

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One - Subject Obtained

Beth said goodbye to her two girl friends. She watched them turn the corner into the main street, and then putting her school bag over her back, turned into wood lane to take the five minute walk to her house. She walked quickly, as her dad was phoning later tonight, to wish her a happy fifteenth birthday. Her father and mother had split up last year and he had moved abroad with his job to help him get over it. He phoned her irregularly but on the birthday card she received this morning, he had told her to wait by the phone at 8.00 pm. She wanted to get her homework out of the way so she could spend as long as possible talking to him. She was not having a party this year as money was tight, but it did not bother her as Mum had promised to cook her favourite dinner.

Walking along thinking of all the things she wanted to tell her dad she never noticed the old white van slowing in the street behind her. Hearing the noise of the van door open she turned around quickly, and immediately felt a rag pushed into her face covering her nose and mouth. She tried to scream but there was nobody around and the funny smell made her feel dizzy. Suddenly she blacked out.

The van moved slowly along the street and turned the corner taking the quickest route to the freeway. The driver dialled a number on his mobile, "subject obtained, no trouble, no witnesses".

"Bring her in number one, everything is prepared", came the terse reply.

Number one allowed himself a smile of satisfaction on another job well done. She was quite pretty and slim, with auburn hair, and a body that was already showing the promise of the womanhood in her future.

Number one looked in the mirror at the teen asleep on the floor of the van behind him. He almost felt sorry for her, she looked so peaceful and still like a baby. Her school skirt had ridden up her thigh and the seam of her panties was showing white against her lightly tanned skin. 'Shit! It's a pity you are worth so much money to me' he thought, 'otherwise I would have the greatest time in stealing your cherry and teaching you how to properly please a man'. But Beth was destined for other things, what, he did not know. His job was to deliver her to the small private airfield marked with an X on his map. Where she went after that, he didn't want to know.

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## Chapter Two - Acclimatization

Beth woke with a pounding headache and she was in pitch darkness. She sat up and tried to adjust her eyes but there was not even a glint of light to help her to investigate her surroundings. "Is anybody there?" she called out, hoping for a reply. But her plea was met with a deafening silence. She stood up and putting her hands in front of her walked in a straight line forward. After four steps her hands touched a cushioned wall that had some hard substance on the outside. She put her back to this wall and repeating the process walked eight steps to the other wall. She discovered that the room was 12 steps long. She felt all around but could not locate a door or window. She was sealed in.

Outside the master watched the view screen with interest. Hidden infrared cameras allowed him to watch his captive, with perfect clarity. "We will leave her three days and then we can begin", he said to his assistants.

Beth sat down in a corner of the room and thought about her situation. In all the abduction stories she had heard about, the victim was raped and murdered and the body left in some wilderness for a passer by to chance upon. She could not understand what was happening to her. She was scared and the tears welled in her eyes, but she fought them back. She did not want to give her captors the pleasure of seeing her break down crying. But she thought with sadness of her mum, 'I bet she will be wild with worry by now, and poor dad will have got the news when he rang. She hoped the police would be able to find her before these people did her any harm.

Hours passed with nothing happening, and her fear gave way to boredom. She shouted out to see if any one would answer, but was met with a deafening silence. She crawled about the room on her hands and knees feeling every inch to see if there was anything in there with her. But the room was completely empty. She started doing some dance exercises learned from school to keep amused. But pretty soon she ran out of things to do, and went back to her corner to sit down. Then she started to worry, 'perhaps there is a light and I am blind. How would I know?' Then scolded herself for being silly, she could see well enough before they put her in here.

The silence and dark was beginning to get to her. She got up and went round the room banging on the walls and shouting to see if she could get a response, but gave up after an hour as nothing happened. She jumped as high as she could to try and touch the ceiling but it was out of reach. She felt like screaming, but there didn't seem much point, as no one would hear her. She sat down in the corner again.

She closed her eyes and tried to get some sleep. Perhaps she should save her energy for whatever they had planned for her. That is, if the plan wasn't to let her starve to death in this room. Suddenly she wanted to pee. There is no toilet in here she thought, and she checked around the walls again in case she had missed a little door or alcove, where a toilet should be.

After five minutes searching she realised her first conclusion had been correct. Her bladder was really under pressure by now, and she was struggling not to leak into her panties. She called out "I really need to go to the toilet, please! Is anybody there? Please! I am going to wet myself!" She stopped and listened, but there was no response. "Well it's not my fault if I mess up their room", she said to herself. She picked a corner away from where she planned to sit, pulled down her panties, squatted and began to pee. There was quite a lot and she could hear it hitting the floor and spreading out around her. Some splashed back off the hard floor onto her legs. When she was finished she fixed her clothes and returned to her spot.

The same thing occurred every time she needed the toilet. By the end of the third day the room stank of crap and pee, and she was really hungry and thirsty. Her mouth and throat were dry from calling out, and the smell of stale excrement and perspiration clung to her every pore. She was all cried out by now also, having burst into tears with frustration and loneliness. She wished by now that anything would happen to relieve the terrible silence. Her period had come the previous sleep session (she had lost all concept of day and night by now) and she could feel where her panties and skirt were spoiled by the flow. For a girl who was used to keeping herself scrupulously clean, this was a nightmare for Beth

She was lying half dozing in her corner when all at once a small chink of light appeared through a small porthole near the floor in the long wall of the room away from her. She raced across and on the other side she could just make out a small bowl of rice on the floor outside. She started to reach with her hand and the porthole door immediately snapped shut. She screamed.

She was so hungry, that the sight of the food had set her stomach juices flowing in anticipation, and it was growling angrily at her now. "Why did you do that?" she shouted as loud as she could manage.

But of course there was no reply. Then suddenly, above the porthole another hatch opened and a drawer opened from the wall. It was lit just enough to enable it to be seen but gave no light to the room. She looked in the drawer but it was empty.

She screamed in frustration again at this cruel joke, and went back to her corner. The drawer remained where it was. She contemplated it for a long time, wondering the reason for it. Then she thought 'why not' and went over to it again. She took off her ring and placed it in the drawer. For a few moments nothing happened, then the drawer receded and the food porthole opened again. She bent down and found she could just about push her head through to get a look outside the room. She saw what looked like the inside of a small enclosure, about the same size as a little dog kennel, which was lit by a weak lamplight. On the floor below her face was the bowl of rice, she pushed her face into it and scooped up a large mouthful before withdrawing her head back into her room. There was no reprisal. She reached out quickly with her hand to grab the rice bowl but was met a stinging blow across the knuckles, and the porthole slammed shut as she withdrew her hand. She cried for a few minutes until the pain subsided, she was sure one of her fingers must be broken. But she was still very hungry, and the mouthful of food she had already eaten just left her yearning for more. The drawer appeared again. Deciding she must try again she removed one of her earrings and dropped it in. Again the drawer receded and the porthole reopened. Remembering nothing had happened the last time she pushed her head through, she closed her eyes and risked it. Looking now at the bowl of rice she put her face into it and retrieved another mouthful. Nothing happened. She quickly swallowed and devoured the remainder of the rice as fast as she could. When she had licked the bowl clean of every minute morsel she retreated into her room and the porthole immediately slammed shut. The drawer reappeared.

