

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was taking a spicy picture of myself in the bathroom when I heard my phone start to vibrate. Someone was calling me from a number I did not recognize. 'Hello? Miss Alisha? This is Carol. I am calling to ask if you could come this evening to do measurements for the suit.' I recognized the voice of the lady from the local adult store. 'Could you come between maybe between 7 and 8 pm? I know it is soon, but I just got an open slot for today to do the work that is needed,' Carol continued. I was ecstatic. I had been waiting for this for weeks. I am sure Carol recognized the excitement in my voice when I happily replied, 'Oh yes! Of course. I would love to come this evening. Thank you so much!' She was glad that we were able to arrange this on such short notice, 'That's wonderful. We will close the store by 7 pm, so please arrive at the back door after that. Bye!' I said goodbye while dancing happily in my bedroom.

I believe some context is needed. I am Alisha, and I am an extremely naughty person. I love being touched, I love being teased, I love being tied down and taken like a dirty, dirty girl. I love sex, and I am curious about sexuality. Sure, even I have some "no-go" list. But more often than not, when I try something new, I end up loving it. I have bought enough sex toys to last several lifetimes, but I am always looking for more ways to please myself. My latest order is, and I kid you not, a custom-made bitch suit! Something like that is ridiculously expensive, like roughly 8,000 euros! And before you come to any conclusion, no, I am not that rich. But I got an amazing bargain, and I only had to pay like 1,000€. Alright, fair enough. That's a lot of money as well. However, you don't often see deals like this.

A few weeks ago, when I was visiting the local sex store, I ended up finding some marketing materials about bitch suits. I have tried bondage before (and loved it), but this was next-level stuff. It was a bondage suit designed for the user and for her (or his) measurements. However, after seeing the price range, I gave up immediately. There is no way that I could pay almost 10k€ for something like that. That's when the owner, Carol, approached me and asked about my interest in BDSM and bitch suits. Carol is somewhat older than me, I believe nearing her forties. But she has aged like fine wine.

Her gorgeous red hair combined with her naughty eyes makes her the ideal hostess for a store like that. It did not hurt that she had a bomb of a body as well. I told her my preferences, and I think she was satisfied with my answer since she gave me a deal that was almost too good to be true. She told me that if I were willing to act as a model to promote the bitch suits, she would take 90% off the custom suit! She assured me that my face would not be shown in any of the promo materials. But depending on the suit I would choose, some parts of my body might be visible. As a private person, I did not love the idea of showing my body in pictures, but on the other hand, if my face was hidden behind a mask, it could be fine. Especially for such a discount!

Anyway, Carol just called me in today because she wants to take my measurements. She had explained the work process to me when she made her promo material pitch. She would need my very exact measurements while I am naked and in the needed position. This is important since if this is not done right, the bitch suit might not be comfortable to use. Normally with a bitch suit, your arms are tied from wrist to upper arm, and your legs are tied from ankle to thigh. It is not a very natural position, but with the right design, the user could stay like that for hours.

You will have some limited movement, but after your arms and legs are bound, as I described, that means that your body is at the mercy of anyone who is around. The thought of being forced to get fucked like that is dampening my panties right this moment. I'm sure I could find some man to test the suit with me when the time is right. "Oh my, I can't wait for that to happen," I thought to myself.

I left my home while not wearing anything complicated since it was quite a warm evening and I knew that I was about to expose my body. Just a white buttoned shirt, a bra, and a black skirt. I left

my panties at home. I do not know if it was that smart since I was feeling very aroused all the time. It would be an understatement to say that I was excited. Some parts of me had just realized that I had to undress at the sex store. I know, I know, nothing overly naughty was going to happen with professionals. Still, I could not help myself getting a little wet over the idea of being naked in front of a stranger.

I arrived at the area next to the adult store. The shop was located in the older part of the city. We call it "Old Town" to keep it simple for the tourists. It is quite a charming place, with cobblestone roads between the old buildings and smaller alleyways hiding secret places like this adult store. I enjoyed that part of the city quite a much. The time was 7:00 pm exactly when I nervously knocked on the backdoor of the store. I was surprised by how quickly Carol opened the door.

'Hello, Alisha. Right on time and adequately dressed, it seems. Please come in love,' she said while giving me a seductive smile. She continued before I had even time to step into the store, 'I said "adequately dressed," since tonight, you do not need much to wear since you will be mostly naked. Any clothing will slow our progress down, as we talked about. Tying you up will be so much fun...' Her words sounded pervy and business-like at the same time, but her easy-going demeanor helped me to relax. I did, however, wonder why she said, "tying you up," but I did not let it bother me, 'Hi Carol! Thank you for having me. I am so excited to do this. And yes, I am planning to have fun as well...' She grinned, 'Lovely! Let's walk into my dungeon before I ask you to strip for me. Right this way...'

I followed Carol while we kept talking about the agreed specifications of the suit that I had in mind. I wanted to have a black colored suit with an open chest area. She told me that she really loved my tits, and she completely agreed to let my boobs swing free. I also wanted my face covered. I want that the bitch suit will rob me of my sight so I would feel even more helpless. Obviously, the mouth part should be left open. I want my master can take full advantage of my mouth whenever he (or maybe she, if I am into it) wants to. Finally, I want the latex of the suit to cover my whole backside while one zipper opens my sensitive fun area. I shared a few other ideas with Carol, and she seemed to be over the moon about my design ideas.

'Alright, love, I think I got the high-level details down. Now I need you to undress for me,' she grinned while taking a soft measuring tape from her desk. 'In the next 20 minutes, I'll know more about your body than you do,' she kept teasing me. "Wow, she is so stunningly audacious..." I thought in my mind. I did my best to return the favor, 'You just must teach me about my body when you are done, Carol.'

'Don't tease me, Alisha. I might do it,' she replied.

I've never been with a woman before, but I must admit that a small part of me would like to make an exception for Carol. 'Alisha, while you undress, do you mind if I go through your personal information?'

'No, not at all,' I replied while I started to remove my top.

'Good, good. Stop me if you hear something wrong. So, Alisha. is 28 years old. 170 centimeters. 57 kilograms. Long dark purple hair. Blue eyes. Amazing E-cup tits... maybe even F-cups,' she said the final part right when I dropped my brassiere.

I smiled back to meet her eyes and playfully replied, 'I understand that you need to know my bust size, but why did you have me write down the color of my eyes? That seems overly detailed.'

My innocent inquiry took her aback, but she gathered herself quickly and dodged the question, 'Oh

no love. This is not for the bitch suit. I am filling up your dating profile.'

I giggled in her jest and replied, 'Well, that is alright then, Carol. Please continue.'

While staring at my body, she did, 'As I was saying, smallish, pierced nipples that are standing out from the excitement. Smooth alabaster skin, which could use some red from spanking. Luscious red lips to kiss. And a...' She dragged the final "and" until I dropped my skirt, 'Stunning, shaven pussy.'

She gestured for me to spin around and then finished her detailed description by saying, 'And top all that, the most spankable tight ass I have ever seen.'

I just had to continue with flirting, 'Oh Carol, you know how to make a girl feel naughty and sexy...'

'That is my gift, love,' she said with an enigmatic smile. 'And now, please raise your hands. It's measuring time.'

Carol stood up from the chair she was sitting on and walked to me. She touched my arm and looked into my eyes. It was obvious that Alisha did not solely care about my measurements. She had an ulterior agenda. And small non-hetero part of me hoped that the agenda was the same that I had in my mind. She walked behind me, and I felt the measuring tape touching my boobs when she started to work. I heard Carol speaking for herself, '86...' The tape dropped down to my waist, and she continued by saying, '61...'

She caressed my shapely butt when she lowered her tape to take one final measurement, '91...' She whispered into my left ear, 'Love, you have a body that deserves to be worshipped. Are you sure that you want to hide it behind all that latex?'

It was a rhetorical question, so I did not reply. But I did start to breathe a little bit heavier.

'Now, Alisha, I will need you to assume the position. Take those elbow and knee pads, and I will tie your pretty body nice and tight...'

She pointed to a table that had various pieces of different paddings. I had expected to pose in the needed position, but not be tied down so I asked while trying to keep my voice as confident as possible, 'So you want me tied on my hands and knees behind of your store? What if someone walks in and sees us?'

'Of course, love! Did you think that I had to ask you here just because of those three little measurements? We need to tie you down and see how well you bend. And we need to figure out how tight you want certain places to be. It is going to be so much fun, love. I promise!' She kept smiling mischievously and continued, 'And don't you worry, this building has only one other person and us. My brother Carl is at the hall handling logistics, but you can ignore him. He had an accident when he was younger and cannot really appreciate the finer things in life...'

Something in her voice made me second-guess myself, but I ignored the growing doubt. She was not taking measurements for some silly summer dress. This sort of suit needs precise measurements from every angle. Carol reassured me, 'No pressure, love. These things need trust. If it makes you feel better, we can do this some other time, and you can even ask your partner or friend to join us.'

I steeled myself and replied, 'Nonsense, Carol. You just took me by surprise. Let's tie me up...'

'Wonderful. Yes, let's Alisha,' Carol said while smiling.

Next few minutes Carol explained to me what she had planned for me. She said that she was going to use old belts and tie my hands and legs just like with a real bitch suit. Carol then uses the notches of the belts to measure the ideal tightness. Measuring tape might've worked as well, but she has gotten used to counting the notches of the belts. When all the measurements have been tallied, she wants me to be fully tied up for at least 10 minutes. If I feel uncomfortable, we need then adjust the notches or the padding under my elbows and knees.

Once again, she explained to me that the bitch suit needed to be comfortable enough for me so I could stay there for hours. Then she grinned and said, 'Well, it is up to you, of course, how long you want to play with it, love. But I am not letting you leave this store with a suit that you cannot wear for longer than a few minutes. I am too proud to sell you such a poor-quality product. I want people who leave this store will also return...'

"That is a good policy," I thought while assuring myself that this was a good idea.

Before I had even noticed, Carol was already working with my final limb. So far, staying like this was quite comfortable. She had used one or two belts per arm or leg, depending on the size and type of the belt.

'Alisha, I used the same notches as I did with your right arm. Please tell me how it feels,' Carol told me.

This was the first moment when my full weight was on my elbows and knees. 'Heh, Carol, my left arm feels fine, but overall, it feels a bit weird to be tied like this...'

She grinned, 'You are going to love it, Alisha. Being tied up and helpless while your partner is doing naughty things to your body is going to feel wonderful. Now, try struggling and moving a bit, love...'

I did as she asked and found out that although I could move a little, it was only very little. 'You are right, Carol. I may move, but I am fully at your mercy...'

Her tone of voice changed, 'Yes, that was the point, you little bitch...'

