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“Oh, come on, help me with the exam, and I’ll let my dog fuck you,” my friend Adrien suddenly declared.

“What did you say?” I asked wide-eyed.

“Come on, we both know that’s what you want. Don’t act surprised.”

“But I... What the hell are you...”

He cut me off, saying, “You always look at him too weird when you come to my house. When he’s horny, you don’t take your eyes off him. Help me with the answers, and I’ll let him fuck you and make you his bitch, OK?”

I gasped.

“It can even be in my house, I mean, in the garden, so you feel more comfortable,” Adrien teased while looking at me.

Offering me something like that was inconceivable. It was inconceivable I would do something like that. How could Adrien even think of it?

“Are you serious?” I asked.

“Look, I’m not going to judge what you do with whom or whatever, OK? All I care about is not failing Chemistry, so it’s up to you. If you refuse, I can go with someone else. I heard that Amy Fisher has the exam photocopied. I can ask her to send me a picture, or I can even download that App that helps you solve problems. I think it costs two dollars. I don’t need your help if you don’t want to do it. I was just saying that because we are best friends and you always...”

“I’ll do it,” I yelled.

The silence was so thick you could cut it with a knife. I regretted opening my mouth.

“Do you really want my dog?” Adrien asked me with a smirk.

“Don’t say it anymore. Don’t mention it. I do, but don’t say another word,” I begged, feeling ashamed.

“No, it’s OK, Danny. It’s just...wow...I mean, I knew you were a faggot, but that doesn’t affect me. I mean, we’ve been best friends for what? Five years? And I didn’t know that you...well...” he was silent for a moment. “Well, help me out then, and if I get a good grade, you can do it. On Saturday, you can come to my house and become a breeding bitch for the first time in your life. Because it is your first time, right?”

“Shut up. Stop talking, and let’s get to studying already,” I said, feeling my cheeks burn.

“I’m sorry, you can’t blame me for having so many questions.”

Indeed, I couldn’t blame him. I mean even I didn’t know what was going on with me or why I felt those kinds of things. It was something I had hidden all my life, but apparently, I hadn’t done it very well.

As I was showing Adrien the elements of the periodic table, my head was elsewhere. Was I really going to let Tank fuck me, or was it all a game? Adrien couldn't play with that kind of thing, but what if he liked this stuff, too? I don't think so. He would have said something to me about it. Will Tank's whole dog dick fit inside me? Will he bottom out inside me? Will he cum inside me? I hoped so. Ugh, hell, I want him to leave me full of puppies and make me his favorite bitch. I'm finally going to become a bitch, a real bitch that gets milk from her male.

I started to get excited, so I forced myself again to concentrate on the elements of the periodic table and on Adrien's understanding of what I was explaining. I needed him to pass the exam. Now that he had opened up the possibility, I couldn't let the opportunity go to waste.

"Well, I passed, but just barely, another bad answer and I would have failed the whole exam. Thank you very much, Danny, for your help. I don't think I could have made it without you," Adrien said.

"You're welcome, Adrien. That's what friends are for," I said. We didn't say anything for a few seconds, so I had to take the initiative. "About that thing you proposed..."

"Oh yes, of course, it's true, I didn't remember. Mmm, on Saturday can you come to my house early, like at 8 o'clock? My parents are going out and won't be home until the afternoon. That should be enough time for you and whatever you want to do, right?"

"That's perfect, Adrien. Thank you very much."

"My best friend is about to become my dog's bitch. What a thrill," he said and laughed.

"Shut up."

Friday, I couldn't concentrate at school, and at home, I tossed and turned in bed and couldn't sleep for a minute. I got out of bed at 6:30 am, took a shower, and put on my briefs, athletic shorts, and a sports shirt. I left the house at seven and arrived at Adrien's house at 7:30. I hung around outside, walking back and forth until it was 7:55, and I rang the doorbell a couple of times.

"Too punctual. I think you really want this, don't you?" he said as he opened the door. He was wearing a pair of gray sweatpants.

"You offered it in the first place," I reminded him.

"You're right, but still, ugh, whatever, come on. Tank is in the backyard."

I entered his house, and we closed the door behind us.

"I have a few conditions," Adrien told me. "The first one is do not harm my dog. OK? He's going to be your owner for a while. If he doesn't want to mount you, don't force him. Don't mistreat him or do anything he doesn't want to do. OK?"

"Understood. I have no intention of hurting him at all," I said.

"Perfect. The second thing is that you'll have to clean up after whatever you do. And the third is to keep the volume down. I don't want to know what you're going to do. Well, I do know, I guess. You want Tank to impregnate you with his puppies. What I mean is no screaming or moaning that can be

heard all over the street. I don't want a neighbor to come over to see what's going on or someone to discover what you're doing because I won't have any explanations, understood, buddy?"

"Understood," I said with a nod. "You don't have to worry about anything. I won't get you into trouble, and I won't harm Tank."

"Good."