She dropped in her other earring to see what would happen. The drawer again closed and the porthole opened. This time there was a bowl of water sitting outside. She stuck her head out and lapped it up as best she could. When she was half way through the porthole slammed shut butting her head and throwing her back into the room. She crawled over to her corner dazed and sore. The drawer slid open again.

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Chapter Three - Learning Curve

"She learns quickly, Master", said Jason turning from the view screen. "She is the pick of the bunch, Jason", the Master replied. "I hope she fights us all the way".

Beth woke from another sleep period feeling hungry. She wanted to go to the drawer but realised she had nothing of value left to put in it. She got up and walked around to ease the stiffness in her muscles. Although the walls were soft the floor was made of concrete and there was nothing for her to lie on. She continued exercising, singing and napping, which was the routine she had developed to fill her waking hours, until she felt the need to crap. She walked over to the toilet corner that stank to high heaven, and tried hard not to step in her previous deposits. As she squatted, relieving herself an idea came to her. Pulling up her panties she went to the drawer removed one of her shoes and dropped it in. After a few minutes the drawer closed and the porthole opened. She put her head through and viewed the contents of the bowl, it looked awfully like dog food to her but she pushed her head in and devoured it as if it was prime beef. She just managed to get the last morsel in her mouth and withdraw her head when the porthole slammed shut and the drawer reopened. The food had made her thirsty so she placed the other shoe in the drawer and waited for the porthole to reopen. When it did she pushed through and gulped the water as fast as she could before they slammed it shut again.

She waited what seemed like another couple of days, before she went to the drawer again, this time using her socks. She followed a few days later with her panties and bra. She wondered what she would do when her clothes ran out, her soiled skirt and blouse were all that now protected her modesty, not that anyone could see in this darkness.

She held out as long as she could, but eventually her hunger overcame her resolve and she walked gingerly to the drawer. She slowly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing the full glory of her young pert 32B breasts, with their small nipples and neat pink areole. She placed the blouse in the drawer and waited for the porthole. She shoved her head in the bowl without stopping to look and ravenously consumed the disgusting fare lying within. She pulled back and still chewing the last mouthful crawled quickly to her corner.

She was ashamed with herself for giving in. In the darkness she did not realise the need to cover up and the Master for the first time admired the young girls previously unseen assets. He wondered how long she would hold out without coming back for water. The dog food had been heavily salted, so he expected she was feeling quite thirsty by now. He hoped she wouldn't give in too soon.

Beth did not disappoint him. Although her lips and throat were on fire she resisted for another two days. She was almost feverish as she rationalised that it was dark and nobody would actually see her naked. Her body cried out for water, and why suffer so much when she knew she would have to give in eventually.

Finally decided, she let out a croaky despairing wail and crawled over to the drawer. With trembling hands she removed the last vestiges of her modesty and consigned it to the drawer. The porthole opened and seeing the water bowl she temporarily forgot her condition and dived through the hole. She ducked her head in the bowl and greedily drank every last drop, getting her head back just in time to miss another nasty bang from the door. She stood up and for the first time, her audience got a full picture of the youth in all her glory. There was no doubt she was beautiful, from her lovely pear shaped face and full lips, along her deliciously ripe breasts to the source of her womanhood. Through the light covering of dark pubic hair, her virginal pussy lips pouted cheekily, just crying out to be violated by a monster throbbing cock. Her athletic slim legs completed the picture of a most desirable beauty.

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## **Chapter Four - Phase Two**

Three days had passed since Beth had traded her last possession, although to her it was just more of the same long, monotonous routine of hunger, thirst and mindless boredom, interspersed with periods of sleep. She had lost all concept of time by now. Day and night were just memories to her. She had come to realise that a glorious rescue was not going to happen, but she had also determined that she was going to stay alive as long as she could and take the first chance of escape. They were not going to break her.

The hallucinations had started the previous evening. Beth had woken up and was plainly looking in the direction of whatever she thought she saw. "I'm not too bad, Daddy", she was whimpering, "But I am so lonely. When are you going to come and get me out of here?" The conversation continued and then the absolute despair, as she realised it was a waking dream. This was the crucial time for The Master; if he acted too early he would never break her. Too late, and she would slip over the edge to madness. It's time he decided, "Jason, the gas". Then turning to his other aides, "get the theatre ready, we operate in an hour".

An unconscious Beth was wheeled into the single well-equipped operating theatre, where a fully qualified team was prepared to carry out the Master's instructions. First they cleaned her body of the caked excrement that clung to every crevice and deloused her hair. Then they lay her face up on the operating table, strapping her arms and legs out wide so that all her secret places were on view for the first time in normal light. There was no doubt she was well on her way to being a woman of extraordinary beauty. The weeks of deprivation had removed any traces of the puppy fat she had accumulated since the onset of puberty, and her body was now perfectly proportioned. Her little pert nipples smiled pink and sweet from her firm young breasts, just itching to be pinched and sucked and bitten by a willing tutor. Her flat stomach was stretched so as to give full definition to her rib cage, and her untouched pussy, with its smiling lips and downy fur had her doctors salivating lustily.

The first stage of the operation was set in motion. The team set to work removing every single hair from all over her body killing every root with electrolysis and laser treatment as they went, ensuring that no hair would ever grow there again. Nothing was left, not even the tiniest growth. It was a very time consuming endeavour and required three shifts of workers to complete job. But the finished results were well worth it. She was as bare as a newborn baby and looked just as sweet.

A new team entered to perform the next operation. The main surgeon took a pliers type instrument from the tray and inserted it into Beth's vagina. He turned some screws and the outer labia parted revealing the pink healthy flesh of the inner or minor labia.

When the surgeon had widened the vagina enough he took up a scalpel and proceeded to remove all but a 1/8th inch of Beth's inner lips. He clamped and stitched the greatly reduced flesh and then proceeded to the clitoris. While female circumcision normally involves the removal of all or part of the clitoris, the surgeon had no such intention in mind. Beth's clitoris was a major tool in the Masters plan for her subjugation. The surgeon very carefully exposed a larger area of the clit and moved it forward so that any pressure on the outer lips would cause a reaction. He then stimulated it with a small electrical current, bringing Beth to her first major orgasm. The stimulation was repeated until the unconscious girl was in almost continual orgasm. Her muscles jerked and her body moved up and down and from side to side in her restraints. Her virginal juices freely flowed and the surgeon could not resist wiping them with his finger and sucking the ambrosia until it was time to prepare her for return to her cell. He placed a catheter tube in her urethra as the swelling would prevent her from peeing and could cause a serious bladder or kidney infection. He injected her with a potent cocktail of antibiotics and called the orderlies.

Some time later Beth came round from the anaesthetic. She knew she had been drugged again because her headache had returned big time. She opened her eyes to the same total darkness and lay still trying to get her bearings. Something was different but she couldn't quite put her finger on it. Then she realised, the horrible stench was gone and replaced with the clean aroma of fresh pine forests, and her cell had been cleaned. She started to get up to inspect her prison when the pain hit her. Her pussy felt like it was on fire and her groin was stiff and tender. She sat back against the wall and breathed heavily until she had control of the pain. Slowly she lowered her hand to investigate. Her fingers found the plastic catheter tube and she followed it back to her vagina. There she discovered to her horror that all her pubic hair was missing. She screamed silently to herself 'What have they done to me?' she tried to feel inside her vagina but her lips were so sore and swollen that the pain was too much for her to bear. She sat back against the wall and started to cry. It was too much for her, what were they doing to her? What did they want with her? Was this dark hole to be her life until she died? Where was the sense in that? She was abandoned and helpless, at the mercy of these people who did horrible things to her privates and left her in darkness to go mad or starve to death, whichever came first.

