowered her head and tried resisting the seductive influence of her chemically induced rapture only to confirm she was no match for the fiendish demons in her brain amusing themselves as they tormented her by amplifying and mixing the sensual sensations sent from her flesh. Her body shivered with small tremors that she could only describe as being on the maddening edge of a million tiny orgasms without release or satisfaction. Relentless waves of physical pleasure wantonly toyed with her body and clouded her mind.

Bryan stood and turned to face the crowd.

"Okay, everyone... Hey! Listen up. We're about ready to start." He paused to make sure he had their attention.

"Y'all ready to see snotty little Miss Hot Ass here get fucked by Hercules?" A spirited chorus of reserved cheers went up from the small crowd, including an enthusiastic "fuck, yeah" from one of the millennials.

"Yeah, I thought so." Bryan smiled at the nervous laughter from the crowd. "Okay, most of you know me as Showman Bryan. Y'all been told 'bout the rules of the club and agreed to abide by 'em. You violate the rules, and you're done. You're gone. You'll be promptly removed from the premises and permanently banned from the club. No exceptions. Y'all paid a lot of money to be here tonight; don't spoil it by doin' somethin' stupid. There are no refunds. Follow directions from Henry and me, and you'll get what you came to see. There won't be no problems, right?"

He slowly surveyed the crowd as he let the impact of his words sink in.

"Alright! Well, let's get Hercules in here and watch him fuck this bitch. What do you say?"

Another modest chorus of "yeah" and catcalls sprang from the audience. Nikki heard Bryan's words and felt an uncontrollable quiver emanating from the pit of her stomach. She felt as if her body had a mind of its own as a chorus of tiny voices screamed their desire to be fucked, to feel a hard, stiff cock rammed deep in her cunt. It'd been a while since James had made love to her. She longed for the sublime feeling of warm sperm spewing from a throbbing cock erupting deep inside her vagin. She was sure it would be the spark she needed to trigger the release of the elusive orgasm she so desperately craved right now. God, she wished she could touch herself.

Nikki struggled in vain against her bonds as she gently rocked her hips, hoping to rub her pussy against something, anything that would help her scratch the itch burning in her pulsating clitoris. She whimpered in frustration as her crotch moved in the open void at the vertex of the bench, unable to feel anything but the warmth from the bright lights above on her exposed skin.

Carol felt uneasy listening to Bryan on stage. Dave had never taken her to a BDSM sex show that explicitly reminded attendees of the rules. What kind of show had Dave brought her to see? She felt like an unwitting accomplice making a pact with the devil by conceding her compliance with her silence. She didn't know what they had planned for this poor woman, but her perverse curiosity wanted to see what would happen more than anything now.

Before she could ask Dave who Hercules was, she heard the chaotic sound of a pack of dogs barking wildly, riding on the wave of a second cool breeze that swept through the room. A door closed again somewhere behind the stage, shutting out the night air and once again abruptly silencing the wild animals. Just as Bryan and the woman had formed in the shadows behind them, Carol turned to watch as two figures appeared from the shadows behind the stage, heading for the platform. Her eyes grew wide as a soft gasp escaped her lips when she saw the magnificent beast straining against his leash as he pulled the muscular blond-haired man in the golden bikini briefs back into the room.

Carol now understood what would happen tonight to the pretty woman bound to the bench on stage. She turned to look at Dave; even behind her mask, he could easily see the look of wide-eyed disbelief on her face.

"Oh, my God! Is that dog going to do what I think he's going to do?" she said in a breathless whisper.

A broad, almost sinister, smile formed on Dave's face. "I don't know. What do you think he's going to do?"

Nikki heard the chaotic sounds of a pack of dogs wildly barking again. She raised her head, searching for the origin of the noise that seemed so out of place, but just like before, the sound was gone as quickly as it had come. As she searched for the source of the commotion, her eyes unexpectedly saw someone or something moving in the shadows along the back wall. A large dark shape came closer to the stage until she finally recognized the ugly brute man they called Hercules. It was strange for her to admit, but she hoped he was finally coming to fuck her.

But there was something curious about his shadow. He wasn't alone. Someone was with him. No... no... not someone, something. Something enormous was walking just in front of him. Nikki squinted her eyes and tried to focus on the blurred, murky shape moving just ahead of the ugly man. As they approached the stage, more light slowly shone on them until she suddenly recognized the large black dog straining against his leash, pulling the ugly man along. A shiny chrome chain leash that bound the dog to the man was wrapped tight around his right forearm, his arm bent and flexed, displaying his incredibly muscular bicep as he strained to keep the anxious beast under control.

Nikki thought Hercules was possibly the ugliest man she'd ever seen, but she was on the verge of swooning as she watched his beautiful physique in motion as he restrained the dog. Nikki began a slow, steady panting as she watched the two magnificent creatures walking toward the stage. Both Hercules and his massive dog were ripped and toned. Nikki naively thought, "What a beautiful dog," as she tilted her head and smiled. The big coal-black Great Dane with pointed ears and a snow-white patch on his broad chest looked majestic. Something about his body's firm, rippling muscles as he flexed and strained against his handler made her body tingle.

"Ah, here he is now," Bryan said to the audience. "Isn't he a magnificent beast? Let 'em get a good look at him before he fucks this bitch."

A fresh round of excited whispers and murmurs erupted from the crowd as they watched the big dog approach the stage. Hercules seemed anxious to begin the show as he knowingly headed straight for the ramp before Arseniy steered him away and forced him to parade around the stage's perimeter for the audience's review, just as Bryan had done only moments before with Nikki. The crowd ravenously devoured the magnificently chiseled features of the enormous beast as he proudly strutted around the stage with his head held high. Hercules kept turning his large head to look at the bitch on stage, flaring his nostrils as he took in her scent.

Carol watched as the dog and his handler began walking around the stage, coming ever closer to where she and Dave stood. Carol studied the huge male dog with renewed interest and wonder as he strutted within inches of her. The thought of a dog copulating with a woman had never seriously crossed her mind. Trepidation filled her as she heard him panting and snorting. She could smell his pungent breath as he passed. She nervously let her eyes glide over his sleek, sinewy curves until she eventually looked down. Her mouth gaped, watching his hairy sheath hanging down and swaying under his belly with a heft that denoted something substantial hidden within. She held her breath when she glimpsed the red tip of his fat penis, leisurely poking out of his sheath as it bobbed under his belly. She wasn't sure, but she thought a small, clear dollop had formed on the obscene tip. As he and his handler passed by to continue around the stage, she was able to take a wistful gander at the substantial, black scrotum sack suspended between his hind legs. Carol could clearly distinguish the two large, egg-shaped testicles cradled inside.

Carol looked up from the dog to the woman on the stage, lying with her legs spread open, her pussy exposed and vulnerable. The woman was naively moaning and rocking her hips.

Bryan smirked from his perch on stage. "See! The horny bitch can't wait for him to fuck her."

"Wow, look at that fucking slut! She does want him to fuck her... What a whore... Oh my God... Damn! I can't wait to see that bastard fuck her..." These were just a few of the comments Carol heard wafting from the crowd.

Carol turned to look at Dave again. "I... I think they're going to make him fuck her." She replied with a certain uneasiness in her voice.

Dave chuckled. "You think so? So, what do you think about that? Does it excite you?"

Before Carol could reply, Hercules had lifted his large head into the air, his nostrils flaring as he drank in and savored the pheromones emanating from the bitch on stage. He was tired of waiting. The glistening tip of his swelling penis extended a little further from its protective sheath. Then, in one explosive move, he rose up and turned intent on jumping up on the stage. Dave stepped in front of Carol to shield her from the ruckus as the man leading him around the stage struggled to get the aroused animal under control.

"No, Hercules! No! Get down! Down!" Arseniy sternly cried out as he pulled back hard on Hercules's leash. Hercules briefly struggled against him, a growl reverberating in his throat. He reluctantly complied with his handler and dropped to stand on all fours again. The man wrapped more of the dog's leash around his forearm to shorten the length, then increased his grip before jerking the chain to nudge the dog along to complete their stroll around the stage.

"Jeez! That's one helluva-spirited animal." Dave said with awkward glee. Turning back to look at Carol, he continued. "I don't think they're going to have to make him do anything. I'd say he's more than ready and willing to have a go at her!"

Nikki could not see the man and dog walking around the stage behind her when suddenly, there was a violent commotion with the dog. "Why was the dog even here?" she wondered. "Was he a guard dog? Or some kind of visual prop for the bodybuilder?" That's when she heard someone call out. "No, Hercules! No! Get down! Down!" as if they were commanding the dog.

"Hercules? That's not right. The dog isn't Hercules? No, no, no, that can't be. The ugly brute man is Hercules, right? Right? ... Oh, God, no..." Nikki's face went pale as the air rushed out of her lungs. Even her befuddled mind grasped the new reality of her situation. "It's the dog. The dog is Hercules!"

Nikki became nauseous, and her body went limp against her bonds as she suddenly realized Hercules was the large dog being led on the stage. Bryan said Hercules was going to fuck her while these people watched. The dog was going to fuck her while these people watched, "Oh, God no! He was going to let the dog fuck her. No, no, no! Oh, God! Is it even possible? Can a dog fuck a woman?" Nikki briefly fought valiantly against her bonds from her drug-induced haze before falling limp and quietly whimpering as she reluctantly surrendered to her bonds. The audience couldn't hear her paltry cries. Some even mistook her meager thrashing as renewed enthusiasm beckoning the beast to come fuck her. She'd never felt so helpless or vulnerable in her entire life.

Nikki lifted her head and watched Arseniy lead Hercules up the ramp and onto the stage. Her body quivered with every trembling breath as she studied the massive animal with a newfound curiosity borne of desperation and fear. She knew nothing about male dogs or the size of their penis. How big was his penis? All she could see was the thick, hairy sheath with a small, pointed, pink tip swaying underneath his belly as he was led by her and then out of her view. It looked kind of fat but didn't seem to be very long. She wondered what a hairy penis like that would feel like inside her. Nikki

became embarrassed that the thought of his hairy, little penis inside her made her a little wetter.

"Bring him around to her cunt, and we'll let 'em have a little taste of her sweet pussy before he fucks her." Bryan's crude words inexplicably excited Nikki. "Let 'im have a little taste of tonight's bitch."

Arseniy kept a firm grip on Hercules's collar as he led him up to Nikki's exposed pussy. Hercules inhaled the aroma of her sexual secretions, then stuck his snout into her vulva. Nikki's head rose sharply as she cried out and thrashed again against her restraints when his cold, wet nose touched her hot, moist flesh. Hercules's head jerked back in response to her sudden movement before lowering his snout back into her crotch to continue his exploration of her sex. Drool was forming on the jowls of the big dog's mouth as he salivated at the scent of this new bitch. He lashed out at her cunt with a lusty swipe of his long tongue, letting the rough surface run over her vulva and labia as his taste buds bathed in the flow of her juices. The scent and taste of this bitch excited him like nothing he'd ever experienced before. His heart pounded faster as something welled inside him that consumed him and ignited his desire to make her his. He licked her again, then again and again and again. His tongue was slapping her labia back and forth like a fallen boxer being mercilessly pummeled by an aggressive opponent.

With the first long lick of his tongue, Nikki screamed as her body became rigid; the fingers on both her hands hyperextended while her feet and toes curled tight, causing her stiletto pumps to fall to the stage. An orgasm exploded inside her and then reverberated through her entire body. A million tiny needles of pleasure and pain shot like fireworks bursting through her clitoris and nipples. She continued to pant, shake, cry out, and violently squirm as Hercules relentlessly assaulted her sensitive pussy with his masterful tongue. Stroke after stroke of his long tongue landed on her vulva and labia, bathing her sex in his disgusting slobber. Occasionally, his tongue would part her labia to fully expose her clitoris to his villainous oral attacks. His tongue could be dry and rough, or wet and slick as he persistently poked, prodded, and dragged the muscular organ from his mouth over her cunt. Several times, he cleverly snaked his tongue inside her vagina, then curled the tip to scoop up and taste her sweet nectar as he pulled his tongue out of her. She repeatedly begged them to make him stop as she fought against the restraints that confined her, forcing her to endure the heaven and hell of the endless incursions from his tongue. She was ashamed at the pleasure she enjoyed as he licked her sex.

The audience watched in stunned silence as they were captivated by the performance before them. Most of the men stared at Nikki with a fierce glare, relishing the spectacle of her flesh quivering with orgasms as the dog lapped at her cunt. Both women in the audience were noticeably intrigued and excited by the intensity of Nikki's response to Hercules's cunnilingus. Carol held Dave closer and stroked his cock through his pants as she stared transfixed at the dog and woman on stage.

Hercules suddenly stopped licking Nikki's pussy and stepped back from her spread thighs. Nikki cried out, then fell limp like a wet cloth draped over the bench. A sweaty sheen was now forming on her skin. Hercules paused momentarily, then tried to rise up to mount her, fighting against Arseniy's firm hold on his collar. A soft gasp could be heard coming from Carol as she saw the bright red tip of the dog's cock swelling larger and extending from the black hairy sheath under his belly, seeking the silky folds of the wet pussy before him. People close enough to the stage could see the little bursts of clear prostatic fluid starting to burst forth from the pointed nib on the end of his penis, ready to lubricate this bitch to take his swelling cock.

"Wow, I think she's got his attention," Carol heard Dave mutter to no one in particular. Everyone could clearly see the dog's hard cock expanding out the end of his sheath as Arseniy struggled to keep him from mounting her. Mark quickly moved in to help restrain Hercules before he could overpower Arseniy and take Nikki before they were ready.

Henry muttered to no one in particular, "God damn it! He's supposed to wait for the command."

"Yeah, but look around. They love it. Okay, let's get him ready to fuck her," Bryan said as the two men forcefully pulled the dog away from Nikki's crotch.

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Chapter 12

Dave turned to see Carol taking a seat. He could see she was fixated on the activities unfolding on stage. Smiling, he took the seat next to her.

Leaning in, he whispered in her ear. "Pretty hot, huh? Don't they make a lovely couple? Hmmm?"

Carol ignored him as she voraciously devoured every surreal detail of what was happening on stage. Other people were now taking seats around the stage to settle in and enjoy the erotic show.

"Look at him. Isn't he a handsome animal?" Dave continued to fan the flames he knew were burning in her loins. "Strong... Powerful... Look at that muscular body. Incredible... They're selected and trained specifically for these shows. He's done this before and knows exactly what to do. God damn... This should be good, don't you think? You see how big he is? Christ, wait until you see how big his cock is. I can't wait to see him mount her and plow that monster deep into her wet pussy. What do you think? Hmmm? Do you think he'll make a good lover?"

Carol bit her lower lip, refusing to divert her eyes from the stage. Her breathing was becoming faster and shallower as Dave fiendishly taunted her. She was amazed at how enthusiastically the dog licked the woman's pussy. She'd paid little attention to the dog's tongue when he was paraded around the stage as he panted and his tongue fluttered between his pointed white teeth. But once he started licking the woman on stage, she became mesmerized by the length and malleability of his wicked tool and the pleasure the woman seemed to receive. The woman on stage was going crazy as he wildly licked and probed her vagina with his enormous tongue.

Carol was startled when the dog started licking the woman, and she heard her scream. Carol noted she wasn't crying out in pain. Her scream was more of a shriek of shock and surprise with a hint of pleasure. Seeing the woman's head snap up and her body become rigid as the dog's tongue traveled up the length of her cunt to her anus was erotic. Seeing his tongue parting her labia to bathe his oral appendage in her feminine secretions was hot. He then quickly retracted his tongue into his mouth and licked his chops to savor her taste. The thought of the dog tasting her sex excited Carol. She could feel her own secretions soaking through the crotch of her panties. She reached down and placed her hand on Dave's thigh. Dave could hear a tiny whimper reverberate in her throat as she watched the dog lap and lick the woman's cunt with intense vigor. Carol slowly increased her grip on Dave's thigh as she pressed her fingers deeper into his flesh while watching the woman thrash and cry out as her pussy received a savage tongue lashing from the dog. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that the odd little Pakistani man had unzipped his pants and taken his hard little brown penis out of his pants so he could stroke his cock as he watched the debauchery on stage.

Carol turned and pressed her cheek against her man's, slipping her wet tongue into his ear as she ran the palm of her hand over the inner thigh of his slacks, lightly stroking the contours of his bulging penis. She blew gently into this ear and then whispered in a sultry voice.

"You bastard! This is so hot! I'm so fucking wet right now. If there weren't all these people around, I'd beg you to rip my clothes off and ravish me right here, right now."

Dave pulled back to look into her eyes. The intensity of his gaze troubled her as she could see the wheels of his mind spinning out of control as an evil smirk formed on his lips.

"Do you want to be next? Have your turn with a big dog? It can be arranged. They have a kennel out back full of horny mutts."

The look of terror that flared in Carol's eyes was priceless. "DON'T YOU DARE!" she cried in a forceful whisper as she whipped her head around to ensure no one had heard their little exchange. Dave slid his hand along her thigh to disappear under the hem of her dress. She caught her breath and shivered when she felt the tips of his fingers graze across the soaked crotch of her panties.

"I don't know. I think I might like seeing you up there getting boned by a big dog. It sure feels like your pussy thinks it might like it too..."

"Please don't. Oh God, Dave. No... Please don't. Not here. Not in front of these perverts..."

Carol's sorrowful eyes pleaded with him to not do this to her. At that moment, they heard a new commotion coming from the stage. Carol and Dave turned to see Hercules rising on his hind legs, towering over the men on stage, attempting to mount his bitch. Carol gasped as she saw the dog's bright, shiny penis poking out of the hairy, black protective sheath on his belly. He stood between her open thighs and scuffled with two of the men as his penis bobbed less than a foot from his intended bitch's gaping vagina. A tiny jet of pre-cum spewed forth from the tip arcing through the air to land on the smooth round cheek of the woman's butt. Carol watched as the drop of the dog's seminal fluid traveled over the surface of the woman's butt. She shook uncontrollably with thoughts about what it would be like to lay prostrate and vulnerable on a bench as a dog fucked her.

Carol whipped her head around, pulling his head to hers, then placed her forehead against his; she looked down into his chest to avoid his gaze. "Please, please, please don't do that to me. Not tonight..." He could feel her body trembling like a leaf. She caught her breath, raised her head to look into his eyes, and continued. "This is hot... Really, really hot. I admit it's getting me excited, more than I imagined, but can we just watch tonight? I want to see what happens... I want to see what he does to her... I want to see if she likes it... Okay?"

After a long pause that seemed like an eternity to Carol, he finally spoke calmly and reassuringly. "Okay, Gorgeous."

"Wow, I think she's got his attention," Bryan called out from the stage. "Okay, let's get him ready to fuck her."