Her reaction took me aback, but before I had a chance to open my mouth, she had already continued, 'Sorry about strong language. I just wanted to have your full attention...' She sat down at the chair a meter away from me and started to talk, 'The thing is, when something is too good to be true, it probably is too good to be true. I may have left out a few details about our deal. The good detail is that you need only pay 1€ for your suit. Yay, right? The bad detail is that... Well, depending on how we define "bad," but anyway, you are going to provide the promo material today. In fact, you are the promo material. My job is to prepare perverted young, sexy women like yourself for a party of rich and boring folk. This party happens once every year, and they pay me quite a lot to bring you in...'

She paused to let the information sink in. After a moment, I yelled, 'WHAT THE HELL CAROL!'

While being super calm, she continued her explanation, 'Don't worry, love. It is one night only. And you are there only to be watched, not touched. Well, maybe some light spanking, but that's it. Nothing you need to worry about too much...'

My anger was growing, but it was like I was too confused about all of it to say anything. Since I did not reply anything, Carol kept going, 'I must admit that I'd rather find willing girls, but they have instructed me to ki... I would not like to say "kidnap," so I would rather acquire fresh talent. If I do not obey, I will lose my store. And probably a lot else. So... I'm sorry, love. I hope that I can make it

up to you with the expensive suit. And one more thing before I let you express your frustration. Do not tell anyone about this when they let you leave. You would not like those consequences. This is not a threat from me. I was instructed to tell you this. Now, please go ahead, love. You were saying something...'

I was amazed. So many different sensations flew through me when I tried to process what I had just heard. The only reason why I agreed to the promo material deal was the total anonymity, and now I was going to be presenting my body in a life session for total strangers. Or worse, there might be someone who knows me. "I will fucking kill them all," I thought in my mind.

Carol read my thoughts, 'You will have some time to calm down, love. When you start to understand that these are not people who you should mess with, you will figure out what is best for you. Anyway, I will still give you a moment to ask, but then we need to move on...' I was raging, but Carol sounded like this would be the final time to gather information.

So I calmed myself and asked, 'Are you going to hurt me?'

'Did you not listen to me at all, Alisha? No, they are not going to hurt you. They might spank you when they walk by, but mostly, you are going to act as artwork,' she replied. I was thinking of my next question, but Carol stopped me, 'Actually, you know what, Alisha? We don't have time for Q&A. We still have work to do...' Just when I was about to say something, she stuffed a gag into my mouth. 'That is better love. It is just faster when I talk, and you listen. I am sure that I can explain the situation so that you will fully understand what we are trying to achieve here...'

I tried to mouth my protests, but the rubber gag muffled me quite well. It was one of those ring gags that keeps your mouth open but lets you still breathe quite easily. And if your partner is naughty enough, they might even insert something into your mouth through the gag.

Carol started her monologue, 'I call that blowjob gag, and it is an important piece of my artwork. I am going to call the artwork, aka, you. "Blow-Jup Doll." It is referencing to one of those blow-up dolls and blowjob at the same time. I want you to look like you are always ready to suck...'

I tried my hardest to spit the gag out, but it was next to impossible. It kept my mouth so open that I had no chance of getting it out without my hands.

'Sorry, love. That does not work. Just try to get used to it,' Carol said. Next, I felt her picking up my long hair and pulling it hard. She must've noticed the roots of my hair since she said, 'Oh, so you have natural red hair as well? That explains so much. Did you know that 50% of my customers who are interested in bondage are red hairs? We gingers', we really are kinky people. Don't you think so?' She kept yanking my hair until my head was fully up, 'Yes, I think I can work with this love. Your hair is just right for the next part. Just wait there for a moment. I need some tools...and lube. I'll be right back...'

I kept yelling against the gag, but it made no difference. My anger started to calm down while the panic was setting in. I had been in trouble a few times in my life, but never like this. I had made a grave error, and I was trying to figure her next steps out, "What the fuck is going on? And what is she going to do to me?". "How dumb do I need to be to allow a total stranger to tie me down?" I kept scolding myself. Of course, I had fantasized about being taken against my will. Still, it is completely different to think about it in the safety of your home rather than it actually happening in the backroom of some shady store. Sure, she said that I was not going to be hurt much anyway, but I was still scared out of my mind. Who wouldn't be?

It only took Carol about 2-3 minutes to get back. 'Good news, love! I found everything that we need

to make this work...' She was speaking behind me, so I was not able to see what she meant. She asked me quite bluntly, 'Have you ever tried anal?'

Yes, I had tried it. But I tried to shout, 'NO!'

'That's alright, love. It will be a nice new experience for you...'

Then she showed me what she meant. She was holding a curved, stainless steel metal rod in her hand. One side had a decent-sized bulb, while the other side had a metal ring.

'Alright. This is something we, in the adult industry, call "anal hook." I am going to lube up the anchor,' she was pointing at the bulb. 'And then I am going to insert it into your ass. That is simple, but then it becomes tricky. I need to pull your beautiful hair back and tie it to this metallic ring...'

I struggled and screamed when she was done with her explanation, but there was nothing I was able to do while being tied so neatly.

Carol sighed and said, 'I hope you are not going to be difficult with this. If you move too much during that part, you might hurt yourself. Also less you move, the easier it is for me to tie your hair. But if you force my hand, I will need to ask Carl to pull your hair while I make the knot... and I can assure you that then I will make it as tight as possible. It will be very uncomfortable for several hours...'

This shut me right up. As much as I hated Carol for taking advantage of my helplessness, I did not want to get hurt.

'Good girl,' she added. Without any warning, she pushed two fingers into my mouth, 'Let me just get some of your spit. Saliva is so much more personal than the lube...'

I felt her gently placing the anal hook on top of my back, and with her now free hand, she started to play with my breasts and my nipples.

'There you go, love. This could still be a very fun experience for you with the right mindset. Now try to relax...'

I knew what to expect when she withdrew from my mouth. She moved to my side, still fondling my melons. I felt one of her fingers at my rosy asshole.

'Relax...' she whispered into my ear.

I could not relax. Carol steadily applied more pressure, and I could feel how she was prying me up. 'That is a nice and tight little asshole you have, love, but I am sure we can figure things out,' Carol said with a seductive voice. She moved her head closer to my backside, and soon I felt her spit falling into my asshole, 'There we go, love. That's my personal touch for you...' I whimpered when her index finger suddenly penetrated my asshole. She kept moving her finger inside of me, 'Let's train this hole a moment before we start playing with the hook...'

Her index finger moved in a circular motion, trying to widen the way forward. The sensation would have been nice if I had been willing to partner in this session. After a while, I felt her taking her hand away from my breasts, and only moments later cool sensation started to grow from my asshole. She had applied some lube to the mix.

When her hand reached to my back, she whispered into my ear, 'Now would be the great time to relax. Let's make this as enjoyable as possible...'

It did not matter how hot she sounded. I could not really enjoy myself. Although I was showing some signs of arousal, it did not change the fact that she was violating my body. She took the hook from my back, but to my surprise, she did not remove her finger from my ass. She kept doing the same circular motion as she had done for a while now. Instead, I felt the bulb being pushed into my pussy. The anchor was easily inserted into my glistening hole, and an involuntary moan escaped from my mouth.

Carol giggled, 'Look at you little slut. See how wet you are. You must love being touched like this. If you are a good little slut, I might even push one little vibrator egg into you to keep you company while you are taken to the party...'

For the next minute or so, she kept playing with both my holes, and I could not deny that my body found it stimulating. Finally, she pulled the hook out from my pussy and her finger out from my ass.

'Ready yourself, love,' Carol moaned, and I felt the anchor knocking at my back door.

A spherical metallic object pushed against my brown hole. Carol did not need to force the object; instead, she calmly allowed my body to accommodate the sensations. Sphincter gave in little by little, and then the anchor was sucked into my ass. My ass suddenly felt fuller than ever before, and I had to admit to myself that it did not feel bad at all. Carol had manipulated my body like a pro, and she knew it.

'See, Alisha, wasn't that easy? I would love to continue touching you, Alisha, but I need both of my hands for the next part. I will wash them, but I will be right back with some rope,' Carol said as she left the room.

I was breathing heavily since the short experience had made me very aroused. I hated myself that I could not put up any stronger resistance against Carol. But that's life when you love sex as much as I do and when your "partner" is someone who understands sex as well as Carol does. My sphincter tightened around the metal rod when the bulb popped into my rectum, thus securing the anchor safely inside of me. The anal hook felt like it was custom-made for my ass. The cool metal rod curved upwards from my lubricated asshole, made a half circle, and was resting right between my shapely ass cheeks. The hook fitted me so perfectly that I could not even shake it a little by moving my ass. It was like a handle for my lower body... which I hoped that no one would ever pull. As I soon found out, that was a pointless thought from the beginning.

I could hear Carol's footsteps when she returned after her brief visit to the bathroom and storeside. She talked while walking to me, 'Did you get accustomed to the hook yet, love? It is going to be your close friend next several hours. When you take it out, please wash it. And no need to return it here. It is my gift for you...'

She giggled and took her chair closer to me. 'Next, Alisha, I need to tie your hair with this rope,' she showed me a black colored shibari rope that she had just taken out from its package. Carol continued, 'I feel that black suits you the best, don't you?' Even if I had been able to answer, she did not wait for me, 'I need to make a knot to your hair so that it looks like a ponytail. But I will try to make it so that most of your hair is flowing freely. I would not like to hide such beautiful hair with a full ponytail...' She opened the rope and started to gather my hair, 'Now the first knot... and it goes through here...' She kept talking to herself about where the rope goes next, 'Don't you worry, love, if you cannot keep up. I can send these instructions to your email if you want to try it yourself someday...'

When she was done, she tested the strength of the knot by pulling the rope a couple of times. My

head was pulled backward each time she yanked the rope. 'Sorry about that love. I had to try that the knot holds...'

I was grunting angrily, 'UGH! AGHH!'

She did not mind, 'Thank you, love, for not making this difficult. Tying the rope to hair is actually harder than it looks. But now that it's done, we are almost done. Just the final fun part...'

I knew what to expect next. Carol's hand touched the hook, and my asshole started twitching around the rod. I felt how she pulled the other side of the rope through the metal ring.

She said, 'I am going to start pulling the rope now. I suggest you raise your head so I do not need to use too much force. I am going to make it tight, but not so tight that it is unbearable. Unless, of course, you force my hand. But you wouldn't do it, right, love?' In defeat, I shook my head for 'No...' 'Good girl,' Carol replied.

I raised my head and I felt the tension with the rope just increasing. Tension reached my anus, and the hook started to dig harder at my body. My head was slowly being pulled further and further until I had to yell against the gag, 'MUGAAGH!'

Immediately after my painful grunt, Carol eased up the tension to a tolerable level and started to string the rope between the knot in my hair and the ring in the hook. She used all the extra rope to make sure that the tension would not break.

'Perfection,' Carol said loudly. 'You are absolute perfection, love...' I

it was difficult to disagree with her. In any other circumstances, I would be amazed at how she had tied me up. I already had quite limited moving capabilities after I had allowed Carol to tie my arms and legs. Still, now that my hair was tied to the hook which was embedded into my asshole, I became utterly helpless. I was able to move my head ever so slightly before the anal hook caused me to squirm from the pressure. In theory, I could probably move a little with my elbows and knees, but I felt that I might fall if I even tried that.