Suddenly, the porthole opened and she could see the top of the food bowl on the other side. So they

were going to feed her. But the porthole was all across the other side of the room. She lifted her tortured body to a kneeling position and crawled painfully toward the promised meal. She stuck her head over the bowl and proceeded to consume the contents. When she had finished she took her head back, and the porthole closed and reopened with a bowl of water which she hastily drunk. She turned around and placed her back to the wall. There was no way she could crawl back to where she had been; the pain had been so great. But also amongst the pain was a feeling she couldn't understand. As her legs moved she could feel a sort of pleasurable sensation that was almost sexual. She put her knees together and rubbed her thighs off each other. It hurt like hell but also the feeling was there again. What had they done to her?

Six weeks passed and Beth's vagina was almost completely healed. She had received food and water at irregular but sufficiently frequent intervals to allow her to concentrate from time to time on other things. She was free from pain, but was now pressed with another need that seemed almost impossible to satisfy. As the pain in her vagina subsided, the pleasurable exotic feeling had increased in intensity whenever she moved about on her hands and knees. She tried to feel it walking upright, but while it was present, it was just too illusive. Without realising it she now spent most of her time crawling around on all fours. This pleased her admirers immensely as they had an uninterrupted view of her bare, extremely excitable, virgin fuck hole. The knowledge that every move, made it cry out for a cock to scratch the unending itch, was a major turn-on.

Beth awoke after a particularly long sleep, and she felt very refreshed, also the catheter tube had been removed, and her pussy felt fighting fit. She couldn't figure out, why her pubic hair or indeed any of her body hair had stopped growing, but she could not feel even hair stubble anywhere on her body. With the catheter out she now felt free, and put her hand down to investigate her vagina properly for the first time since the operation. She rubbed her fingers delicately around the outer lips and confirmed that indeed there was not a single pube to be found. Tentatively she spread her lips and pushed her forefinger in. She could feel where the minor labia had been removed, and knew her body well enough to realise that they were missing. Everything else felt alright though. Then she brushed against her clit. The shock made her freeze. It was much larger than she remembered and it was not in the same place. But the feeling she got made her bite her lip in pleasure. She rubbed it gently and started to masturbate with gusto as she laid her head back and opened her legs wide to ease her access. She came almost immediately. Then was immediately filled with shame, as she realised, this was the first time she had done this outside the privacy of her own room. But now the darkness was a friendly cloak, no one would see her in here. The porthole opened and dinner was served. She crawled over enjoying every movement as she swung her hips for maximum effect, and put her head through. She ate quickly, as she had been conditioned to and then removed her head for the door to close and reopen with her water. Once sated, she went to her corner to masturbate again. The Master was delighted. Phase 2 had gone very well, and the feisty little virgin, still hadn't realised what a star attraction she was. The operation had been a success in everyway, and the monotony of the silent dark room had concentrated her mind on the pleasure of masturbating, which she now did at least five times a day, and with the constant stimulation in her sleep, her mind would soon be hooked on it like a drug.

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Chapter Five - Deflowering

Beth's mind was miles away from her hellhole as she feverishly rubbed her clit for the third time this wake period. She knew it was wrong, but it freed her from her prison, and made life almost bearable. She was close to orgasm when suddenly a bank of brilliantly bright lights lit the room. To Beth's dark trained eyes, it was a painful alien intrusion. She put her hands up to shield them, and then screamed in pain as a rubber hose was lashed across her back. This was followed by more as

two space suit-clad people laid into her with no mercy. She tried to scramble to a corner of the room as the blows rained down on her, not caring where they fell. One blow lashed the crack of her anus and snaked around to clip her straight between the legs. The blow on her already stimulated clit made her scream even louder. She curled up in the corner, trying to present as small an area as possible to her attackers. Suddenly they were gone and the lights went out. She uncurled slowly, her body aching from head to toe. She was bruised all over. Why had they done that? Did they catch her masturbating? She would have to be a lot more careful in future. She refrained from her new hobby for as long as she dared, but her clitoris would not be ignored. She crawled into a corner and curled up. Surreptitiously she allowed her hand to drift to her pussy and rubbed her clit. Immediately, the lights came on, and the beating was repeated, and as suddenly ended again. When she finished crying, she realised that they had some way of knowing, when she was going to masturbate. There was a weal growing on her thigh, and she rubbed it, accidentally touching her private area. Lights, beating, darkness again. She had painfully learned that she must never touch her pussy again. She went to her corner and putting her hands under her head, she fell asleep.

When she woke up, her body ached and she could barely move. But she needed the toilet and crawled across to her corner. As she opened her legs and squatted a strange voice (the first she had heard since being imprisoned in this room) said, "pee". When she needed a dump, the same voice said, "Crap". When she put her head through the porthole the same voice said, "eat", and then "drink". This was repeated every time she did one of these.

After a couple of days of this, she was dozing trying to sleep and not think of the agonising longing in her clit, when the lights suddenly came on. She instinctively curled up expecting a beating for some other rule she had unknowingly broken. But the blows did not come. She slowly uncurled and tried to look up but her eyes hurt too much. Then one of the figures picked her up and placed her on her hands and knees with her legs about 18 inches apart. He made her face forward, and then the voice said, "Stand!" She tried to get up but she was held her in position. She was knocked over, and again the voice said, "stand". She was placed in the kneeling position.

Once more she was knocked over. The voice repeated the order "Stand" and she got into the position she was shown. "Good Cunny", purred the voice. Next the spaceman (as she thought of her instructor) opened her legs a little wider and pushed her ass down between her legs so it rested on the floor between her calves. It was uncomfortable but she managed it. The Voice said, "sit!" Again she was pushed over. The voice said, "stand", and Beth got in the first position. Then the sit order was given and she sat as she was shown. "Good Cunny" purred the voice again. The spaceman then laid her on her back with her arms out and her legs spread about 18 inches apart knees bent. "Lie down", the Voice ordered. The three orders were repeated over and over again, for the next hour, and Beth, too tired and sore to resist, complied correctly every time, to the purring "good Cunny" from the voice. Once she had turned her head to look behind her, while in the stand position, to watch the spaceman as he cleaned her pussy and anus, but she had been given a serious beating, and her head forcibly faced forward. She soon realised that once in position, she was not meant to move.

These lessons together with the commentary on her toilet habits were repeated regularly. The spaceman became increasingly impatient and beat her if she did reach her correct position, immediately. This always happened just after she had dropped off to sleep, and was too tired to argue. Actually, she was continually tired these days, as it seemed she was getting very little sleep at all. She found it easier when the lights came on to think of nothing else and wait for the commands and obey immediately, otherwise she could not react in time.

The restrictions increased as time wore on. She could not eat or drink until the order, eat and drink was given by the voice. It was another painful lesson to learn this.

The Master checked his notes, the sleep deprivation had weakened her resistance, and she was accepting behaviour modification. Now was the time to go for total control.

Beth woke up and felt a bit dizzy, she had been allowed a long sleep, and felt a bit better. She was bursting for a pee and crawled over to her corner and squatted as usual. She started her stream and was surprised not to hear the voice. Suddenly the door burst open, the lights came on and she was given the beating of her young life. With pee still dripping she raced to her corner and curled up. As quickly as they entered, the spacemen left.

