

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Sayuri was asexual. This was an indisputable fact, and had been for every second of the thirty-four years she had been on this earth. No matter what other men did to try to convince her, she never had any interest in touching dirties. She never even tried it. Not with men, not with women. Penises and vaginas were equally disinteresting. Not only disinteresting, but gross. This was the truth.

And yet, as she sat at the dinner table, surrounded by her girl friends and Asian food, she found herself feeling different. It had nothing to do with any of them. She wasn't attracted to them. But something Stacy had just said. Maybe attraction was the wrong word. Curiosity, more like. The blonde haired woman across the table from her stopped talking to take a sip of her wine.

Stacy placed the cup back down and continued. "Yeah, taking doggy style quite literally. Absolutely disgusting. That's what I said to him, before I kicked him out."

"I'm sorry." Sayuri cut in. She adjusted her large, wire-rimmed glasses before she continued. "Bestiality?"

"I know right. Horrible. I can't believe I dated that freak."

"No no, I mean. Is that... Is that what I think it is?" She needed to make sure she heard right.

"Means her boyfriend- er, ex-boyfriend liked watching animals fuck women." Laura answered.

Sayuri was taken aback. He placed her fingers to her lips in shock. She settled in her seat, her tight blue jeans clinging to her hips as uncomfortably as ever. To think such a thing was even possible. Sex with a dog? Who even came up with that idea?

"That's a real thing?" She asked.

"Uhuh. Not legal though. Gross, horrible. Shouldn't be surprised you've never heard of it, though. Do you even know what a clitoris is?"

"Yes. I know what a clitoris is!" Sayuri snapped. They always teased her about these things, but she took biology when she was in school. She knew anatomy. She knew her own body.

Susan laughed. "It's so easy to rile you up." She covered her mouth if she spoke as if she cared about being polite.

Sayuri just rolled her eyes. She was used to it by this point. Her lack of sexual activity, and thereby romantic activity, was always a source of teasing and mockery. It didn't really bother her in the end, as she knew her friends didn't really mean anything by it, but that didn't mean it didn't get tiresome to hear. She sighed. Her mind was still on that bestiality thing. She couldn't force it away. She took a bite of her sushi roll.

"I can only imagine the look on his face when you caught him."

"A deer in the headlights. Once I started screaming, I've never seen him run faster in my life." Stacy giggled.

"How did he find it?" Sayuri asked.

"What?"

"The bestiality. You know, if it's illegal. How'd he find it?"

"Well, I guess it's not like, so illegal that it isn't available. I don't know. Doesn't make sense. You'd think it wouldn't be available at all. But he was just on some website. Don't know the name of it. Probably just typed *bestiality porn* in the search bar. Wouldn't surprise me if it was that simple."

Sayuri shook her head. "Some people."

"Tell me about it."

"Yeah, my time with Ryan hasn't been so great either." Laura said. "I mean, I didn't catch him watching doggy porn, but he's just, I don't know, a bit boring?"

"Boring? Like no personality?" Sayuri asked.

"No I mean like, like he only wants to do it missionary."

"Oh." And like that, Sayuri's interest died. She let the conversation fade from her mind and focused on eating. She had sake, they all had some kind of alcohol.

It was a girls' night out at a sushi bar. Something they tried to do at least once a month. They'd been best friends since high school, except for Susan. She was a somewhat new member of their clique. She fit in all the same, though.

The conversation continued in the direction it was heading. Boyfriends, experiences, sex. A chunk of their time was usually spent talking about this, which was fine. It wasn't their fault she didn't like it, and she didn't expect them to keep the conversations focused on things she did like. There were times where she led conversations, this just wasn't one of them. So she ate in silence, and tried to get her mind off of this bestiality thing.

She thought of her dog back home. Markus. She couldn't help but imagine her large doberman having sex with a woman on camera. It was an uncontrollable thought. One that she forced back into the depths it came from as best as she could. Bestiality was disgusting, just as her friends said. And it was sex. But why couldn't she stop thinking about it? Why didn't it disgust her like it was supposed to?

It was hard to keep her mind from wandering, especially when the conversation was so uninteresting. Sayuri had to focus on eating, the texture of the food, the sake. Anything to keep her mind off of it.

"Sayuri? Earth to Sayuri."

Sayuri snapped out of it. "What? Sorry."

"Any luck?"

"Luck with what?"

"She really was spacing out." Laura giggled.

"Luck with boys!"

"Ah," Sayuri winced inwardly, "no not really. But I mean, I haven't really been looking."

“Aw, come on. Don’t give up. I’m sure there’s at least one asexual man in the world.”

Sayuri giggled. “No, it’s not that. Really. I just don’t really... I don’t know. I don’t care that much. I’m satisfied for right now. Just me and my doggy, Markus.”

“You and that dog.” Stacy shook her head. “Won’t lie. He is a cutie. Especially for a doberman.”

Yes, indeed he was. Sayuri would have to stop at the store and buy him a new toy, just because she was thinking about him. He was the light of her life, for all intents and purposes.

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Markus was already halfway through his new chewtoy by the time Sayuri made it to her room. She should have gotten him a bigger one. Her mind wasn’t set right. She’d rushed through the store to get home, and now that she was there, all she could think about was the computer.

Sayuri untied her hair from the topknot she’d put it in for the girls’ night out, letting it flow down to her shoulders. Black locks with a hint of curl. She turned the computer on and hesitated at the login screen. Was she really going to do this? What else did she need the computer for? She couldn’t get her mind off of it. It had to be done.

Just for the sake of curiosity, that was all. She didn’t like sex, so she wouldn’t like this, obviously. It was just a new thing to see, and she knew she’d likely regret it once she did. But she needed to appease the voice in the back of her mind. Then she could shower, turn on a movie, and get to sleep. She had the week off from work, and she planned to enjoy it by doing a whole lot of nothing.

But for now, she had to know. It was a necessity. But she wasn’t stupid; she checked that her antivirus was up to date before searching. She also opened an incognito window, so that it wouldn’t be saved to her history. She wasn’t as oblivious as others may have thought she was when it came to this stuff.

Now, what was it Stacy had said to search up?

*Bestiality porn.*

Sayuri hit the enter key. The search began. There was no undoing it now. Not unless she closed the browser within the next second. But she didn’t. She remained still, eyes too nervous to look away. Like she was about to be arrested for even searching it up. She knew that was just overreacting, probably. But this was her first time ever looking up something like this. Even pornography in general.

But the deed was done. There was no going back anymore. The search finished. A list of webpages appeared. Sayuri didn’t bother to read them. In a rush, she clicked the first link. Her heart was racing. The page opened. It was a video.

A woman, naked, sitting in bed. She clicked her tongue to call a dog, then pet him on the head. Sayuri may have been seeing things, but the dog looked like a doberman, just like her own. He didn’t have the light brown patch on his back like her own did, but it was close enough to give her chills. It made this feel extra weird. Extra wrong. She shouldn’t have been doing this. But it was too late to stop. She was too interested.

Maybe she looked it up because she didn’t believe it was even a thing. That it was even possible. Maybe she was just incredibly curious. She didn’t know why. But when the dog climbed onto the bed

with the woman, and the woman lifted her rear into the air, all Sayuri knew was that she couldn't look away.