Carol must've seen that I had noticed my poor balance since she said, 'Oh, that will not do at love. I can't have my masterpiece falling in the middle of the exhibition. You can't pull your legs together. You need to spread them if you want to keep your balance. Let me take care of it for you...'

She walked to a corner of the room and took a black metal bar. She came close and showed me the simple sex toy. I recognized the device. It was a leg spreader. I've once had the pleasure to experience it being used.

Carol explained the toy to me, 'Listen, love. This here is a bondage bar. Usually, we place this between the ankles and use this to make sure that the slave cannot shut their legs while they are being punished. But if I put this between your knees while you are tied like that, we can make sure that you will not fall in the middle of the art show...' She held the bar at my eye level until I nodded. 'Lovely, Alisha. Give me just one more second...'

In a very experienced manner, Carol tied my legs and bar together. It was obvious that it was not her first time to use the toys she was selling. I was afraid that spreading my legs would lower my ass and thus tense up the rope even further, but fortunately, that was not the case. There was just enough loose rope between the anal hook, and my hair that placing the bar did not make my life any more miserable. But from this point forward, I could only move my elbows. Every other manner of movement was denied from me.

Carol was so giddy about her creation that she could not contain herself, 'Oh Alisha, you are a poster girl of BDSM. I know that you did not ask for this, but I am sure that as a lover of bondage, you can appreciate this...'

She was correct. I did appreciate the technical side of what she had done. I even liked the idea of being tied like this. But I hated that she was forcing this on me. Even though she said she was done, she used the next several minutes to add leather straps here and there. Few on my arms, few on my thighs, and even one around my body, just under my boobs.

'There you go, love, a few decorations to highlight the bondage theme I was aiming for,' Carol said proudly. Right after, I could hear Carol taking pictures of me, 'These go to my private collection. I can also send you the copies. You look stunning, love. My very first Blow-Jup Doll!' She took a few more photos, and then she came close to me. Carol whispered into my ear, 'You have been behaving like a good little slut, and that means you deserve a reward...'

I could feel her pushing something into my still-moist pussy, and I groaned from the surprise.

'That was the toy I promised for you, love. It will keep you company so you don't get bored. And the controller for it is here.'

I felt her placing a very small controller under the narrow space of one of the belts, keeping my left leg tied up.

Carol seductively moaned, 'Enjoy love. Click!' Right when she said it, the small toy inside of me started to vibrate. 'I would like to play with you more, but sadly, we are running late. I hope you enjoy the little present I gave to you. And I also hope that you forgive me someday, we could have so much fun with each other...'

It took me a moment to register her words. Mainly because I had given up the idea of relations with this woman in the future, but also because the egg vibrator inside of me was working its magic.

'You are so hot love. But now I need to cover you so Carl can carry you to the car...'

Nearby, there was quite a large green bed sheet prepared for me.

She threw the sheet over my body and gave me her final farewells, 'Listen, Alisha. This sheet is for your benefit. Carl is a very simple-minded person, and if he sees your naked body, he will drop his trousers so fast that there would be a hole in the floor. Obviously, he knows that there is a girl wrapped inside the sheets, but as long as he does not see you, you will be fine. So let me clarify: do not try to get his attention. You have been warned. We'll talk more maybe tomorrow. Try to enjoy yourself...'

And that was the last she spoke to me. I grunted some muffled protests, which she chose to ignore.

'CARL! COME HERE!' I heard Carol yelling.

"This is it. I will be shipped now to who knows where... Fuck me," I thought to myself.

Now that I did not see what was happening around me, I became more aware of my own body. The vibrator inside of me was not set to full speed, but depending on how long the trip would be, I estimated that I might cum multiple times. I was already panting, and I knew I would be moaning

soon. Next, I thought about the anchor embedded into my ass. The bulb at the end of the anal hook and tension from the rope made sure that it would remain in my rectum as long as I was tied like this.

There might be a small chance for me to shake the vibrator from my pussy, but the anal hook would stay inside until I got some external help. Finally, I remembered the ring gag in my mouth. I had been drooling ever since Carol gagged me, but panting had made me a mess. Some of my saliva trickled past the gag on the floor, and some of it down on my body between my huge breasts. This was everything I had wished for, but I could have used a different locale and company.

I heard heavy footsteps when Carl entered the room. Carol was giving him the instructions, 'Carl dear, make sure that garbage goes to the back alley and that lovely package goes to the car. You will then drive the car to Uncle Sean and give him the package. And be very careful when you lift her. You don't want to hurt the person inside. She is light as a feather, but you need to be gentle. So garbage to the alley, package to car...'

Carl replied, 'Yes, sister dearest. Garbage to the alley and package to car...'

There was no sarcasm or irony in his voice. It was just an oddly blunt comment. "Maybe the comments that Carol said about her brother being simple were not exaggerations," I was thinking under the sheets.

Carol left Carl and my tied body to the storage room. When I couldn't recognize her footsteps anymore, I noticed that Carl was mumbling something by himself. I could not hear what he said due to my heavy breathing, so I brushed it off as nonsense. Carl was gathering the garbage around me and carrying them outside. It was just a matter of time until he would come to pick me up. I was dreading the moment for two reasons. Firstly, I obviously did not want to be a showpiece to "Uncle Sean" for the next few hours. And secondly, Carl better be the gentlest fucking giant ever when he picks me up. If he accidentally yanks the rope by any means, I will scream.

And as Carol said, I better not make him unwrap this package. I heard him walking back, and I tensed my whole body. If I can remain as still as possible, it should lessen the risk of him messing things up. He was mumbling again, and I could hear him better now. I still couldn't recognize what he said, but his voice was definitely clearer. His hands were looking for the place where to pick me up. They were exploring all over my body, but he was not trying to feel me up. It was more mechanical than sensual.

Like he just wanted to lift my body. Finally, he settled on pushing his left arm under my armpits and right arm under my stomach. For the lack of a better description, I felt like he was like a forklift when he raised my tired body from the floor. 'Up goes the package,' Carl said to himself. And as Carol had said, for him, I really was light as a feather.

My asshole twitched while we were walking. Every step Carl took made me think about the steel rod which had penetrated my sphincter. I tried to move my head back to give even a millimeter more loose rope, but it was an extremely difficult thing to do. While being tied like this, it is not easy to move any part of your body, head included. While I was doing my best to make myself comfortable, Carl kept mumbling. I was now so close to him that I was able to hear the words.

After my initial surprise, his words filled me with a strange mix of hope and fear. 'Garbage to the car, package to the alley. Garbage to the car, package to the alley. When ready, drive to Uncle Sean,' Carl kept repeating.

"This simpleton misunderstood what he was supposed to do. He is going to take me to a back alley,"

I figured out. I did not know what to do.

On the other hand, there is a chance that someone might save me if I were at the alley, but on the other hand, there is an equal chance that someone might take advantage of me. But if I yelled something, that might be a sure way of getting violated by this simple powerhouse who was carrying me.

"Even if Carl was going to use my body like his fuck doll, I do not think Carol would still let me go after that," I thought while becoming stronger with my resolve. "It is better to take my chances at the alley."

It took Carl about a minute to get to the back alley after we had arrived outside. I knew the Old Town quite well, but I do not think that anyone knows every corner of the alleyways here. It was already dark outside, and the sheet was blocking my view, so I could not say exactly where Carl was taking me either. When he gently placed me down, I could feel the ground under me. That was not the most encouraging sign because it meant that I might be on private property and there might not be any traffic going by. At least for now, I could not hear anyone else than Carl.

"I worry about how to attract some attention after Carl is gone," I rationalized by myself.

Even though I was slowly being driven mad by the constant pleasure caused by the tiny vibrator, I was still able to think logically.

'There you go, ma'am. Have fun with your game. Carl goes now,' he said to me.

It was obvious that this was not the first time Carl was asked to carry someone somewhere. I kept myself as quiet as I could while Carl walked away from me. I listened calmly when he entered some car, a truck probably. Carl started the engine and drove away. I waited until I was sure that he had left. And then I started to moan and pant and shout as much as I could, 'AAAH! UGH! MWAH! OOH!'

If anyone was walking by this area, there might be a chance that they would come and investigate. After being tense for so long, my body reacted strongly when I allowed myself to make some noise. Pleasure flooded through me, and I climaxed from the stimulus. I would be lying if I said that it was all because of the vibrator. That would not be true. I had already been quite aroused when I had even entered into Carol's dungeon. I had felt the dampness growing from my pussy when Carol tied the belts to my arms and legs.

And I had almost cummed when Carol had simultaneously played with my asshole and pussy when she was preparing my body for the insertion of the anal hook. This orgasm had been building for at least an hour, and I came hard. At any other day, howling as loud outside as I was doing at the moment, would have been precarious, but now I hoped that someone would hear me and rescue me. Maybe they would fuck me first and then rescue me? A small part of me was so horny that I might've not even minded a cock inside of my cunt if it meant that I was released.

My eyes were wide open, and I cried partly from pleasure, partly from frustration. My body shook during my orgasm, and I could not stop myself from moving my head. Every tiny movement forced the anal hook to dig deeper between my ass cheeks. The steel rod moved back and forth in my rectum based on how I yanked the roped. It was not a big movement, and the rod part was quite thin, but it still made me think about being fucked into an ass. Even though I had been on the ground only for a few minutes, a small puddle of drool had already been created on the ground under my chin. There is no doubt that something like this I had in my mind when I took Carol's offer. Using her words, at that very moment, I was "a poster girl of BDSM."

It took me a moment to return from the bliss. It did not help that the vibrator inside of me had not fallen as I had hoped, and it still kept sending after quakes to torment me. I kept on making sounds in the hopes that someone could hear them. At least that was the reasoning I told to myself, but I might have been moaning from arousal as well. Either way, it did not really matter. What mattered was that someone would come to help me out. But in between my panting, I could not hear any footsteps at all. Far away, I could hear cars driving on the streets, but no one was walking by the place where I was.

However, that did not mean that I was alone in the alley. Little did I know that the area I was moaning at was one of the many homes of the local street dogs. They had learned to live close to humans. The pack started paying attention to the howling and shaking pile of bed sheets that had been carried close to their home. It was not every day they saw something like that. After figuring out that the pile of sheets was not a threat, the first curious ones of the pack came to investigate more. Soon, I would learn that it might've been better just to let Carl violate my body for good and be part of Carol's exhibit than try my luck at the back alley.

'Mghis someghaone theerre?' I tried to ask while gagged when I heard something being rustled close by.

Then I felt something poking my leg through the sheets. "YES! There is someone here!" I celebrated in my head.

'UGH! AGH!,' I grunted to get their attention.