Beth was in shock. They would not even let her pee now! Her bladder was still full, and she needed to go so badly. She accidentally let a drop slip out and they were on her again beating her into her corner. She screamed at them to leave her alone, "People have to pee!" she wailed, "What am I supposed to do now?" Then she set her lip and went over to the toilet corner again squatted to pee. Again they came in and beat her, but she had had her pee. This battle went on every time she needed the toilet, and finally they won, as everyone knew it was inevitable.

Her other training continued, and every command was now obeyed with speed. But they would not let her pee or crap. She begged them, pleaded with them, but they took no notice.

Then, when she thought she would die, her trainer had her stand and the voice said, "pee". It took her a few seconds, but then she peed a river all around her legs and across the floor. The relief was palpable. "Good Cunny" the voice purred, as she squeezed out the last few drops. "Sit," said the voice, and she immediately dropped her ass onto the pool of urine formed below her. "Good Cunny" came the voice again. "Stand Cunny" and she stood while the spaceman cleaned her ass and pussy. She knew better than to look around, her head remained facing forward.

Every time she woke, she was told to pee or crap, and if she didn't respond instantaneously, she was beaten and had to wait until the next time she was told before she could go. Beth discovered that the only way to avoid the beatings was to give total control of her bodily functions to the voice. When the voice said Pee! Her bladder just opened now without her having to think about it, the same when they wanted her to crap. She knew it was wrong, but her tired sore and battered body could take no more. All she wanted to do was sleep. It was easier not to think and let them control her.

She was in one of her exhausted dreamless sleeps, when the lights came on and two spacemen came in. Her body and mind were instantly alert, ready to respond immediately to any command. She got into this ready condition instinctively now.

"Come here Cunny", said the first spaceman, "here girl". She got up and went over on all fours to his side. (She had long ago stopped walking as she got beaten for standing up). She looked up at him waiting for his commands. He rubbed her head like he was petting a dog. Then he walked across the room and said, "Heel Cunny", she knew what he meant and fell into line behind him. "Stand Cunny", and she took the standing position. He rubbed her head again and he fingered her clit saying "good girl Cunny, good girl". The soft words and pleasure she was getting from his finger, made her feel good. She had pleased him. For the very first time, she felt happy.

"Pee", and instantly, her bladder opened to his command. She had tried to pee herself earlier and it wouldn't work. She could not go no matter how hard she tried. Her body belonged to them now. But she still had her mind, she told herself. They will not get me in here.

Her training schedule was complete. The Master was delighted. Phase 4 was already fully booked, and he had planned it for a week hence, after she had time to rest and get her full wits back. That week went in a daze for Beth she was either asleep or going through a training schedule. She was

rewarded more and more now as she pleased her masters. She loved when he played with her clit, as now she was catching up her sleep it was getting more and more sensitive again. She longed to masturbate, but she knew she was not allowed to touch her pussy, as it would displease the Voice. Only he could tell her what was allowed.

After a particularly long sleep session, Beth woke up feeling really refreshed, and more herself than she had felt for ages. The Door opened and the spaceman came in.

“Come here Cunny”. She went over immediately. He took her through a training session and finished with the lie down command. She lay there facing the ceiling, as he took out a cloth and damped it with a liquid from a bottle he carried. She lost sight of his hands as he bent down beside her. Then she felt him wiping her pussy with the damp rag, all around the outer lips and pushing it gently into her, rubbing her extended clit as he did so and giving her a rush of pleasure.

Then he told her to stand. He took out a leather dog collar and fitted it round her neck, then attached a lead to it. “You have been such a good girl Cunny, that I am taking you for a walk, you will like that wont you?” She was not allowed to speak so she whined a reply. To get out of this room after all this time, even on the end of a lead, excited her. A large door opened automatically and the spaceman led her out into a high fenced coral, with green soft grass underfoot. He led her to a corner and told her to pee. She was grateful for that, now she could relax and enjoy being outside.

He took her off the lead and said free, which meant she could do what she wanted herself within limits. She crawled around and looked and smelled everything. She was seeing things like new after so long in the darkness. The fresh air smelled lovely. Then she heard a gate open and shut, and looked in the direction of the sound. Her Master had gone out, but standing in the corral was a large Great Dane. He sniffed the air and then trotted over to her. She was unsure what to do. She stood still, afraid to make a mistake that would get her a beating and thrown back in her cell too soon. The dog sniffed her face and then put his big nose against her breasts and licked her nipples. He moved around to sniff her ass, she didn't like him to do this so she turned and moved around facing him again. He was intent on sniffing her ass so she decided it was best to move with him, and they both circled, him trying to sniff, her turning to avoid him. Suddenly over a loud speaker came the command, “Cunny stand!” Afraid now she immediately adopted the position with her legs 18 inches apart and her eyes staring straight ahead. She longed to turn and see what the dog was doing, but her training was too strong and she remained still.

The dog found what he was seeking. The strong smell of bitch in heat, which Jason had transferred from the rag to her pussy, was getting the dog excited. He sniffed the air once to make sure and then gave a great lick that drowned Beth's ass and pussy in spittle. He then started to lick directly on her vagina and the tip of his tongue slid between her lips and engaged her clit. The sensation in Beth's loins was amazing she had never felt anything like it before in her young life. Her body responded and her love juices started to run freely, the dog immediately lapped them up further stimulating Beth's love tunnel to even greater efforts.

“Free Cunny!” and able to move again she turned to face the giant dog. He was prancing about excitedly and she noticed the red tip of his cock poking from its sheath. On all fours as she was the dog dwarfed her and his great strength was plain to see as he moved around to get behind her again.

She remembered the amazing effect his tongue had earlier produced and now her body was crying out for more of the same. She stopped avoiding him and to her eternal shame let the brute caress her wanton clit with his amazing tongue. The effect was almost instantaneous as her body responded sending her into a long incredible orgasm.

Suddenly Bruno had enough. He lifted his legs and positioned himself over Beth's back. She could feel his hairy stomach and legs and he encircled her waist. Suddenly something hard hit her in the space between her pussy and anus. All at once Beth realised what was about to happen. She got control of her senses and escaped from the dogs grasp as quickly as she could. The Dane growled as his bitch played hard to get and immediately followed her across the paddock. Again he stuck his tongue to her dilated clit, the fertile scent spurring him to greater efforts. Beth let him lick her off once more unable to resist the indescribable pleasure this gave her. Then "stand Cunny!" and she automatically got into position. Realising now that she was totally vulnerable she began to feel very frightened. In the standing position she had no defence against this giant brute. Bruno seeing that his bitch was finally complying, got onto Beth's back once more. Beth was now terrified. She couldn't turn around, but she knew that the dog was trying to mount her. Why didn't the spaceman return, surely he would not let this happen. Please tell me to sit; she begged them in her mind.

Bruno jacked his hard tipped cock against her ass looking for her fuck hole but was unable to find it. To Beth's relief he dismounted and began licking her pussy again. As she started to respond Bruno got back on and after some seriously painful (to Beth) humping suddenly found the opening of Beth's virgin prize. She gasped as he pushed his cock in about an inch to make sure he was in the right place. Her mind was racing, how big was a dog cock anyway? She wanted to break away but her training would not allow her to move. "Oh my god, this dog is stealing my cherry and I'm letting him!" she screamed in her mind.