Sayuri's eyes were glued to the screen. Indescribable, disgusting things were happening. The dog was sniffing the woman's crotch. She moaned as it licked her, then she guided it to climb over her rear. It humped her. It penetrated her. What was Sayuri doing? She couldn't stop.

Something strange. A feeling. A tingle, between her legs. Warmth and pulses. She knew what this was, she'd just never felt it before. Why was a video of a crime arousing her? Why was watching a woman have sex with a dog arousing her? What was wrong with her? She wanted to click away, but she couldn't. She wanted to stop herself. Or maybe she didn't. It was all so much. She had no idea what she was doing. Her hand worked its way between her legs without her consent. It pressed against her groin through her jeans. She moaned.

No. She couldn't do this. She closed the window. It was gone. The porn, the filth, it was gone. She was safe again.

But the warmth lingered.

Sayuri opened another window. She repeated her search, but this time she clicked on the second from the top. A new video. A woman getting fucked by a dog, just as before, but this was in a living room, with a german shepherd.

As she watched the video, her fingers lingered around her groin. She didn't know what she was doing, what she was touching, but she didn't care. She was infatuated. The woman in the video moaned like mad. She was really getting into it. The dog was enjoying himself too. As she watched the video, Sayuri couldn't help but ask what was so wrong with it?

The video ended, and Sayuri clicked on another. Video after video, Sayuri was glued to her screen. Minutes turned to hours. The sun fell, and she continued to watch. All into the night. Tab after tab, video after video, screenshot after screenshot. Her groin was too wet. She kept touching herself, but had no idea what she was touching.

In the last video of the night, Sayuri saw something different. Before her dog came on screen and they began making love, the woman in the video played with something. An object, in the shape of a dog's penis. A red rocket. She put it in herself, thrusting in and out, just like a penis would. It was a sex toy. Toys like that existed?

Sayuri's jeans fell to her ankles. She watched the woman play with herself. The toy went in and out of her womanhood, while her fingers played with the nub on top. The clitoris. She knew what that was. With her hands, she mimicked the woman in the video. In the place of the toy was her fingers. Two of them, in and out. It felt strange at first, but it fed the primal need she felt within her. It made her groin happy. It felt good.

Sayuri masturbated throughout the duration of the video. Near the middle, she climaxed. A rush of dopamine, a rush of pleasure. Up her groin, tickling her abdomen, her thighs, her chest, her brain. Everything, all at once. A tidal wave of emotion and pleasure. Pure joy. Sayuri cried out in pleasure. Her legs kicked and spasmed. She rammed her foot into the wall and stubbed her toe, immediately bringing her out of her high. She hissed and cursed and clutched her toe.

It was then that she noticed the clock. It was nearly two in the morning. She couldn't believe how long she'd been on here, looking at this stuff. A sort of clarity washed over her now that her orgasm was over. The need was gone. She felt gross. She closed the window, turned her computer off, and

headed into the shower. It was difficult to look at Markus when she passed him by. He was asleep in his doggy bed. He didn't normally sleep there during the night. She always had him in her room with her when she slept, but she'd lost all track of time.

Just a quick shower, then she could sleep and pretend like this night didn't happen.

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The lack of work was detrimental to Sayuri's ability to control herself.

The next morning, she tried to act like the night before didn't happen. She went about her day. She made breakfast, took Markus for a walk. Afterward she headed to the store to pick up some little things she wanted. But it wasn't long before she ran out of ways to distract herself.

She tried watching a movie, but she couldn't focus for long. Television was the same. All she could think about was the night before. The way it felt. How wrong it was, but how good it made her feel. She wished it had never happened.

But it did, and there would be no forgetting it. No matter how hard she tried, her mind kept going back to it. To those videos. Those obscenities. She'd even dreamt about it. What was she to do, with no plans, no work, and a newfound fear of her dog? Whenever she looked at Markus, she thought about the videos. About *him* in the videos. It was wrong, but she couldn't help it.

When all she could think about was watching more of those videos, and the warm need between her legs returned, what was she supposed to do? She wasn't strong enough to resist the urge. No, it didn't feel like an urge. It felt like a need. A powerful, all-consuming need. There was nothing she could do but give in. Sayuri fed Markus, took him for another walk, then locked herself in her bedroom and turned on her computer.

Is this really what she was going to do, again? Her thoughts conflicted with her actions. She told herself to stop what she was doing, to turn the computer off, but her body did the opposite. She didn't know what was going on. Never had she felt this out of control before. Like she wasn't even herself.

She sat in the chair and searched for the very same thing she had the night before. There were still so many videos she hadn't seen before. After settling on the first video of the night, Sayuri felt a rush of excitement. This was what she'd be doing all night again, and she couldn't wait. She unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans, and slipped her fingers down to her soaking wet folds.

This was how her nights unfolded while she was on vacation. Night after night, video after video. She stayed up past midnight, then woke around ten in the morning. Throughout her days, all she could think about was watching more videos. She felt like she unlocked a whole new part of herself, and it felt so good.

Sayuri found that she preferred doggy style videos. She'd learned the term. Where the woman crawls onto her hands and knees and the happy doggy mounts her from behind and goes to town. The sight of it made her so wet. Other videos showed women performing oral sex on their dogs, and vice versa. Their dogs bringing them to orgasm with only their tongues. Sayuri couldn't help but imagine...

After the first couple nights, that strange fear Sayuri felt when around her dog had totally subsided. She was no longer afraid that she would try to have sex with him. She even let him in the room with her while she binged and masturbated. Occasionally she turned around to see him staring at her,

curious as to what she was doing. She didn't stop him from watching, but she didn't do anything to help him see either. He was just a curious dog.

Be that as it was, it didn't stop her from thinking dangerous thoughts. What if he was more than just curious? What if he wanted to help?

She had to fight these thoughts back as she watched these videos. The videos fed into this idea, of her dog being horny while she was horny. But she resisted those dark thoughts. She stopped looking back at him, focusing solely on the videos and enjoying herself.

As she got off to one of the last videos of the night, an advertisement popped up. When she saw it, her eyes widened and she audibly gasped. Markus cocked his head.

The advertisement was for a toy. A toy in the shape of a dog's penis. She couldn't believe her eyes. How was this real? It couldn't be, not if bestiality was illegal? Nonetheless, she clicked on it. Minutes later, she was entering his credit card information, making the payment, and waiting eagerly for the shipping information and tracking number. The fear and regret didn't sink in for a couple more minutes. But once it did, she could no longer focus on masturbating.

She looked back at Markus. He was lying on his stomach, stretched out and facing her, eyes slitted as he fought back the urge to sleep. Maybe she should have joined him. The deed was done. All she had to do now was wait. And she'd grown so anxious all of a sudden that she felt like she was going to throw up. When she rose from her chair, Markus' tail kicked up. It slapped against the bed. She smiled at him and gave his head a good scratch before leaving the room for a moment.

The urge to vomit faded, but the anxiety did not. She couldn't focus on enjoying herself, but she was too anxious to sleep. She headed into the bathroom and doused her face with cold water. It did little to help, but the shocking cold was a small relief from the panic.