We approached the back door. My heart was pounding in my ears; I felt like I was going to faint from excitement.

"One more thing," Adrien said, turning to face me. "This is your responsibility. If he scratches you, if he bites you, if he hurts you in any way by shoving his dick inside you—it's not his fault. You know what you're doing and what you're getting into."

"I know."

"I'll leave you two alone then. I'd like to see what's going to happen, but at the same time, I'd prefer not to know. You have until twelve," Adrien said before closing the door between us and disappearing inside the house.

As I turned around, I saw Tank, a fairly large black German Shepherd. He panted as he approached me. He extended his paw as a greeting, and I crouched down to be at his level. He licked my face, which made me laugh. I petted him for a moment, thinking if I was really willing to do this. I took a deep breath and started taking off my clothes. I left them on one of the garden chairs and knelt in front of Tank, who looked at me with confusion. I sat up and spread my legs a little, leaving my boner in the air on that cold morning.

The dog Tank began to sniff it and gave it a lick, which sent a torrential shudder up and down my back, snatching a moan from me. We began. No turning back now. I was drenched in my pre-cum, and Tank, interested in the taste, began licking my boner up and down. His collar jingled with each lick he gave me. We were like that for several minutes when I noticed that Tank's dick was fully exposed.

It was huge, as wide as a fist at its widest point, and a deep red color. I started drooling, so I settled in so I could lick it to lubricate it. At first, Tank would pull out and growl at me. I had to be very patient and show him that I was his inferior, his bitch, that he was the male, and I just wanted to service him.

After several minutes, he calmed down and let me touch him. I was so horny. I didn't want to waste any more time, so I got under him and started sucking his red cock. It tasted like piss and salt and barely fit in my mouth. I made a great effort to get as much of it in me as possible. Tank was panting and moving his legs constantly, trying to ride me, scratching my back, which only turned me on more.

It was time.

I settled down on all fours like the bitch I was willing to be, and as soon as I did, Tank was on top of me, his paws on my shoulders, his snout panting in my ear, and his dick seeking my ass.

It took quite a while before he could find a way to penetrate me. Whenever his massive cock went in

a few millimeters, Tank would either move or pull out. I was starting to get frustrated that we might not make it when I found a position where I could stay on all fours and guide Tank's dick with my hand. Slowly, I felt myself opening up. However, Tank was so eager that he let me go all of his cock inside and then yanked it out.

He rammed me again, and I felt him open me wider than anyone had ever opened me before. His saliva ran down my face and neck with each thrust. He was making me his bitch. I was finally becoming what I always wanted to be, a bitch who is there to receive a dog's cum. I was leaving my humanity behind to be just another animal serving others, like Tank, to receive his seed obediently.

The pain for the first few minutes was intense, too much, almost so much that I thought about giving it all up. Still, as Tank was getting into a good rhythm, he stopped pulling his cock completely out of me and just kept riding me like this. I could see our reflection in the glass of the door. Me on my fours while a huge black dog fucked me. I was about to cum from how sexy that scene was.

Then Tank began to bark and growl. His humps were harder and harder. He wanted to button me, and I wished he would. His whole cock was inside me, but the best part was still to come. It was taking too long. He was opening me up little by little, pushing the ball of his cock in deeper and deeper. Suddenly, he stopped ramming me and just kept pushing. I let out a little cry of pain as he was opening me to extreme limits, and then, after a loud 'Plop,' I knew it was inside me. Tank was balls deep inside me. I was his bitch, and there was no turning back. From now on, I would belong to this dog. I would only be fucked by canines now. At this moment, Tank would decide when it was over.

The pain was too much, but the pleasure of having become a bitch was greater. I couldn't move between the pain and the excitement I had frozen. Tank, however, was moving very well, pushing me more and more, grunting, barking, and doing everything to subdue me, to keep me under him, making me see who was the dominant male.

We stayed like that for 45 minutes. At that time, I had already cum three times and was going for a fourth. I had let my mind run free, and in my imagination, I was a bitch, about to be impregnated and have Tank's puppies. I was moaning, barking, purring. I loved being a breeding bitch. This was my Destiny. No more guys cock for me, just dog seed.

Then, unexpectedly, Tank tensed up. He grunted, and I felt a huge surge of his cum rushing inside me, filling my body to such an extent that it began to spill out of my ass and down my legs to the floor. Then I came for the fourth time. I, a boy until that morning, had now become a bitch and had been impregnated by a big dog who dominated me. A dream was finally coming true.

I was knotted, but I expected that. Tank needed to calm down and relax so his dick would go down in size. I was still on my fours, cherishing those last few moments we had left together when Adrien ran out into the yard.

"Danny, hurry up," he looked at us dismayed, then shook his head and looked me straight in the eyes. "My brother, he's coming. He's parking his car. You have to finish this now."

I let out one last canine growl and took a deep breath. I was expecting a lot of things that day, but that certainly wasn't in my plans.

The End?