Having secured his bitch, Bruno pressed home. Beth felt a piercing pain as her maidenhood was shredded and her tight 15-year-old virgin love canal was blasted open by Bruno's nine-inch throbbing member. She barely had time to mourn her loss, when the giant dog started humping her with great powerful thrusts that hit painfully and remorselessly against her cervix. The sliding motion awakened her clitoris, as it was crushed against her pelvic bone. As the great hound battered her beautifully manicured and remoulded pussy, Beth was raised on a high of pleasure she had only dreamed about before. An explosion of colours erupted inside her head as she orgasmed continuously on the end of the animal pole. Then she gasped as Bruno stiffened and released his load deep within her womb. She could feel the warm stickiness of it as it filled her cavity and squirted out around the giant love machine, when there was no more room. They both rested, panting for breath. Then Beth noticed that rather than going soft, the dog's cock was getting bigger, just inside her already over stretched lips Bruno's Knot grew to the size of a tennis ball, completely trapping the young ex virgin on the end of his cock. Beth's legs were pushed apart as her young vagina struggled to accommodate this new invasion. She cried as the pain racked her young body, it felt like she was having a baby. Bruno tried to pull off but he was stuck solid, and almost ripped Beth's pussy to shreds. She was breathing heavily, trying to work through the pain when he suddenly moved sideways and pulled his hind leg across her back, scratching her in the process. He was now facing the other way, and they were in the standard dog-bitch post mating lock. The spaceman returned, and walked over to the two copulating beasts. "Good girl Cunny, I see you met Bruno", said Jason, envious of the big hound, and feeling his own member jerk erect, at the incredible sight before him. "I'm glad you two hit it off, because the Master has decided you are to be his bitch". He called Bruno over and the big dog responded, pulling the impaled girl behind him across the grass. "And look at you Cunny, letting a dog take your cherry like that, you really are a cheap slut! And what's more, you loving that big old cock of his pounding away inside you, couldn't get enough of it could you? Does your Momma know what a dirty little dog bitch she reared? I am sure she will be pleased with your excellent performance when we send her and all your ex-friends the video". 'I had no choice', she told herself, 'they made me do it'. As if he knew what she was thinking the spaceman moved around in front of her and with deep scorn in his voice rasped "The Master told you to stand Cunny, fucking the dog was all your idea. You could have said no at any time. You are just a little slut who loves to play with her pussy, and any available cock will do to get you off, even a great dirty dog

cock. No wonder the Master has decided to let Bruno have you, as you obviously cannot get enough of him”.

The tears stung Cunny’s eyes as the Jason’s words hit home. In her mind what he said was true. She could have got up and stopped the dog at any time, she would have got a beating, for disobeying the ‘stand’ command but she was used to those, would one more have made a big difference?

She moved slightly to try to get Bruno’s knot to a more comfortable position. Her pussy was shrinking around the enormous invader, now her ardour was cooling, and she was wedged on even tighter. The movement caused Bruno to eject more of his thick warm puppy juice into her, and she suddenly realised the enormity of what had just transpired. Her shame was complete, she had become no better than a dumb animal, and pretty soon her mum and all her friends would know that too. Rescue or escape were no good to her now, she could never go back and face them. A piece of her died just then, the room in her mind that housed her self-respect had just disintegrated. Bruno’s knot receded and with a loud plop accompanied by a river of dog cum, he removed his virgin basher. He turned around and began to lick her pussy, sealing his cum inside her, instinctively, as he would have done to a real bitch, making sure her future brood would be his.

Beth never moved from the spot, they had not told her she could. Jason took out the lead and attached it to her collar. “Come on Cunny, let’s get you back to your kennel”. Silently she followed him.

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## **Chapter Six - Dog Slut**

Beth settled in her corner, and curled up. The dog juice dripping down her legs a reminder of her eternal shame. She had planned to save herself for her husband on her wedding night, and here she was now, her virginity given away so cheaply, and to a DOG. The Spaceman was right, she was a worthless slut. She cried herself to sleep, the huge sobs coming straight from the core of her being.

The next morning, when she awoke, the air smelled fresh and cool. She opened her eyes and her room was filled with daylight. The door to the garden was open. She got up and peeked outside, terrified that the big dog would be there waiting for her, but the garden was empty. Her spirits lifted she crawled out as quickly as she could, ran to a corner and squatted, waiting for a toilet instruction from the voice. “Pee”, came the command, and she flooded the grass beneath her. “Crap”, said the voice, and her body immediately obeyed. She rose up and turned around to look at her deposits. There was a mixture of pee and dog cum on the ground and she could also see the traces of blood the testified to her deflowering of yesterday.

She sighed heavily and turned to crawl around and take advantage of her garden time by investigating everything around her. At about midday, the spaceman came into the garden with a bowl of food and a bowl of water and set them down beside her kennel door. She was hungry, and crawled over in a kind of awkward run she had developed. This caused her ass to shake from side to side and increase the speed of the stimulus to her overactive clit. The cameras zoomed in from the rear angle, to give the watchers a better view, of her bald teen pussy that smiled invitingly as she went.

When she reached the bowls, spaceman took her through a rigorous training workout, and then commanded her to eat and drink. When she finished, she looked up and on hearing, “come here, Cunny!” she ran to the spaceman in the middle of the garden. He ordered her in the standing position, patted her on the head and then rubbed her clit slowly with his gloved forefinger. “Good

girl, Cunny”, he purred as she moved her hips in time with his finger. “We are going to teach you a new trick today, you will like that won’t you?” She moaned as his finger penetrated deeper into her fuck hole and he increased the tempo. “You know why we named you Cunny, Bitch?” he asked without, expecting her to answer. “It is because you are a cunt. Your whole reason for existence is as a cum receptacle. So Cunny seems really apt eh?” He increased the tempo again and inserted a second finger. Her Clit had taken over her mind by now and she could only moan in agreement.

Jason moved around to stand directly in front of her face. “Now for your new trick”, he told her. He voiced the command “up!” and caught her hands and placed them on his thighs so that her face was directly in front of his groin. He pushed her off, and repeated the command. She instantly got into position. “Good girl!”

He repeated the exercise several more times to make sure she finished at the correct height every time. When she had repeatedly got it perfect, he rewarded her with a quick clit rub. “Stand!” he commanded, then Jason opened his fly and pulled out his already erect member. He was quite proud of it, over two and a half inches thick and just short of seven and a half inches in length. “Up” he said, and suddenly Beth’s face was directly opposite it, and she stared at it intently. She had never seen a man’s privates before, and she was amazed at how big they were.

“Open your mouth, Cunny”, ordered Jason, and immediately pushed his love pole between her lips. “Suck”, he ordered, and she wrapped her lips and tongue around it and complied. Beth’s mind was in turmoil. “Why am I doing this?” she asked herself. And she sadly answered, “it’s because I am a cum receptacle, a shameless slut, I’m worthless”.