In the mirror, she took in her own features as if trying to see if she were still the person she remembered. Her fair face was cupped by her black bangs that reached her cheekbones. Her hair was parted, keeping her face revealed. It grew longer around her ears and head, but only ever reached her neck at its longest points.

Her facial features were warm and welcoming. Friendly. Her cheekbones protruded slightly. Her large, round wire-frame glasses made her nose look small. Her lips had always been a point of attraction with the boys. Especially when she was in school. Plump, pillowy and thick. Naturally pink. Sayuri knew she had a pretty face, even for someone as old as her.

Though she didn't do any serious exercise, her constant walks with Markus kept her fit enough. Her waist was trim, tummy smooth and soft, and her cleavage was generous underneath her tank top. In truth, Sayuri found breasts annoying. Just heavy jugs that offered nothing for her, unless she ever one day had kids, which she certainly didn't plan to.

Her hips were wide compared to her waist. Oftentimes her thighs and hips were called motherly by her friends and especially her family. The term always made her roll her eyes. Even in the baggy pajamas she wore, it was noticeable. Another useless feature of her body. She knew she should have been proud of her appearance, but it only ever seemed to lead to unwanted affection and comments.

Looking into the mirror had only made her think about how much she didn't like sex. And thinking about sex made her think about bestiality, and she didn't want to think about bestiality. The toy she ordered. She shook her head. She didn't know what she was doing, and returned to her room almost as soon as she left it.

Markus jumped up and cocked his head.

“Sorry boy, too late for a walk. Mommy needs to try to sleep. But first...” she returned to her computer and checked her emails. Above the purchase confirmation was a shipping confirmation. There was a number she could track. She clicked on it, but it wasn’t available yet.

With a sigh, Sayuri settled into bed. She covered herself up and Markus laid how he always did, with his head on her abdomen. She rested her hand on his head and tried to ignore the wetness and the heat that still lingered between her legs. Ideas, horrible ones, flashed in her mind. Markus burying his snout into the covers, between her legs. Him lapping at her juices, getting her off with his tongue. Mounting her.

Sayuri let out a whimper, then rolled onto her side, facing away from Markus. He laid his head just behind her butt. Never had she ever been so aware of how plump it was. His snout pressed into her butt cheek, making the fat contort. Another whimper escaped her.

The night was spent tossing and turning. By the time the sun rose, she wasn’t even sure that she’d been asleep at all. But she rose with it and groggily turned her computer on. Before anything, she needed to know. Once the computer booted and she checked her email, she found that the tracking number was now activated. The shipment was already ready for transit. Estimated delivery: tomorrow.

How the hell was she supposed to think until then? Maybe she had actually slept, because the realization that the toy was so close woke her up immediately. She headed into the kitchen and prepared her coffee as she usually did. She only finished half of her first cup before she left the house with Markus. A walk was needed. It would help her clear her mind, surely.

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“No, I’m sorry. I’ve got a cold all of a sudden. Must have gotten it at the last dinner.” Sayuri grimaced as she spoke into the phone. She forced a snuffle.

Stacy accepted her answer. As soon as she hung up, Sayuri took a deep breath and placed her phone on the desk beside her keyboard. There was no way she’d be going anywhere tomorrow. Not with her toy coming so soon.

Over the course of the day, her anxiety turned into excitement. She hadn’t expected the toy to be coming so soon. There were still four days before she had to go back to work. So much time to explore herself and enjoy her time with her new toy. Shame was thrown to the wayside.

To prepare, she planned to leave her computer on overnight. Several tabs were up at the moment, ready for her to view them. Each of them was a different video or set of images, all bestiality. She wasn’t going to look at any of them tonight, or even tomorrow. At least, not until her toy arrived. She was going to save it all for her playtime. Her pussy ached for touch, but she would ignore that too. Just to make sure everything was perfect.

Somehow, sleep came more easily this time around. Maybe because her mind wasn’t in turmoil. She was excited, but that was a good feeling. For the most part, at least.

The next day was spent sitting in her living room, flicking through television stations, waiting for the knock. Constantly peeking out the window, she couldn’t focus on anything that was on. It was just background noise.



The toy arrived at noon. Sayuri nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard the knock at the door. She scrambled to her feet, pressed her shirt down to get rid of wrinkles, patted her hair, and approached the door. Now wasn't the time to worry if the delivery driver knew what it was she ordered. She opened the door and was greeted by a round man. She didn't care about him though. Her eyes fell to the package.

A nondescript cardboard box. She felt a flood of relief wash over her and let out a sigh.

"Afternoon, ma'am. I've got a delivery for Say...Say your-ee-"

"Yeah that's me," Sayuri snatched up the box, "thank you!" and slammed the door in his face. She didn't mean to be rude. She was just excited.

Even Markus was ignored. Sayuri marched to her room and slammed the door. Again, she wasn't mad. She just couldn't contain herself. She sat on the edge of the bed with the box in her lap and began to pry it open. Instead of a knife, she used her fingernails to cut into the tape that sealed it shut.

The toy was underneath layers of paper and some packing peanuts. She dug inside until she caught a hint of red, then began to dig more carefully. The tip was revealed first, and she grabbed it with her fingers and pulled it out. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw it in full. A realistic, life-sized doggy cock. Bright red, veiny, with a knot at the base. She hadn't expected it to look so real, just like she saw in the image and in the videos.

Without hesitation, Sayuri placed the toy long ways against her groin. With the base pressing against the entrance to her pussy, and the length traveling her abdomen. It reached a few inches below her belly button, but even that was enough to give her chills.

"Holy shit..."

Sayuri returned to her seat at her desk. Her computer was still on, all the tabs were saved. It was time. After hitting play on the first video, she began working her jeans down. They were always so tight around her hips, now more than ever. She scooted out of them as the video began. A woman playing with her privates. Sayuri knew that the woman was just preparing herself; getting herself wet for the dog to be interested.

The dog came into view, another doberman. He sniffed the woman's pussy and she giggled, then moaned as his tongue got to work. Sayuri moaned as well, imagining what the dog's tongue would have felt like. All the while she began rubbing the tip of the fake cock against her clitoris. The mere touch of it made her shudder. A chill ran up her spine and she placed her feet on the edges of her chair and spread her thighs as wide as she could.

Her pussy was soaking wet. She was fully prepared, but would have loved for that dog's tongue to be on her own privates than this stranger's. The thought gave her no shame. That would come later, once she was finished. Or maybe it wouldn't. She hoped not.

The tip of the fake cock pressed against her folds, teasing her entrance. She took a deep breath, eyes glued to the computer screen. She was totally immersed in it, as if it were really her that was on her hands and knees, aching for that dog to mount up and stuff her pussy full. Why couldn't it have been her? And why was she already so close to orgasm? She hadn't even inserted the toy and she felt like she was on the edge. Must have been how pent up she was.

Still, she didn't want to cum, not yet. But she didn't want to stop either. She applied pressure. Her

folds were more than slick enough to allow the doggy cock access, and it slipped inside with a surprising ease. She started, clutching her chair and moaning. Her thighs quivered. A simple movement such as that - her first time being penetrated - was enough to send her over the edge.