"If it were Carol, she would have said something already. I am saved," I thought prematurely. My hopes were crushed when I heard a few weak woofs around me. "Oh, for fuck sake, it is just dogs." At that moment, I did not realize that I might be in some trouble. I only felt slightly bad that I had to wait longer for the rescue.

The sound of rustling was becoming louder, and I could feel the movements happening all over me. I gathered from the small tugs and weak woofs that the dogs that were exploring the sheets over me were not very big. Which, of course, was a relief. The dogs in my city were not violent towards humans, but still, their small size reassured me. I got confirmation for my speculation when one of the dogs was able to squeeze their way under the sheets. The dog was small enough to be able to move under my tied body.

I could not see a thing, but I could feel the dog's fur tickling me while it moved. If the situation was different, it might've even been a little funny. My whole body jiggled when I tried to laugh. I was not very ticklish, but its fur touched all the wrong places. "Go away, please," I thought while shaking from laughter. The dog did not leave, but it did stop moving around. I had found something interesting to explore: my exposed and pierced nipple.

My laughter ended immediately when the small dog latched on the nipple of my left breast. For the small dog, my E-cup breasts were hanging right at the correct height, and the aroused nipples begged to be played with. 'AGH!' I groaned when I felt a sharp pain which was caused by its tiny teeth biting Areola.

"What the fuck is going on?" I asked myself when I realized what the dog had done. The bite was not hard, but my constant arousal made sure that my every erogenous zone was extremely sensitive to touch. The dog released its jaws for a moment until he attacked my nipple again. This kept happening for a while. It was quickly clear to me that the dog did not try to hurt me. Otherwise, the bite might've actually hurt me. But understanding that did not help with the sensations that I felt

from this bizarre nipple play.

I kept begging it to stop the torture, but my prayers went unheard. In fact, the exact opposite happened when another dog attacked my right breast. I had not even noticed the second dog until I felt it playing with my body. I let out a yelp when a tiny tongue made contact with my untouched teat. My breasts were being handled in two very different manners, and my body had difficulties deciding how it should feel about it. The first dog was still using its teeth to send small shock waves through my body, while the second one was forcing my body to suffer more enjoyable sensations. It felt hot and cold at the same time. The odd stimulus was clouding my remaining rational thoughts, "How the hell are my melons being mouth fucked by two dogs. Does this actually happen in real life?"

However, in a few minutes, something changed. The first dog stopped biting and started sucking my breast instead. I do not know what it expected to suck out of me, but it had quite a drastic effect on me. When nothing was balancing out the pleasure from the vibrator and the act of the second dog, my body started to heat up. It was like a roadblock had been removed, and in the blink of an eye, I knew what was waiting for me. Another climax was quickly building from inside of me.

Drool was once again dripping from the side of my mouth while I moaned lewdly from the pleasure, 'AAAH! OOOH! UUUH! UGH!'

For a moment, I thought about how deranged it was that animals were playing with my boobs and making me feel like this, but that thought did not last longer than a few seconds. I knew that I would hate myself later, but that was later. When the climax hit me, it once again forced me to the land of madness. I howled, I shook, and I came. The dogs left my breasts alone. I doubt they understood what they had done, but instead, they were probably startled by my body's strong reaction to the orgasm. I fought against the belts that bound me into my place, but those held me firmly through the whole ordeal.

The relentless vibrator inside of me made me suffer harder and harder until I was shaking my ass up and down. I did not even care that it kept straining the tightrope between my hair and ass. My body acted on its own. It simply had to eject the device from my pussy, no matter what. Every time I twerked my ass violently, the anal hook pressed harder against my skin. My asshole kept twitching around the metal when the anchor was trying to force itself out.

Still, there was just no physical way for that to happen without some external support. But even if I was helpless with the anal hook, the vibrator had started to move inside of me. I did my best to keep my pussy as relaxed as possible. Even though it was extremely difficult while cumming. My vaginal muscles gripped the vibrator every millimeter of the way. Still, slowly, I was able to move that torture device in the right direction.

Right when I thought that I could not focus anymore, I felt my pussy lips spreading just enough for the small vibrator to exit my body. The last few shakes and Carol's "gift" fell on the ground. I've never before been so happy to get a sex toy out of my body as I was during that moment. My ass and neck were killing me when I was finally able to calm down from the surprising orgasm. Although, I must admit that the climax had its uses. Without that adrenaline boost, I doubt I could have summoned enough willpower to shake my ass like that.

The ache reminded me of what I had to do, but it was all worth it. Now that it was over, I was only panting from the exhaustion. The last two orgasms had taken a toll on my body. Do not get me wrong, I love to cum like any other girl, maybe even a little bit more than any other girl. But too much is still too much.

I feel like the whole situation had been one big blur after that bitch shoved that device into my pussy. I have not been able to form any rational thoughts for a while since I had been at the edge of the abyss all the time. "I can finally think straight without something bothering..," my thought was cut short when I recalled the two dogs had also participated in my previous peak. Remembering the dogs also reminded me about the tenderness of my breasts.

"Those two bastards ramped the experience up, huh?" I thought. I was now able to pay more attention and I could sense them being still under me. Before I was able to think what to do with those two fuckers, the bed sheets were forcefully pulled up from my behind.

'AAH!' I screamed against the gag in my mouth when my backside was exposed to a cool breeze.

It was not cold outside, but I had just experienced quite a lot under the sheets. I was basically sweating, so the sudden temperature change made my body shiver. Including that, I was annoyed. Whoever dragged the bed sheet from the top of me did a half-assed job. The sheet only rolled up my body until the momentum stopped on top of my head. This left me blinded. But my annoyance changed to genuine fear when I heard a loud bark behind me.

Those two who had played with my boobs were probably cute and kind, but that bark meant business. I could sense how the two small dogs rushed away from under me. Fortunately, the barking was not intended to threaten me but rather to command those two dogs. To my relief, I heard how those dogs walked further away and left me alone. Even today, I am confused about what had happened. My best guess so far has been that Mama Dog came to get little dogs back home. But somehow, it just makes me feel wrong... so wrong.

After a few minutes, I had recovered enough from the last few experiences. I could already laugh about it, "No one will ever believe that I was tit sucked to an orgasm by dogs... Hah. Not that I would tell anyone anyway.". But that did not make my situation any better. I was still alone, blinded, muted, naked, tied, and left outside in the alleyways of Old Town. No matter how I thought about it, there was no way that I could be any more vulnerable than I was currently.

I live in a modern society, but if I were a man, I would even think twice about breaking my moral code if a package such as myself appeared at night time. The thought excited me more than I could admit. I was afraid, but in some sense, this was everything that I had ever hoped for. "God damn it, Alisha, get a grip," I thought when I noticed my depravity.

I tried to focus on all the noises that might indicate that someone was nearby. But the only sounds that I could hear were from traffic in the distance and the buzzing of the toy which had dropped from my moist vagina. The bed sheet that had been rolled up my body was still hanging from my head. Luckily, it weighed almost nothing because it was partly on top of my hair, and I did not need any more strain on the bondage, which forced me to keep my head up.

"Carol did really good work with that hook," I thought while waiting for someone to help me.

Maybe I was occupied with my thoughts, or maybe the thing behind me was the sneakiest mother fucker ever existed. Still, I could not sense its presence before I felt a rough tongue playing with my pussy. With one smooth motion, the giant tongue thoroughly explored the area from my sensitive clitoris to my filled asshole. I knew in a heartbeat that it was not a human who had done something so daring. There was another dog who was playing with my body, and based on its initial greeting, this one was bigger than the previous ones. Things were about to spiral out of control.

The gag once again muffled my protests, 'NGHH! ANGH!'

“What is with the dogs in this fucking town?” I asked myself.

I was wiggling my ass to make the dog stop its oral assault, but it could not care less. The bastard behind me had found something interesting, and it did not matter for it that I was shaking my ass. I would have closed my legs, but the bondage bar that Carol had so kindly given to me made sure that my legs stayed nice and open for business. The tongue was touching all the right places, and in a sense, it was an even worse torture device than the one vibrating on the ground. One moment it was playing with clit, and then it agilely dragged itself over my moistening labia on its way to my ass. My exposed private parts were becoming drenched again from my building arousal.

“STOP ALISHA! I’m afraid that’s not right,” I tried to convince my body. But it was harder and harder to concentrate after every passing moment. The dog was tireless. Seconds changed to minutes, and soon, I was once again a drooling mess. I was nowhere near climaxing, but I could not lie that I was not feeling the heat. I sensed how my face was turning red and sweaty. The air under the bed sheets was quite hot and humid from all the heavy breathing. No one had ever licked my cunt like the dog was doing, and it was just a matter of time before I would be panting and moaning from pleasure. Without any warning, the flexible tongue darted into my pussy.

It made me gasp, ‘AAH!’

It had taken the dog for a while to realize that it could suck my pussy juices directly from the source. By now, my twat was producing ridiculous amounts of that sweet nectar, and the bastard was making sure to lap it all. The tongue squirmed and wiggled inside of me. It did its best to push deeper into my love canal to better sample my juices. My tight vaginal walls were spread open for better access by the unwelcome guest. Further and further, the tongue forced itself, only to withdraw now and then to lap my juices into the dog’s salivating mouth. The dog was tongue fucking me like a pro, and I had to take it like a little slut.

I couldn’t stop myself from moaning anymore, ‘AAAH! AAAH! AAAH!’

It did not take long until the perverted dog had pushed its meaty tongue as far as it goes inside my warm pussy, and it was driving me mad. Now that it did not need to focus on getting deeper, the dog was able to focus on sucking me dry. The fat tongue started to go in and out of my cunt with amazing speed. I was literally being mouth fucked by a dog. If this had continued uninterrupted, I would have orgasmed in a matter of a minute. But to my unwelcome surprise, the situation was becoming even more dire when yet another dog dragged the rest of the bed sheet over my face with such power that I almost fell on the ground.

I was able to maintain my balance, mostly due to my legs being spread open by the metal bar and partly since I had my pussy penetrated by the gigantic tongue of the stray dog behind me. The fresh air filled my lungs when I was finally able to breathe freely. My face had been covered under the sheet for quite a while, and it had become quite tiresome. My face was glistening from sweat, and my neck was covered with drool that I had been producing from the side of my mouth due to the annoying ring gag. I looked like a dog while my tongue was hanging out from my mouth, and I was panting from the ordeal.

It took me a moment to adjust my eyes. I had been in the darkness for quite some time, so even the dim lighting of the dark alley was too bright for me when the bed sheets were dragged away from my face. When I finally got to it, I saw a black dog in front of me. It was probably not the biggest dog I’ve seen, but my current position made everything look large and menacing. Based on its messy fur and wild behavior, it was clearly living on the streets. My head was still being pulled back by the rope tied to my head, so I was forced to keep staring at its ominous face.

"Oh my fucking god. It looks like it's going to kill me," I panicked when watching the dog in front of me.