“Move your mouth up and down along it”, said Jason, enjoying his power over this beautiful young teen. “Right down to the base, and don’t you dare get sick over me!” Beth pushed her mouth right down the monstrous shaft, and found that in order to reach the base, she had to let the tip slip down her gullet. As it hit the back of her throat, her gag reflex kicked in but she managed to suppress it for fear of what Jason would do to her. When she got her mouth the whole way down to the base, her nose was stuck in his pubic hair, and she rested for a second to consolidate her progress. With that Jason grabbed her hair and pushed her head forward and back as he thrust his engorged member in and out of her throat. Beth thought he was trying to reach her stomach, with the force he was exerting. He increased his speed and fucked her rose bud lips slamming his stomach into her face with every thrust. Like the good slut she was, she never moved from her position. He could feel the pressure increase and when he could hold back no longer he pushed his cock as far as it would go and shot his load deep into her belly. Beth felt the warm stickiness of his baby seed as it slid down her gullet. “Jeeze you are a sexy slut!” complimented the spaceman. “You just love cock, don’t you Cunny?” Beth swallowed Jason’s load and then proceeded to clean the end of his cock, working her tongue feverishly, and swallowing every drop before the spaceman took his enormous cock away. Her mind was turning over like an express train, telling her that she was a slut, and the lowest of the low, trying to please her spaceman like this, but her body betrayed her in the worst possible way. Her clit was jutting out a mile and humming for a good seeing to. All she wanted was for her spaceman to turn her around and shove his enormous love pole into her recently devirginised cum collector. She hoped if she pleased him enough, he would be unable to stop himself from turning her over and filling her like she never had been before. She longed to ravage her engorged clit with her fingers to bring herself some limited relief, but her training forbade it and she was a good slave slut.

Jason put his now satiated monster away and once more rubbed his fingers along her clit, saying, “Good Cunny, you are one hell of a bitch”. To Beth the reward was both heaven and hell. The sensations that shot through her body were like tiny electric shocks racing through her overburdened brain. She was close to the explosive orgasm she knew her over stimulated body screamed out for. But her spaceman stopped just short of giving her the ultimate reward. She

whined in frustration and turned her pussy to him backing toward his hand. "Not now Cunny, I'm too busy", he jeered, and "you will have to wait you little dog slut". He looked directly into the nearest camera and winked at the Master.

The Master was ecstatic. The constant stream of aphrodisiacs being fed to Beth in her food, was keeping her constantly on edge. Sucking Jason's well-shaped cock was a brilliant aperitif for what was to follow. Jason left by the outside exit gate, and left Beth on her own. She was on free time, as he had not given her any direct instructions before leaving. She sat down and rubbed her ass along the ground trying to get more stimuli to her slave maker, but she could not get over the edge. She decided to try to concentrate on other things to get her mind off her longings and proceeded to investigate her surroundings more closely. The fence surrounding her mowed grass enclosure was at least eight foot high and made of stout timber. In her present circumstances (on all fours) she was reconciled to the fact that she would never get a chance to see what was on the other side. She cocked her ears, but except for the birdsong and insect noises (none of which she recognised) she could not discern any other familiar sounds. She wandered around for about an hour smelling every plant and animal trail in the garden to relieve the sexual frustration and boredom. She was surprised, that as she concentrated on the various smells, because she had no other distractions, she could almost recognise them. She easily identified where she has peed yesterday because the smell was still pungent, but she was sure she picked up the smell of Bruno from yesterday where he has loped across the grass to so casually rob her of her prize.

Suddenly, her ears pricked up as she heard the gates open. She turned her head and, although she quickly suppressed it, her heart missed a beat at the sight of Bruno lolloping in and sniffing all around her timber prison. She watched him as he picked up her scent and followed it to her resting place. She was in the sitting position as he reached her. Bruno wasted no time as he pressed his nose to hers and then licked his big tongue across her face. Beth never moved, she was scared and remembered the pain of yesterday's experience, and did not want to go through it again. Bruno moved his head lower and began to gently lick her delicate nipples, which shot erect almost immediately, displaying their pleasure. Beth could feel the stirring in her loins gradually increase to an overbearing longing, as Bruno went about his task.

Then he sniffed around and moved to Beth's rear. She remained sitting as she was determined to hold out to prove to her masters that she was not a complete slut. If Bruno were going to fuck her, they would have to give her the 'stand' command. Bruno's tongue snaked under the small gap between her ass and the grass cushion beneath, flicking against her traitorous clit as he pulled it back. It sent an electric shock through Beth's body, tuning her brain into the slightest sensations caused by the manoeuvring of this incredible hounds tongue. She lifted her ass slightly to let him get a bit more room. Bruno didn't need a second invitation. His tongue snaked in and out, causing her pussy to spasm with each long luxurious lick of his enormous velvet tongue. Beth's ears were cocked, the stand command would come soon now, and then she would have to let this hound, defile her with his big painful dog thing. She waited, and waited but there was no command. Well no one ordered me to sit, she thought to herself, so I can stand if I want to. It doesn't mean I have to let him stick that thing in me. She lifted her ass and moved without thinking into the stand position. Bruno immediately dipped his tongue deep into her hairless love canal and licked out her free flowing love juices with relish. Beth's mind exploded, as her first incredible orgasm hit her unexpectedly. She moaned audibly as her body moved in time to Bruno's machinations. Everyone had a hard on, even the Master, who felt the pressure of his own well-exercised member straining against his fly. No one could wait for what would happen next.

Beth came down from her incredible high, and realised that Bruno was trying to get in position to mount her. Temporarily sated she did not want to give in to the brute so she turned to face him. Frustrated, Bruno growled and looked Beth straight in the eyes. 'You are my Bitch, behave!' was the

look Beth read in his eyes. He growled slightly and put his head into her ass and started to lick once more her wanton clit. Beth tried to pull away but the sensation was too strong and she delayed a bit to let Bruno, drink his fill of her free flowing love juices. Again he tried to mount her; again she moved away and turned to face him. "Shit! thought Jason, "the girls a real bitch without knowing it. I'm going to cum in my trousers in a minute".

Beth's mind was in total confusion. The relentless licking on her fully erect clit was driving her crazy, but no one had given her any command, what was she to do? She could not let this monstrous dog mount her, because then there would be no excuses, it would be her decision. The Master or the spaceman did not seem to be watching, because if they wanted her to stand for Bruno they would have commanded her by now. But her body was screaming out for release, she needed a cock inside her and she need it now. What was she to do? She started to cry. "Why am I such a slut?" she asked herself, as she pushed her pussy deeper onto Bruno's tongue.

She could feel his belly hair on her back as he got in position to mount her for a third time. She made a half-hearted attempt to pull away but his legs were now firmly round her waist pulling her towards him. She could feel the sharp point of his cock as it sought the opening to her teen fuck tunnel that only yesterday testified to her purity. She went to pull away again, but only succeeded in helping him to find her sacred opening between the beautifully bald surgically altered lips of her young pussy. She felt the hardness of him as he entered her, securing her tighter in his powerful grasp, consolidating before the inevitable push that would render her in two. Beth took a deep breath and braced herself. Even though she was ready, the enormous rod of the big dog, still caught her by surprise and she gasped open mouthed with eyes wide as he buried his throbbing red boner, right up to her cervix in one easy motion. Bruno started to pound her pussy with merciless strength, shaking her to the bone with each mighty thrust. Beth went along for the ride on her own train to ecstasy. She came again and again as the big dog gave her the seeing to she had longed for all day. Finally, when she thought she had died and gone to heaven she felt Bruno's tip spasm and the big dog shudder, and she knew he was about to shoot his beastie load into her womb. She was so far gone that she welcomed the hot thick semen as it filled her every crevice and, as before, pushed its way back along Bruno's cock and squirted out to run down between her legs.