There was nothing Sayuri could do to stop her orgasm. It washed over her like a crashing wave. She groaned, annoyed at first, but consumed by it a moment later. She stuffed the toy deeper in one movement than even her fingers had gone before. Her mouth was agape, a long moan escaping her. Her toes curled and clenched at the chair cushion, before slipping down to the floor.

It subsided moments later. Only a few seconds of total bliss, but enough to make her want more. There was no refractory period. As soon as she finished and regained control of her body, she sat back up in her chair and resumed watching the video. After a minute, she closed the tab and started the other video. This woman was sucking her dog's cock, even lying back and letting it thrust into her mouth. Sayuri had seen this before, but this video was particularly rough.

She tried to keep up with it, to match the pace that the dog set for her. The doggy cock thrust in and out of her. If she focused hard enough, she could almost imagine it was a real dog. Why did she want that so badly? She didn't care about why, she just wanted it. This toy was the closest she could get, and it was doing a good job. In fact, it was doing so well that she stopped paying attention to the video. Her gaze fell to the toy itself, as it slipped in and out of her pink folds. Itself a deeper red than her pink pussy, jutting out from her tame mound of dark pubic hair. Slick, glistening in her juices. She reared her head back and moaned.

Her jeans were suddenly too tight. Her legs thrashed, kicking to get them off. She pushed off the wall, sending the office chair rolling backwards. Sayuri rose to her feet, toy still in her cunt, and stepped out of her jeans and twisted around and fell onto her bed. She landed on her back, then adjusted herself atop her blankets, resting her head on the pillow, and got back to work.

Like this, without the video, she could focus on what mattered: pleasuring herself and enjoying the fantasy. Her eyes remained shut. In her mind, she was on her back getting bred by a strong dog. A big dog, with dark fur. His knot slapped against her cunt lips, making her mind go blank. She'd never felt this good before. This was what she needed. All of the stresses and pains of life just disappeared. Who would have thought this was what she would use to escape the monotony.

She orgasmed two more times before she ran out of steam. By the time her third orgasm subsided, she was panting for breath on the bed. Her face was sweaty, hair matted down and clinging to her face. The toy had gone abandoned, and slowly seeped out of her worn out pussy. It exited her with a wet *schlick* and a pop. She blinked, then sighed. She felt good. She could have just gone right to sleep if she didn't need to pee after so much action.

Her bathroom trip was quick. After the cloud of lust drifted away, a heavy fog of sluggishness took over. She was ready to sleep. So tired that she didn't even call Markus in with her; she just left the door ajar for him to join her whenever he wanted. She climbed under her blankets without thinking about cleaning up first. The toy fell to the floor, practically forgotten for the time being. Within seconds, Sayuri was fast asleep.

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In the morning, Sayuri was hit with regret. Not for masturbating the night away, or for using a fake dog penis to do so, but because the bed was a mess. It was sticky, damp in spots with her juices. Both sides of the blanket were wet around her groin, and the sheet below her too. Damp with her own fluids. She felt disgusting. Markus was asleep on the foot of the bed. She ushered him up so she

could gather up the sheet and blanket and take them to the wash.

Once the bedstuff was in the wash, she hopped right in the shower. She didn't care about the lower water pressure. She just wanted to feel clean again.

The shower was a cathartic experience. For the longest time she simply stood there and let it wash over her. She was still drowsy, but she hated feeling dirty. After standing for a while, she focused on scrubbing her pussy, her ass, pits, breasts, all areas that were most impacted by her sweating. It was unlike her to get so dirty, even if it was just sweat. She stayed in the shower, scrubbing and enjoying herself, until the hot water wore out entirely. Then she dried off, stepped out, and was prepared to start her day as usual.

For breakfast she made eggs and toast. She needed the protein after such strenuous activities, as well as two glasses of water to rehydrate. After eating, the bedstuff was ready to go into the dryer. Going about her day like this made her feel normal again. In all honesty, it felt nice to go back to the normal mundanity of her usual day to day life.

After enjoying a cup of coffee, she clicked her tongue as she always did to summon Markus, but he didn't leave her room.

"Markus! Here boy! Wanna go for a walk? We can go all the way to the park today. Wanna go out? *You wanna go out?*" She waited for him to come out. To hear the clicking of his collar as he jumped from the bed and exited the room. Anything at all. She heard nothing until, faintly, she picked up a faint clicking sound. It was his collar.

She tried not to get worried as she approached her bedroom door. Markus was in good health. She took great care of him, gave him the best foods, and walked him multiple times a day. He should have been fine. But then why wasn't he coming out? When she closed the distance to her bedroom door and looked inside, she dropped her coffee mug.

Not even the mug cracking against the hardwood floor made Markus stop what he was doing. He held Sayuri's new toy, the dog cock, in his paws, and was licking it all over. Focusing on the tip, but licking just about everywhere. Sayuri stared on in shock. At first she was confused beyond belief. He wasn't treating it like a chew toy, not at all. He was tasting it, like he did a treat or ice cubes. He was enjoying the taste of the fake dog penis.

No. It wasn't the dog penis that he was enjoying. The realization hit her like a brick to the head. Markus wasn't tasting the dog cock to taste the dog cock, or to chew it up like it was a toy. He was licking the flavors off of it. Flavors that all came from Sayuri herself. Markus was licking up her pussy juices.

"Markus!" Sayuri finally snapped out of it. She marched over to him and snatched the toy away, "you stop that right now!" Her mind was racing. Her dog was licking her pussy juices. Her dog was *enjoying* her pussy juices.

What was she supposed to make of that? Her normal life - the illusion of it - shattered in an instant. She turned and collected the pieces of her mug and threw them away, then grabbed the dog cock and threw it into her bathroom sink. Markus didn't know what was wrong, and followed her around with curiosity. Eventually she grabbed the leash and hooked Markus up for a walk. She needed to clear her head.

The walk did nothing to help her. Her mind was in turmoil, and the walk only made her more and more aware of the wetness between her thighs. As soon as she got home, she had to masturbate.

This was not good.

In her warped mind, she imagined that if she got off on the idea enough, she could get Markus out of her head. So she laid in her bed, buried her fingers in her cunt, and masturbated several times. Eventually she grabbed the toy and went to town with it, focusing on the idea that it was Markus fucking her. That he was on top of her, panting into her neck as he pounded into her needy pussy. She even sucked on the toy and fingered herself at the same time. Stuffing Markus' cock as deep as she could without gagging. Anything and everything she could think of, in some attempt to get it all out of her system.

After her seventh orgasm, she was too tired to continue, and ended up falling asleep. She woke up in the middle of the night, confused and disoriented. She got up to drink water and had to check the date. Markus was waiting at the door. All she did to make the thoughts return was pet him on the head.

It was two in the morning. She'd fallen into some kind of coma and slept for ten hours. She groaned and rubbed her face. As she guzzled water, she felt her womanhood grow wet again. Markus drank water too, and the sound of his tongue made her head spin. She took a shower. The shower did not help. Unfortunately, she didn't even have the strength to finger herself.

Her early morning breakfast was burnt. Scrambled eggs turned partially to stone. She ate them anyway. She knew her body was weak from all of the masturbation, and that she needed nutrients to do it again. She ended up feeding Markus the last of her eggs. Her eyes were glued to him as he ate. Mind consumed by ideas, images, depravities.