But the dog just watched while I moaned and panted from the oral assault. I tried to look behind me, but my range of movement was quite limited. I could not say much about the dog behind me other than it had long brown fur. Both of the dogs were mixed breeds, so that was not helpful either. I decided to call them Black and Brown, and I hoped that I would not need to make any other names for other strays.

Black kept its gaze on my face, but it was not as threatening as it had been moments earlier. Either I had misjudged its feelings, or it had softened its stare, who knows. What I could see from it now was eager curiosity towards me. And instantly when I thought about it, Black acted based on that said curiosity. While Brown was working deep beyond my pussy lips, Black instead started to lick my face. The salty sweat covered me, and I believe Black wanted to have a taste.

'UGH! AGH! AAH! ARG! OOH!,' I grunted, moaned, and shouted at the same time.

I was annoyed by the bath I was receiving. Still, at the same time, my body was reacting strongly, cunnilingus that I was being offered without permission. Black licked every part of my face and only stopped when it accidentally "kissed" me with a little bit more tongue than I had expected. Even Black was surprised when its tongue entered my mouth through the ring gag. It pulled back quickly and stared at me with something new in its eyes.

"Fuck me and my life," I thought in anger when Black returned to lick my face and mouth.

In hindsight, I probably should have picked those words more carefully. Anyway, Black really liked the warm hole that it had found, quite similar to what Brown was doing at the other end of my body. I was being licked, sucked, and lapped by two dogs at the same time. Both eagerly tried to get deeper into me, and I could not deny either of them. I kept grunting protests and vocalizing my pleasure while the two dogs continued exploring my ends.

Although I was not delighted about the situation, it was not completely unbearable. My body had been forced to reach nirvana twice already, and some deviant part of me did not mind if there would be a 3rd time as well. The sensation kept brewing inside of me, but for some reason, I did not reach that far from the oral assault. The build-up was always interrupted by a different reason. Either one of the dogs bit me playfully, and my body lost focus, or I thought about how degraded the situation was, and passing sadness/disgust prevented me from cumming. Or then it was something else. Whatever it was, my body had to wait for its next release.

Brown kept focusing on the folds of my swollen vulva, but Black decided to take a break. "Finally! Fucking mutt was drowning me," I thought while trying to spit out Black's disgusting saliva from my mouth. Although, I do not think "spitting" is the right word in this case. It is next to impossible to spit anything when your mouth is forced as open as it goes. Black took several steps away from me, and the view made my eyes widen. This was the first time I realized that Black was a male dog.

The idea had obviously gone through my mind, but I did not really think about it before. The dog's penis had been partly unsheathed from its loins and was now staring me right into my eyes. The cock had reddish color with noticeable veins running at the sides. The dog's balls looked like they were ready to burst any second due to how smooth they were. Like two perfect bowling balls. "Nice dog you have, boy. Now skidaddle the fuck out of here," I thought sarcastically. But he was not going anywhere. He had some other plans.

Smells and sounds of sex filled the dark alley. I have been dripping my pussy juices all over the

ground for a while now, and Brown made sure that I was not stopping producing the nectar anytime soon. At the other end of my tied body, I wasn't able to prevent my involuntary lewd moans from escaping from my gagged mouth. And the more I panted, the more saliva I kept drooling from the sides of my lips. The alluring atmosphere did not escape the senses of the black male dog. His mating instincts started to kick in, and blood kept pumping into his loins. Black had not gotten a piece of a bitch for a long time. The creature in front of him was not a female dog, but it was certainly a female. And more importantly, it was a female in heat.

I could not move my body or my head, so I was forced to stare at what was happening right in front of me. I saw his cock getting harder by the second, and the tip of it was oozing from his precum. It must've been already 12cm long and still it was growing. I recognized the gaze he was giving me. It was the same gaze that I got whenever I saw a man staring at me at a nightclub. But this was no man. This was a beast. Black took a few steps to close the gap between us. I did not want to believe what I was seeing, but at the back of my head, I knew what he was thinking.

The black dog wanted to fuck me. The dog's face was right next to my face, and for a moment, we saw each other eye to eye. There was no mercy in those eyes, just lustful hunger. He broke the eye contact, and I felt his paws on top of my back. The gigantic cock that I had just seen was now right on my face, spewing a whitish substance everywhere. The ring gag in my mouth made sure that some of that cum landed in my mouth. I felt disgusted. I wanted to scream my frustration out loud, but it was pointless to even try due to being gagged.

Instead, I was praying in silence, "Please, do not come any closer. Please, don't do it. Please, I am begging you."

But it was all hopeless. Black followed the simple male logic: a hole is a hole. Black's still-hardening cock was wildly swinging everywhere while he was finding his balance. I had to close my eyes since I did not want to get poked in the eye. This made my other senses work harder, and I was now forced to better "appreciate" the scent of his loins and the taste of his cum. I did not know that dogs would shoot out this much precum before mating, and it made me afraid of how much he had stored in those big balls. And at that very moment, Black made his first real thrust, and it landed right at the jackpot.

The rope tied to my hair kept my head at an optimal height, and the gag guided the veiny slimy cock right into my warm mouth. It was the perfect storm for something unnatural like this to happen. I opened my eyes in shock when I felt Black penetrating his tool past my lips. "Oh my god! This is not happening! This cannot be fucking happening," I screamed in my head.

When he felt that he had found what the dog was looking for, he started to speed up. Even though my mind was racing and my ears were ringing, I could still hear how he was panting happily while fucking my mouth. The bastard did not care that he was forcing himself on me, nor did he care that he was not even close to my pussy. He was just happy to hump. Although, I bet he would have been happier if he was able to push his whole cock into my mouth.

The monster tool kept hitting my throat, but due to the (un)fortunate angle, he was not able to bend it fully inside. The rope tied to my hair forced me to keep my head as far up as possible, and that made sure that Black would never reach to desired depth like this. However, that did not stop him from trying. He kept readjusting himself at a rapid pace to find better means for full penetration.

Even though every small jab felt humiliating, it did not hurt me... much anyway. I was more concerned about Black yanking the rope which was tied to the anal hook and my hair. Almost every time he moved his forelegs, he pulled the rope as well. The anal hook was quite well secured in my

ass. However, that did not mean that I wouldn't feel the hook digging into my skin when there was more strain with the rope. To avoid that, I tried to keep my body as steady as possible, but it was not the easiest job when Black was screwing my face and pulling my hair at the same time.

While Black was violating my face, Brown kept lapping my pussy. I am not even sure if Brown had even noticed that Black was escalating things. Brown just seemed to be content doing what he was doing. For a while, the dumb dog had been alternating between pushing its tongue inside of me or licking my labia. In particular, Brown seemed to love playing with my extremely sensitive clitoris. Every time I felt Brown's tongue on my clit, I trembled from the pleasure that surged through my body.

Maybe Brown had noticed these involuntary twitches of mine, and that is why it was so keen on licking that spot. Either way, it made "staying steady" even more difficult for me. Now Brown added some variation to the mix by licking my impaled ass. No one had ever given my asshole oral pleasure, so my body did not even know how to react to that kind of stimulus. The warm and moist tongue tried to find a way to breach into my ass, but all access was blocked by the rod of the anal hook.

Black's attempts to find the right angle to fuck my face was becoming more desperate. He was not happy with the partial penetration. And it probably isn't any surprise for anyone. I was not happy about any penetration at all. The amount of precum Black had shot into my mouth was starting to become ridiculous. The sharp, salty taste of the pre-ejaculate fluid was intoxicating, and there was no escaping it. I just had to endure it until he gave up.

Additionally, my neck was starting to kill me. It did not help that I'd been bound like that for way over an hour. But Black fucking my face and pulling my hair forced me to move like a freaking bobblehead, and that was getting old.

"Fuck... I would give anything for a short reprieve. I love having my hair pulled, but this is not fun anymore," I thought while being annoyed. But I should be careful with what I hope because sometimes those wishes get granted.

Although Carol was exceptional with rope plays, she had not prepared for everything the rope should be able to handle. Black's frantic search for a better angle made the knot with my hair and rope come undone. For a brief moment, I was very happy when I felt the pressure on my neck easing up. I would have even sighed from the relief if I did not have a doggy cock in my mouth. What happened instead was something a lot worse. I had not realized how much I had relayed on the rope before my upper body came down in an uncontrolled fashion. When I lowered my head, my mouth aligned just right for Black to shove his whole cock down to my throat with his next thrust.

When my throat bulged from the invader, my eyes widened in horror. I felt every penetrating millimeter of that gigantic cock when I swallowed the whole thing. I had only once tried to deepthroat a guy before, but his dick was nothing like Black's monstrosity. When the whole thing was fully inside of my mouth, Black stopped his thrust and just kept it there. I do not think he did it to humiliate me, but that is how I felt. Even though my ears were ringing, I could still hear the dominating howl that Black let out. He had finally conquered his bitch and was now ready to mate. For the next 5 seconds, I fought against my gag reflex, and tears came to my eyes.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD, THIS IS NOT HAPPENING," I screamed in my head while Black was enjoying the pressure of my throat.

Black started to move his loins slowly. His dong slithered out from my gullet, only to be steadily

pushed back in. The movement was a lot more calculated than it was a moment ago when Black was thrusting madly everywhere. Every firm push made it easier for me to accommodate the doggy cock in my throat. It also helped that Black kept jetting the whitish lubrication everywhere while readying himself for the right place to fuck me. Before I had even noticed, the doggy cock started to move quite effortlessly inside my throat. Black had come to the same realization, and that is when the real screwing started.

I was reduced to a simple fuck toy for Black. He was having a field day with my mouth, and I just had to suffer through it. The cock ruthlessly forced my mouth so wide open that I would not have had a chance to close it even if I did not have a ring gag in my mouth. Now that Black was able to act on his bestial nature fully, he kept pumping more and more blood into his loins. I couldn't see clearly how big was the dick which was violating my mouth. Still, I was certain it was no longer that manageable 12 centimeters that I had seen before. Either way, there was nothing I could do but let him have his way until he was satisfied.

Then, an idiotic thought came into my mind, "At least it cannot become any worse than this."

And that is when I remembered Brown. I had completely forgotten Brown when the knot in my hair released one of the binds that were holding me in my place, and Black's dick impaled my mouth. Brown had been continuously sucking my labia and testing how far up into my vagina can it push its tongue. My legs were still wide open due to the bondage bar, so it was easy for the dog to enjoy my goods. I hardly even registered that something was still playing with my pussy, since I had not focused on Brown while I was trying to mitigate the damage of the face fucking ordeal.

Now that Brown had sucked what it could, it was time to move to the next part of the assault. I knew very little about the dog behind me other than it was roughly the same size as Black and, well, it was brown. I was about to learn a few new things. When I felt another pair of paws at my back and a throbbing cock touching my pussy lips, I also learned that Brown was "he." And "he" also wanted to mate with me.

I tried to scream, but like so many times in the past hour, nothing came out. A mouthful of cock muffled anything louder than soft grunts.