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## Chapter 13

"No, Hercules! Down! ... Down! Sit!" Hercules railed against Mark and Arseniy as they stood on either side of him, their hands clenched tight under his collar as they tried to pull him away from Nikki's open thighs. The audience watched with bated breath the physical clash between the two men and the frustrated horny beast. The stark contrast of the flexing, straining muscles of the nearly naked men, clothed only in their golden briefs, against the sinewy muscles of the large dog was astounding. The crowd was awed by the dog's blind determination to satisfy his bestial lust with the beautiful woman lying prone before him. For an instant, as he scuffled with Mark and Arseniy, Hercules's simple mind briefly considered turning and attacking his handlers. He was ready to breed this bitch, and they were taking him away from her. His body ached to fuck her, to feel the rapture of releasing his seed deep inside her body. He wanted her now! He briefly tossed his large head

from side to side, snarling and flashing his sharp, white teeth at the two men, when he suddenly heard a voice calling out to him.

"Hercules! Sit! ..." Henry commanded in a firm but calm voice. The mighty dog stopped his struggle and turned to look at Henry with pleading confusion in his dark eyes before slowly relaxing and obeying his master.

A deafening silence weighed heavily in the air from the stunned audience when someone finally shattered the moment to say what everyone was thinking...

"God damn that dog is horny for some pussy!" A nervous titter passed through the crowd.

"That's a good boy," Henry said as he came over and knelt before the big dog, patting him on his beefy shoulder. "Just relax. That's it. Calm down... Don't worry. You're going to get to fuck her. Yeah... That's a good boy..." Hercules wagged his tail and licked Henry's face.

Nikki's breathing was fast and erratic, coming to her in short, shallow gasps. She was unaware of the commotion between her spread legs; her body and mind were still absorbed in the pandemonium of her own chaotic little world. The rapture of her body's hundreds of sensual tingles and quivers was simultaneously satisfying and annoying. They were maddening mini-orgasms teasing her with pleasure while denying her true satisfaction.

Her head hung down as she tried to relax, her shiny brown, auburn hair flowing like silk over the sides of her pretty face, allowing her to briefly hide from the gawking stares of the audience. With Hercules now under control, the crowd turned their attention to Nikki. They witnessed her drooping body twitching and jerking with multiple tiny spasms that sporadically rippled through her flesh as she lay recovering from Hercules's aggressive oral assault. Her drug-addled mind had conjured vivid images of a large penis-shaped snake slithering, twisting, and turning deep inside her vagina as Hercules darted his thick tongue in and out of her moist quim. His probing appendage had poked and prodded her in places no one had ever touched before, sparking powerful sensations of forbidden pleasure she never knew existed. She closed her eyes and tried to focus on regaining some semblance of composure as her body trembled, and she looked to steel herself for what she now knew was about to happen; she was going to be fucked by a dog.

Bryan turned to Mark and Arseniy, handing the latex cone to Mark. "Okay, get the shield on him, and I'll get her ready."

The shield was a trick Henry had learned from an old backcountry dog breeder. The shield was a soft silicone cone from a semen collection kit. The cone slips over a dog's penis, with the shaft of the dog's penis sticking out of the small end and the sleeve encasing his knot. This prevented the dog from getting his knot inside the bitch and allowed the breeder to separate the dogs. It was perfect for these shows. Sometimes, the girls would refuse to perform with a dog on stage because they feared the dog's knot. They didn't want the dog hung up and stuck inside them. Other times they used the shield to frustrate a dog which generally made them randier and more determined to bury their knot inside a bitch. Tonight, the shield was being used to make Hercules randier. God knows he didn't need it. He was as horny and determined to fuck this bitch as Henry had ever seen him. Something about this bitch was different. Henry couldn't remember ever seeing Hercules so intent on fucking a bitch.

Nikki looked up into the mirrors before her and saw the large dog standing behind her, surrounded by three men. The ugly blonde man stood behind the dog, holding his collar and leash. The man they called Henry was kneeling in front of Hercules, holding the dog's head in his hands as he talked to

him, and the ordinary man was kneeling at the dog's side, stroking his penis.

"Oh, God..." she thought as she lay trembling on the bench listening to them talking about preparing the dog to fuck her. She was helpless to do anything but lay there and wait with her ass raised and legs spread open to provide the beast with unfettered access to her exposed pussy once he was ready. She tried to envision being fucked by the large dog but had no concept of what to expect. She'd only seen smaller dogs once or twice that she could remember gripped in the throes of canine sexual intercourse, but she'd always turned her head away once she understood what they were doing. Watching such a disgusting thing was not a polite or ladylike thing to do. Now, she wished she knew more. What little she did remember, she thought looked cold and mechanical. The female dog seemed to just stand there with the male clamped over her back while he used her for his sexual gratification. She thought, typical males, they take their pleasure with little concern for their female partner.

She never really paid much attention to a dog's penis. She knew they had them, but she'd never really looked at one. She'd seen male dogs lift their leg to pee and noticed they sometimes had a pointy little red head that poked out of the end of the hairy penis under their belly. Even big dogs didn't seem to have very big ones. Is that how they have sex, she wondered? The boy dog jumps on the back of the girl dog and presses the red tip of his hairy penis into her vagina, then cums in her? The red tip didn't look very big. Did any of the hairy part of their penis go inside the female? Would Hercules put his hairy penis inside her? Oh God, what was it going to feel like to have his hairy penis inside her?

As Nikki's mind raced to comprehend being fucked by Hercules, her perverse thoughts unintentionally provoked renewed sexual yearnings that dulled her concentration and inflamed her body's insatiable hunger to be used. She was horrified at the thought of the huge dog jumping on her back and inserting himself inside her like some dirty kennel bitch, yet the picture that formed in her mind of his little red pointed penis slipping between her labia and resting just inside the entrance of her vagina as ribbons of beautiful white sperm sprayed from the twitching tip onto her cervix made her body shake with desire making her pussy wet. Her nipples ached with tangible pain as they screamed to be nibbled, pinched, and suckled upon. She whimpered as her body resumed another round of maddening, prickly, tingling sensations in her loins, each one delivering little pleasures but denying any true gratification. She tugged at the restraints imprisoning her arms, desperately wishing she could touch her nipples or abuse her clit to provide some physical relief to her agony instead of continuing to bear the building anxious tension as she lay waiting for them to prepare the dog to fuck her.

What were they doing to him? Nikki lifted her head again and tried to see what the ordinary man was doing to the dog. She could now see the familiar little pointy red penis head protruding from the black hairy penis as he stroked the dog's hairy penis. Nikki felt a little quiver in her vagina, followed by a mild contraction in her abdomen as she gazed at the penis she knew would soon be inside her. Just as she was about to lower her head and wait for the dog to fuck her, she noticed the ordinary man increase the pace of his hand as it rubbed back and forth over the length of the dog's penis, the thick folds of hairy skin seemed to be swelling larger and larger in his hand. Why was he continuing to masturbate the dog? Wasn't the dog's penis ready? Then, she saw the real head of Hercules's penis burst forth from the end of his hairy sheath. Nikki held her breath, and her eyes got big with disbelief as she saw a dog's exposed penis for the first time. The engorged, grotesque penis under the dog's belly was unlike anything Nikki had ever seen. The alien-looking reddish-pink cock striated with bluish veins and a large cone head with a pointy tip off-center on the head of the penis made Nikki shake as she watched his cock grow and swell. At the same time, the ordinary man quickened his pace of stroking the hairy skin covering that surrounded the dog's penis.

"Oh, my God... Ohhh... Oh, no... He's huge! Oh, God, no. No, no, no..." she thought as she breathlessly stared at Hercules's imposing cock. Instinctively, her legs tried to close together only to be immediately confronted with the unrelenting leather restraints wrapped around her ankles. His cock was already as large as James' penis and still swelling larger. All her life, men, including Bryan, had bragged to her about the size of their cocks; somehow thinking she would be impressed. The truth was she never really thought much about it. James was pretty average-sized, and his penis felt fine, so why should she care how big their cocks were? But now she cared. She tried to imagine what a much larger cock would feel like inside her. She was becoming afraid it would hurt.

Bryan moved to the left side of the stage and picked up the bottle of lubricant and a towel placed there earlier in preparation for the show. When he stood and turned to face Nikki, he saw her expression of shock and terror as she looked up into a mirror. He followed her eyes to see a reflection of Mark getting Hercules's cock ready for the shield. Smiling, he crossed the stage to stand beside her, then bent down and whispered in her ear.

"You like that, Nikki? Huh? Does it get your fuckin' little pussy all wet and juicy? Hmm? You ever seen a cock that big before? Pretty fuckin' amazing, isn't it? Look at that nasty thing. Take a really good look. I guarantee you ain't felt nothin' like it before. Just think of it; he's gonna be stuffin' that nasty monster deep into your sweet little cunt any minute now so he can dump a big load of hot doggy cum into your bitch womb. Wow, Nikki, you're gonna finally be a real doggy bitch. You're going to be Hercules's bitch."

Nikki turned to look at Bryan through her drug-stupor eyes with a look of shock and pleading fear.

"Awww... Are you gettin' a little nervous about your debut performance in front of all these people? Don't worry, baby girl. Hercules here is a trained professional. He's done this many times before, so he knows exactly what to do, and I'm gonna help you prepare for him. I'm gonna get you nice and lubed up so that big nasty cock of his can slip deep into your pussy like a greased pig goin' downhill. Consider this a small mercy." Bryan said with a big, toothy, smarmy smile.

Nikki closed her eyes and lowered her head. Bryan flipped the top of the bottle open and squeezed a copious amount of the slick, sex aid lubricant into the cupped fingers of his right hand. He lowered his hand past her round butt cheeks and pressed the cool gel against her vulva, pushing most of the lubricating jelly inside her vagina and working his thick fingers into her cunt. Nikki's body tensed and then shivered as she felt him stuffing globs of the cool lubricant into her vagina.

"Jesus Christ, Nikki. Aren't you the nasty little cunt? I think you're more excited about your new boyfriend than you let me believe. You're so fuckin' wet I don't know if you even need any lube. But let's just make sure you're good and slick for him, just in case. We all want to see him get in you nice and deep now, right?"

Bryan squeezed more lubrication into his hand several more times, forcing his fat fingers deeper inside her vagina each time until he could easily slide all his fingers up to his knuckles in and out of her cunt. The lubricant felt cold and slightly sticky to Nikki. She tried to resist feeling any pleasure as he repeatedly violated her sex with his fingers. Still, any discomfort she experienced as he stretched and widened her vagina was quickly replaced with a pleasant tingling warmth. Nikki was floating on warm, gentle waves of euphoric pleasure when she heard Bryan whisper into her ear.

"Here we go, Nikki... Ol' Hercules here is going to take your doggy cherry." Bryan walked over to the edge of the stage and stepped off to stand beside Henry.

His words shocked her back to the moment. She looked up and saw the ugly blonde man leading

Hercules to stand between her open legs. The dog's tongue was rapidly fluttering between his teeth as his body swayed enthusiastically, and his tail whipped wildly with joy as he intently studied Nikki's almost naked body. Nikki lowered her head again as her body shook like a leaf in nervous anticipation of what was about to happen. The following words she heard would be forever seared into her brain...

"Hercules, sit! Arseniy, unfasten his leash." Once Arseniy had removed the leash, Henry gave the command everyone except Nikki had been waiting to hear. "Hercules, breed her..."

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Chapter 14

To Nikki's shock and horror, the large dog explosively sprung toward her, rising on his hind legs to throw his massive body on her back. With incredible speed and resolve, Hercules wrapped his body tight around her, gripping her torso between his muscular front legs as he pulled his wildly thrusting hips toward the glistening pink cleft in her engorged labia. A pitiful, meek groan escaped from her glossy red lips as he firmly pressed his forelegs against her sides in a vice-like grip, wrapping his chest and shoulders around her back. The upper forearms of his front legs ran down along her rib cage with his elbows pressed into the soft flesh of her sides as he gripped her just above her hips. He brought his forearms up and tucked his pasterns under the sides of the bench, squeezing her body as he tried to lift her and impale her cunt on his throbbing cock.

Nikki's head shot up and tossed back, colliding with Hercules's upper chest and neck as he mounted his bitch. She tried to scream, but the weight of the massive dog's heavy body landing on her back forced the air out of her lungs, leaving her unable to make a sound. She gasped for air as he rambunctiously tugged and pulled at her body. She could feel the hot, furry flesh of his soft belly on her butt and the rapidly flexing muscles in his powerful hindquarters slapping against the supple flesh of her butt and inner thighs as he fervently worked to get his genitals ever closer to hers.

The expansive ballroom was eerily silent but for the flurry of noises originating from the embattled lovers at the center of the brightly lit stage. Hercules grunted and snorted as he aggressively assaulted Nikki's body in pursuit of her silky moist cunt and the physical gratification his body craved. Nikki whimpered and cried out as she valiantly tried to keep Hercules at bay, twisting and rocking her hips to prevent his untamed probing cock from entering her body. Her head bobbed up and down in a perverse dance in unison with Hercules's forceful thrusts as he pounded his hips against her butt. She could see his large black head out of the corner of her right eye as it extended out beyond her own; his jowls were opening and closing, exposing his pointed white teeth and his obscene fluttering tongue as he blindly searched for her cunt. His wild thrashing periodically caused his head to collide against the side of her face; Nikki could feel his hot, panting breath and saliva from the jowls of his wet mouth on her smooth, flush cheek.

The audience watched with tense anticipation as the two bodies wrestled on stage, the horny animal having an unfair advantage over the bound and restrained woman. They eagerly witnessed the intense action magnified a thousandfold in the hanging mirrors ringing the stage between the vulnerable human female and the virile male canine determined to breed her. The two performers were engaged in a perverse dance of pre-coitus foreplay that they all found incredibly exhilarating and served to flame their depraved desires. Most of the people were transfixed as they watched the close-up cat-and-mouse drama between penis and vagina playing out on the monitors above the stage. Hercules's large, swollen cock could be seen bobbing and swaying in the confined arena of the video screens as Nikki's pretty little pussy dodged and twisted away from the head of his now enormous cock. Rocketing little jets of clear pre-cum ejaculate could clearly be seen spraying

intermittently from the little cone-shaped nib on the head of his penis into the space between her open thighs. Seeing his swelling cock flailing just below her cunt provided them with a foreshadowing of how far inside her abdomen his cock would eventually be buried.

Nikki trembled with fear as she felt his stiff cock poking and stabbing at the plump, sensual curves of her butt and thighs as the dog eagerly sought the entrance to her pussy when she suddenly felt something wet and warm spraying on her skin.

"Oh my God, he's cumming!" she thought. Nikki didn't know about a dog's pre-cum and thought Hercules was ejaculating prematurely. A mysterious feeling of disappointment mixed with relief filled Nikki as she felt his warm cum squirting on her butt and thighs; she began thinking he'd finish ejaculating on her and be done without having actually fucked her. She renewed her efforts to rebuff his attempts to penetrate her while feeling an odd sense of pride that she could make this horny animal cum without surrendering her pussy to him. Her nipples got harder, her clitoris throbbed, and her pussy got wetter as she reveled in her minor victory over the dog. Soon he'd be just another limp, spent penis incapable of entering her.

Mark and Arseniy moved in to stand on either side of Nikki to hold her ankles and calves without disrupting Hercules or obstructing the view of the paying patrons. They stood at the ends of the "Y" near Nikki's feet, mindful to not stand in the space between her spread legs or to distract Hercules from his objective. Nikki groaned her frustration as she felt their rough, strong hands firmly gripping her nylon-clad legs to further limit her ability to dodge the dog's penis.

Hercules was quickly becoming annoyed with this bitch's squirming; she was denying him the pleasures of her cunt. At first, he found her struggling to be exciting; her spirited defiance galvanized him unlike any of the other bitches they let him fuck. But now he was tired of her little game. His balls ached to feel the joyous release of his sperm as it traveled the length of his cock and spewed deep inside a bitch. Hercules growled and tousled with the disobedient bitch, showing his displeasure by banging his head against hers. When she still refused to submit to him, he carefully centered himself over Nikki's body, then lowered his head, wrapping his enormous mouth and jaws around her neck, curling his salivating tongue around her throat. He let forth a slow, low, reverberating growl that originated from deep within his chest, clearly signaling to Nikki his vexation with her antics. Hercules's blood boiled with desire, and this bitch needed to know her place. She was now his, and he was going to breed her.

The audience gasped as Hercules took Nikki's neck into his mouth and growled. Watching the intense, unbridled sexual impulses of a large, dominant alpha male canine inflicted on a sensuous human female was seductively intoxicating, but even the infirm minds among them were repulsed and terrified at the thought of seeing Nikki brutally attacked by the dog. Both of the women and several men turned to look away. This was not the performance they came to witness.

Nikki froze with fear when she felt his powerful jaws closing around her neck. His pointed teeth pressed firmly into her skin as his damp, wet mouth covered her neck and throat. Her nose was filled with the repugnant odor of his dog breath mixing with her Versace perfume. Drool from the big dog's mouth ran down Nikki's neck. She could feel the controlled restraint in the clenched muscles of his jaws and immediately understood the benevolent self-control he was bestowing upon her. His message to her was clear: submit to me, or I will hurt you. After a long terrifying pause, Nikki slowly tilted her hips, causing her pussy to rotate to meet Hercules's bobbing cock. She felt the fat, slick head of his penis touch, then slowly slide down her right butt cheek to finally fall into the small cleft that led to the puffy wet folds of her labia as she positioned herself to receive his cock. Petrified, she held her body still and braced herself for his next move. The entrance to her gaping cunt was less than an inch from the head of his swollen cock when she suddenly felt a jet of hot pre-cum spray into

her vagina.

"Ahhh..." she cried out in a meager voice almost nobody could hear. Her body jerked and then shivered as the warm spray collected into a tiny drip that glided in a meandering little stream along the exposed pink flesh between her labia.

Hercules released her neck from his mouth, dragging his rough, slobbering tongue across her throat and up the side of her neck. With one swift, graceful motion, he raised his head and used his hind legs to push his body forward with resolve and determination. He lifted Nikki's torso and hips with his forelegs as he arched his back and thrust his cock into her body. The cool, wet folds of her soft vagina easily parted and embraced his invading penis as he slid deep inside her cunt. Her tight vagina constricted, flexed, and stretched like a second skin around his cock as he resumed the rapid lunging of his hindquarters against her butt. With each hasty thrust of his hips, his throbbing penis traveled farther into her body, claiming her cunt as his own.

Nikki cried out with a scream that saturated the vacant expanse of the hall as his massive cock filled and stretched her. The grotesque intruder twitched and spewed warm pre-cum inside her vagina as Hercules forced his cock deeper and deeper into her body. His throbbing penis was huge, filling her abdomen with a presence unlike anything she'd ever experienced. The large, coned head of his cock repeatedly plowed into her tender flesh, parting the way for the pulsating shaft that followed. Each new thrust of his cock brought her vagina a little sharp pain that ignited a fuse that quickly burst into a fireball of euphoric waves of warmth and tingling pleasure radiating out of her loins as her body accommodated his girth. The joy juice in her brain was brilliantly amplifying the sights, smells, sounds, and physical sensations her body was experiencing. Fireworks of decadent sexual indulgence were exploding in her pussy, tits, and mind as the dog savagely fucked her hard and fast. She was just his fuck toy along for the ride.