Coming down from her latest orgasm, Beth realised she had to get herself off Bruno's pole as quickly as possible before it swelled and impaled her as yesterday. She could feel the knot increasing in size already. She dug her hands in the ground and tried to pull herself from under the heavy hound, but Bruno just held her tighter, determined his bitch would get the full treatment.

Beth screamed as the knot reached it's full expansion, and locked itself inside her severely stretched vagina. She had forgotten the intense pain she felt the last time she was tied to Bruno. She breathed deeply, just like the women on TV who were having babies she thought, as she fought to gain control of the pain, which was splitting her in two. Then Bruno pulled his leg across and once more they were in the post mating position, back to back like two baby-making dogs. She knew that if she didn't move Bruno's knot would shrink a bit quicker than yesterday. But unfortunately, for Beth that wasn't to be. The gate opened and in walked spaceman Jason. "Hello Bruno my boy. Giving your bitch slut a good fucking I see. Good dog! Come here boy!"

Bruno pulled Beth across the garden to where Jason was standing, the movement causing him to shoot fresh thick cum into Beth's already full womb and making his knot as hard as ever. Jason ignored Beth as he rubbed Bruno's head and made a big fuss of the dog. "See Bruno, I told you Cunny was a bitch slut, she just needed the right dog to teach her how. I wonder what her excuse will be today, she just fucked you and nobody said a word to her. Well she just proved herself to be truly your fuck slut now boy, so you might as well stay here and enjoy her whenever you want. Fuck that made me horny".



He moved around to Beth's front and gave her the 'up' command. She struggled up even though it hurt like hell as Bruno's cock held her back in the stand position, but she just about made it. Her position wasn't perfect, but Jason appreciated the effort and pain involved in getting to where she did. He took out his already hard cock and stuffed in Beth's mouth. She closed her lips on it and began to move up and down on him as he had previously shown her, all the time trying to suck his love juice from him. Her mouth pushed against his belly as she let his cock slide down the back of her throat. Although she felt the gag reflex, it was easier to suppress it this time, and concentrated on pleasing her Master, as Jason caught her head and fucked her young mouth ferociously until he could hold back no longer and shot his load down her willing throat. Beth swallowed the semen greedily; she liked the taste, and the constant stimulation to her mouth and fanny, brought her to orgasm for the countless time that day. Jason let her clean him with her tongue before, turning and leaving through the gate. A short while later Bruno broke free from Beth and turned to complete the mating ritual by licking his cum and sealing it in Beth's pussy. Exhausted she let him.

The cell door opened and Beth went inside, Bruno followed her. For the next two weeks Beth knew no peace from Bruno as he fucked her time and again as the notion took him. Beth did not refuse him, as her Master had told him, she was his bitch to do with, as he wanted.

Frequently, Beth's training was continued between fuck sessions, and her toiletry commands were reinforced daily so that her masters now had such complete control of her motions, that she never even bothered trying no matter how much she needed relief.

One morning on the third week, Beth noticed that her nipples were thickening and her breasts were feeling harder and fuller than usual. She was also aware that her period was over a week late. 'Oh my god' she thought to herself, 'can a girl get pregnant from a dog? Surely not!' But Bruno was the only one fucking her and she had taken gallons of his puppy juice into her womb by now. A further week later and she was definite that the fluid seeping through her thick sore nipples was milk, but although her stomach was hard, she did not feel any life inside her. 'How would I know what a puppy person would do inside me?' she thought, but although she continued to please Bruno, she was now very worried.

The Master was pleased with the results, he had mixed high levels of hormones in Beth's feed for the last month and admiring the round fullness of her young thick nipples he knew she was ripe for Breast-feeding. Bruno's other bitch had just given birth to 8 puppies and the Master had hand picked two sickly runts for Beth to rear. In her next feed they mixed in a strong diuretic that would give Beth severe stomach pains. The Master knew that Beth thought she was pregnant although she couldn't believe how, and he wanted to maintain the illusion. It was critical to the next phase of his plan.

Beth had just eased herself off Bruno's softening knot when the first pain hit. It ripped through her stomach making her feel like her insides were turning inside out. A few minutes later, the pain came again only worse. "I'm in labour" Beth screamed in her mind, as the full horror of what was happening dawned in her confused mind. She wanted to scream out for help, but could only manage the pitiful whimpering that had been conditioned into her. After about an hour, when she felt like she could no longer bear the pain, she noticed the familiar smell of the sleeping gas and lost consciousness.

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Chapter Seven - Mommy

Beth woke up with her usual headache after the sleep gas treatment. She lay still and tried to take in

her surroundings. She tried to move but her whole body ached, and her pussy felt really sore and stretched. (The Master had widened it with forceps and inserted a slight tear with one stitch to give the feeling of realism). She longed to feel her vagina to see what shape it was in, but she knew she couldn't. Becoming more aware, she noticed some movement against her ribs. It was furry but it couldn't be Bruno because it was too small for that, and it felt like two. She opened her eyes and was pleased to notice that it was light so at least she could see what was happening. She raised herself on her elbow and looked down. Her eyes were filled with awe as she gazed on two of the loveliest puppies she had ever seen. One was all brown and the other was brown with one white ear. They were tiny and their eyes were still closed they were whinnying and their noses were searching around her body, sniffing and whining with frustration when they couldn't find what they were looking for.

Beth suddenly felt tears welling up in her eyes. "These are my babies", she said to herself, "they may have doggy faces, but they are my beautiful babies!" She crawled around and placed her right nipple near white ears mouth. He sniffed it and immediately wrapped his mouth around the nourishing teen tit and began to suck lustily. The sensation was a whole new experience for Beth and she was surprised at the peace she felt as her little infant dog drank his fill of her. She moved the other pup to the other breast and soon both her children were suckling contentedly, swallowing her nourishing milk almost without pausing for breath. Their milk teeth grated a little on the nipples making them a little sore, but Beth did not seem to notice as she gazed lovingly on her charges.

Bruno came over and sniffed the pups, they were his anyway so he made sure they were okay and then went back to his corner where he proceeded to lick his sheathed cock. When the pups had drunk their fill, they settled down to sleep again. Beth was tired also, and settled back to rest herself until the next feed. However Bruno had other ideas and went over to wake her from her slumber. He stuck his nose into her pussy and it was obvious what he wanted. Although Beth was sore, Bruno was the father of her pups and she was his bitch, so she got into the standing position and hoped he would not take too long. It wasn't long before the pounding rod had her clit humming and her moaning aloud in orgasm after orgasm. When Bruno was finished and he always tied, as was his right, he went over to his corner to clean his love pole. Beth sank into her corner exhausted, and badly needing to sleep, but just then the pups awoke and needed feeding. As the pups needed the breast at least every two hours, Bruno wanted his bitch rights in between, and the Master insisting on continuing her training, Beth got very little rest for the next two weeks until the pups opened their eyes. Although she was tired most of the time, Beth felt almost content during this period. In her confused mind, she now had her own little family, although furrrier than she would have hoped for. She loved her puppies with a maternal instinct as strong as if they were her own human babies, and Bruno was the nearest thing to a husband she figured she would ever get in her current situation. The beatings had stopped now also as she obeyed every command instantly and she was well fed and fucked continuously. When the pups were about a month old, Beth woke to the gentle sucking on her breasts that welcomed her each morning. The pups were bigger now and drawing a lot more milk so her breasts had expanded to cope. She now possessed two beautifully rounded and firm C cups. Her contentment showed on her face and she had never looked more beautiful in all her time in captivity. She looked over to Bruno's corner, knowing he would be expecting her to perform her bitch duties, once the pups were seen to. Her clit tingling at the thoughts of the pleasures about to come, She did not see him instantly and let her gaze wander about the room, but he was not there. He must be outside going to the toilet she thought, he'd be back soon. Bruno did not need permission and just emptied himself where ever and whenever he wanted. The pups finished at her breasts and she got up and went outside to find him. The sun was shining and the garden looked beautiful in full flower, but there was no sign of Bruno anywhere. She was immediately concerned and felt slightly panicky. This was the first time in well over a month she was without him. She whinnied as loud as she could, but got no answer. She went back to her pups and sat down to wait

for him to come back.