"NO! NO! NO! No more! No..." my mind screamed.

I panicked when I realized that I might be spit-roasted by two dogs. I felt Brown's cock doing its best to find the wet hole between my labia. The search for my cunt was very similar to what it was when Black tried to push his cock in my mouth. Brown was frantically humping the area close by and constantly readjusting to cover more ground. I was certain that my naked back was riddled with scratches from the nails of those two dogs. "I am going to poison every damn dog in this area if I ever survive this night," I thought in blinding anger. But those thoughts did not stop either dog at all.

Brown kept humping away. He had not realized that he needed to withdraw more if he wanted to have a chance to smash my glistening cunt. Currently, I could feel the canine cock reaching almost to my belly button, and that thought scared me. "That is way too big to fit inside of my pussy."

I've experienced a few cocks in my life, but this one attached to a stray beast gave me chills. Although Brown had some difficulties finding my pussy, he was still seesawing at the right place. The movement teased my sensitive clitoris, and my dripping vagina kept applying lubrication to the shaft. Against my wishes, Brown was still making me more aroused in preparation for the penetration while unwittingly preparing his hammer as well. I was praying that Brown would give

up, but deep down, I knew that I might not be that lucky.

The bindings made sure that my body was perfectly aligned for being taken from my behind, and I knew it too damn well. Black started to increase his pace with my face, and that made Brown lose his balance for a moment. To recover, he had to realign himself. And to no one's surprise, that is when he found the receptive hole he was looking for.

Even though my body had been prepared for this for a long while now, I could not believe it when it happened. My hot and wet pussy welcomed yet another dog cock inside my body. The walls of my love canal applied pressure to the new violator, but they did nothing to prevent Brown from filling my pussy with one hard go.

I grunted from the sensation, 'ARGH!'

Brown's big dick stretched my pussy like nothing ever before when it almost effortlessly pushed deeper inside of me. I had been very fortunate that I had been as aroused as I was. If that thing went dry, I would have died. Well, maybe not "died," but you get my point.

Brown did not give me a moment to prepare myself or my vagina. Instead, he started to jam his cock in me as furiously as he could. Black got a "head" start, so Brown had some catching up to do. In unnatural unison, two dogs fucked me like there was no tomorrow. I was a ragdoll between those two beasts who were having their way with me. When one doggy cock was pushed into me, another pulled out and then in reverse. They were tireless and merciless machines who just wanted to empty their balls into a bitch. It did not matter if the bitch was willing or not. It only mattered that she had to be bred.

I lost track of time while being spit-roasted by Black and Brown. Back then, I was certain that assault took hours, but in reality, it was probably a lot less. Either way, each passing second forced another aroused moan from my lungs. Now that my pussy was being taken as thoroughly as it could, I had started to squeal like a common whore. Sure, a mouthful of cock muffled most sounds, but it would have been clear to anyone that I did not hate being fucked like a bitch. Slowly but surely, I was coming alarming close to the next part of my humiliating journey. I was about to orgasm from being fucked at both ends. And to be honest, I did not even care anymore. Some degraded parts of me even welcomed the idea.

Before I had time to lose myself, I noticed something peculiar. I opened my eyes for a moment, and I saw a ball forming at the base of Black's penis. I would not have cared about this detail, but Black forced that ball through the ring gag, and it started to hurt my jaw. I had already extended my mouth as wide as it goes. If Black keeps this pace up and that ball grows any further, it will dislocate my jaw for sure. I remembered from the biology lessons that some mammals need to ensure that their sperm stays inside the female... and yes, dogs were such mammals.

I believe it is called "knotting." This, of course, concerned me a lot, but same time, there was not much I could do about it. Black did not care about what the knot was doing to me. For him, it was business as usual. He kept jackhammering his spear into my mouth while panting excitedly. He could not wait to bust his nut. Luckily for me, the knot grew too big. I did try to bite it down while being gagged, but I do not think that helped me to prevent the insertion. That disgusting ball grew so big that it would not have fit inside my mouth, not even with a crowbar.

Soon, even Black noticed it and slowed down to a lower gear. But he did not stop. The dog knew it could empty his seed into the bitch without being locked in. And he was way too close to start over anyway. I sighed in relief when my face fucking slowed down. Albeit I had become quite a pro with

deepthroating, I was still glad that I could rest for a moment.

However, any sensation of relief was premature. Black was not withdrawing his cock from my throat. Instead, he was keeping it firmly in. It was becoming harder to breathe, but I managed through my nose. Then I felt a surge originating from the base of Black's penis. The pump-like motion went through my mouth hole and kept going. Just when I felt the shaft of the cock bulging inside my throat, I realized that I was just about to eat a ridiculous amount of doggy sperm. The surge found its way to the tip of the pointy cock and then exploded.

Black let out a chilling howl when he started to pump the vile contents of his heavy balls right into my stomach. I did not even have the option not to swallow since I had Black's cock so deeply embedded into my mouth. The hot dog cum filled my throat, and I could sense my gag reflex kicking in again. I fought against it by relaxing as much as humanly could. It did not help that I was still being fucked into oblivion by Brown, but I had to do my best to ignore those sensations for now. If I failed with this attempt, I might be the first person ever to drown jizz. It was certainly not the Guinness world record that I wanted to be known for. The amount of semen he made me take down my throat was unbelievable. I swallowed several times more sperm in the next 10 seconds than I had done in my whole life so far.

Just when my gag reflex was about to give in, Black pulled out his snake from my gullet. Since he had not been able to knot me, he could only focus on staying still for a short moment. He kept spewing his cum, all the while withdrawing from my mouth, and when he was done, I was coated inside out with his semen. The pungent taste filled my senses when I tried to spit the load out of my mouth. It wasn't easy while being gagged. The substance just trickled down from the side of my mouth like I was drooling or something.

I must've looked like I was part of some perverted bukkake setup. I opened my eyes, and I saw Black sitting down a few meters away from me. He was cleaning his dick, which I saw for the first time in its whole glory. It was +20 centimeters long and thick like well sized cucumber. But that was not even the most scary thing. The knot at the base of his cock was huge. "Thank God he was not able to lock that in my mouth," I thought when my focus turned back to Brown.

'AAAH! AAAH! OOOH!' I whimpered when the throbbing cock pistoned in and out of my pussy with blinding speed.

Although I could think semi-clearly, my body reacted strongly to the stimulus. By now, Brown had shapen my vaginal walls with his gigantic dick so well that he did not need to hold back at all. My large boobs swung in the motion of his thrusts, and my pierced nipples almost touched the ground. I had felt them swinging madly before, but now that I was able to move my head, I could also see it happening under me. It was difficult for me to see much through my E-cup breasts, but what I saw would have made me gasp if I had not squealed so loud already.

My stomach had bulged from the sperm that I was forced to swallow, but that was not even the wildest thing I saw. Brown's dick must've been at least as big as Black, and it plowed my pussy with no mercy. I had been fucked hard a few times in my life, but not like this and not with cock, which reminded me of a baseball bat. I was sure that he was reaching the very end of my vagina, but there was still more to be buried. Brown was frantically trying to find a chance to fit his whole monster cock into me. And, to my horror, he was about to get that chance. My body was about to open up like never before.

I suddenly orgasmed so hard that I thought I was going to black out. "I'M CUMMING! OH MY GOD! I AM FUCKING CUMMING," I screamed in my head when the situation dawned on me.

My body had been denied a release for so long that the climax sneaked up on me. It was an earth-shattering experience. My eyes rolled back to my head, and my moans changed into deep grunts, 'UUUGH! AAAGH! UUURGH!'

I had no control over my body whatsoever. The convulsions hit me so hard that I wanted to reach out in every freaking direction. But it was frustratingly pointless due to the heavy bondage I was wearing.

My sensitivity was cranked up to 110%, and I had my first-ever squirting experience. The canine cock violating my pussy did not need more lubrication, but it received it. I was gushing my juices all over the dog's monster dick and loins. This excited Brown, and he switched up his tactics one more time. He reduced his speed just slightly but doubled the power. I am not sure if my squirting gave him a confidence boost or something, but he was now fully determined to impale me.

And due to my heightened sensitivity, I felt it all. I was involuntarily using my vaginal muscles to squeeze the invader inside of me. My body wanted to experience every bit of pleasure it could find. I was clamping so hard that I probably could have named every fucking vein from Brown's cock when it pistoned in and out from my cunt. I could even feel the bump at the base of his penis...

The knot had grown quite big without me even noticing. Brown had never reached so deep into the love tunnel that I could have sensed the knot forming. But now it was so big that it was touching my labia. Deep deep down in my mind, I was screaming, "FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK! HE IS TRYING TO TIE US TOGETHER!"

But I was so near to blacking out from the orgasm of a lifetime that I did not even have the strength to think about resisting what was happening. In my state of orgasmic bliss, my body kept doing its everything to enhance the experience further. Every part of me was conditioned to take everything it could. So when the tip of the point cock came knocking at my cervical entrance, the tightest of my passages simply gave in and allowed Brown to push his massive tool completely inside of me.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! PLEASE NOOOOO," I mentally shrieked while I felt Brown invading deeper in me than nothing ever.

When the route through my cervix was secured, the knot was pushed inside of my cunt as well. However, Brown was not able to shove it inside easily. He had already grown quite big, so it took him a moment to tie us together. My pussy lips kept spreading more and more. It did hurt for a moment, but since it took only 2-3 seconds, it was over very quickly. When the knot was finally in, we were locked together. Brown had been so focused on screwing me that it took him a second even to realize that we were knotted for good. He tried to pull out, but it was too late. I could sense how he kept jabbing his gigantic cock inside of me for a while before giving up. And this just kept me cumming...

I was crying from exhaustion. My unchained lust was mixed with deep self-hatred. I could not comprehend or accept how a dirty dog can make climax this hard. Sure, the sharpest edge of my euphoria had passed a while ago, but the afterwaves just kept on coming. And every tiny action Brown did just sent a new wave of bliss. His short thrusts made the bulb move inside of me, and it forced shuddering gasps from my mouth. I did not even dare to imagine the size of his knot at this point. But when I felt a twitching sensation in my anus, I understood that the knot had grown so big that it was even moving the anchor of the anal hook through the thin wall separating my vagina and rectum.

"This is unreal," I thought while shaking constantly.

For me, it felt that the whole world stopped for a moment. Brown stopped his thrusting, panting, and movement in general. The only thing I was able to perceive was my heavy breathing while I was recovering from the biggest climax of my short life. I was so close to passing out that it took me a moment to notice how silent and calm it was. As they say, "The eye of the storm is a calm place."

Brown pushed his paws harder to my sides. It was like he was trying to get a better handle. There was a long and audible grunt coming through Brown's salivating mouth,

'NGHHHHHH!' I moaned.