The thick gobs of cool lubricant Bryan had inserted into her cunt mixed with the dog's warm pre-cum and her own profuse vaginal secretions to ooze in the tight confines around his cock until there was no place for them to flow except to seep out between their conjoined genitals. Goopy pools of clear fluid filled the tiny hood formed by her labia until a little dollop would form, spilling over the edge to create a stringy glop that rocked and swayed with his mighty thrusts. The audience watched the monitors with fascination as multiple viscous threads appeared and grew until they swung up to become stuck in Nikki's curly little pubic hairs or fell away to land in a pool forming on the stage.

Nikki looked up into the mirrors above her to see the beautiful animal ravaging her body. She was mesmerized by the sight of the woman and dog engaged in their vulgar carnal act, simultaneously repulsed and excited by their taboo coitus. She was stunned to see the apparent look of elation and ecstasy on her face as the animal mindlessly fucked her. Nikki had never felt so vibrant or alive in her life. Her body trembled with a series of non-stop spasms, small orgasms building in intensity as they teased her with the promise of a rapture she'd never known. Somewhere in the chaotic turmoil in her mind, she understood she was the woman in the mirrors. She was the woman being fucked by the filthy beast, and she was the woman experiencing the incredible ecstasy of being fucked by the dog. A pained expression blended with the joy on her face as she willingly let go of her self-respect. She hated herself for finding pleasure in what was happening to her, but she didn't care anymore. She loved what he was doing to her and didn't want him to stop! She loved feeling his huge throbbing cock filling her as he squirted his cum into her womb. She was aroused by the shocked faces looming in the shadows as they watched her enjoying being used by the animal for his sexual gratification.

"Ahhh... Yes! Yes! Fuck me, you bastard! Make me your bitch! Do it! ... Do it! Cum in me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Ahhh...." She screamed as her body thrashed and jerked under the relentless assault from

the dog. Nikki could hear the pathetic grunts and groans from several men in the shadows as they lost control and released their seed into the air. Nikki's body quivered with the thought of them jerking off and orgasming as they watched the dog fucking her. Little did Nikki know she still had no idea about the true nature of a dog's cock and didn't know that Hercules was primarily ejaculating only prostatic pre-cum into her with very little sperm.

Nikki's state of sexual bliss and her cries of willing submission to be the dog's bitch cut Bryan to his soul. His plan to break and demoralize the woman he coveted but could not have worked all too well. He wanted to hurt her as she had hurt him for so many years. But instead of seeing her crying and broken as Hercules fucked her, he'd unwittingly released a wanton whore who was now basking in a sea of forbidden delights. The Nikki he once loved and lusted for was forever gone as he now watched her beg Hercules to fuck her.

Hercules continued to fuck Nikki hard and fast with wild abandon. The strained expression on his face masked his consternation as he focused on fucking his bitch. He couldn't comprehend why he couldn't get all of his cock inside her. His reptilian brain screamed at him over and over again to bury all of his cock into her cunt and trigger the cataclysmic release of his sperm into this female. Hercules could feel the cold, dry shield rubbing against his swelling knot as he thrust his penis into her cunt. His brain was confused by the wonderful, silky sensation of her moist vagina gripping and squeezing the shaft of his penis, contrasted with the strange, rubbery shield encasing his knot in a prison that prevented him from fully breeding this bitch.

Nikki felt the odd latex sleeve around the base of his penis, pushing apart her labia as Hercules tried to get it inside her. She could feel the slick lubricant and secretions from their conjoined union coating the shield as he repeatedly pressed it against her. She sensed a peculiar urgency raging in the dog as he tried to push the strange foreign object inside her. Her will to resist dissipated as she ultimately submitted to his desires. A yearning now burned hot inside her to give herself unconditionally to her lover for his gratification. She took a deep breath and then slowly exhaled as she relaxed to allow him to do what she believed he needed from her. She feels the latex membrane slip slightly farther inside her vagina before he abruptly stops his forward thrust, and the foreign object is withdrawn again. She doesn't understand what it is, but before he pulled back, she felt something large pressing against her from the other side of the shield, something strange that made her inexplicably tremble.

Hercules stopped his wild thrusting and momentarily rested, his giant chest rapidly expanding and contracting, pushing against her back as his lungs filled with air. Nikki lay with her head down, whimpering and gently rocking her hips under him as his fat cock continued to throb and squirt warm pre-cum in her cunt. Hercules then licked his chops and lifted her limp body as he adjusted his position and resumed fucking her again. His simple mind thinking if he can just get the proper position, he'll be able to get his whole cock inside her. He does this several times, each being more aggressive than the last as he tries to force his constrained knot into her cunt.

After almost fifteen minutes of watching Hercules fuck Nikki, seeing him pause for a few minutes as he repositioned his body and then begin fucking her again, Bryan and Henry looked at each other with amused bewilderment.

"Damn! I've never seen him do that before. He usually gives up tryin' to tie with a bitch and dismounts her after a couple of minutes. He must really like her pussy. I don't think he's gonna stop tryin'." Henry said with a wry smirk.

Bryan looked around at the captivated faces of the audience. "Shit. Look at 'em. We could've charged 'em double to see him fuck her. Who knew she'd be so fuckin' good at this."

Henry looked at Bryan with a puzzled expression. "Her? Fuck her, she's just lying there. Look at him. I've never seen him so determined to fuck a bitch before. He never did this with the other cunts we brought here to have him fuck. Damn, he likes her pussy."

Nikki was exhausted. Hercules kept her on a wild sexual rollercoaster ride that seemed to never end. Just when she thought she couldn't cum anymore, he'd begin savagely fucking her again, or his cock would twitch and swell inside her, then release a fresh squirt of warm pre-cum that flowed deep inside her pussy. She'd had so many orgasms she'd lost count. It was often difficult for her to tell where one orgasm ended and another began. How long and how many times can this dog keep cumming in her, she wondered? Yet, throughout her wondrous ordeal, she repeatedly felt on the verge of something extraordinary she couldn't comprehend. A vague feeling of pent-up tension and aggression inside her that was about to be released but never realized. Once again, Hercules was slamming his cock into her bringing her closer and closer to the elusive edge.

The shield had done its job and kept his knot out of her cunt. After watching Hercules again unsuccessfully try to get his shield-encased knot in Nikki's cunt Bryan turned to Henry. "Let's pull him off her and remove the shield. I think she's ready to find out what it really means to be his bitch."

Henry looked up to Mark and Arseniy. "Okay, let's get him off her."

The two men nodded, then moved in to grab Hercules by the collar and proceeded to pull him off her body. As they lifted him off her back, she felt his large appendage in her belly slowly withdrawing. Her slick vagina, which had been tightly wrapped around his cock, was slowly collapsing, creating a hungry void craving for his cock. As the spritzing head of his cock pulled past her labia and the gaping hole he'd made, Nikki's hips and thighs shuttered with spasmodic convulsions. A copious concoction of slimy male canine pre-ejaculate, her own female arousal secretion, and the man-made sexual lubricant Bryan had inserted inside her violently expelled from her closing hole with an embarrassing queef. The gooey stream flowed between her lips with little bubbles as the river flowed over her clitoris and into her pubic hair before collecting and dripping from her body to land on the stage below.

Nikki cried out, "NO, NO, NO! DON'T! Don't do that! Don't take him away! I'm almost there... Please don't... I'm almost there... AHHH!" her screams reverberated through the cavernous hall as she rapidly rocked her hips, begging for him to keep fucking her. She clenched her abdomen muscles and butt cheeks in a desperate attempt to keep his cock inside her.

Hercules put up only a mild fight as they disentangled him from his bitch. He seemed to understand this was just a temporary break, and soon, they would let him try again after he rested. As they pulled his body away from Nikki, the audience watched on the monitors as his huge cock slipped out of her cunt and then dropped like a mighty pendulum to swing and sway below his belly; small spurts of pre-cum still periodically jetting from the nib on the end of his penis. His cock glistened with the comingled juices of their coitus. After a slight pause, Nikki's gapping cunt queefed again, then ejected another torrent of fluids that sprayed then dripped from her swollen pussy covering the camera lens in a puddle of semi-cloudy goo. Crude catcalls and cheers erupted from the black athletes and a few of the millennials at the site of Hercules's fat cock and Nikki's well-used pussy dripping with the fruit of their union.

Carol gawked, transfixed with shocked silence and disbelief at the erotic coupling she'd just witnessed, unable to breathe. Her greatest shock was how much the act excited her.

Nikki once again fell limp on the bench, physically exhausted and frustrated, as she panted and

whimpered under her breath, "Bring him back... I was so close... Please bring him back... Let him finish... I was so close... So close..."

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## Chapter 15

"Fuck, yeah," Bryan shouted as he stepped onstage, then turned to the audience. "Fuckin' nasty, right? I think he likes her. Well, he's not done yet. We're going to take a short break, get the shield off him, and let his knot relax a bit, so he can have another go at her and properly tie with this bitch. Have another drink, and feel free to come up and check out Hercules's bitch. Just be gentle with her; she's got a long night ahead of her before he's through fuckin' her."

Henry jumped on stage, moved between Nikki's spread legs, and crouched beside the huge dog. Hercules was rapidly panting, his long, wavy tongue fluttering over his pointed, white teeth. He swung his large head around to reach between his legs and lick his bobbing penis. He savored the flavor of Nikki's pussy as he cleaned her from his cock. He raised his head, licked his chops several times, then resumed briskly panting.

"Good boy, Herc. Good dog." Henry extolled as he vigorously patted him on his beefy shoulder. "Did you like that? Huh? Huh? Is she a good bitch? Did you like fucking that pussy? Huh?"

Hercules turned and licked Henry's face before resuming his panting. "Yeah, you're welcome. I can tell you like this one. Good, boy."

Bryan turned to Henry, "Take him around to the head of the stage before you take the shield off. I want her to get a good look at his cock when you pull it off him."

Henry nodded as he stood and grabbed Hercules's collar.

Carol was mesmerized as she watched the two men scuffle with the magnificent beast as they dissociated him from the helpless beauty he was fucking. She repeatedly peeked at the monitors above the stage that were displaying the uncoupling of their genitals. She forced herself to stifle a gasp as her mouth gaped at the dog's bulky male appendage, slowly withdrawing from the woman's vagina. The slick, wet lips of her labia obscenely stretched like a second skin over the contours of the retracting red penis covered in purplish veins. Carol unconsciously dug her fingers into Dave's thigh when the pointed nib on the head of the alien penis appeared, still squirting little bursts of pre-cum fluid, before dropping from the woman's pink vagina, thus allowing his hefty maleness to swing freely below his belly. A spate of grayish fluid expelled then dribbled from her slowly closing lips.

"Hey, hey, hey... Relax." Dave said as he lifted her hand off his thigh.

Dave's words broke her trance. Unaware of what she'd done, she turned and looked at him confused, then looked down to see him pull her hand off his thigh.

"Oh, God. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..." she uttered, imploring his forgiveness.

"Don't worry about it. It's okay." He smiled as he accepted her apology. "Pretty fucking intense, huh? I was hoping you'd find this captivating. More importantly, does it make you hot?"

Carol looked into his eyes, not knowing how to answer. She felt like a cat on a hot tin roof. Her nerves were on edge, her heart was pounding in her chest, her face was flush, and her hands had a mild tremor. But more unsettling was how aroused she'd become by the lewd spectacle. She feared

her body would betray her arousal. Her nipples, breasts and vulva were swollen and sensitive. The silky material of her bra and panties chafed her sensitive skin. If they were in a more private venue, she'd be ripping Dave's clothes off and begging him to fuck her. Instead, she pursed her lips and swallowed hard.

"Uhhh..., it's pretty incredible." She said, keeping her voice low. "I, I didn't think it was possible, or at least not so... Probable? I understand the dog, they try to hump everything. I just didn't know a woman could... or would... uh, you know..." She nervously looked at the woman on stage out of the corner of her eyes without turning her head before looking back at Dave and continuing.

"And he was so... rambunctious, so savage. I couldn't believe it when he took her neck in his mouth. I was so panicked I almost cried out. But before I could say anything, I was stunned when she raised her hips for him to enter her. She seemed to want him to do it." She said, then bit her lower lip. "And, my God, he's so big! He's huge!"

"Yeah, like I said, fucking hot, right? Sex at its most basic, instinctual level. Just raw, physical fucking. A cock and pussy doing what they do best." Dave said excitedly. He paused, then added with subtle emphasis, "It really turns me on."

His eyes gleamed lecherously from behind their insidious alliance with his mask as they walked over her body, simultaneously exciting and terrifying her. She glanced down to see the firm bulge in his slacks. She turned to look at the woman lying limp on the stage, tiny dollops of dog cum clinging to the pretty ringlets of her pubic mound. She sensed she could be glimpsing her future. She turned back to look at him with a demure, pensive smile.

Breaking the building tension, Carol broke eye contact to watch the man they called Henry lead the dog to the far side of the stage and proceed to remove the strange rubbery cone wrapped around the base of the dog's penis.

Leaning in to whisper, Carol asked, "What is that thing?"

Dave craned to see what she was referring to, then replied. "I don't know. They didn't use that on the dog the last time."

Carol quickly turned to look at Dave. "The last time? How many times have you been here before?"

"Just once. About six weeks ago. I was intrigued by rumblings about private specialty shows I heard about at the club." Carol knew Dave frequented gentleman's clubs. She didn't like that he did, but she also knew she could do nothing to make him stop.

"I made a few discrete inquiries and was introduced to Bryan. He didn't really explain what type of shows he put on except to ask if I'd ever heard the rumors of Tijuana sex shows. Sure, everybody's heard the jokes about the dog and pony shows, but they're just bullshit. There's no such thing. He smiled and said, 'You're right.' Then he walked away.

"I found him again, later that night, and said, 'Okay, I want in.' He stared at me long and hard, then said, 'Be here next Tuesday after 8:00 pm. I'll let you know if you're invited. No guarantees. Oh, yeah, bring cash. We don't work with credit cards.' When I asked how much, he just said if I had to ask, this wasn't a show I could afford.

"I was at the club before 7:00 pm that Tuesday, a little nervous about how much cash I was carrying. I had a drink and watched the girls on stage, waiting to be contacted. Around 8:20 pm, I wondered if I'd been rejected when one of the Russian guys tapped me on the shoulder and jerked his head,

indicating for me to follow him. I was a little concerned I was about to be rolled, but he led me down to the garage and a waiting limo like we did tonight. I climbed in to find three other guys waiting inside. We all exchanged a curt nod and a tight smile. Nobody talked.

“Long story short, we were brought out here and were treated to a similar show with some differences.”

Dave’s little confessional story engrossed her. “What differences? Like what?”

“It was the same dog, but the woman was different. I recognized her. I’m pretty sure she was a stripper from the club. I haven’t seen this woman before. They strapped her down to the bench in the other show, too, but she didn’t struggle much. She seemed to be expecting it. This one seemed more surprised to see the dog. The dog was pretty aggressive fucking both of them, but I don’t know, he looks a little more excited tonight. Maybe he hasn’t had any pussy in a while and is hornier tonight.

“I don’t know what the thing is around his cock, they didn’t do that before. He just fucked the girl. They had him lick her pussy for a while, making her squirm and squeal as she came on his tongue. Then they did the ‘breed her’ thing, he jumped on her back, and he buried his knot in her cunt after 5 or 10 minutes of fucking her, then they were tied for 15 or 20 minutes.”

“Knot? What knot? What are you talking about?”

“Really? You’ve never heard about a dog’s knot? You’ve heard about dogs being stuck together during mating?”

“Yes...”

“Well, how do you think they get stuck together?” Dave paused to let her think. “Hmmm?”

“I don’t know. It’s not something I’ve ever thought about.”

Dave shook his head and chuckled at her naivety. He looked up across the stage to see Henry had removed the silicone cone from the dog’s cock. The dog’s abundant canine maleness was now fully displayed as the meaty appendage bobbed beneath his muscular, panting torso.

Dave nodded in the direction of the dog. “Take a look. See the huge, red bulb at the base of his cock?”

Carol’s eyes widened slightly as she got her first complete view of Hercules’s penis, including the bulbous knot.

“Yes,” she said softly.

“That’s the knot. When he starts fucking, it’s smaller, much smaller than it is now. When he fucks a female, his whole cock swells and expands as he’s sliding in and out of her vagina. The shaft expands and lengthens while the knot enlarges, increasing in diameter as he repeatedly plunges his cock in her. The knot swells and stretches her until it’s too large to pass through her vaginal opening. If you watch closely, you’ll see him mercilessly force it inside her just before it’s too big to come out. The last time I was here, the girl started crying out and swearing once he got his knot inside her. I heard one of the guys say the dog’s knot continues expanding while he’s inside her. Fuck, can you imagine something that big in your pussy? It must be like being fisted.”

"How... How long does he stay stuck in her?" Carol whispered.

"Are you ready for this?" Dave said with a little too much thrill in his voice. "He can remain tied inside a woman for 20 to 30 minutes or longer. I guess it depends on how excited he is. When I was here last time, he was tied with her for a little more than 15 minutes. Not only that, but he's cumming in her the entire time."

Carol's head snapped to look Dave in the eyes, her mouth agape. "What?!?"

"Yeah, pretty fucking amazing, huh? Yeah, he's dumping hot puppy seed into her pussy the whole time he's inside her. Talk about..."

Carol swiftly yet gently placed her fingers on Dave's lips. "Oh, God, please... Please stop talking... Stop... Please, stop..."

The tenuous tremble in her body made Dave smile as he leered at her.

Carol took several cleansing breaths before asking anxiously, "Is he going to do that to her tonight?"

"God, I hope so, or I want our money back."

Henry escorted Hercules to the front of the stage as Bryan moved around to squat next to Nikki's drooping head. He reached out his left hand and placed his index finger and thumb on her chin. He gently lifted and turned her face to look into her half-opened, glazed-over eyes.

"Jesus Christ, Nikki, who'd ever thought you were such a fuckin' dog slut. You fuckin' liked that. Didn't you? Son of a bitch. Who'd have guessed? Well, let's see just how much you like it. You haven't really been fucked by a dog until he's buried his fuckin' knot in your pussy and tied you. You like that big cock of his? Hmmm? Shit, you ain't seen nuthin' yet. Take a good look at what he's going to stuff in your fuckin' cunt, Nikki..."

Bryan turned her head to look at Henry and the dog standing a few feet before her. She felt a tiny shudder run through her body, looking at the trainer and his handsome dog. Her breath came in small, stuttering bursts as she gazed at the fat, red cock, dripping and bobbing under the dog's belly. Bryan kept his hand on her chin, forcing her to watch as the trainer reached below the dog and pulled on the supple white-gray cone at the base of the dog's penis. It stretched and contorted as he pulled it free from the dog's penis, reluctantly releasing its grip and revealing the secret it hid. There, at the base of his penis, was a distorted baseball size tuber, a pulsing purple vein branching over the surface.