Sayuri wanted it so badly. She couldn't deny it. Maybe all of those videos, the toy, the constant masturbation, was all leading up to this. Even entertaining the thought made her want to throw up. Not because it was disgusting, but because of the sheer amount of anxiety it filled her with. Like ascending a rollercoaster. The analogy gave her pause.

Because what followed that anxiety she felt when ascending to the peak of a rollercoaster? Pure excitement and *fun*. Was that what awaited her if she gave in to her urges? Markus had finished the eggs, and was now looking up at her. He was likely confused why she was up so late. Why they weren't snuggling up in bed. Why she'd been so weird the past few days. He deserved to be treated better. Maybe he deserved to punish her for being such a bad mommy lately. Maybe she should give him a new treat, since he seemed to like the taste of her juices so much.

As she walked into her bedroom, clicking her tongue, she felt like a passenger. Markus followed close behind her. What was she about to do? Was she really doing this? She felt as if she were only her thoughts, and another person was controlling her body. Moving without her permission towards a destination she knew was wrong, but she wanted more than anything.

Sayuri sat on the edge of the bed and kicked off her socks and unbuttoned her jeans. She shimmied out of them and sent them across the floor with her foot. She didn't remove her underwear though. Her breathing shuddered. With only her ass on the bed, she spread her legs and planted her feet firmly on the floor. Markus moved directly to her crotch. He sniffed it first. The mere touch of his nose gave her chills. It made her feel like she was going to pass out. Adrenaline coursed through her. She wanted this. Yes, she wanted this more than she ever wanted anything in her life. This infatuation, this new addiction, it led her here, and it could make her happier than she'd ever been before. The only thing she needed now was for Markus to want it as well. And by the looks of things, he sure seemed to.

Markus' sniffs grew more labored. His nose pressed right up against the soaked fabric of her panties. Sayuri laid back and put her hand in her hair. Breathing through her mouth, she could hardly contain herself. His tongue flicked out. All that kept it from her pussy was a thin, sopping wet piece of fabric. Sayuri moaned out loud and bit her finger. She took her glasses off and laid them on the bed far from her. The bare minimum to keep them safe.

"Markus. Oh, Markus..." She wanted to reach down and tear her panties off, but she wanted him to do it even more. It was obvious that he wanted it. His sniffs were eager, and his licks even more.

Markus' licks were enough to stimulate her. The fabric made them feel rougher, but she moaned all the same. Her legs quivered, straining to remain as spread as possible. To give him as much room as he needed to work. And work he did. Sniffing, licking, he grew more and more eager. Exactly what Sayuri wanted.

"Please, baby. Please go deeper."

The room had grown incredibly hot. Sayuri was sweating. She pulled her shit up to her breasts, but didn't reveal them. For some reason that still felt taboo. Her hips bucked without her permission. Markus just kept licking, oblivious to her begging. The cloth was annoying her, but she wanted him to remove it for her. That would have been so hot. She asked him again. She begged him, but he didn't know what she was saying.

Sayuri raised up onto her elbows and looked down at him. He was focused on tasting her, that was all. He didn't know that this was basically teasing her. Even though it felt good, it could have felt so much better. She watched him lick and sniff her. Markus looked absolutely adorable, just like he always did. As he licked her, he let out a little whimper.

"You okay, boy?" Sayuri asked. She lifted herself up more and watched him. She had to put her glasses on to see him in finer detail.

Markus looked fine, but he whimpered again as she watched him. She raised an eyebrow, clueless as to what was wrong, but then it hit her. The videos she watched, in them the dogs always whined. They whined when they were excited, when they were fucking, when they were being played with.

Sayuri leaned to the side to look past Markus' head, down his side, between his legs as best as she could. The answer to her concerns was right there. Markus wasn't just curious. He was enjoying himself. He was aroused. His red rocket stood at full attention. It pulsed from time to time. He wanted to fuck her, but she was hogging all the pleasure. No wonder her poor baby was whining. He needed attention too.

Sayuri pulled back, sliding further onto the bed and sitting upright. "Come here, come here boy!" She patted the bed aggressively. She was so eager.

Markus hopped up without hesitation. He panted, confused as to what to do. She patted again and he moved up to her and began sniffing her face. She could smell herself on him. With a giggle, she rotated and worked awkwardly closer to his groin. She fit herself underneath him and he simply stared down at her. His cock told her everything she needed to know. Pulsing and needy and eager, it ached for her touch. There was no way she was going to deny it. Not when she wanted it just as badly.

Her hand darted up without hesitation. She grabbed his cock with care but could hardly contain herself. As her hand wrapped around it, she listened for any signs of discomfort in her pooch. No matter what, his comfort came first. He whined, but the way he looked down at her told her that he

was happy. He even leaned down and licked her face. She opened her mouth and let him taste her. As his tongue entered her mouth, she used her own to toy with him. She moaned, he panted. He bucked into her hand and her eyes widened.

Her grip loosened as he thrust into her hand. She resigned to watch, allowing him to explore her palm and her fingers. To her surprise, his cock was even bigger than her toy. Thicker and longer. The smell coming from it was noticeable too. Was this doggy arousal? He thrust again and this time a white substance lingered on her index finger. She studied it. Doggy cum.

An urge overtook her. She let go of his cock for a moment and brought her finger closer to her face. It was sticky, thick. The smell was potent. She opened her mouth and brought her finger inside. She'd seen plenty of this in the porn videos, so she knew it was safe. She slurped it off of her finger. The cum lingered on her tongue. It soaked into her taste buds. Salty, thick and not entirely tasty. Oddly enough, Sayuri still found herself enjoying it.

Markus whined. He bucked into the empty air. Sayuri returned her focus to her poor, pent up boy.

"Are you going through what I went through? Realizing how good pleasure can feel after so long, realizing just how pent up you've been all this time? Is that it, boy? Let me take care of you. Just relax, my dear."

As if in agreement with what she said, Markus licked her face and stepped forward over her. Back underneath him, she gently massaged his member. He thrust and panted, enjoying himself. She didn't want to overwhelm her good boy.

More cum oozed onto her fingers. His thrusts spread the substance around. Sayuri wanted to taste it, but didn't want to stop pleasuring him. She had an idea. A really naughty one. She bit her lip, then lifted her head up and leaned into his cock. She kept massaging it with her hand, but opened her mouth and took the tip inside. Markus immediately thrust deeper into her mouth. She let out a muffled squeal, then giggled, and moved her hand to the base of his shaft, where his knot was beginning to expand.

The taste of his shaft was strange, like the texture. It was obviously fleshy, but very hot and hard at the same time. As it pulsed in her mouth, Sayuri could taste more of his semen. She swallowed it down like a good lover. She moaned around him and bobbed her head. Though she was reluctant to take too much into her mouth at once, she was confident in her ability to get him off. He was enjoying it, whining, panting, occasionally bucking into her mouth. She had to keep herself from panicking whenever he did that. She was worried that he'd just decide to take control and fuck her face. Would she be able to stop him if he did something like that? Would she even want to?