I understood the situation a mere fraction of a second before it happened. Brown blew up deep inside my uterus. The pointy head of his cock started jetting out his hot sperm. I instantly felt heat rising from my body. My cheeks were becoming red, and I began sweating. The area past my cervix had always been untouched territory, and now this disgusting dog was dumping his steaming load all over those once-pure walls.

Ejaculation triggered another orgasm in me. The moment was immensely pleasurable, and I cried out in passion. Without even realizing it myself, my ravaged pussy started to milk the cock which had impaled me. I do not know if it was some internal degraded breeding instinct. Still, suddenly, I wanted to encourage the dog to deposit all its semen inside of me. And Brown was happy to oblige. He kept shooting load after load to my most sacred place, completely defiling my insides.

Black had already deposited contents of his testicles to my stomach, and now Brown was filling the next-door neighbor. I understood what was happening, and I felt deeply ashamed of it, but at the same time, I could not stop moaning like a bitch. I kept thinking how soiled my body would be after the night was done.

Every nook and cranny was being painted white by Brown's monster cock while I was whimpering from never-ending pleasure, 'AAAAH! YEEES! NOO-O! UUH!'

Orgasm after orgasm was ripped from my unwilling snatch. Sweat, tears, drool, and canine cum trickled down my face and tits while I kept screaming from the sensation. I came so hard that I started to lose myself.

After a while, I was so drained that the only thing I could do was breathe and squeal. I was pretty much fucked out of my mind. The only reason why the darkness did not take me completely at that point was the pressure I felt from my ravaged pussy lips. While still in the process of emptying its balls into me, Brown started to pull back. He had turned around and kept tugging his cock. This sent pain signals through my body and broke me out of my orgasm loop. He was surprisingly forceful, and if he had been any stronger, he would have pulled my body with him.

Brown kept pulling, and my labia kept spreading. But the ball stayed inside of me. He had not shrunk enough to get his great hammer out of me. Surprisingly, his efforts made something else to start dislodging inside of me. The anchor of the anal hook had been secured behind my tight anus, but Brown's struggle was pushing it out from my ass. Little by little, my anus was opening, and the metallic sex toy was being ejected from my rectum.

"WHAT'S HAPPENING?" I asked rhetorically in my mind.

The lubrication which Carol had used to shove the anal hook in had worn down a long time ago. So, I had to try to relax my body as much as I could to avoid pain. It took a while. When the anal hook finally dropped to the ground, I could hear a metallic "CLINK" from my behind. As unbelievable as it was, Brown had just pulled (pushed?) out the cruel bondage toy with his cock.

My asshole felt sore, but I did not mind it. I was relieved. "One less thing to worry about," I thought.

But it was not like everything was all good now. I was still tied into a bizarre position, I was coated with various substances inside-out, and I had a huge canine cock still occupying space that it had no business to occupy. Life was not exactly great. And to add some insults to injury, I felt my pussy lips spreading again when Brown resumed pulling his knot out. And this time, the dog meant business. I screamed in my mind from the surge of pain,

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Although the experience was uncomfortable, it could have been a lot worse if I had not been warmed up and properly coated by warm sperm. The anal hook was no longer a factor, so Brown had more room to operate. My strained pussy lips were spreading as far as they could, and I kept yelling. I once again relaxed when I realized that doing anything else would make things just more difficult. When the largest part of the knot finally touched my labia, I let out a long breath of relief.

The seal between us gave in, and Brown pulled his cum, spewing monstrosity out from my gaping hole. The sound of the event is forever embedded in my brain. It sounded like a cork had been opened from a shaken champagne bottle. And that analogy worked in more ways than one. Copious amounts of canine semen gushed out from inside of me. I had not realized how full I had been until the pressure in my vagina was released. The sheer volume of the sperm was unbelievable, and I had this feeling that he might still have a lot in his balls when he pulled out. The whitish substance started pooling under me and I could witness it all when looking under my body. But no matter how much of it came out, the bulging of my tummy said that there was still a lot inside of me.

In somewhat of a just world, this should have been the conclusion of my bestial experience. But even though I was exhausted, my night was not yet done. I was startled when a tongue started to suck the cum right from my pussy lips. Rough tongue did not want to miss even the tiniest drop and was doing its best to gather it all. I turned my head and was half-expecting Brown to admire his handy work, but instead, it was Black who was licking me. While I was spasming from the multiple orgasms, he had walked behind me. His tongue covered the whole area from my dripping pussy to my ass. I could not help myself. I started to whimper again. Not even tears in my eyes and desperation in my mind could stop my body from reacting to this new stimulus.

"NO! PLEASE NO! NOT AGAIN," I screamed internally when I realized that after tons of violations, I still could do nothing to prevent these dogs from taking advantage of me. And I would not be able to prevent them from making me heat up again.

The tongue tornado kept going until my mouth was once again moaning from the building pleasure and my pussy dampening from cum, saliva, and juices. It was like my backside was one huge erogenous zone, and Black did whatever he wanted with the area.

"FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK," I swore in my mind when I knew the next set of rolling orgasms was just behind the corner.

I've cummed so many times during the night that I lost count a long time ago. I screamed against the gag as hard as I could. I did not believe that it could do anything, but I was so frustrated. So imagine my surprise when I actually felt Black leaving my pussy alone. For a brief moment, I thought that some part of him heard me. But as expected, that hope was short-lived. When I felt his forelegs at my upper back, I knew I was being once again mounted.

Black had been quite content with fucking my face, but he was not a stupid dog. He had seen Brown knotting me and knew that there was more that this bitch could give him. So, when Brown had

dismounted me, Black saw his opportunity. He could not help himself from licking my gushing cunt when he saw it, but that did not mean that he would forget the end game here. He wanted to shove his knot inside the bitch and then deposit the rest of his seed.

My back must've been red from all the scratching that those mutts had done. And unfortunately, I had to experience a few more marks. However, something good happened as well. Black kept trying to find a good spot for his paws to steady himself. He was slightly bigger than Brown, so to balance himself, he had to reach a little further. When the dog tumbled over from my left side, it accidentally stepped on the belt, which kept my left arm tied. To get back up, he kept kicking the belt furiously until, fortunately, the belt fell. One of my arms was free from the bindings. I felt optimistic for the first time in a long time. With my left arm free, I could open the rest of the belts and escape.

"YES! FUCK YEAH ALISHA," I celebrated. No matter what would happen, at least I had a way out now.

Black found his balance and started humping my behind in a frenzy. He was aiming his cock too high, and it harmlessly bounced upwards direction between my ass cheeks. I was thinking by myself, "Now is your chance, Alisha. Get that belt and escape. Or at least remove the gag so you can shout for help."

Black kept pushing my upper body down, so I had some difficulties keeping my balance when I tried to reach for the belt, binding my right arm. But with some effort and a whole lot of luck, I was able to unfasten the buckle holding the belt. Both of my hands were now unbound. My elbows were killing me when I was finally able to extend both of my arms. I had been in that bitch-suit like position for at least an hour, and it felt good to feel the ground under my palms finally.

The ring gag was relatively easy to remove. With one smooth motion, I opened the clasp, holding the rubber ring inside my mouth. I had been waiting for this moment for a long time now. I could finally shout, and most importantly, I could spit. Black's sperm still coated my mouth, and I was now able to get the taste out. Well, at least most of it. Not even 10 minutes of teeth brushing would make me fully forget the disgusting taste.

After I was done with my less-than-lady-like spitting, I started my struggle and shouted to Black, 'GO AWAY! GIT! STOP!'

My screams echoed in the dark alley, but it did nothing to slow down the furious beast. In fact, it did the polar opposite. The street dog knew something about the laws of the jungle. He would not take orders from a bitch. As long as I kept my mouth shut and only moaned like I was supposed to moan, everything was fine. This behavior from the cum dumb was unacceptable. In an instant, Black stopped his wild humping and reached over my body. I felt his teeth at the side of my neck, and I stopped in mid-shout, 'GO FUC.....'

I could not even move when something primordial clicked inside of my head. With a "friendly" reminder, Black asserted his dominance over me. A freezing chill went through my body, and a single tear fell from my eye when I realized the situation. There was no real escape from this.

There was no logic in that sensation. It was a pure survival instinct. "Do this or die" is a ridiculously strong command that could overwhelm anyone. The dog kept its jaws at my neck for a while. Black wanted to make sure that I understood the message. And I got it loud and clear. "I will not try it again. I will do as he wants. I will do what anyone wants. Yes, that's for the best," I thought submissively and did my best to calm myself.

When a few seconds had passed, and I had untensed my body, Black decided to release his jaw. And

you can be damn sure that I did not say a “peep” or move a centimeter until the humping resumed. Black continued from where he had stopped. His cock seesawed on top of the crack between two beautiful and white globes of mine. It was baffling how he was able to move so effortlessly. It took me a while to notice that the black dog behind me was still shooting his precum everywhere. Even after unloading his balls into my body once already, he still had the means to lubricate his way forward. Although, soon, I had hoped that he had not been as resourceful. When Black aligned his might hammer at my tender asshole, panic started to creep in.

When I had gotten my hands free, I had balanced myself by extending my arms. This made me instinctively lower the bottom part of my body. My asshole was now in perfect height for the horny dog who was looking for a hole to bury its bone. There was still traces of lube that Carol had fingered into my butt, but not enough to support Black in his process of shoving his canine cock inside of me right away. Nerve-endings at my asshole were signaling to me how he was remedying the issue. The pointy end of his dick kept lubricating the way.

At the same time, his loins applied the necessary pressure to penetrate the barrier. Black was coating every part of that tight hole. I started to scream when I felt how my sphincter was being forced open, ‘AAAAH!’

However, one sharp bark made me silence myself. In terror, I did my best to silence myself further. I even bit my arm. It was not my place to complain. And after the previous incident, that thought was quite well embedded into my brain. Millimeter after millimeter, more of Black’s pointy cock was penetrating through my asshole. Further, he was able to shove himself, more area he was able to lubricate with his precum. It was an effective way to conquer the final obstacle blocking the way into my rectum.

I had tried anal sex, and I had even liked it, but it was done very gently and carefully. I knew that Black would not give me the chance to adapt to the situation like my former boyfriend. Black would take my body violently. The thought terrified and excited me at the same time. I was scared that he would destroy my ass with his hot poker. Still, his dominating presence, combined with his powerful masculinity, was making me want to be taken.

“Fuck! What are these feelings?” I asked myself in confusion. But I had no time to ponder about it.

If Black had not forced me into a certain level of submission, I probably would have found the willpower and strength to stop the invasion into my ass. It only took a short lapse in judgment when I stopped clenching my muscles. I allowed my body to relax, and in a blink of an eye, my rosebud caved, and the huge cock conquered my rectum. My body tried to fix the mistake by clamping every muscle in my ass, but it was too little, too late. I let out a loud shriek. The intensity level of the sensation was so high that I even forgot to think how Black would react. However, instead of barking at me, Black howled. He knew that he had his bitch now. There was no need to discipline me further.