"Oh, Nikki. You're such a lucky girl. Old Hercules there likes you. He likes you a lot. I've never seen him want to breed a bitch as bad as he wants to breed you. We're going to let him calm down a bit, then we're going to let him have another go at properly breeding you. He's going to bury his bone deep in your pussy, including his knot. And that knot there? It has a secret power. It grows and gets really fucking big, a lot bigger than that. So big that it'll get stuck in you. He's going to stretch your pussy so wide; old James ain't ever going to feel your pussy again with his little dick. And know what else? Hmmm? When he's stuck inside you? He's going to dump a mess of his puppy batter in you. What do you think about that?"

Nikki's mind was floating, fluctuating between reality and the wondrous sensations constantly flowing through her body. She barely comprehended what Bryan was saying. Something about the dog fucking her again, she assumed. That's fine, she thought. She didn't care anymore. What could she do if she did care? Actually, his cock felt really, really good. It was so big and warm, almost hot.

She'd never felt so full or had a cock so deep inside her before, and she liked it. He was so assertive and forceful. He knew what he wanted, and he took it. His desire to have her excited her. Her pussy tingled just thinking about it.

She could tell Bryan was trying to intimidate her. He probably wanted to see her cry or beg him to stop. Fuck him, she wouldn't give him the satisfaction. She turned her head back to look at him, and she smiled.

The smile on Bryan's face dissipated. He pulled his hand away and let her head droop. "Fucking, bitch."

He stepped off the stage and went to the bar for a drink.

"I'm going to get another drink before they get started again. Can I get you anything?" Dave asked Carol.

Handing her empty champagne flute to Dave, she shook her head. The champagne had taken the edge off her sensibilities, but she didn't want to risk drinking more. Watching Dave walk to the bar, she noted his calm composure. For that matter, as she surveyed the room, the crowd's demeanor had changed very little. There was a curious interest in the woman on stage by some, or maybe it was just lust, but the mood was still reserved.

Carol couldn't sit any longer; she needed to move. She got up and proceeded to casually circumnavigate the stage. The poor woman lying on the bench was now the center of attention to several patrons. Her body was covered in a sheen of perspiration, no doubt the result of her physical ordeal and the heat from the floodlights above. The odd little Pakistani man had put his cock away and was now on the stage by the woman's head. He seemed to be examining her. He held her head up to look into her eyes, then placed the first two fingers from his right hand on her neck below her left ear as if he were taking her pulse. She must have passed because he looked at Bryan standing at the bar and gave him a thumbs up. She watched as Dave approached Bryan, and the two men moved away from the bar for a more private conversation.

Carol continued her little journey while scrutinizing the woman on stage. 'Who are you, and how did you come to be here?' Carol wondered. There were several men on the stage either groping her breasts or dipping an inquisitive finger into her sloppy pussy. At the same time, the two golden bikini-clad centurion caretakers stood a modest distance to the left and right of the woman. The woman signed and softly moaned at being poked and prodded but suddenly cried out when one of the millennials fiendishly pinched her right nipple a bit too hard. Arseniy's face immediately contorted into a scowl as his muscular body tensed, ready to move in to address the grievance. The smirk quickly left the millennial's face at seeing the big man react.

Bryan turned away from his conversation with Dave and quickly assessed the situation. "Hey! Why don't you guys come get yourselves a drink before you get into trouble? We're going to be starting again soon."

All the gawkers decided it was a good time to leave the stage. They all moved away to disperse into the twilight around the stage. The offending millennial retreated under the watchful eye of Arseniy.

Carol had made her way around three-quarters of the stage to the bar. "Can I get you something?"

She shook her head, then paused. "On second thought, yes. Can I get a glass of ice water?"

The bartender reached under the bar, grabbing a lowball glass. The clinking of ice cubes hitting the

glass made a ringing sound as he reached for the soda gun to fill the glass.

"Here you go, ma'am"

"Can I get a straw, please?" Carol looked at the measly black bar straw he put in the glass. "Can I have a couple more, please?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Carol delicately stirred the ice with the straws. She ambled to the head of the stage to walk up the ramp along the back. Both bikini-clad guardians gave her a quick glance before dismissing her as any kind of menace. Carol approached the woman, then squatted before her, kneeling on the platform.

"Hi," Carol whispered. "Are you thirsty?" Nikki struggled to lift her head to look at the woman. Carol could see how pretty she was. This didn't look like a stripper from the club. She was an attractive woman with a great body. She probably could dance in a club, but Carol sensed she didn't. She seemed too refined. The hands shackled to the post were finely manicured. She caught the glint of a wedding ring on her left hand. Carol gently brushed the hair from her face. The subtle scent of perfume emanated from her.

"I thought you could use a drink." Nikki looked at her hesitantly. "Don't worry, it's just water."

Carol placed the straws against the woman's glossy red lips. Nikki closed her mouth around them and drew the cool water into her parched mouth. The sensation of the refreshing liquid flowing over her tongue was almost as rewarding as the demons tormenting her tingling flesh.

Nikki let the straws drop from her lips. Struggling to keep her head up, she looked at Carol through hazy eyes. A barely audible "Thank you..." escaped her lips.

"Are you okay?" Carol whispered, knowing she could do nothing for the woman, but asking would lessen her guilt. Nikki nodded, then lowered her head. Carol's culpability abated as she rose and stood looking at the woman. Off to her right, the trainer was returning to the stage with the massive beast at his side. The dog had a particular majestic pride and an air of confidence as he strode alongside his master. Carol looked down at the woman as her mind reeled with visions of the enormous dog once again claiming her for his bestial desires. God help her. She was just as bad as the rest of these deviants. She wanted to witness more of the vulgar pageant of their intercourse. She had a taste of their violent, primitive coitus and anxiously awaited for the show to resume.

Carol turned and swiftly departed the stage to return to her seat.

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Chapter 16

"Hercules, sit!" Henry commanded after bringing the large dog back on stage. He guided Hercules to stand again at the edge of the stage between Nikki's outstretched legs. Hercules pulled against his handler to move to Nikki and resume his breeding of her, only to be abruptly stopped by a quick, firm jerk of his leash.

"No! Sit! Sit!" Hercules snapped his head to look at Henry, confused and frustrated.

Hercules was becoming jittery, whipping his head from side to side while twisting and pulling

against Henry's firm grip. He kept looking at Nikki's plump, firm butt with the glistening pink pussy at its center. Nikki's labia were slightly parted, with a few tiny drops still clinging to the curls in her pubic hair. Her butt and thighs periodically twitched as she softly moaned, practically begging him to come fuck her some more.

He didn't understand the delay. Why can't he just fuck her? He was mere feet away from the bitch on the bench. She was posed and ready for him to breed. Her vagina was waiting for the return of his cock. He ignored Henry's order as he looked at the woman he wanted to fuck and then at the cadre of people assembling around the stage, anxiously anticipating the resumption of his performance.

"Hercules, sit!" Henry commanded louder, giving a firm tug on the dog's leash. Hercules looked at his master and then reluctantly obeyed, lowering his haunches with a sullen groan. He looked at the people gathering, then juttied his rear leg with indifference to expose his genitals. He proceeded to lick his cock and scrotum with long, obscene strokes of his tongue, cleaning himself in preparation for breeding this bitch. His tongue casually tossed and played with his portly genitals, lifting them up with his tongue only to have them sag again due to their heft. His cock had receded back into its sheath, except for the exposed head of the plump, reddish pillar. The sheath did little to conceal the size and shape of his cock.

Everyone migrated back to sit or stand around the stage, anxious for the show to continue. The mélange of noises and their echoes faded like apparitions scurrying into the cavernous reaches of the darkened room. Once again, the degenerate focus of the spectators was on the woman at the center of the stage as she floated in her world of corporeal pleasures.

Hercules paused his personal grooming to raise his head. His nostrils flared as he drank in her scent. He filled his lungs with her, her feminine pheromones teasing his brain and replenishing his raging desire to breed her. His fat cock swelled and enlarged as the head slipped further out from his sheath, the deceptive tip of a phallus iceberg. His muscular body tightened as he leered at the object of his perverse obsession, increasing the tension against the leash in his trainer's grip. He was becoming incensed. He wanted her. He wanted her now. Hercules defiantly stood as his temperance turned into a hideous throaty growl.

Carol's hand mindlessly stroked Dave's thigh as she leaned forward in her chair, awe-stricken with Hercules's masculinity. With renewed appreciation, her eyes walked over the finely sculpted features of the magnificent male canine specimen on stage. He was no longer just a dog to her but an alpha male eminently capable of wicked coitus with a woman, her newly discovered voyeuristic compulsion. Not only was he eminently qualified as a sexual partner, but the unbridled enthusiasm he demonstrated in his eager desire to breed the woman was electrifying. Her former ignorance was now an unorthodox fixation to watch his mammoth genitals viciously conjoined with the pretty woman's vagina. She bit her lip, watching the hefty sheath bob and sway beneath his taut belly, the head of his red penis exposed and ready. The tapered tip was so perfectly crafted to penetrate her pussy. His large plum-sized testicles, laden with sperm waiting to be expelled, tucked in the black satchel swaying between his legs. She was stunned by the ferocity of her longing to watch him fuck her.

Henry turned to Bryan. "I don't know how much longer I can hold him back. He really wants her. She must have a helluva pussy. He's ready to fuck her again. Now."

"Go ahead, let him go..." Bryan said with a fiendish grin. "Let him have the bitch. Now that the shield is gone let's see how she likes him."

Henry nodded as he unfastened the leash and released his grip from Hercules's collar. In a firm, clear voice, he gave the command, "Hercules, breed her..."

Henry's command was superfluous. Hercules burst from Henry's grip, throwing his body across the short distance to land on top of Nikki. He swiftly positioned himself to bring their genitals within close proximity and resume his wild breeding of this bitch.

Nikki wasn't conscious of much going on around her, but she did hear the gruff noises of the dog just before Henry gave him the command to violate her. The two burly men holding her legs suddenly increased their grip, further restricting her movement. Knowing what was about to happen didn't make it any less terrifying, but she knew there was nothing she could do. She wouldn't resist this time. She'd let him have what he so desperately craved. Some perverse piece of her wanted him. Her mind loathed the yearning her body had for his cock to fill her, but her tingling flesh welcomed this moment.

"Ahhh, ugh..." She cried out as Hercules landed on her back. His weight crushed her against the bench and forced the air from her lungs. Her hands clenched into fists as her arms fought against the restraints holding her wrists to the post below her head. She tried tilting her hips to assist him in entering her, but his wild thrashing and churning kept her pinned to the bench. He squeezed her body between his front legs as he fought to tuck his paws under her belly. He seemed to be more aggressive now. The power and strength in his legs shocked her as he crushed her ribs, making it hard for her to breathe. She gasped for air as he lurched at her butt. The rough pads on the soles of his forepaws rubbed against the soft skin on either side of her stomach as they slid down to rest in the creases between her vulva and legs. He proceeded to lift and pull her up and back to meet his flailing cock as he slithered on her back. The tips of his hard, clipped nails pressed into her soft flesh, making her wince. His hips slapped forcefully against her butt as he rapidly thrust his bulging cock at her crotch in search of the wet hole he craved.

Carol watched with perverse fascination as the dog exploded in a blur of motion to consume his prey. His blind determination was on display as he enclosed his massive frame around the petite woman's body. He savagely attacked her, attempting to wrestle her limp body to his will. Carol looked to the monitor screens above the stage to see the woman's flush, swollen vulva with glistening, pouty lips. The slit of her delicate, pink vagina was visibly moist; a droplet clung to her paunchy clitoris. There was a slight shadow between the lips of her pouting labia teasing the way to her womb.

Contrasting the serene tranquility of the woman's expectant vagina was the unbridled chaos of the dog's fattening cock. With each passing second, his hefty appendage was morphing into an ever-larger, monstrous veined intruder eager to probe deep inside her pussy. The offset nib on the conical head of his penis was rapidly spritzing pre-cum on her vulva, his fluids collecting into rivulets running over her skin. The dog was rabid in his pursuit of physical gratification. His simple mind was consumed with a need to fuck her. Impatient in his pursuit of her sex, he did as he had done before; Hercules twisted his body, wrapped his mouth around the woman's neck and asserted his dominance over his bitch with a low growl. A frightening guttural sound emanating from the depths of his barrel chest. Carol could see the woman's body trembling as she struggled to push her hips firmly against the dog's belly, her gaping vagina moving within inches from his massive cock. As the dog released her neck, his spine straightened and curled as he sunk his cock deep into her vulnerable quim.

Nikki whimpered and muttered incoherently as she tried vainly to accommodate the rambunctious beast. She was no match for the powerful animal tossing her limp body as he searched for her sex. He misinterpreted her awkward movements as resistance instead of submission, exacerbating his frustration with her. The tension building in his sinewy body was readily apparent as he aggressively

enveloped her. Snarling his displeasure, he momentarily paused his battery to crane his head around and opened his jaws. Before she knew what was happening, his mouth was once again around her neck. Frozen with fear, she shivered as his teeth pressed into her skin. His hot breath flowed over her throat as he temporarily paused his assault to growl his displeasure, the odor of his dog breath filling the air as he panted heavily.

"Oh, God, no..." Nikki cried as she clenched her eyes tight. She whimpered as the metal clasps on the restraints around her wrists clanked with the shaking of her hands in their restraints. She mustered her strength to push her butt up against her assailant, offering him her body. Her face inexplicably glowed when she heard a voice in the crowd exclaim, "...look at that, she's raising her ass for him!"

She continued to arch her bottom up, the coarse hair on his belly feeling strange on her smooth skin. She then felt the warm pre-cum expelling from his penis on her vagina. She sighed as pulses of the warm spray trickled down over her throbbing clitoris. The demons toying with her erogenous zones greedily devoured the sensations with jubilation as they hungered for more. She didn't have to wait long before the dog released her neck from his commanding grip to vigorously thrust his swelling cock into her pussy.

"AAAHHH," she screamed. Her eyes shot open as her head whipped back, crashing into his beefy chest. She looked up to see his head out beyond her own as she felt the pain of his burrowing penis stretching and filling her. His first stroke went deep inside her, aided by the slick pre-cum from their first encounter and her own abundant vaginal lubrication. As he repeatedly slammed his body into her, forcing his ungodly expanding cock ever deeper, his powerful lunges caused her head to bang against him. His pummeling of her sex was a mix of sharp little pains followed by cascading mini-orgasms of pleasure. His balls slapped her sensitive clitoris over and over again, sending shockwaves through her body. Her nipples hardened and ached as they rubbed against the leather surface of the bench. The warmth and pressure of his presence filled her belly. The cruel beast was seducing her with the euphoric pleasure that magically mutated from the callous pain of his blind assault.

"Ugh, ugh... Oh, my God... Oh, ugh, oh..." she sobbed over and over again, intermixed with little cries of pain, grunts, and groans as he began fucking her in earnest. His kind of coitus was hard and fast. His hips repeatedly slapped against her beautiful plump butt, her flesh rippling with the force of his thrusts. Her body rocked beneath him in response to his powerful plunges into her cunt. Her movements were minimal at best. She was at his mercy as he used her flesh for his physical gratification. His determination excited her, making her pussy wetter and wetter. He filled her like nothing before, growing ever longer and fatter. Her vagina slid over his penis like a second skin. The contours of his veiny penis teased the tingling sensations in her pussy as he grew ever more prominent inside her.

Hercules continued mercilessly pounding his cock into her cunt, fucking her as if breeding her was his only purpose. Her slick, tight pussy felt wonderous sliding snugly around his cock. The bulbous knob at the base of his cock was swelling larger and larger, stretching her poor little pussy ever wider for him. The silky softness of her wet pussy was exhilarating to his simple mind. He was determined to force all of his cock, including the knot, inside her. Hercules repeatedly tried raising his right hind leg in rapid succession over her butt, looking for leverage but finding none, as he pushed himself farther inside her cunt. His cock met meager resistance as her vagina continued expanding to accommodate his size. The gentle grip of her pliable cunt only served to stimulate him further.

Suddenly, his tail curled above his back, his testicles shifted as his scrotum tightened, and his anus

clenched. Hercules experienced the lucid elation of his sperm erupting from his balls to be spewed in this bitch. His muscles tensed as his body constricted around Nikki with the power of his orgasm.

Nikki's eyes and mouth flew open as she gasped hard, struggling for air. Suddenly, she cried out, "Oh, God... Ugh, ugh... Oh, God... He's cumming! Ugh, ugh, ugh... He's cumming!... Ugh... He's cumming in me!... Ugh, ugh, ugh... AAHHH!"

Nikki felt a hot stream of ejaculate jetting out of the dog's pulsating cock deep in her belly. In all the years James had made love to her, she never felt him ejaculate when he came. But she felt it now. She felt the dog cumming in her, and she loved the erotic sensation. His warm, verging-on hot sperm was shooting deep into her stomach. He was so big there was nowhere for his cum to go except to squish and flow between them. As he thrust into her, his cock forced his sperm to leak out of her pussy in warm streams that spurted out of her vagina and dripped off the tiny curls in her pubic mound.

"Ahhh! Ugh, ugh, ugh..." There it was again. He did it again. More of his hot sperm spraying inside her. Nikki's body quivered uncontrollably as she panted and whimpered. Her abdomen tightened as her vagina contracted around his throbbing penis. She was becoming an emotional wreck. She felt like simultaneously laughing and crying as he dumped his hot seed in her womb. The thought of being inseminated by the dog disgusted and excited her.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the shadowy figures around the stage watching the dog fuck her. A few moved close enough for her to see their wide-eyed, gawking faces hiding behind their masks. The thought of so many horny men leering at their depraved union excited her, unleashing her exhibitionist devil. She began rhythmically clenching her butt while rocking her hips and bearing down on his cock as she muttered, "Yes... yes... yes... Fuck me... Good boy... Fuck me..." between guttural grunts and moans.

Time suddenly ceased for Nikki as she fell into the inky void of a great abyss. Her body convulsed as a billion tingling sensations merged into a violent electrical storm. Her nipples and clitoris prickled as her brain was drowned in rapture. Her toes curled into knots beneath the nylon material of her stockings, the elegantly manicured fingers on her hands hyper-extended, and her thighs and buttocks shuddered uncontrollably. Hercules had lunged his cock deep inside her while expelling a third and his most copious expulsion of ejaculate. His hot cum rocketed out of the pointed nib of the penis probing deep inside her to splatter against the inmost reaches of her vagina. The pressure and heat of his ejaculation were unbelievable. A bulge protruded from her tummy as he moved his cock and ejaculated inside her. The presence of his sperm trapped inside her womb felt wonderful.