With her hands planted on the bed for stability, she bobbed her head faster. In her mind, if she went faster than him, she'd have control. It made sense at the time. But in reality it only urged him to thrust harder as well. Soon she was taking more than half of him inside at once, and she slowed down while he sped up.

But Sayuri didn't feel too much panic. She felt a little bit, of course. Just not enough to make her want to stop. Again, like sitting at the top of a rollercoaster, about to fall. Her position shifted. She was no longer on her hands and knees. Now she was pushed backwards, resting on her butt and using her arms to keep herself up. Though she continued bobbing her head, it was clear who was in control now.

Drool began to spill from Sayuri's lips. She hardly noticed at first, but it began to drip down her lips and onto her chin. Or it clung to Markus' cock and stretched downward, thinning out before

snapping and falling to the bed or Sayuri's shirt. She only noticed when it lingered on her chin. She tried to lick it up and away from her lips, but that made her gag. The very first time she gagged on something like this. It was shocking, making her panic hard for a brief moment. She coughed and twisted her head to dislodge Markus' cock. She raised her hand and almost pushed against him, but stopped herself at the last moment.

Forcing herself to breathe through her nose, Sayuri put her arms back on the bed and returned to the position she was in. Markus was unabated. He kept thrusting into her mouth. Sayuri could feel the drool continue to spill. It grossed her out, but there was nothing she could do to stop it.

In order to maintain some semblance of control, Sayuri continued to bob her head. Though by now Markus was outpacing her. With each thrust it became more and more apparent who was in control here. But the panic Sayuri felt wasn't bad. She liked it. No, she loved it. Fear, a winding in her stomach, just like excitement. Markus was taking her like he wanted to, and she was his to take. Her pussy was soaking wet, but this wasn't the time to care about that. This was the time to take care of her good boy. Let him use her mouth to his heart's content.

As soon as she stopped bobbing her head and let him take control, he started thrusting deeper. She felt him hit the back of her mouth and she gagged again. She couldn't stop herself from choking, but she stopped herself from trying to resist. She just took it. His cockhead beat into the back of her mouth, the entrance of her throat. She coughed, choking up more spit. It was hard to maintain any sort of composure. Her eyes watered. She couldn't see. Her mouth leaked drool. Spilling down her chin, her neck, wetting her clothes. Markus' thrusts occasionally made it cling to her nose and her cheeks. She felt filthy. She felt good.

Finally, Markus pushed past the entrance to her throat. Sayuri clutched the blanket and tried to push herself up, but that only lodged him deeper. He whimpered above her and panted. His drool fell into her hair, matting it down. It dribbled down her forehead, over one eye. She could smell it. She never found doggy drool erotic or even nice, but now she did. She would have moaned if she had any control of her diaphragm. But she had no control. All she could do was gag and clutch the blanket.

He got back to thrusting. Her doggy was ruthless. Whether or not he knew how rough he was being, she had no idea. But she knew that he felt good. And that was what kept her from stopping. Breathing was becoming nearly impossible, and that scared her. That fear was matched only by her arousal, however. She felt like she was on the verge of orgasm, and hadn't even touched herself. It felt wonderful to service her good boy. To make him happy.

Markus' cock never left her throat. He only ever pulled out far enough to keep his tip inside, then pushed deeper. It felt like every thrust went further than the last. She could feel him deep in her gullet. Every time he pulled back, a load of spit followed. She felt filthy, like some kind of depraved animal. Maybe she was. Maybe that was what she wanted to be.

If it meant a lifetime of happiness like this with her doggy, yes, that was exactly what she wanted.

Something stirred her from her lustful trance. It wasn't the lack of oxygen. If anything, that made her trance stronger. No, what pulled her from her trance was something else. Something even more alarming. Something thick and strong pressed against her lips when he thrust into her now.

Sayuri knew that it was. She'd done her research on doggy anatomy. Markus' knot had inflated fully. He was ready to cum, he was ready to go all out. But to do that, he needed to fit his knot inside of her mouth.

Out of all the videos Sayuri had watched, only one showed oral knotting. It looked painful. The woman had struggled at first, but she was playing it up for the camera. The knot had lingered in her mouth for some time, and Sayuri had no idea how the woman remained conscious for so long. Now it was her turn to find out.

Sayuri contemplated resisting, calling this thing off and escaping him. But something stopped her. Her own lust, her desire to please her boy, her curiosity. One of those things, or perhaps all of them, stopped her from resisting. She opened her mouth as wide as she could. Her spit pooled out and flowed freely from her mouth. She gurgled and took as deep a breath as she could, then he pushed.

His knot could hardly fit in her mouth. Getting it inside was a struggle for Markus. Every thrust was more impatient and rough than the last. Sayuri clutched his legs for support. She fought to ignore her panic. Her jaw stretched further than she thought possible and, like that, his knot finally popped inside.

In an instant, Sayuri lost all access to oxygen. Her eyes bulged. Her legs kicked. Yet somehow she managed to keep from trying to push Markus away. She allowed herself to kick and scream around him. It was all she could do to keep herself from interrupting him. Through it all she could still hear him panting. Whimpering, moaning as a dog would.

She felt him erupt in her throat. His cum tickled her throat and made her cough and choke, like swallowing something the wrong way. But it couldn't come back up. There was nowhere it could go but down. So she forced herself to swallow. Again and again, between coughs and gags. His knot made her cheeks bulge. She wished that she could see it for herself. She should have filmed it. Damn it, why didn't she think of that?

Markus began thrusting again. His cum began spilling out of her mouth, now allowed to move backwards. It erupted from her nose too, when she tried to take a breath. Her nostrils burned, but she managed to get a little bit of oxygen. Markus was cumming, why was he thrusting again? Surely he was going to stop, right?

His cock continued to erupt. It seemed like an endless flow. Sayuri tried her best to swallow it down, but she couldn't help but choke up bits of it when she breathed. His knot had little room to move in her mouth, but he made do. Short, rapid thrusts were made in her mouth. It felt insane. Her head was pounding. Rope after rope of cum trickled down her throat, out her nose, her mouth. She began to think it was endless. But maybe it was her waning consciousness warping her perception of time. She didn't know. Thinking was becoming difficult. Darkness crept in from the edges of her vision. It was only a matter of time before she passed out. She could only hope he'd stop before something terrible happened.

Markus was locked inside of her throat. He was getting all of his pent up need out, sated. She was doing this for him, and she felt wonderful for it. The panic, the need to breathe, the fear, it all faded, and she felt happy.

Just as consciousness finally faded from Sayuri's mind, and darkness took over, Markus' knot began to shrink. He let out a happy little whimper and pried himself from her gullet. A thick wave of spit and cum followed his cock's departure. It spilled from Sayuri's face, covering her entire cheek and pooling on the bed.

Sayuri woke up mere moments later. Her face was soaked, cheek sticking to the bed. Her hair was matted and ruined, especially where it laid in the pool of filthy juices. But she didn't think it was filthy. As soon as she woke up, she got right back to it. Markus was still panting, staring down at



her. He licked her face and she licked his tongue back, then snapped her fingers over his groin to draw his attention.

Markus caught on and sniffed his way down to where she was snapping. As he did so, she hooked her fingers underneath her panties and pulled them down. No more waiting for him to do it. She wanted to cum.