Over 20 centimeters of throbbing cock was now engulfed into my ass. I was gasping for air. It felt like Black had rearranged my insides so my body could better accommodate his monstrous canine dick. I still remember Black dismounting from my mouth, and I could not believe that the same rod was now pulsating in my ass. Then again, before tonight, I had not thought about deepthroating such a thing either, and that had happened. Black stayed still for a moment, either enjoying the feeling or preparing himself for the next part. I welcomed the break even though it was short-lived.

The black dog slowly pulled out from my rectum, and when he felt the tightness of my sphincter at the tip of his cock, he forced the whole thing back in. At first, I misinterpreted this as him being gentle. But instead, he was preparing the hole he was about to breed. Every subsequent thrust was

faster and harder than the previous one. When his loins smashed against my ass, I grunted while keeping my mouth tightly shut, 'Ugh!' I sounded like an old-timey train that was about to leave the station.

'Ugh...! Ugh...! Ugh...! Ugh! UGH! UGH-UGH-UGH!,' I kept grunting like that until I could not help myself anymore. Ferocity level of Black pounding my buttocks was too much, and I started to scream into the night, 'AAAAH! AUH! UUH! NO-O! FUCK! AAAH!'

It was the wildest doggy style ever. Black's engorged rod now smoothly sailed in and out of my anus. He had not been gentle when he violated my throat, but now he was somehow even harsher. *THUMB.* *THUMB.* *THUMB* sounds echoed in the alley when our bodies hit against each other. If there were anyone nearby, they would have recognized the sounds that we were making. But there was no one. No one lived in the Old Town, and all the stores had been closed for a while. Black and I had the whole area for ourselves. Well, almost for ourselves.

I felt something tickling my pussy lips, and when I looked between my legs, I saw Brown, who I had completely forgotten. I do not know how he was able to bend his body to such a bizarre position, but Brown had found a way to suck moistening pussy while Black was screwing my ass above. There was still quite a massive load of doggy sperm in my vagina, and Black's violent ass fucking was squeezing it out from me. Brown saw his opportunity for a taste, and he took it.

Two dogs were again violating me at the same time. One furiously trying to deposit its seed inside my ass and another trying to withdraw its load from my pussy. Brown already had prior experience regarding cunnilingus, and he did not disappoint this time either. His tongue slurped every tiny drop of his cum or my pussy juices that trickled down from me and brought that tasty package back to his mouth. Whenever Black pulled back to the entrance of my buttocks and pushed back in, he smashed against the wall between my rectum and uterus.

This movement forced a new mouthful of spunk for Brown to savor. Brown played and moved the folds of my pussy lips to better reach deeper into me. He knew the way, and he knew how to access the tastiest parts of my glistening pussy. His long tongue forced itself again into my aching cunt, and I felt the surge of pleasure emanating from inside of my loins. If the rough anal fucking that I had to suffer did not already make me feel the heat, the oral play did the final trick.

'OOH! OOH! OOH!' I whimpered rhythmically when the two strays were stimulating my body.

The scents and sounds of wild sex filled the darkening alleyway. It was almost pitch black, but my senses were in overdrive, and I witnessed every moment of this savage bestial act. Every useable hole of my body had been taken without my consent, and two of the holes were still actively being ravaged. Once again, I found out that I did not even care anymore. I had experienced this feeling before, but this time, it was even stronger.

The sensation of being dominated by a stronger male and the suddenly growing pleasure had woken something primal inside of me. My hormones were going berserk, and I loved it. I wanted to be fucked like a sow. I needed Black to release another load of his hot sperm inside of me. It did not matter for my growing submissiveness which hole was getting filled as long I was able to feel the flood of semen inside of me.

I started to match the movement of my loins with Black's. I wanted to give him everything that I had to offer and thus get his magnificent tool deeper into my bowels. Our bodies smashed together harder with every passing second, and I was positively surprised that even Brown was able to keep up with his oral assault. I do not know if the two dogs who were inside my holes were able to feel

each other, but I could feel every single square millimeter of both of them. And it was riding me deeper state of frenzy.

'AAAH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK ME! YES! AAH!' I screamed now from the pleasure.

The word "no" had been erased from vocabulary. I was letting the world know what a good bitch I was. I was not even bothered by the knot which had started to form at the base of Black's cock. In my broken mind, more pressure meant more pleasure. The still smallish knot was just a fun speed bump that crashed in and out from my anus.

'YES! AAAH! KNOT ME! KNOT ME HARD! AAAH!' I moaned when I recognized what was happening.

And Black aimed to do just what I asked. Each thrust expanded my asshole more than the previous one. The knot was growing at such a rapid rate that it was evident that Black was ready to seal the deal. He wanted every drop of his puppy-making batter inside of my body. For him, it did not matter that it was the wrong hole. As I said before, "For a male, a hole is a hole." To ensure the knotting, Black stopped the movement of his loins abruptly. And it was not a moment too soon. In a matter of seconds, the knot had grown so large that it could only be removed surgically.

Brown kept tongue fucking me even after Black had stopped pounding my ass. For him, this was an ideal situation. The knot, which was filling the area behind my anus, pushed more and more juices into his lapping mouth. His tireless effort to suck me dry was making me see stars. Including that, my brain was preparing to receive the steaming reward via the large doggy cock. I had been mentally and physically driven into a corner, and my chaotic mind knew that there was only one way out.

And that was to experience euphoria like none other. I had thought that the previous orgasm had been my absolute peak, but compared to what was to come, it had just been a warm-up. Brown's tongue was playing with my G-spot when I felt the Black's cock pulsating. The breeding slut inside of my head knew that this was it. The last unspoiled space in my body was about to be painted white by Black's eager swimmers. This knowledge made me open all the gates that I had put in place. I was about to cum in unison with the dominating beast behind me.

When the hot semen touched the walls of my rectum, I orgasmed as well. Indeed, it was the most mind-breaking experience that I had ever had. I forgot how to breathe, and only animalistic grunts came from my mouth. I could not control my hands, so I tumbled down on the ground. My fingers tried to dig into everything my convulsing body could find so that I could steady myself during the climax. My loins kept fucking back against Black, and my anus clamped down hard around his penis.

I squirted at Brown's face, and that just made him suck me harder. I was trashing my body when I tried to escape the waves of pleasure. My spasms became so wild that Black had to push me down. To counter, I tried to kick the dogs with my legs, but they were still very much tied with belts and the bondage bar. No matter what I did, I had to ride this bliss out.

My ass was being flooded with sperm. Black still had an unreal amount of semen left in his nuts, and he was making sure that he would finish the job this time. The knot was safely secured behind my sphincter, and there was no risk of being pulled out prematurely this time. In his mind, insemination was proceeding perfectly. Black was so happy that he was drooling above me. I was orgasming so hard that I did not even realize how his saliva kept trickling down my body. The ground was becoming moist from different liquids that our bodies had produced during this unnatural act. And the act was still going strong. Yet another gush of female ejaculation was shot out from dripping

pussy at Brown's face. He was happily lapping everything he could, but there was too much for even him to handle it all.

Overwhelming orgasmic bliss was ravishing me. I was just about to black out when my body remembered how to breathe again. My face was bright red from exhaustion and from the strong heat that I felt due to having my bowels filled with warm canine cum. Climax after climax rushed through my body until I could only whimper in creeping madness. I screamed until my lungs gave out, but nothing stopped my body from imploding again and again. Either my other senses were so in overdrive, or I had my eyes rolled up, but I could no longer even see. I was so messed up that the sign saying "out of order" would have been redundant.

When I could no longer take it, I started to crawl forward. We were still knotted, but the ball had shrunk during my never-ending orgasm. I could no longer distinguish between what was considered pain and what was a pleasure. It was all the same for me. So although I recognized pressure from the anus when I tried to escape from blissful torment, I ignored the signals my body was giving. I reached back with my free hands to spread my white cheeks apart as much as possible to make the knot pop out from my tired ass.

It took an excruciatingly long time, but a ball-shaped object at the base of Black's penis started to widen my brown hole. My sensitive rectal muscles told me that Black was still shooting his sperm inside of me, but they also told me that there was a chance to force the knot out. And, it was quite a good chance.

'AAAAAAAAAAAAH!' I screamed when the thickest part of the knot slipped from the embrace of my anus.

The rest of Black's schlong followed right after. This left me feeling gratefully empty.

I was now completely exhausted. Since I had no strength left and nothing was forcing me to stay upward, I fell to the ground. Brown pulled his head away from my nether region when he sensed me crashing down. My behind became a cum fountain when the impact with the ground pushed excess semen out from my holes. I still had my legs tied up so I could prevent neither of the dogs running straight back to suck me off. When I felt a tongue on my pussy, I climaxed once more, sighed and blacked out. I did not even try to hold the darkness back but instead welcomed it with open arms. The night was finally done.

I woke up sometime after. I was alone in the same alley, and it was still dark. I had not slept till morning, but as I soon found out, it was not far out either. My legs were free, and I was lying on my stomach on the ground. To this day, I have not figured out how I was able to get rid of all the bondage. Or maybe someone had walked by, opened the belts, and fucked my lubricated holes. I was being unconscious. Who knows? I definitely did not care at that time.

It was no surprise for me that every muscle of my body was aching. When I found out that I was laying in a pool of cum, saliva, and pussy juices, I could not wait to get up. But unfortunately, I was already so coated with the substances that there was no escaping the situation. I fought my way on my knees, and I felt how puddled sperm leaked out from my pussy or ass... or, more likely, from both of my holes. I touched the bulge on my stomach, and I just knew that I would be emptying myself for the rest of the day.

With some struggle, I was able to get fully up. I felt shaky, but I focused on staying up. I just stood there for a minute to plan my next steps. I was too far away from home, and I was not sure if I

wanted anyone to see me like this. It might not sound like a big deal to be seen by someone, but since I had already suffered through the most humiliating part of the night, I did not see the benefit of adding salt to my wounds. I took the only action that sounded reasonable in my tired state. I decided to walk back to the adult store.

Every step I took forced more canine sperm to trickle down my legs. It was just 100 meters, but it felt like a marathon. I reached the backdoor and knocked with what little strength I had left with my hands. Even though it was still night, the door flew open in a matter of seconds. Carol had been worried and confused about where I had been. She had not gotten a straight answer from Carl. I cannot recall the whole conversation, but she got the main points I tried to explain. We did not talk much after that. She knew that she was responsible so she did her everything to help me. I do not know if I ever forgave her, but for now, I had to welcome her support.

Carol helped me home. She also supported me through an hour of showering and cleaning myself before tugging me into my bed. I cannot remember much after that other than her saying, 'Sorry, love. You do what you need to do next. I will not blame you...'

That sounded fair but was not important right now. I slept through the day. No matter how well we cleaned my body, I still woke up finding semen stains on my bed sheets. Now, while I am writing this tale, it is becoming nighttime. I keep wondering what to do and where to go next. To the police station, to meet Carol... or maybe back to the streets of the Old Town?

The End