Nikki fell into a catatonic state. Brian's evil joy juice had dutifully amplified and heightened the physical pleasure of Hercule's throbbing ejaculating penis. The curvature, heat, heft, and size of his expanding cock shockingly thrilled her. Her heart pounded in her chest and thundered in her head. She couldn't breathe. Her eyes rolled back as she saw brilliant flashes of colors. Nikki basked in the waves of her orgasm, the most incredible orgasm of her life. She looked up into the monitors and mirrors above her to see a gigantic dog fucking a woman, which she vaguely understood was her.

Carol had to remind herself to breathe. The sight of the dog fucking the woman was surreal, their bodies wrestling in a savage carnal dance. While she had some empathy for the poor woman being restrained and held down by the two brutes on stage, something was enticing about seeing her forced to submit to such a raw, primal act. She understood the dog's behavior; it wasn't much different from any man she'd ever known. He wanted her pussy. He was driven to use her for his sexual gratification.

But to see a woman stripped of her free will and forced to submit to the carnal desires of an animal was initially unsettling. But then, to see her respond with such decadent indulgence for a canine lover was fascinating. In their coitus, they were not a woman and a dog anymore. They were now a magnificent penis and beautiful vagina coming together for their mutual physical gratification.

She looked at the monitors and was spellbound by the gross conjoining of their disparate genitals. Yet, she was taken aback by the natural beauty of their coupling. His strange penis rapidly pistoning in and out of her welcoming vagina. His cock grew and stretched the lips of her vulva. Glops of prostatic fluid flung in multiple directions as his cock squished the concoction from the depths of her vagina to be expelled. Dollops of the goo ran down her drenched vulva, dangled and rocked from her pubic hair, and clung to her thighs. A pool of their passion was forming on the stage below them. Carol's chest swelled, and her face flushed as she noticed the woman's labia majora, the puffy folds around her vagina were swelling and becoming pinker. The woman's body was responding to the brute's abuse. She was enjoying his intrusion.

Carol started softly panting, a tiny tremor running through her body. She watched as the knot at the base of his penis was swiftly swelling, stretching her vagina wider. The woman's wet, fleshy labia looked rubbery as they molded around the expanding tuber. The knot slightly distorted when the dog forced it inside her pussy only to be restored and be larger when he pulled it out. The elastic resilience of her vagina was impressive as the engorged, pulsing orb repeatedly disappeared and returned, only to be forced inside her again. Just when Carol was sure the knot was too big to enter her again, she witnessed with amazement as the dog banged his large knot once, twice, three times against her labia before her wet lips parted and swallowed it whole, slowly closing around and consuming him. The dog paused momentarily before resuming thrusting his hips. But his knot stayed firmly inside, her vulva bulging outward but not releasing his knot as he rocked his cock inside her.

"Ow, ow, ow..." Nikki cried. She hyperventilated as she absorbed the brief pain of his massive penis becoming embedded in her pussy. A short, sharp pain briefly racked her brain as her vagina adjusted to the enormous intruder. Her belly ballooned as something big pressed on her bladder. She felt an urgent need to pee as his knot continued to swell.

Bryan sneered as he watched the orange-sized knot disappear into Nikki's cunt. Let's see how you like that, you fucking cock teasing bitch, he thought to himself. Bryan looked to Mark and Arseniy, "Let her legs go. He has her tied now, and she's not going anywhere. She's his bitch now."

"AHHHH! ... Ow... Oh... Oh, God... Ugh, ugh.. He's huge! Ugh... ugh... He's huge..." Tears welled up in Nikki's eyes as Hercules continued to thrust his hips with short, forceful strokes against her butt, moving his cock back and forth in the tight confines of her cunt. His cock was still ejaculating inside her. Every few seconds or so, she felt his cock twitch and throb, followed by a fresh warmth radiating deep in her belly.

His penis was now firmly ensconced in her pussy. She could tell he was trapped inside her. When he shifted the position of his hips, hers followed like a shadow. His knot was pressing on her G-spot, sending surges of pleasure through her body as his cock throbbed and pulsed inside her. Her clitoris and nipples were fiendishly linked and ignored. She desperately wanted to rub her clit and pinch her nipples.

"Ahhhh..." Nikki moaned as Hercules slowed his thrusting and ejaculated again. The pain was now replaced by a novel, immense physical delightfulness radiating in her body. She had cum so many times she wasn't sure if this was an orgasm or something new. Strangely, she felt erotically feminine lying there with the dog's cock spewing inside her. She'd never been so conscious of being female. Her clitoris, breasts, and nipples were swollen and aching to be touched. Submitting to a dominant,

alpha male as his bitch excited her.

After a while, Nikki tried to relax and catch her breath as the turmoil of the dog's assault on her body waned. His penis filled her abdomen, practically splitting her in two. She could feel the beating of his heart in the pulsing veins of his cock. Every breath she exhaled constricted her vagina around the massive invader.

"Ahhhh..." Nikki cried a pathetic little feminine sigh as he came again. "Oh, God, yes... yes..." She gently rocked her hips and bore down on his throbbing penis as he ejaculated again. She looked up at Hercules. He'd stopped his thrusting and was nonchalantly panting and looking around. He seemed proud of his conquest. She turned her head to see the men who were now next to the stage, getting a closer view of the bitch tied to the dog. She'd seen their looks before and knew they yearned to fuck her. A devilish grin was on her lips as she let out another simpering groan, knowing the sound would be unsettling to them and flame their desire for her.

Carol looked around at the horde of men ringing the stage. She could almost smell the increased testosterone oozing from their pores. Even the bartender and the bikini-clad stagehands, Bryan and Henry, were mesmerized by Hercules's carnal performance with the woman on stage. She turned her head and saw Dave ensnared in the same hypnotic trance. A cold chill ran down her spine as she briefly feared for herself, the waitress, and the escort with the black men. Their eyes lacked any sign of the civility that would protect them from their lust.

She was torn by an overwhelming desire to leave yet paralyzed by a compulsion to see the performance completed. An ache grew in her belly as she heard the sensual moans and utterances from the woman impaled on the dog's cock. Once the dog ceased his mad gyrations, forcing his cock into her body, there appeared to be a hidden spectacle happening between their conjoined genitals. The dog remained somewhat still as he held his prey tightly between his legs, panting heavily as he proudly scanned the room. All the while, the woman lay in his grip, twitching, shuddering, and moaning. She'd be still for a while, then begin wildly shaking her feet and curling her toes, her hands wobbling in their restraints as she seemed to be trying to grasp something in her hands. Dave had explained how the dog would continue ejaculating in her while they remained tied. Carol assumed the woman's spasms were in response to the dog's sporadic ejaculations.

They'd all been intently watching the dog fuck her for over 25 minutes. Carol could clearly see his puckered anus repeatedly constricting under his curled tail. She quickly realized the contractions foreshadowed his expulsion of sperm into her pussy. Each contraction of his anus almost always elicited a reaction from the poor woman tied to his cock. She knew the euphoria of her own experience of having a man ejaculate inside her. Still, it was brief, lasting but a few seconds. So, what was it like to feel a huge cock pulsating and ejaculating over and over and over again?

Nikki was exhausted. It seemed like the dog had been fucking her for hours. She had no sense of how much time had passed. She had drifted off more than once, only to be shocked back to her condition by a forceful eruption from his hot cock. His ejaculations were becoming less frequent now and didn't feel nearly as strong. Her only indication he was still coming was the random twitches of his cock followed by a mild warmth in her belly. Hercules's knot had shrunk and swelled multiple times during their entanglement. She'd feel the pressure on her bladder lessen only to have him suddenly swell again. Most of this swelling happened as a result of her orgasms restimulating him. Her anus, vagina, and uterus would rhythmically flutter around his cock when he shifted or moved in her. Her body instinctively responded to the feel of his cock moving deep inside her, sloshing in the subterranean pool of sperm he was creating.

"AAAHHH! Ugh, ugh... No, no, no..." A surge of pain shot through Nikki's loins. The pain brought

her back from her exhausted zombie state. Hercules had decided he was through breeding her and attempted to extract his cock from her silky confinement. His knot was smaller but still too big to remove. Her vulva strained against the orb as he tried to pull his cock out of her cunt.

Carol jumped when the woman screamed. She turned to Dave, terrified. "What's happening? Why's she screaming?"

"He's done, but his knot is still too big. He's trying to pull it out of her."

Carol look up at the monitors to see Hercules pulling back, trying to pry his cock out of the woman's pussy. Her vulva swelled, and the lips of her labia began to part, exposing a glimpse of the reddish ball at the base of his cock. A stream of brackish fluid squirted out of her vagina. The woman screamed louder as the dog continued to pull his cock out, stretching her pussy wider. An obscene slurping sound resonated from her cunt as more fluids sprayed and ran out of her.

"Ow, ow, ow!" Nikki screamed as Hercules pulled back on his cock. She felt like he was tearing her apart. She heard a loud sucking noise as she felt air rushing in to fill the void. He paused momentarily as he repositioned his feet. Nikki panted hard as she prepared herself for him to try again.

"Agggghhhh!" Nikki grunted as she bore down on her abdomen when he tried pulling out again. The huge knot distorted and became lodged in the opening of her cunt. It was smaller but still too large to easily pass out of her vagina. She clenched her teeth and took short, quick breaths. Then, she felt him start to move again.

"AAGGGHHHH!" Nikki screamed, bearing down hard as Hercules finally popped his knot out of her cunt, the shaft still remaining inside her. She started taking deep, cleansing breaths as his penis continued shooting little spurts inside her. Sweat collected into rivelettes, flowing over her body and down her face. His penis was a plug holding his cache of sperm inside her. Hercules slowly withdrew his penis, her labia tracing the contours of the fat shaft until the entire length was finally removed. His massive cock dropped and swung with a hefty bulk, tiny micro-bursts of prostatic fluid still shooting from the tip.

Carol gawked at the enormous cock swinging and bobbing beneath the dog's belly. She unconsciously pressed her thighs together as she wondered, 'My God, how did he get all of that thing inside her?' As she watched his cock, the flush, crumpled lips of the woman's labia were slowly closing. Suddenly, the woman's hips began trembling, followed by a loud queef in tandem with a potent discharge of grayish fluids, not once but twice. The remnants of the gooey mess clung to her pussy, dripping in globs from her pubic hair and landing in the spreading puddle on the stage below.

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## Chapter 17

Bryan was enraged. He couldn't explain why, but a bitter bile filled his mouth. Hercules had fucked the shit out of her, but instead of feeling appeased, he just felt irritated and vexed. He wanted to see her broken in retribution for the years of tormenting and cock teasing she'd inflicted so callously on him. But the fucking bitch liked it. She enjoyed being fucked by the beast. Each and every one of her sighs, moans, and shrieks of ecstasy as Hercules fucked her and cut him like a razor. He shouldn't have given her the joy juice, but he needed the amnesia benefits it inflicted. The fucking cunt would've probably still enjoyed it without the juice. Seeing her lying there with Hercules's cum dripping from her cunt, as she floated in the afterglow of their union, just inflamed the rage deep inside his gut. At that moment, he decided he'd have the last laugh and would take what she'd

denied him for oh so many years.

Nikki was floating in and out of consciousness. Her body now glowed with the delicious brilliant radiance consuming it, ignited by the lasciviousness of the extraordinary beast. The empty void in her womb filled her with a curious yearning for more. Her head drooped as her body lay limp on the bench. She was physically drained and wanted to sleep.

Hercules sat between Nikki's spread thighs, cleaning his cock, savoring the taste of the bitch he just bred. When Bryan stepped onto the stage, Hercules immediately rose and turned to stand to confront him. His muscular body tightened as he took a defensive stance between his bitch and the man approaching her. He snarled at Bryan, warning him to stay back and signaling his intent to protect his female.

Bryan was taken aback, his eyes wide with shock. "Jesus Christ! Hercules, stop! Down! Down, boy!" Bryan yelled. "Henry! Get this fucking dog out of here."

"Sorry, boss. He's never done that before. Hercules! Hercules! Down!" Henry jumped up on the stage and slowly approached Hercules. The dog was agitated and confused, holding his ground and determined to defend his female, yet knowing he needed to comply with his master's command. As Henry approached, he instinctively wanted to attack. Still, he succumbed to his years of training and submitted to his master.

"Mark, Arseniy, help me get him back to the kennel." The three men labored to corral the large dog, moving him away from Nikki to the side of the stage. Once Henry had his leash attached to his collar, he handed it to Arseniy. He directed him and Mark to return Hercules to the kennel. As they forcefully dragged him across the stage, Hercules kept looking back at Nikki. Her scent and how she felt when they were one were forever imprinted in his brain. He didn't want to leave her.

Nikki was roused by Bryan's yelling. She looked into the mirrors and saw the dog defending her from Bryan and the other men approaching him. A little pang squeezed her heart as she watched them surround and shackle him with his leash, then drag him away. As the two men pulled a reluctant Hercules around to the head of the stage and down the ramp, Nikki and the dog exchanged a long, soulful gaze. He kept looking back at her until he disappeared into the darkness.

Nikki looked up and saw Bryan in the mirror, unbuttoning his shirt as he walked toward her. Even her befuddled mind had a good idea of what was coming next. She was physically exhausted. She'd had so many orgasms she didn't think it was possible to cum again. But the wicked drug still titillated her flesh, the tingling sensations rising in her pussy and breasts as images of Bryan's black cock filled her mind. She wouldn't be able to deny him her body, but she could minimize his satisfaction. Nikki lowered her head, closing her eyes tight, trying to focus her thoughts. She'd try to force her body to remain limp and stifle any sounds of pleasure. He may get to fuck her, but he might as well be fucking a piece of meat.

Bryan rapidly unbuttoned his shirt and then unbuckled his belt as he moved to stand between Nikki's spread thighs. Hercules's cum was still dripping off her clit as he dropped his slacks and boxers, releasing his raging hard-on. His long black cock, with its chocolate-colored circumcised head, stuck out as he pointed it at Nikki's sloppy cunt. He gripped her butt cheeks hard, squeezing her soft flesh in his meaty hands, eliciting a meager grunt from Nikki. Lifting her ass up, he thrust the head of his cock into her cunt, sinking the entire length of his hard dick in her soiled dog fucked pussy. The fucking dog may have stretched her cunt and filled her with his nasty goo, but her silky pussy still felt like heaven to him. He pounded her ass hard, over and over again, the sound of his flesh slapping her ass as he grunted like a pig. He could feel Hercules's cum churning around his

cock in her stretched pussy. He fucked her with an anger that had raged in him for years. He leaned over her sweaty body to grab her breasts in each of his hands. He squeezed them hard, making Nikki cry out.

Pressing his lips to her left ear, he whispered. "You fucking bitch, Nikki. You like that, didn't you? You liked being fucked by a dog. You slut. I should have known. Little Miss Hot Ass cock teaser is a whore. What a fucking cunt. I watched you moaning like a fucking whore when he shoved his big cock in your cunt. Who would have guessed you were such a goddamn size queen. You fucking whore."

Bryan pounded his cock harder and harder into her cunt as he whispered in her ear. Nikki fought hard to remain flaccid as he used her body. She suppressed several moans deep in her throat as he kneaded her plump breasts and pinched her erect nipples. The pain in her nipples shot like an electric shock to her throbbing clit. Her pussy was sore, but his cock did feel nice.

Bryan kept whispering in her ear, calling her names as he repeatedly pounded his cock into her cunt. She felt his rage building as he slammed his cock inside her until he finally pushed hard and held his cock deep inside her. He grunted and jerked as his jism shot out of his cock. Nikki knew he was cumming, but she couldn't feel him ejaculate like she did when Hercules had ejaculated.

Bryan sighed and lay on top of Nikki. He looked down at her and slowly raised his body off her back. He stepped back and slid his shrinking black cock out of her cunt. A thick, white glop of his man jizz sat in the gap of her pussy between her puffy labia. Nikki's vagina involuntarily contracted, followed by a rivulet of dog and man sperm running out of her vagina. The male seed flowed down to her pudgy clitoris to be temporarily cradled in the hood of her labia, then overflowed to run to her pubic hair.

As Bryan pulled his pants up, he turned to see a line of half-naked men had formed behind him. Surprise was quickly replaced with anger and confusion on his face. "What the fu...?"

Henry quickly moved in before he could say anything, pressing his shoulder against Bryan's chest and whispering in his ear. "They want to fuck her. They all want to fuck the dog whore. You won't believe what they're paying to fuck her."

Henry pushed a stunned Bryan out of the way as the obese Asian man stepped up and took his place between Nikki's spread thighs and started fucking her with his diminutive penis. Nikki could barely feel the tiny prick fucking her pussy. She looked up into the mirrors to see the line of men removing their clothes and waiting their turn to use her cunt. Several of the men were stroking their stiff cocks. She started softly panting and sighing at the thought of all those beautiful cocks fucking her and filling her with cum. Their desire to fuck her was intoxicating and revived the tingling sensations in her body. She quivered at the thought of the kinky mixture of dog and man sperm collecting inside her womb.

"Can we please go? Now?" Carol pleaded. Dave looked at the group of horny men gathering on the stage, aggressively bartering with Henry for an opportunity to fuck the woman. The perverted porn show was quickly degenerating into a disorganized orgy.

"Sure, let's go."

As Carol and Dave made their way to the entrance and the awaiting limos, Carol looked over her shoulder to see the stage in a pool of light growing smaller as they walked away. There was a crowd of men on the stage in various stages of undress hovering around the limp woman's body. Some were lined up, waiting their turn to fuck her. Others were squeezing her tits or shoving their cock



down her throat.

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Chapter 18

"How are you going to get her to do it?" Henry asked.

"I don't know. I got to think." Henry could see the wheels spinning in Bryan's head as he stroked his bottom lip between his thumb and forefinger.

"Have you talked to her since the show?"

"No..."

"No?!? Why not? She's probably wondering what the fuck happened. You were supposed to call her the next day and give her the cover story that she got a little crazy after drinking too much. She won't have remembered anything after getting the juice."

"I don't know. She looked pretty messed up when we took her home. The way everybody was mauling and fucking her, especially Hercules, I didn't think she was going to buy it."

"Fuck. Just tell her she got a little crazy and was falling down. Hell, turn it on her. Tell her you got a little embarrassed at how she behaved." Henry said with a fiendish grin.

"Call her. We need her to do another show. Words spreading around the club about Hercules's hot new bitch. People are willing to pay big to see her. Plus, Hercules is acting strange. I haven't seen him like this. He liked fucking that bitch. Dmitry brought a girl from the club out yesterday, and he wasn't very interested. The bastard fucked her, but his heart wasn't in it. Your fuckin' cock teaser ruined him."

"Okay, I'll call her." Bryan pulled out his phone. He listened as the phone rang.

"Hi, Nikki! How are you doing?"

Bryan's eyes got big as he held the phone away from his ear. Henry could hear her screaming on the phone from across the room.