Thankfully, it seemed that Markus wanted to drink her pussy juice just as much as she wanted to cum. As soon as he caught wind of it, he buried his face between her thighs. Sayuri jolted in response. She bit her finger and hummed. A whimper escaped her as Markus' tongue flicked free. It pushed into her parted folds on its way up her pussy. That movement alone was nearly enough to drive Sayuri mad.

She curled her toes, digging into her blankets, and moaned. She didn't know what to do with her hands, clawing and slapping at the blanket. Occasionally splashing into wet spots, or reaching and massaging her ruined hair. She focused on breathing, on enduring the pleasure without reaching down and playing with herself.

Markus' tongue flicked unknowingly at her clit and she howled. She clenched her eyes shut and spread her legs wider. Markus lapped at her folds, occasionally sinking deeper to where her cheeks were pressed tight against the bed. The crease where her doughy ass cheeks met her taint. Her juices had pooled there, and Markus was more than happy to drink them up.

Sayuri lifted her hips to help him have easier access, before realizing where that was going. She caught herself and sank back down when Markus began licking between her cheeks. "No no, not there boy. Up here." Finally, she gave her pussy a light slap to get him back on track.

Like a good boy, the best boy actually, Markus returned to her pussy. Sayuri sighed in pleasure. She felt truly happy like this. This was what everything was leading up towards; her crazy sudden infatuation with bestiality over the course of her vacation. It was all leading to this life-changing moment. The moment where she found a real lover. Where she fell in love with her dog, Markus. The only living thing that really made her happy, and was now treating her to the time of her life. Maybe she was crazy. She didn't care. She was happy.

Markus licked her to orgasm. It was explosive, unbelievable. Of course it was far better than any she'd given herself. Even with the toy. None of that compared to her dog's tongue. She squirted, gushing over her blanket without care. Markus was eager to lick it up, and she was just as eager to feed him.

"Good boy! Oh, good boy! Good boy... Bestest boy..." With her orgasm, Sayuri felt the last of her energy vacating her. She didn't mind falling asleep like this, in her and Markus' fluids. And it seemed that Markus felt much the same. He crawled up and laid down beside her, with his head on her tummy as usual.

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When Sayuri woke up, covered in fluids and with a happy Markus on her chest, she felt no guilt. No disgust, no shame, nothing like that. She felt good. Happy, just like her pooch. Part of her had hoped that after going this far, she'd go back to her normal self. Those thoughts of sex and lust would disappear after she finally did it. But that wasn't the case. If anything, her desire was stronger. But it felt good. It felt really good. She was giddy as soon as she rolled out of bed. Markus seemed to be feeling the same as well.

"I need a shower, boy. Then I'll make us some breakfast and we'll walk." She reached down and gave him a head rub, between the ears.

Markus panted and wagged his tail and followed her out of the bedroom. While she went to the shower, he went to his water bowl. Her shower was long and laborious. No matter how much she liked getting dirty, she didn't like *being* dirty. At least not after the fact. Washing up was a cathartic experience for her. She wasn't a full on germaphobe or anything like that. She just liked hygiene.

Once the shower was over, she took Markus for a walk and found that she had a lot to think about. She wanted more. It was too much fun, too exciting, to just stop at oral sex. They could go the whole way. As long as Markus was still eager to do it, of course. Her pooch had extra energy on the walk, forcing her to keep pace with him instead of the other way around. That was a good sign.

The idea of creating her own video was something she'd fantasized about for a few days, but now it seemed far more possible. It was such an exciting prospect. For her and her good boy to join the ranks of naughty people online. She could have a place where she felt like she really belonged. Yes, she wanted that.

When she got home, she started making plans. She had one more day off after today, and she wanted to make it count. Her plan relied on her memory. Finding her old video camera, remembering how to use it and finding a way to upload it to the internet.

The thought of someone she knew watching her video was a huge turn on for her. The idea gave her a rush of adrenaline. But she knew, deep down, that outing herself as a zoophile was a terrible idea. The solution to that was not resisting the urge to film herself and post it online, but to go to the store and buy a mask. Simple, easy, quick.

She ended up buying a black balaclava. One that revealed only her lips. It did however come with the unfortunate side effect of covering her eyes, rendering her nearly blind. Oh well, she didn't need to see perfectly for everything to work out the way she wanted it to.

Setting everything up was quite simple as well. She looked up some tutorials, placed the camera on her desk with a wide view of the bed. It was basically perfect from the very start. She could hardly wait to get to it. But she wanted to wait until the evening. Regain all of her strength. The walk had shown her that she was still a bit sore and unrecovered from the previous nights. So she spent the day resting and made a big meal for dinner, for both her and Markus. Afterward, she waited for the sun to finish setting, and then it was time.

Sayuri turned the camera on. She didn't know if she'd have to edit this part out or not. She didn't know how to edit, now that she thought about it. So better make it count. For the moment she remained off camera so that she could put her mask on. Once it was on, she stepped into frame. Still fully dress.

She clicked her tongue. "Mar- M... Matthew! Come here boy!" She patted her thighs and sat on the bed and began peeling her tight jeans off. For the first time, she felt sexy while trying to wriggle her way out of these stupidly tight pants.

Markus entered the room, tail wagging, and began trying to bury his nose in her crotch as soon as she got her pants off.

"Oh, eager boy, good boy!" Sayuri slid backwards onto the bed completely and turned onto her hands and knees. As Markus awkwardly tried to sniff her, she lined herself up with the camera so that her thick ass and hips were in perfect view.

Sayuri hoped that it wasn't obvious that she hardly knew what she was doing. But maybe she could use that angle to make it hotter. But she didn't know how to do that either. She reached back as Markus sniffed her pussy, and pulled her wet panties down. As soon as her pussy lips were revealed, Markus went to town.

More emphasis was put into her moan this time, for the camera and the soon-to-be viewers. The thought of people watching her dog eat her pussy made her shudder. She moaned again. Markus just kept licking.

"Oh, Mar- Matthew, you're so hungry, aren't you boy?"

Markus didn't respond. His answer was found in the way he licked her. Sayuri let him enjoy himself for a time, before giving her hips a little buck and lowering her head to the blanket. Markus paused his licks for a moment. His nose brushed upward against her pussy, then to her taint. It wormed itself between her doughy cheeks, shocking her, and he inhaled sharply.

"Whoa! Whoa now, boy! Let's focus on the...the right hole, okay?" She wriggled her hips to try to get him back on track.

Markus kept his snout between her cheeks. She could feel him snorting against her butthole. His nose felt so chilly. His tongue proved a stark contrast to that. She gasped and mewled. Markus' tongue worked at her asshole. It wasn't supposed to do that. His tongue worked hard, lashing at everything it could reach in the valley of her ass.

Trying to balance everything was proving difficult. She didn't want to move or adjust herself too much out of fear of unknowingly turning away from the camera. But she didn't want Markus to be licking her butt; that was gross! What filthy, unattractive place to be trying to stimulate.

Sayuri lightly pressed against his snout with her palm in an attempt to push him down towards her pussy. It took some force, but she managed it. A nervous laugh escaped her when his tongue returned to her pussy.