"...hey... yeah... Nikki... yeah..." Bryan tried to get a word in edgewise, but Nikki wasn't listening. She was screaming, crying, and swearing at him. He looked at Henry, shaking his head and rolling his eyes.

Henry looked at him, confused and worried. In a hushed voice, Henry asked, "What the fuck's going on?"

Still holding his phone away from his ear, Bryan replied, "Apparently, she's the one in a million who doesn't get amnesia from the joy juice. Dr. P warned it could happen. My fuckin' luck, she's the one."

Bryan let Nikki continue her rant until he didn't hear her talking anymore. Slowly placing the phone to his ear, he listened to see if she was still there when he heard a quiet sob.

"Nikki?"

"Sniff... sniff... what?" she said in her Southern little girl voice.

"You weren't supposed to remember any of it, but my fuckin' luck, you're the odd bitch that remembers. But don't you be giving me any of your fucking indignant attitude. I saw you. We all saw you. You fucking loved it. You were begging Hercules to fuck you. He's fucked a lot of bitches, human female bitches, and none of them enjoyed it like you did."

"You drugged me..." Nikki screamed.

"So were all the other bitches, and none of them screamed and moaned for him like you did. You fucking loved it!"

The phone remained silent for several minutes, and Bryan let his words sink in. Nikki didn't want to admit it to Bryan, but Hercules and his beautiful cock was all she could think about. She'd find herself daydreaming, thinking about him and wondering where he was and what he was doing.

"Nikki? Are you still there?" Bryan asked.

After a long pause, her little voice replied, "...yes..."

"Hercules wants his bitch. Do you want to do it again?" Bryan asked with a firmness in his voice.

Another long pause, then Nikki replied breathlessly, "...yes..."

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## **Postscript**

Nikki's story is beyond believable. But she convinced me she was sincere. I may have been catfished, but I do want to believe women like Nikki exist. I challenged her and her story several times, and each time, she had reasonable answers. If you've read Nikki's story, you'll know how incredible it is.

So, to add some credibility to the story, I've decided to include my chats with Nikki. Or at least enough of our conversations so you can judge for yourself the credibility and my ability to convey her experience.

The essence of our chats remains unaltered, but I have edited them for length and clarity.

Rex Canis

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## **June 24 - Day 1**

Nicole: Hi. I really like your stories. You are a gifted writer. The things you describe are so on the mark I think they must be based on real events.

Nicole: I guess I missed you... dang.

Rex Canis: Give me about 15 min. Does that work for you?

Nicole: Oh, Hi... sure.

Rex Canis: So, are you still there?

Nicole: Hi. Yes, I'm here. My name is Nicole. Is Rex really your name?

Rex Canis: Hi Nicole. Rex is not my real name. How are you? Your email said you wanted to share an experience you had with me.

Nicole: I'm kind of hesitant to do that. I did share it once before, and the guy told me I was a liar because I didn't go to the police. And it is so long I would bore you to tears.

Nicole: I really like your stories. They seem so real like you've been there.

Rex Canis: I live vicariously through my writing.

Nicole: I was thinking about telling others about my experience, but I'm not a good writer. I saw your stories, and I thought how much more interesting my story would be written by someone like you with your beautiful writing.

Rex Canis: Thank you, you are very kind.

Nicole: Some of the sensations and feelings you describe are so exactly right... I thought you must have lived it... I suspect you are a girl. LOL I'm sorry. I was not trying to be insulting. I meant that as a compliment.

Rex Canis: People have said that about my writings. It's a HUGE compliment to hear it from a beautiful woman such as you...

Nicole: That is sweet. Thank you, but how do you know I'm beautiful?

Rex Canis: How do I know you're a beautiful woman? I don't know for sure, but I did check out your profile and saw your photos. If those are not of you, then you picked some nice fakes. Plus, I love the thought of beautiful women enjoying and being aroused by my writings. I choose to live in a fantasy where you exist as you portray yourself.

Rex Canis: So, some guy called you a liar? About what?

Nicole: What happened to me. He was very nice at first and finally convinced me to tell him. Then he started demanding I send him photos and videos as proof. I told him I did not have any. Then he said I was a liar and the whole thing could not be true.

Nicole: It is kind of hard to believe, I guess. But he said if it was true, I would have gone to the police. I tried to explain that I couldn't do that because of the publicity it would bring. They had photos and videos of everything, and I could not risk having them get out.

Rex Canis: I thought you said you don't have any photos or videos.

Nicole: I don't have any, but they do. See... Everything is a long story. My husband says I never use 10 words when 100 will do. I do have a few erotic photos like the one on my profile, but nothing of that night. The photos on my profile are of me. Unfortunately. You get me exactly as I am.

Rex Canis: Unfortunate? I think not!

Nicole: I don't have any fake photos... I know they can be doctored, but I don't know how to do that. If you will forgive my lack of modesty, I have been told I am beautiful all my life. Sometimes it's a pleasure, and sometimes it can be a curse.

Rex Canis: You should be proud of your beauty. A confident, sexy woman is amazing!

Nicole: Thank you, but it can have problems as well. It is very hard to be close friends with other girls. I must admit I do like having people look at me. I am a bit of a tease.

Nicole: Your stories are very erotic. They really turned me on...

Rex Canis: Thank you again for the accolades. I LOVE making love to women's minds with my salacious stories...

Nicole: That is cool, making love to women's minds. I like that. I read somewhere that the mind is the largest sex organ. LOL

Nicole: As you saw in that one photo, I like short skirts, and I usually do not wear panties. I have made guys in restaurants drop their forks. LOL

Rex Canis: Are you married?

Nicole: Yes, I am. My husband is a lot older than me. 21 years older. He was my professor in college. He used to think my teasing and all was hot, but now he just kind of ignores it. My husband has no clue about what happened to me.

Nicole: So. Is it your desire to see the things you write about?

Rex Canis: Yeah. I guess it's why I write these stories, to vent my deepest, darkest desires. At least my perverse sexual fantasies can come alive in my mind.

Nicole: There are shows where you can see it, dogs with women. Trust me, I know.

Rex Canis: I've seen a number of videos of women with dogs. I'd really like to share the experience of seeing a beautiful woman with a dog someday, but so far, the circumstances have eluded me.

Rex Canis: I don't want to pry into anything you're uncomfortable sharing, but what is your experience?

Nicole: Well, I am so conflicted. The experience I had was not voluntary. Without boring you too much, a former student of my husband's became sort of a friend. At least, I thought he was a friend. He was a football player who went into the service and then to college, so he is closer to my age than my husband. He used to visit us fairly often, and he always had the hots for me, trying to touch my butt and saying is the old man keeping you satisfied—that kind of thing. My husband quit his teaching job and, became a consultant, and began traveling a lot.

Rex Canis: Nicole, you are not boring me. I don't want to pry, but I'm willing to listen if you want to tell me about it.

Nicole: My husband's attention has waned with age, I guess, and he was out of town on one of his many business trips. Bryan called and asked me to go have a drink. I was bored and whatever... I went. He drugged my drink and took me to a place where they used me in a show with a dog. That is the short version. You have to understand that I was raised very conservatively. We didn't talk about sex, much less such a taboo thing as a dog having sex with a woman. I didn't know there was such a thing. I was a virgin when I married and had not had another man... well, until that night. I was horrified... Both by what happened and by how much I liked it!

Rex Canis: If this was not voluntary, that is rape. I'm not into rape. When I want to be with a woman willing to have sex with a canine lover, I want us to be consenting partners exploring our sexual

variant desires together. I don't want to see a woman drugged and raped by a dog for the pleasure of others.

Nicole: I am so very conflicted... I feel so ashamed and guilty about it. It's my fault. I should have never gone out with Bryan that night. I was so naive. Bryan led me to believe I was not the first. I was curious to know if this happens to other women and was searching for information when I saw your stories. When I read them, my mind flashed back to that night. I'm embarrassed to say I actually touched myself and came reading your story.

Nicole: You're right. I know it was wrong, but what was I going to do? If I went to the police, the whole story would come out, including photos and videos of me on a stage cumming like crazy while a dog was fucking me. I can see me on the stand... Ms Singer, did you like it? Why yes, I did, your honor...

Nicole: Right about here is where the other guy said, send me the videos, and I said I don't have them. That's when he said I was a liar. He said that if my story was true, I would have gone to the police.

Rex Canis: I understand your concerns. But you do have to admit that your experience is pretty unusual. I'm NOT calling you a liar. I'm just saying, wow! I hope you weren't hurt.

Nicole: No, I was not hurt, and I'll understand if you don't believe me. My husband and I had pretty much quit seeing Bryan before that night because he had fallen in with a bad crowd. I found out later that he planned the show and charged people to watch it. That is why I said I know there are shows where this happens.

Nicole: I think it was a revenge thing with him too... Because I would not give him what he wanted. I know some of the people at the show were people from the college because I remember him saying, Ok, you have all lusted after snotty little miss hot ass, so now you are going to see her fucked.

Nicole: I did it again. Sorry... I don't usually use that word, but that is what it was, fucking.

Rex Canis: I'm not saying I don't believe you. It's so fantastical a story that it's a lot to absorb. I'm trying to fully fathom a situation like this. You must have an extremely strong constitution and character to have come through this.

Nicole: I'm not sure what he gave me, but I was just kind of floating in and out and tingling all over. The tingles were going all over my body and to my nipples and clitoris. I had what felt like little mini-orgasms the whole time I was drugged. Then, when the dog and others used me, the sensations were so overwhelming I couldn't stop cumming. I'd never experienced anything like it before, and I liked it.

Nicole: It was tough the next morning to realize what had happened to me. My head was foggy, like a hangover. But, as my head started to clear, I began remembering what happened. The big dog and all the men... There was a lot of guilt because I remembered how much I liked it... I had never had orgasms like that in my life. I was shaken. I felt dirty. I've always been very orgasmic. My husband says I cum like a machine gun. LOL But I realized the orgasms I had before were kind of minor and nothing like the ones I had that night.

Rex Canis: You're making me swell with a range of emotions; lust, hate, horny, sadness... I hate what he did to you against your will, but you're driving me wild with the thought of what you experienced.

Nicole: Thank you. I don't hate him anymore, and I am not sad about it either. I'm not sure what I

am.

Rex Canis: Nicole, Nicole, Nicole! You are driving me wild!

Nicole: I'm sorry. I don't mean to upset you. I finally came to grips with it and realized it was the hottest thing that had ever happened to me. But can you see why I thought someone with your talent could write the story about what happened to me and how others might like to read it? They would not know it was a true story, but you and I will know the truth.

Rex Canis: Don't apologize! I find you to be quite captivating...

Nicole: My close friends call me Nikki. Since you now know more about me than any of them, you can call me that if you want.

Rex Canis: I'd like that, Nikki.

Nicole: Sorry... I told you I go on and on... I guess I have bored you to tears by now.

Rex Canis: You do not bore me, gorgeous. I'd kill to be with a sensual woman such as you. Read my stories again. You feel like the kind of woman I fantasize and lust for... What time zone are you in?

Nicole: I live in South Carolina. Southern Belle born and bred.

Rex Canis: I need to get going soon. Can we talk some more sometime soon?

Nicole: OK. It has been fun chatting. I hope I did not bore you too badly. Sure. My husband travels a lot, so I can usually chat. He knows nothing about any of this so I have to be careful.

Rex Canis: Please don't say that. I find you interesting, provocative and infinitely sexy.

Nicole: Thank you. You are sweet.

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## **June 24 - Day 1 Part 2**

Rex Canis: Have you read all my stories?

Nicole: I don't know. I read the ones about Liz and Cassie. Are there more? Maybe one day, there will be one about Nikki. It would be hot to read about my experience through your eyes.

Rex Canis: There are two Cassie stories. Have you read both?

Nicole: Yes. Chapter 10 in Liz actually made me gasp. It made me think about what Bryan did to me.

Rex Canis: I hope it made you do more than gasp (in a good way). I hope it brought back all the good elements without the negative aspects of your experience. Hell, I hope it made you cum until you were a spent, satiated lump of female flesh that couldn't orgasm again if you tried!

Nicole: Well, I did cum just from touching myself, but maybe not that much. LOL You said you like to make love to women's minds with your stories. Is that what you were doing to me with your stories? Making love to my mind?

Rex Canis: God, I hope so... May I?

Nicole: OMG, that made me wet. Wow. Please.

Rex Canis: Have you read the current story I'm working on, Dragon?

Nicole: No, I haven't. Is that the name? Dragon? I'll look for it. So, will you write my story?

Rex Canis: I don't know. It's an incredible story. I don't know if I can do it justice. From the little you've told me, it's a remarkably erotic story. I'd like to tell your story, but I'll need more information. That is if you don't mind sharing it with me. Maybe a collaboration if you're up to it?

Nicole: I don't know what that means? Does that mean I tell you the whole story and how I felt and all, and then you write it? Is that what you mean by a collaboration?

Rex Canis: Yes. This would be a unique opportunity for you to share and tell your story as you want to have it told.

Nicole: I would just describe it to you, what happened, how it felt, how I felt, and then you would use all of your talent to make it readable. I like that, but I am afraid you will scream, "no more details."

Rex Canis: Don't sell me short. If the details are real, they're worth including and getting right. I'm not a woman. I can only guess how you feel. You are giving me the opportunity to get it right.

Nicole: There is something I have to tell you, just in case you do not want to talk to me anymore. My husband went out of town again about a week later, and Bryan called me. After I was through screaming at him, he said, "you loved it," and "do you want to do it again?" I'm embarrassed to tell you I said yes. Actually, I've done it 3 times. The fact that there were guys watching was humiliating at first, but when I heard their crude comments and knew they were masturbating while watching me with the dog, it really turned me on. Only the first time was against my will. The other times, I willingly went with Bryan when he asked.

Nicole: I'll understand if you don't want to talk to me anymore.

Rex Canis: Don't want to talk to you anymore? You're my dream girl!!

Nicole: You are so sweet and funny.

Rex Canis: God! I won't be able to get you off my mind, and I don't want to!

Rex Canis: I know it's not polite to ask a lady her age, but I'm curious. Your profile says 34, I believe.

Nicole: Yes, that is right. I just saw that it says I live in Canada. LOL Need to correct that.

Rex Canis: I don't want to go, but the phone battery is almost dead. It has been such a pleasure talking with you!

Nicole: It's been fun... Bye.

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### **June 24 - Day 1 Part 3**

Nicole: I'll leave you these messages, and you can read them later. So the details are as real as I can make them... I can tell you exactly what happened and how it felt to me. A lot of it you already have, but some of it is a little different.

Nicole: Wow... I found your Dragon story. OMG Hercules, the dog that fucked me, is a Great Dane. This is bizarre. But I was certainly not his first. He's professionally trained to do this to women in front of an audience.

Nicole: OMG Her name is Nicole!!! This is scary. She is drugged, and she wears a collar. When I went back, they had a collar that I wore. It says Hercule's Bitch, and that is how they introduce me. Hercule's bitch. Hercules certainly thinks I'm his bitch.

Rex Canis: Hi. I'm in my car and saw your messages. I began writing Dragon weeks ago. The coincidences are more than interesting! You said I got most of it right in my stories. What am I getting wrong?

Nicole: Well, I guess it would depend on the dog too. Hercules did not start cumming hard as soon as he tied me. He stroked for quite a while and then came. He did keep cumming the whole time we were tied. But the knot went down some, and then he started again, and it swelled back up. Of course, he is trained, so maybe that is it. Both his penis and the cum is much hotter than a man's. And it squirts in very forcibly... You can feel it, and he's spurting some the whole time... That is right. I can feel my husband's penis pulsate, but I do not feel the cum. With the dogs, I do. Also, quite a bit of his penis comes out of the sheath, not just an inch or so. Of course, he is huge, so that might be part of it. Also, he knows exactly what he is doing and had no trouble finding me. Neither of them. There was another dog named Bo that was there the third time. He is a mastiff something. Not as tall as Hercules but much heavier.

Nicole: They do cum a lot more than a man, and it is much hotter. I also want to tell you about when Hercules sort of raped me.

Nicole: You have got the emotions right. The fear and horror, but underlying it is some curiosity and lust. The delicious thrill of doing something so taboo. I have read that most guys gave a rape fantasy where the girl resists and then likes it. Well, I would be your fantasy come true. At first, I was scared, horrified and fighting it, but then the physical side took over, and I was moaning and then screaming and cumming like crazy. Bryan said some of the guys came in their pants just watching me.

Rex Canis: Oh my God. Thank you so much for sharing that with me! I am so in lust with you! You are driving me crazy. Your husband is a lucky bastard. I have a million questions. No time right now, but I will be in touch. Thank you for trusting me.

Nicole: My husband knows nothing about any of this, and he never can. That would be instant divorce, if not worse.

Nicole: There is the physical side. Being penetrated, stretched, and so filled with a penis. The knot does seem to hit directly on my G-spot. There is the emotion of being dominated and used. When he took my neck in his mouth and growled, I was just paralyzed. I knew he was saying you are my bitch! Submit! ...and I did. It was deliciously evil. I guess I'm just a bad girl inside.

Nicole: That is the way to describe it. I just totally submitted and willingly became his bitch.

Nicole: You have to remember, I am a good Methodist girl raised in a very straight household. I was a virgin until I married. Debutante and all that goes with a good Southern girl upbringing. There were never thoughts of such things, much less discussed them. Yes, Bryan forced me. Did I like it? I loved it. Do I want to be Hercules's bitch? Yes, a thousand times yes. When he took my neck in his mouth and growled, I knew I was his bitch, and he could do anything he wanted to me. Bryan told me Hercules has been with other girls, but he's never seen him as aggressive as when he's with me.



He said I'm Hercules's favorite.

Rex Canis: My God. This is so intoxicating for me. You are intoxicating. I've always thought there's this seductive dark side to sex for some women. Some reject or fight it, while others embrace it. The seductive dark side of which I speak is the sense of being taken, dominated and used for sexual gratification by a strong virile male. While societal pressures try to force us to be good boys and girls, we still have a deep, primordial animal instinct that compels some of us to enjoy and seek out this primitive yet complex set of emotions. We can put any higher, cerebral trappings on our physical interactions, but at its most basic level, the male is the dominator driving his cock deep inside a female to ejaculate his sperm into her womb. The female is submissive, lying prostrate as she grants a male access to her body for their mutual gratification. I have to believe that sex between a virile male canine and a receptive female has to play on these emotions and themes.

Rex Canis: I'm sorry to hear that your husband would divorce you or worse if he ever found out. That seems so sad to me since this is obviously such a powerful emotion and desire for you.

Nicole: My husband would never understand. He would be horrified at the very thought.

Rex Canis: Your story is so conflicting for me. On the one hand, you are driving me crazy with the thought of these large male dogs penetrating and using your gorgeous body for their physical gratification. You initially resisted but then were ultimately consumed by their physical passion and dominance for you that you loved having them take you. I've always been fascinated by women who find a special gratification when males enjoy using their bodies. Women say things like, "do you like my pussy", "does that feel good to you", "use me, baby, use me to make yourself cum." I think women like to have us males use them for our pleasure and take pride that they have such power and control over us. A woman that can extend this to a dog knows her physical attributes must be amazing since the dog is only interested in her physical body, her vagina. You sound proud that Hercules desires you.

Nicole: I think you're right. The command they give Hercules to mount me is "Hercules... breed her." I find it very exciting. My heart skips a beat, I lose my breath, and I get wet knowing he's going to breed me, his bitch.

Rex Canis: God, you are so sexy.

Nicole: You are sweet...

Rex Canis: Can I be open and frank, Nikki? I know we've just met, but we've already shared a lot, and I have so many questions.

Nicole: Please do. My husband will be back tomorrow. So, I'm going to try giving you as many details as I can before he returns, as I will have limited time to chat while he's at home. Ask questions, as I am sure I will leave things out, and your perspective is important.

Rex Canis: Always feel free to not answer if you don't feel comfortable doing so. You said you've been with dogs three times; twice with Hercules and once with Bo. But it sounds like there have been more. Am I wrong?

Nicole: No, that is all. Hercules twice the first time. He also had me on the second and third time. Then Bo had me twice. Plus, there was the time Hercules kind of raped me once. I mean, there were just three "events." But the dogs did it to me more than once each time.

Rex Canis: So, let me understand. Hercules had coitus with you two times on three separate

occasions, and Bo fucked you twice on one occasion. Then there was yet another time that Hercules basically raped you. Is that correct?

Nicole: Yes. So that is 9. I'd never totaled it before. That is a lot, isn't it?

Rex Canis: I don't know. It's all relative.

Nicole: It seems like a lot when I look at it like that. That one time was both Hercules and Bo. I mean, they took turns, but I guess it still counts as 4.

Rex Canis: Can you help me understand how this has come about? You explained the first time Bryan took you to a club, he slipped you a mickey and set you up to be fucked by Hercules. I understand how this could happen multiple times that first night, but how did you keep getting involved with this guy to have it happen several more times? I'm not being judgmental I'm just trying to understand.

Nicole: I think I told you he was a former student of my husband and one of his favorites. He had been in the army or something and then came to college, so he was closer to my age than my husband. He used to come to our house a lot, and I knew he was hot for me. He kind of tried to have me but always backed off. My husband left the university and became a consultant and started doing a lot of traveling for his job. He also had become less "attentive." He was on a trip, and Bryan... he was a football player.

Rex Canis: Yes, you did tell me all that. So, you were bored, you liked teasing him, then...

Nicole: So he called me and said, let's go have a drink to celebrate the old man's promotion. Obviously, my husband had been promoted. I was bored, and I must admit I did like teasing him a bit. I think I also told you we were kind of avoiding him because he was running with a bad crowd.

Rex Canis: How did you dress for your night out with Bryan? You said you were trying to tease him. This makes me think you probably dressed a bit provocatively. Yes?

Nicole: Yes, I probably teased him too much. I dressed to go clubbing. My usual. A short skirt, blouse and no panties. So, he took me to this kind of rough bar, and I was a little uncomfortable, but I had a drink. After a few minutes, I started to feel really dizzy and tingly. I got more and more dizzy, and these tingly sensations were going all through my body. I was seeing colors and kind of going in and out.

Rex Canis: Was he known at this bar? Something must have been set up prior. Did they do the show in the bar? Or did he take you somewhere else for your encounter with Hercules?

Nicole: I guess he was known there. I had never been there before. Then Bryan was saying he would take me home, and I kind of went out in the car. I was just floating with all of those sensations shooting through me. I was getting warm and really horny. I could feel my heart pounding in my stiff nipples and throbbing clitoris.

Nicole: But he didn't take me home. He took me to a place where they do the shows. I was going in and out, and I thought this is not home. What is this place? Then I kind of floated off again, and when I kind of came down, I was lying on this y-shaped table on my stomach.

Rex Canis: Were you still dressed?

Nicole: Not really. All I had on was this bustier type of thing. I think my nylon stockings were still on,

but I was nude from the waist down, and my breasts were out.

Rex Canis: They took off your clothes and re-dressed you, and you didn't even realize it?

Nicole: I remember thinking, this is not home. Where are my clothes, and why am I dressed like this? I was going in and out, and I was kind of aware that I was being undressed, but I thought they were putting me to bed. I would be kind of lucid for a moment and then float off. The main thing I remember is feeling really, really horny. Every little breeze or touch set off a million tingling sensations in me. It's all I could think about.

Rex Canis: Then they strapped you to the y-shaped table?

Nicole: My hands were strapped, but they spread my legs and held them down to the table.

Rex Canis: When did you realize what was about to happen to you?

Nicole: Not at first. I was trying to figure out what was going on and where I was. Then I realized there were other people in the room, and they were talking about me. That is when I heard Byran say something about lusting for miss snotty little hot ass and how they were now going to see her fucked. Actually, I think he said royally fucked.

Rex Canis: Wow. So, I assume you are lying on the Y-shaped table with your torso and arms on the middle stem of the Y with your arms strapped down above your head and your legs spread on the V of the Y. Were you able to move at all?

Nicole: No. My head and arms were both kind of down. They adjusted the table while I was lying there, so my ass was kind of raised. I could sort of move my legs, but there were two guys stroking and holding my legs. I remember the feeling of their rough, firm grip on my legs. And they were touching me. Remember, no one but my husband had ever touched me.

Rex Canis: Touching you? Do you mean touching your vagina?

Nicole: Yes. My vagina and my breasts.

Rex Canis: Okay, but I have to imagine that when you heard you were going to get royally fucked you thought it was going to be by men. When did it dawn on you that it was going to be a dog fucking you?

Nicole: When the trainer guy came in with Hercules on a lease, I thought, what a handsome dog. He was huge and very muscular. Kind of scary-looking, too. I was still drifting in and out and feeling super horny when I heard someone said Ok, Hercules, here is your bitch for tonight. Right away, I realized they meant me. That shocked me a little more awake, and I got really scared.

Rex Canis: What ran through your mind when you heard, "Ok, Hercules, here is your bitch for tonight?"

Nicole: I started struggling and screaming, "No, let me up," and "No, don't do that to me," and that kind of thing. I tried to close my legs, but the strong hands holding my legs jerked them open as the trainer guy took him behind me.

Rex Canis: Had you ever heard about dogs fucking women before?

Nicole: I'd heard dirty jokes about it, but that was all. I wasn't even sure it could really happen.

Rex Canis: Interesting. I've heard other women say "I was not even sure it could really happen" before. If you look at the size and proportions of a dog's cock there isn't be any reason it can't fuck a human female pussy. Actually, it's a perfect size for a human female.

Nicole: They brought the dog closer to me, and he stuck his nose between my legs. I could hear him sniffing me, and then he licked me. Bryan said, "Wow, that got his attention! He's already hard for her pussy."

Rex Canis: Were you getting wet at this point? Or just terrified? Or both?

Nicole: Everything was happening so fast. I was a little wet, but that may have been from all the hands touching me while I was floating. And even though I was really scared, I was still really horny and tingly. Whatever Bryan gave me was working. I remember I was crying and saying no, please don't do this. Then I felt a hand touch me and put a bunch of lubrication stuff on and in me. Then Byran said, "Put the shield on him. She can't take the knot the first time."

Rex Canis: Wow, that's interesting. I'm curious as to why they thought you couldn't take the knot on the first time. The human female vagina is very accommodating. I've never heard about the shield before.

Nicole: I think that is right. I didn't see it well, but I think it was a thing that slipped around his penis to keep him from getting his knot in me. I felt it hitting me later. It went in me a little, but I could feel a soft, rubber thing pressing against me. I'd only had my husband previously, and he is not very big. I think I was pretty small and tight. Not sure. Maybe Bryan had some concern he'd hurt me.

Nicole: Then I heard the trainer say, "Hercules, breed her." That's when he mounted me.

Rex Canis: Wow, what was that like?

Nicole: Very scary. He's a huge dog. His head was out past mine. He grabbed my hips with his paws and just jerked my ass up and back. He buried his cock in me in one stroke. It took him several thrusts to get it all in, but he found me on his first strike. He also bent down and grabbed my neck in his mouth and growled when he was first penetrating me. It kind of paralyzed me. I felt his teeth and tongue on my skin. At that moment, I knew he considered me to be his bitch, and it was going to happen. There was nothing I could do to stop him.

Rex Canis: Dogs and other animals will do as you've described to their female partners during coitus. Did he penetrate you all the way to the shield that was preventing his knot from entering you?

Nicole: It took him maybe 5 or 6 thrusts to get that far, but the first stroke was deeper than anything I ever had before.

Rex Canis: Dogs aren't fully erect when they penetrate females. Their oz bone lets them penetrate the vagina, but they become erect (the swelling of the penis shaft and knob) while thrusting into the female. Could you feel him swelling and growing larger? What was the intensity of his thrusting like?

Nicole: Yes, but he was already big when he first went in me. Then he kept getting bigger and bigger. He started thrusting really, really fast and hard. He was trying to pick me up and drag me back on his cock with his paws and legs as he was pushing his penis into me. Could I feel him swelling and growing in me? God yes! I thought he was going to kill me. It felt like he was splitting me open.

Rex Canis: I know you were frightened, but it sounds like there was a point where fear morphed into sexual pleasure. When did that happen?

Nicole: As he was pushing his cock in me, he grabbed my neck again and growled very low. Then something happened. I don't know if it was the drug Bryan gave me or something else inside me, I just relaxed and submitted to him, and the pain started to go away. It started to feel good. There was still some pain. I'd never had anything so big being forcefully pushed inside me. I thought he was in my stomach. Then it started to feel really good. I could feel myself tightly wrapped around his swelling penis, and my whole body started shaking. I was thinking, OMG, I'm being fucked by a dog, and I'm going to cum.

Rex Canis: Did you cum? Was his cock hot? When did he start to cum in you? How did his sperm feel as he ejaculated into your womb?

Nicole: I was aware of the people around us watching him fuck me. I didn't understand what they were saying, but I heard things like "look at that," "she likes it," "she's beautiful," "look him fuck that bitch," "what a sexy ass," and stuff like that. Knowing they were turned on watching me was turning me on, too. I'd been having what I can only describe as mini-orgasms after Bryan drugged me. But now it was different. I could feel something building in me. I was almost there when he came. God, yes, I could feel his penis pulsing and the cum shooting in me. I thought it might come out of my mouth. I thought, my God, he's pumping me full of cum.

Nicole: He was still cumming in me when they pulled him off. Yes, his penis and cum were very hot. I could feel it squirting all the way into my cervix. I was so close to cumming! I wanted to scream. But I heard the trainer tell everyone he'll be ready again in a few minutes.

Rex Canis: OMG, Why did they pull him off you?

Nicole: I don't know. So he could do it again, I guess.

Rex Canis: So, they left you strapped to the Y-table?

Nicole: I was just hanging limp on the table with the dog's cum running out of me. People came up and looked at my gaping vagina dripping cum. Some of them stuck a finger in me to feel his cum. I heard them discussing if he had stretched me. I was still floating in and out, and my body tingling. I was still really horny and unsatisfied. I know it sounds disgusting, but I wanted him to fuck me again.

Rex Canis: Really?!?

Nicole: yes

Rex Canis: So, they're going to have him fuck you again. How did this happen? Was it right away? Did they take the shield off Hercules and make you take his knot? I know, I know... Too many questions.

Nicole: I'm not sure how long it was because I was floating, but I could tell they were holding him behind me. I heard the dog whimpering and growling, and then Bryan said, "take it off and let her have it all." The next thing I remember is that guy saying, "Hercules, breed her." followed by the dog leaping on me and mounting me again. They took the shield off him because I didn't feel it.

Rex Canis: Did you have any idea what this meant?

Nicole: He grabbed my neck and growled again as he grabbed my limp body and lifted my hips. This time, I just submitted. Actually, I heard somebody say, "look at that she raised her ass for him!" With all of the cum still in me, he went in much easier, and it did not hurt as much. He started fucking me really hard and fast again. He seemed more excited and determined than before. When he got it all in, I started feeling something big banging against my lips and stretching me.

Rex Canis: Did you know about a dog's knot before this moment? So, you felt him stretching you as he began working his swelling knot inside you?

Nicole: I didn't know what it was. At first, I thought it was just his penis getting bigger, but he was pushing harder, determined to get it in me. It was stretching my lips open, and I thought, what is that? His penis was so big in me. It can't go in me, there's no room. But, while there was a little pain, it was also feeling really good. I'd never felt so full, and he was pushing harder and harder. I couldn't believe how much he was stretching me. His determination excited me. I was getting wetter and wetter. Just when I thought I couldn't be stretched anymore, he pushed really hard, and it went in.

Rex Canis: So, you were now tied with him?

Nicole: Yes, but I didn't know what that meant. I felt my muscles clamp down behind it, and he just stopped pushing for a moment. I could feel him getting much bigger inside me. Bryan said, "let her legs go. He has her tied now, and she's not going anywhere. She's his bitch now." As they let go of me, he started fucking me again, moving his penis back and forth inside me. I guess it hit my G-spot because I came the hardest I have ever cum. He kept fucking me, and I was cumming over and over. I heard screaming and realized it was me.

Rex Canis: I talked with a breeder/dog trainer once, and she told me that a male dog's ejaculation is triggered by pressing on the soft flesh on the back side of the dog's knot. She claimed most of the fluid squirting from their cocks prior to tying is pre-cum fluid, and their sperm is not released until the female's vagina closes around the knot, sealing them together. Would you agree?

Nicole: I don't know. I only know that he didn't cum as soon as we were tied.

Rex Canis: Interesting. You would obviously know.

Nicole: He continued to fuck me for a while. I lost count of how many times I came. I lost all sense of anything but the sensation of the orgasms and his penis.

Rex Canis: Wow, incredible. How wonderful for you! What do you mean by he continued to fuck you? I thought you said his knot was inside you. What's he stuck or tied?

Nicole: Then he just buried it deep in me, pulling me back really hard against my G-spot and started cumming in me. He was whimpering, and I thought he has to be in my stomach. He was pumping me full of cum. I could feel his cock swell and then like exploded, and I could feel hot cum shooting really, really deep in me.

Nicole: Is that too much detail? Or is it what you need for the story?

Rex Canis: No, that's perfect! You've given me great material for writing your story. I'll want to learn more about what happens next. When was the last time a dog fucked you?

Nicole: You asked how I ended up back there. The next morning, I was wracked with guilt and worry. I knew they were taking photos, and I thought videos. I spent several days running through

all of the options and trying to decide what to do. But I was also remembering it and how hard it was and how many times I came. My husband was still out of town, and Bryan called again. I was screaming at him. You SOB, etc. He listened quietly and then said Hercules wants his bitch. Do you want to do it again? And I said yes.

Rex Canis: You've sort of ignored my timeline questions; when did this happen, and when was the last time you were fucked by a dog. Do you prefer not to answer these questions?

Nicole: It has been about 3 weeks ago. The first time was about 3 months ago.

Rex Canis: Do you intend to continue being Hercule's bitch?

Nicole: No. I don't know. Yes. I'm afraid I have become what ever you call someone who is addicted to it.

Rex Canis: It seems like you enjoy it. What can I do for you?

Nicole: It's nice to have someone I can talk to about it. You are helping me already. Sometimes I think about it, and I'm so ashamed. But I crave it. I keep thinking I shouldn't do it again, then Bryan calls and says Hercules and Bo want their bitch, and I get wet thinking about it and say yes.

Nicole: I know Bryan charges them to watch. But I do not take any money. Does that make me a prostitute?

Rex Canis: I know you liked part 10 of Liz's story. Was there something else in my writings that really excited you or turned you on?

Nicole: All of it. I was amazed at how well you described how it feels to a woman.

Rex Canis: Do you like watching bestiality pornography, videos or photos?

Nicole: I have never seen any bestiality porn. This is all new to me. Well, I guess after 9 times, I'm no longer a newbie. You did not answer. Does the fact that they are paying to watch me make me a prostitute?

Rex Canis: No, you are not a prostitute in my eyes. You are a woman craving a special sexual outlet that only Bryan has been able to fill so far. If anything, you are an entertainer.

Nicole: I should tell you that after that first time with Hercules, after I was no longer tied and was just hanging there limp and drugged, a couple of them got behind me and fucked me. That is why I said I had never had another man until that night.

Rex Canis: I can't blame them. I would probably have fucked you too.

Nicole: After Hercules pulled out, I was lying there floating when they just fucked me. After they came and then another one stepped up. I know they paid for that, too. But I did not take any money, so I don't think I am a prostitute.

Rex Canis: There is so much I want to ask you. I have to go.

Nicole: Do you think this would make a story anyone would want to read?

Rex Canis: Absolutely. I have to go now, but I will be in touch. Is your email safe from your husband?

Nicole: Yes, usually. When he is here, I will not be available all the time. My husband is suppose to be gone again the week after the 4th, and Bryan has already called to see if I want to do it again.

Rex Canis: I have to go, but it's been incredible chatting with you.

Nicole: Thank you. I liked it too. Nite.

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## **June 25 - Day 2 Part 1**

Nicole: I'm going to try to tell you as much as I can today so you have it for your story. My husband will be back later today, and I don't know when I will be able to chat again. I can't wait to see the story, to read it and know it's really about me. You are such a good writer. I know you will need to add and embellish and make it interesting, but I will know the core is about me. You should let your imagination go and make it as interesting and hot as your other stories.

Nicole: On to my little adventures. The telling is almost over, at least so far. I should tell you this. I told you that after Hercules the first time, while I was still hanging there dazed and limp, some of the guys fucked me. Bryan was first in line.

Nicole: So Bryan finally got what he wanted. He seemed to think that meant we would have an ongoing thing, but I have made it clear that is not going to happen... but he has had me all three times after the dogs. No, I am not his submissive. Other than when I go out for the show things, we do not have any contact.

Rex Canis: Good morning, Nikki.

Nicole: Wow, you're up early. I was trying to tell you the rest while I can.

Rex Canis: You've given me a lot of material to make a good story. I'm still having problems reconciling portions of your story in my head. There are parts that lead me to believe that you really have had sexual intercourse with a dog, and there are other parts that are so out there that I have a hard time understanding why. Are you Bryan's submissive?

Nicole: I'm not sure what you mean about the parts that are out there. Can you explain? I have nothing to hide from you, and I will try to explain as best I can.

Rex Canis: I get the feeling there are parts you feel you have to embellish or make up for the story, like what makes you want to do the show. If it thrills you is one thing, but you say you're being forced to perform against your will. Why don't you just tell Bryan to fuck off and get a dog of your own?