"There you go, boy! No more being weird. He's just so eager!" She wanted to move on with this now. Out of fear of him trying to lick her butt again, she began working herself backwards to get under him.

It took Markus a moment to catch up to the situation, but when he did, he began mounting her. A sigh of relief escaped Sayuri. She was uncomfortable with her butthole being licked. That was just strange. And the anxiety of being on camera made her rush too. But it was still super hot to her. Her heart was racing.

This was where her practical blindness became an issue. She needed to adjust herself under him correctly, but also remain lined up with the camera. She tried looking back, but she couldn't see the camera. She could hardly see the bed she was on.

Markus thrust and his cock went wide. It slid from the side of her pussy and up her right ass cheek. Sayuri cleared her throat and reached under her to help him, but he thrust again and sent her off balance. She had to catch herself. For some reason she lost her position on the bed. She no longer knew where the edge was. This made her freeze up. Panic paralyzed her and lust pushed her to keep going.

If she took off the mask, she could see and be fine. But if she took off the mask, she would need to delete the footage, or just never post it. No, she couldn't do that. She trusted in Markus. He could do

it right. She wanted him to fuck her. She wanted to be bred. Yes, he was thrusting against her. He was going to find her pussy. Only a matter of time. She just had to sit still and enjoy the ride.

This frail hope was shattered when Markus thrust between her cheeks and stayed there.

“Mar- damnit, Matthew, not there! Come on, down, lower, boy. Go to my pussy!”

Sayuri’s pleas went ignored. Markus panted. His weight pressed down atop her, making her unable to stop him. He suddenly felt a hundred pounds heavier than usual. Maybe her lust was just making her weak. She cursed under her breath. His cock prodded at her buttocks. No, this couldn’t happen. She knew anal sex was a thing but she had no interest. Why was Markus doing this? Why was she wearing this stupid fucking mask? This was a bad idea. She should have trained him to use her pussy first. It was too late. Markus had a new target. He didn’t know what he was doing. Surely he just wanted a hole to use and accidentally slipped up to her buttocks.

If there was nothing she could do about it, the least she could do was try to preserve the video. She had to go along with it. She forced herself to laugh and moan. Even as he penetrated her, she tried to keep from shouting at him. A wave of anger, annoyance, rushed through her. Markus pushed his way into her buttocks. She’d expected it to hurt a lot more than it did, which was the only relief she was offered.

As he began thrusting into her, she felt a strange fullness. It wasn’t really painful. Just the slightest bit. Maybe it was because of how wet she was. Like she was so horny that even something as gross as anal sex began to feel...good? No, not good. Pleasurable, but not good. That didn’t make any sense. Sayuri huffed.

“He’s really going wild!” Sayuri grunted. “Poor boy doesn’t know where to put it, but he’s... He’s enjoying himself!”

Markus was, in fact, clearly enjoying himself. Sayuri could tell by the way he panted in her ear. The way he drooled into her hair. That stuff she didn’t mind one bit. She found it hot. But why her butt? At least he was happy. That was what mattered. And it wasn’t like Sayuri wasn’t getting any pleasure from it. Her pussy was still dripping wet, though neglected as it was. She didn’t even know if she could orgasm from anal, but Markus seemed intent on finding out.

She moaned again, for the camera. As if in response to her, Markus picked up the pace. The bed rocked, creaking and straining against the force of his thrusts. The pain was all gone at that point. All Sayuri felt was that fullness and an ever-growing pleasure. It was so strange to feel this good from anal sex. Every thrust was more pleasurable than the last. She whined. This wasn’t how she’d wanted it to go, yet she could hardly breathe from the constant pleasure. Those fireworks around her groin again. Was she about to cum from something like this?

“Oh, oh Markus...” She could hardly think. “I love you, my goodest boy.”

Only he could make her feel so good from something like anal sex. That was totally what it was. It was all just him being sexy and good at fucking her, not the fact that he was in her butt. That was why she was about to explode in pleasure.

She felt it. That expanding knot. It hammered into her ass. As Markus’ thrusts grew in strength, his knot began prying her cheeks apart and forcing its way between them. There was no way that thing was going to fit in her ass. No, that wouldn’t work. Sayuri cursed under her breath. She had to stop him. But her mind was swimming with pleasure, and she could hardly think.

“Markus... Markus, baby, that won't fit. It won't fit in my ass. Please. Shit. Matthew, Matthew put it in my pussy. Knot my pussy, Breed me. Make me your bitch... Breed...” She had to stop to catch her breath. It was all becoming too much. “Fuck... Fuck it... Just take me...”

Sayuri could speak no more. Her upper body went limp. She let it happen. Her mouth was left agape, spilling drool onto the bed as she moaned and cried out. She felt wonderful. This was it. This was what she lived for now. There was nothing better than this. Even as darkness once again began to swallow her vision and her mind faded even further, she couldn't deny how good it felt. As her orgasm crashed into her, she lost consciousness once again.

Markus continued, oblivious that his master had passed out. Maybe he was the master now. He pounded into her ass, a brand new hole for him to use whenever he wanted. The smell here had interested him even more than her pussy. Pheromones of a different type, but just as alluring.

His knot pounded against her asshole. Throbbing, needy. He wasn't going to stop until he hilted himself inside of her. He gave a few more powerful thrusts until he finally broke inside with a great shove. There was an audible pop, so loud that the camera picked it up. Sayuri moaned in her sleep. Markus unloaded into her colon without a care in the world, overwhelmed by pleasure. He loved his master, even more now than ever before.

He panted, unknowingly turning back to look at the camera. Once again, he attempted to pull his knot out, but found himself stuck. He pulled so hard that he began dragging Sayuri's limp body across the bed and closer to the camera. Through sheer force, he eventually yanked his knot out, but not without consequence. Her colon came with him, clinging to his knot. As his cock was pulled free, her prolapse formed a pretty red rosebud. Markus looked at it curiously, sniffing at it and finding those captivating scents he'd enjoyed before, only stronger.

Directly in front of the camera, Markus licked her prolapse. He lapped at it continuously, eventually lying down and enjoying it that way.

After fifteen minutes, Sayuri finally woke up. She was groggy and confused and felt wonderful. She tugged her mask off and threw it to the floor. Her hair was a mess. She felt Markus behind her, but couldn't comprehend what he was doing until she turned around to see. Her ass was still in the air, and he was licking it.

“Did you have fun boy?” She reached back to pet his head, and only then did she realize she was prolapsing. She gasped. Without thinking, she prodded at it and started trying to push it back in. Even as Markus continued to lick it. Thankfully, that seemed to work just fine. She felt normal again.

Sayuri sat up and plopped down on the edge of the bed. She sighed, the shockwaves of her orgasm followed her every movement. She looked to the camera and suddenly realized that it had been filming this whole time.

“Shit!” She looked around for the mask, finding it on the floor. But it was too late. She sighed as she rose and stumbled into motion. She moved towards it and grabbed it. “I'll just edit that out, Markus, don't worry. And that.”

She turned the camera off and sighed. It was hard to believe that she actually did it.

Perhaps it shouldn't have come as a surprise by now. That doing this hadn't fixed her urges. It only made them stronger. She was going to do this again.