Nicole: Oh, OK, let me think for a second on how to explain. The first time, I was forced. The other times I wanted to do it. Yes, it thrills me. I like having an audience and, hearing what they say, and knowing they are turned on watching me. I also find the fact that they are paying to watch me thrilling, and I really, really like the sex. I could not have a dog of my own without my husband figuring out what is going on... a risk I cannot take. Then there is that drug thing. I have taken it every time. The first time Bryan slipped it in my drink. I have taken it willingly, the other two. It really enhances the experience. The sensations are multiplied enormously.

Nicole: I have thought about it a lot, trying to understand myself. I have to say there is something about being submissive and being degraded in front of others that thrills me. I still do not



understand why, but there it is.

Rex Canis: Okay. Wow. I'd like to hear your thoughts more so I can understand what you think when you're submissive to Bryan and the dogs.

Nicole: I guess I just like being dominated and made to submit, and having people watch takes it over the top.

Rex Canis: Sex with the dogs should be fine but aren't you worried about STDs when the other men fuck you?

Nicole: I'm really not submissive to Bryan. The first time, there was nothing I could do, and when he has had me, it was while I was hanging there limp. Yes, I have worried about that.

Rex Canis: I beg to disagree. You are submissive to Bryan in that you are willing to let him use you for the shows. If I came to SC, would I be able to see your show?

Nicole: Particularly since I don't even know who they are, but at the time, I am not in control, and I must admit a couple of them have made me cum even after the dogs. Maybe you are right, but I want to do it. And I really like the sensation of being really filled and possessed. I should explain something else. I had only had sex with James, my husband, and I thought it was fine, but it was never skyrockets and all of that. I do not know if it is the job or his age or what, but he has become even less ardent. I always wanted to do it a lot, like when we were first married, it was daily, then it became less and less. This was like opening up a whole new world.

Nicole: OK, back when we were more playful, I measured my husband, and he is like almost 6 inches long, and I am not sure how big around. I can just touch my thumb and fingers when I hold him. I think that is like average. Hercules and Bryan, for that matter, are much bigger, and I find I really like that sensation of being really filled.

Rex Canis: My understanding is that there are many women for whom the thrill and enjoyment of sex is being filled, filling the void. Once a large cock like a dog's is removed after coitus, many say they feel relieved the penis is gone but almost immediately feel a sad emptiness and want to be filled again.

Nicole: I don't remember the part about being relieved it was gone. LOL Maybe I am a nymphomaniac.

Rex Canis: I love nymphomaniacs... Especially ones with a canine fetish. You didn't answer my question regarding seeing your show. Would it be possible for me to see you perform?

Nicole: I don't know. I don't know what it takes to get in. I'm sure they're very careful as the whole thing would be very bad here. There were some Arab guys at the last one, some even had the robe things on, but Bryan and Henry seemed to know them.

Nicole: Why do I do it now? Because I like it. It is the best sex I have ever had. Far and away. I know there are all kinds of implications, but I think a big part is being dominated and taken. And I think I am an exhibitionist. I love being watched. That is why I have always been such a tease. I love wearing short skirts and no panties to see what I can do to men. I definitely have the power, then. LOL

Rex Canis: I have to step away for about an hour. Will you be around later?

Nicole: Yes, I will be here for a while. Having lunch with a girlfriend, but that is not for a while.

Rex Canis: Please feel free to continue sending messages with information for your story. I'll read them in a bit. I'd like to know more about your relationship with Bryan. Your next encounters with Hercules and when Bo came into the picture. How is Bo different from Hercules? And how can I whisk you away on a sex-filled fantasy vacation with me and your favorite dog? (I'm just half kidding on the last question...)

Nicole: Ha, You are so funny. Ok, I will try to give you some insights.

Nicole: OK, me. I grew up in a very strict and socially prominent family in Charleston. That is why I said the fact I am having sex with dogs would certainly make the papers. Went through the whole debutante thing. Apple of my daddy's eye and all of that. Local beauty contests, etc. Still a virgin when I graduated from college. A few guys had gotten their hands in my pants, but nothing else. I had played with a few cocks, but they usually came in like 20 seconds. LOL

Nicole: James was one of my professors in Grad school and became my adviser. Older, distinguished man, very charming, and it did not take long before we were fooling around, no intercourse but very close. He asked me to marry him after about 8 months, and I accepted. He took my virginity on our wedding night.

Nicole: He got lots of heat from the school about marrying a student but hung in there for a couple of years. Of course, I dropped out of school. That is when he met Bryan, who had been in the military and then finished school and was a first-year grad student. James kind of took him under his wing. He is pretty liberal and is always looking for causes and ways to help minorities and the oppressed, yada yada yada.

Nicole: Bryan obviously had a thing for me and used to make sort of oblique moves, usually very subtle, although he did put his hand on my ass once, and I told him to move it quick. He is a very handsome, big guy and an athlete, but I was happily married. At least, I thought so. So he covered up by being kind of snotty to me. He used to call me the mistress and things like that. Plantation humor, I guess.

Nicole: So James finally left the university and became a consultant and started traveling. He was going nowhere at the school because of the relationship with me. Bryan kind of drifted away, and then James told me that he wanted to avoid him because he was involved with bad people, and he was very disappointed in him. I thought our sex life was good. We were doing it daily, but then it started to taper off, and I spent a lot of time horny. I did have a vibrator, even James is not that straight, and that helped, but that leads me to where I was bored and horny.

Nicole: By the way, I asked Bryan why he hates me, and he said I don't hate you. I have been in love with you since the second I laid eyes on you. And I said, well, why do you treat me like this, with the dogs and all, and he said, because I can't have you. I said you had me after Hercules, and he said you know what I mean. Does that make sense?

Nicole: I need to tell you about the Hercules rape. I went out to that place, it's north of Charleston, and they call it the Groves, to meet with Bryan and Henry, the trainer. I think he owns that place and the dogs. That was after the second time, and they wanted to talk about having two dogs take turns, and they actually invited me to come discuss it. We were in Henry's little office, and he brought Hercules in on a lease. Hercules saw me and immediately went for me. Henry got him under control and made him sit. Henry said I am telling you he is in love with this bitch, like I was not here. Look, he's already getting erect just looking at her. We have to be careful because he growls at anyone

that gets close to her. He is very possessive of me.

Nicole: I was kind of uncomfortable because he was just staring at me like a predator. Bryan reached over and touched my arm once, and Hercules was up and growling instantly. Henry finally got him back under control.

Nicole: They were discussing some modification they wanted to make to the table thingy and got up to go look at it. Henry said we will be right back and told Hercules to stay. As soon as they left, he stared at me and then got up and walked over right in front of me and did that low growl that turns me to jelly. Henry says it means I want my pussy now bitch. I just sat there, and he reared up and, put his paws on my shoulders and just dragged me out of the chair. I hit on my hands and knees, and he mounted me instantly and grabbed my neck. My skirt was up, and I was not wearing panties. When he grabbed my neck and growled, I could not help it. I just submitted and raised my ass up to give him what he wanted. I was already soaking, and he was in me on the first stroke and had me tied in maybe 20 strokes. It still hurts when he forces his knot in, but then it feels wonderful. I guess they heard all the commotion and came back in. At that point, he was pounding me, and I was cumming like crazy. They thought it was funny. Bryan said you knew this was going to happen when you left him with her and Henry said no, but I am not surprised.

Nicole: When he had me tied and was cumming in me for about 20 minutes, they both stuck their cock in my mouth and kind of fucked my mouth.

Nicole: So that is the details of Hercules raping me.

Nicole: First, more about the teasing before I forget. I really do try to do a lot of self-analysis to try to understand why I do the things I do. I guess I am just used to lots of attention and crave it. I was constantly told how beautiful I was, and my daddy just treated me like his princess, so I think I am always trying for attention from men, and I love the power I have over them. James says it is a pheromone thing. He says it is in my scent, and we used to watch men turn to watch me as I walked by their table in restaurants. They would just stare until I sat down. Caused more than one domestic spat. LOL. And then, I would pick one out and slowly show more and more legs until I exposed everything. I get a real thrill when I hear the fork hit the floor. LOL

Nicole: James used to get a kick out of that, too, but then he asked me to stop. I guess he was getting jealous, so I do not do it when I go out with him now. Henry says the same thing. He says she walks through the building, and all the dogs start barking. I think they can smell her.

Nicole: Have you ever heard of anything like that? I guess I smell like I am in heat all the time. But then, I guess I am. Men turn to watch me.

Nicole: So the third time when the Arabs were there, I guess they paid a lot because they wanted to do a special show, two dogs. I was kind of nervous about that, but I reluctantly agreed. Of course, that was right after Hercules had fucked my brains out, and Bryan and Henry had fucked my mouth.

Nicole: I had told Bryan to not put too much of that stuff in my drink, but he really loaded it up for that one. I was totally flying. They brought me out with that collar around my neck and on a leash and walked me around that stage thing so they could all see. I was so high I could barely walk. Then they put me on my hands and knees and took me around again so they all had a good view. The tingly was shooting all through me and going right to my belly and clitoris. I was having kind of mini orgasms, and I could hear them muttering and talking about me. Things like "look at that ass" and that kind of thing. That was turning me on, and I knew what was coming, so I was soaking wet. They put me on the table and strapped my hands and feet so I was spread eagle. They told me before they

were going to do that because it would add something for these guys if it looked like I was restrained. They wanted me to say no, but I was so high I could just kind of moan and mutter.

Nicole: Henry brought Hercules out, and he immediately went for me. Henry was kind of narrating, and he said he sees his bitch and knows she is in heat. He mounted me immediately, and they were all gasping, LOL. I was so wet he got it in me and to the knot in about 4 strokes, and he had the knot and me tied in maybe another dozen or so. I was screaming and cumming like crazy. When he stopped and was just cumming in me over and over, making me cum too, some of them came up and were trying to touch me, but Hercules was growling at them, and Henry said I would not do that. Wait until he is through with her, and we take him out. I am not sure how long he had me tied, but he finally popped out, and I could feel all this cum pour out and run down my legs. That got another gasp or two.

Nicole: So Henry took Hercules out and brought Bo in. I had only seen him once in a cage. He is some kind of Mastiff, French maybe, and he is huge. Not as tall as Hercules, but Henry says he weighs like 230 pounds.

Rex Canis: Regarding the dogs smelling you in heat. Human females don't necessarily go into heat, but dogs have a very keen sense of smell and are able to smell many things we can't, including the odor from a human female vagina. This isn't a bad odor, but it is a very distinct smell. How many times have you seen dogs put their nose into a woman's crotch? If the woman is secreting lubrication, a dog will smell it.

Nicole: They always do that to me.

Rex Canis: What's that?

Nicole: stick their nose in my crotch

Rex Canis: My God. First a Great Dane, then a Mastiff.

Nicole: Yes, a Mastiff. Whatever, he was big! I know that. Anyway, he came in, and they took him behind me, and he immediately stuck his nose in my crotch and started sniffing and licking. LOL

Nicole: I was still tied, spread eagle. There were lots of ohs and ahs from the audience, and then Henry said, "Breed her," and he mounted me. It felt like a ton on my back. It took him a few strokes to find me, and he almost hit the wrong hole, but I was able to twist, and he only got a little in me there. Once he found me, he was in a few strokes and started fucking me. He did not do it as fast as Hercules, but he did it harder, really pounding me. He is not as long as Hercules, but he is bigger around, and I really felt filled, but he was doing it so hard it kind of hurt at first. I could feel his knot bangin' me, and it felt really big. He was pulling me back really hard and humping me really hard, and I could feel myself really stretching as the knot tried to go in. Then he stroked really hard, lifting me off the table, and there was a really sharp pain, and it went in with a big popping sound. The pain went away, and when it hit my G-spot, I had an incredible screaming, yelling orgasm.

Nicole: Henry said he has the bitch tied now, and they all gasped again. He only stroked me a few more times and then started cumming.

Rex Canis: Wow! Bravo sweetheart! I've seen pictures of a Mastiff's cock. They're pretty big.

Nicole: They are so big!

Rex Canis: How can he stroke once his knot is in? I would think there's no more room.

Nicole: Oh, he can. It is very tight, and I can feel every inch of it. He only has to go in and out a little, and it hits my G-spot.

Rex Canis: I have an incredible video of a guy jerking a Mastiff off. His dick is practically the size of the guy's forearm.

Nicole: Sounds like Bo.

Rex Canis: You said go to your G-spot. Where is your G-spot?

Nicole: It's right inside, behind my pelvic bone on the top. I can feel it with my finger if I curl it up.... Like I am doing right now. LOL Kind of a rough, patchy place... But when having sex, it kind of extends and swells, and it is very, very sensitive. I am not exactly sure why, but I like it. LOL

Rex Canis: Just checking. For a minute there, I thought it sounded as if you were saying your G-spot was deeper in your vagina towards your cervix. This would have made me wonder about you. ALL hot women know where their G-spot is.

Nicole: I don't blame you for checking, but I am not going to lie to you.

Rex Canis: I've heard that the swelling knot growing inside you and putting pressure on your bladder and G-spot is an incredible experience.

Nicole: One last thing to tell you, and the adventure is told. After Bo, I was just totally exhausted. Still hanging there tied. He had me tied for a while and just pumped me full of cum. Bryan and one of the Arab guys came up on the stage... Obviously, the boss because he said something and all but one of the rest left the room.

Rex Canis: So, you have this HUGE massive cock in your pussy. He's squirting cum the whole time?

Nicole: Yes. It is incredible! That is why I'm hooked. I guess I'm just a bitch in heat. Yes, I could feel it swell, and then I would feel the hot cum squirt in me and hit my cervix. It felt like it was going in my stomach, and he did it pretty much the whole time he had me tied. You mentioned the massive cock. Apparently, I am blessed with good muscle tone. Even though they really stretch me, an hour later, you can not tell it. I was afraid James would notice, but he has not. It goes right back to the original size. LOL

Nicole: Where was I? Oh, to answer your question. Once the knot is in, he cannot stroke like all the way to the tip, but he can still move it in me. The end is like in my throat. LOL And the knot moves a few inches and rubs right over my G-spot.

Rex Canis: I'm loving the details. Women have told me that really good sex is when they cum at the same time with their partners; that the constrictions of their vagina around the twitching male penis is unbelievably exciting and physically gratifying. With a man, this can be hit-and-miss. But I would imagine with a dog, this would be happening with almost every orgasm the woman has. Each time she orgasms, the dog is probably twitching and spewing semen inside her. What do you think?

Nicole: YES! And that makes me just explode. When he has me tied, and I start coming, he is coming the whole time, so I think you are right. I would think it is so tight on him that sometimes it contracts just as he is swelling to cum, and that must make it better for him. I don't know if female dogs are that tight or not. I do know that both Bo and Hercules would rather have me than a female dog.

Nicole: Oh, back to the Arab guy... So, they all left, and he and Bryan were behind me, examining me. So, they were touching me, and Bryan was saying, "see, I told you," and the Arab guy, he was pretty old, said, "yes, I see," and then he said something in Arabic. I guess, then his assistant guy came over and started rubbing my mound and clitoris under the table. Then I felt a cock go in me for a couple of strokes to get it wet, then he pulled it out and put the head to my other place. I realized what he was going to do and said no... I was still a virgin there. But he did it anyway and took my anal virginity. It really hurt at first, but that other guy kept rubbing my clitoris, and I actually came while he was fucking me in the ass. That made him cum, and he was moaning and screaming so much I thought he was having a heart attack. He and Bryan had a conversation after he pulled his cock out of my ass, and then he left. Bryan came back and said, "you would not believe how much he paid to do that," and then, "he wanted to buy you."

Rex Canis: I'm starting to think this is some erotic dream of mine. You are just too good to be real!

Nicole: I am glad you like me. I love having men look at me and want me. I am such an exhibitionist. That is why I like the shows. I have to go in a second to get ready for lunch. I have told you all the details so far. Do you want to know anything else? Any more about Bryan or James? Oh, Bryan did have me again before he untied me.

Rex Canis: Wow. I can't stop picturing you with Bo's big cock in you, squirting his seed, his knot swelling and sealing the two of you together as he uses your body for his beastly carnal pleasure.

Nicole: That is exactly what he did. He made the little socialite princess his bitch. If I had not already been had by Hercules, I might not have been able to take him. I still am his bitch when he wants it.

Rex Canis: Incredible. Both about the size of Bo and that you are his bitch.

Rex Canis: Quickly, then I'll let you go. A dog squirts pre-cum, then semen when he's finally ejaculating in his bitch. Can you tell the difference between the two?

Nicole: Yes, there is a lot more, and it is much more forcible when he is cumming after the knot is inside me.

Rex Canis: Can you really feel it being squirted into the opening of your cervix and into your womb?

Nicole: It feels like I can, but I am not sure. I can feel it hitting the back of my vagina. I feel the pressure and the warmth.

Nicole: I'm going to tell you things as I remember them. I wanted to tell you this before I go. I did have an argument with Bryan when I went out for that meeting. I threatened to report him for what happened the first time before I went completely over to the doggy dark side. I was still trying to figure out what to do, and I said, "I'm not sure I want to do two dogs," and he said, "it is not optional," or something like that. That made me angry, and I said, "I will just report you." He just laughed and said, "Nicole, let me show you something." He got a video out of Henry's desk and put it on. He said, "just imagine now we are in my lawyer's office with James and maybe your parents. My lawyer says Ms. Singer, let me show you our first exhibit." And then he turned it on. There I was with Hercules fucking me. He said, "my lawyer says, oh my, it appears that giant dog is having sex with you... let me turn the volume up so we can hear you screaming, no.... wait, what are you screaming?... it does not sound like no. it sounds like, yes fuck your bitch, and what was that?... now you are screaming, I'm cumming. Now let's fast forward... there you are, still laying on that table, and that man behind you appears to have his penis buried in you, and what is that? is there a man standing behind him waiting for his turn?... no I believe there are actually three men waiting their

turn... let's turn the volume up again to hear you screaming, no... what is that?... you are just moaning? oh, there it is, but that sounded like you're cumming again..."

Nicole: Bryan is just such an ass. I said, "why do you hate me so much?" He said, "I don't hate you, you snotty little bitch, I have to admit you are the hottest piece of ass on the planet." You need to know anything else about Bryan, we do not have any kind of relationship other than these times.

Nicole: And then he said, "and my lawyer says the fact that you are a good southern belle is not at all compromised by the fact that the man with his penis buried in you and making you scream is black." I could not think of anything to say. He said, "just shut up, Nicole." And I did. I mean, what could I say? A further explanation as to why I continued? I do it now because I want to. Yes, I think that is true and insightful. The main thing now is I want it.

Rex Canis: Wow. What can I say? That's an incredible story. You're incredible. I'm formulating ideas for your story and how best to tell it.

Nicole: I want you to tell it like you want. I love your style, and I want it to be a surprise for me. I want to see the story from your eyes. I know you will need to add and embellish to make it interesting, and that is fine. I will know the core is me. I want all of the readers to say it is the hottest thing they have ever read.

Nicole: I have to run... Bye, have a nice day. Think of me...

Rex Canis: Bye, Gorgeous!