The Master almost felt sorry for Beth, he had developed a fondness for her, and was pleased to see she had adapted so well to her new conditions. But the paymasters were getting bored and it was time to introduce some new tests for her. Bruno had been removed in the night and today was going to be a big day for Beth.

About midday, just after a feed when the puppies were taking a nap, Beth heard the gate open and shut. Her heart leaped, thinking that Bruno had returned and she rushed out to meet him. But sniffing around the bottom of the garden was a strange dog. It was a Doberman pit bull cross and it looked quite vicious. It picked up a scent and followed it to the cell opening. He looked at Beth, and sniffed her all over. She kept her head low in a submissive gesture, as she was frightened. This was a new experience for her as, even the first time, she had never been actually afraid of Bruno. The stranger caught the puppy scent and growled. He went over to the corner with menace in his eyes and made a snap at white ear. The pup just managed to avoid the fierce teeth and he and his sibling ran over to seek protection behind Beth's legs. She was terrified, this dog was way too powerful for her to fight off, but she had to protect her children. She had no idea what to do but she had to try something. She decided to use the only weapon available to her, her sex. She sidled over to the brute and dropped her head to his cock sheath where she coaxed out the tip of his member with her tongue. The dog stopped his pursuit of the pups and turned to examine this new development. Beth licked his extending dog cock more urgently trying to keep his interest in her, so she could divert him away. The dog turned his head and sniffed this strange bitch, nosing her pussy. Beth turned slightly and rubbed her body along his side, pushing gently into him. The dog moved around to get a good look at Beth's fuck hole and pushed his nose right into her snatch. On cue the dog bitch's clit trembled and started her love juices flowing. The dog licked with his large, rough tongue and the taste excited him. He licked even harder realising this was a mating opportunity and then tried to mount the willing girl. Beth moved forward before he could get her in his powerful grip and crawled to the cell door. The dog hesitated and looked back to where the pups were cowering in a corner. Beth whined and wriggled her gorgeous teen ass, which reeked of her love pheromones. The dog caught the scent again and followed her out into the garden. He shoved his muzzle into her crotch and resumed eating out her love juices. Beth's mind was filled with desire as her oversensitive clit was wickedly seduced by the monster's eager tongue. Moving slowly she lured the dog across the garden and toward the exit gate. Surely the Master would see and get this killer dog out of her enclosure. She circled him letting him lick and sniff but not get a grip so he could impale her. She was using every trick her young mind could invent, to keep him interested and buy time until help came. But there was no help for Beth today, even though her every move was watched with eager eyes.

Suddenly, the dog moved quickly and caught Beth's waist within his powerful front legs. He was too strong and she could not break free. He pushed himself into position and found her throbbing lips with his first thrust. Beth gasped as his raping rod went right to the hilt and pounded against her cervix. He was bigger than Bruno in both length and girth, and she was in serious pain until her vagina adjusted. The monster pounded her mercilessly and Beth could hold back no longer. The first orgasm hit with hurricane force and as she screamed aloud in ecstasy, she could feel the waves of another building quickly underneath. She lost count of the number of times she came as wave after wave of pleasure hit her. Until exhausted she came down to earth as the big dog got ready to fill her womb with his demon seed. When it came, the hot power of it surprised and excited her anew. But she knew she must try to get off before the knot swelled. The raping crossbreed had other ideas though, and held her more tightly as his knot swelled to impressive proportions. Beth moaned in agony as his great cock crushed against her cervix to make room for the massive knot that stretched her legs wide apart. This was not a pleasurable experience for Beth and she prayed that he did not

last as long as Bruno in this stage. She was raised to new levels of pain as the monster dragged his hind leg across her back, leaving the deep grove of his nails in her skin, and turned to complete the post mating position. The teenager was truly wedged and could not move without feeling almost unbearable pain. In a strange way, she felt unfaithful to Bruno, but rationalised that she was saving the lives of their puppies, so she had no choice. After about 30 minutes, when her legs were starting to cramp and her whole body ached in sympathy, she felt the dogs knot begin to soften. She was soon able to slide off and with the customary plop and gush of cum her battered pussy was free. She remained with her ass high, as she knew he would want to seal her in. The lapping of her new lover's tongue was like a balm to her tortured love canal and she was able to relax. When he was satisfied the devil went over to a corner by the gate and proceeded to clean his tackle. Beth fell to the ground and stretched her lovely long legs to ease the soreness in them. She remained in the garden, keeping an eye on the dog and hoping he would have forgotten her pups by now. After about an hour the dog got up and started to sniff around, exploring the garden more fully. He peed against a fence post, and then made his way toward the cell and the pups again.

Beth realised that her bladder was full also and the Master had not let her pee yet today. She started to panic as the dog neared her cell and crawled as quickly as she could to head him off. She just got there ahead of him and placed herself between him and her pups. The dog was snarling now, and tried to find an opening to get at them. Beth made a growling noise back and made herself look as big as possible. It stopped the hound for a minute, but then he recommenced his efforts and tried to push her put of the way. He was determined that this bitch would raise only his offspring. Beth tried her old trick again, and pushed her head into his stomach, teasing his monster cock again. To her relief it had the same effect, and she managed to coax him outside before she went through the ecstasy and agony of another fucking under the weight of this potential murderer.

While the dog cleaned himself off, Beth took the opportunity, to offer her swollen breasts to her hungry, frightened pups and tried to calm them. 'Why did nobody help her? Please take this killer out,' she cried in her mind. "I've been a good girl, why don't they help us?" The dog came back again, and again all thorough the afternoon and night. Each time Beth teased him out and fucked him making it last for as long as she could. But finally when she thought the monster had given up for now, exhaustion gripped her and she fell asleep. She woke to the agonising death scream of little white ear, and jerked awake looking desperately around for her pups. Her heart split in two, as the horror of the two tiny bodies assailed her senses. She went over, tears streaming down her face to sniff and lick their tiny heads, looking for signs of life, but the demon had done his job well. Head drooping she went outside and wailed her sorrow to the world.

"Pee!" came the command over a loudspeaker and her bladder opened allowing her urine stream to cry a river onto the ground, in sympathy with her sorrow.

The Master was amazed, even in her abject despair her training held. He had expected her to pick the bodies up and cradle them in her arms, like a normal girl would have done, but she behaved like a dog bitch throughout. The big dog, now master of the corral, went looking for his bitch, and stuffed his great snout into her snatch. Beth moved away, she was in no mood for fucking, and needed time with her grief. But the monster had no such sentiments. Growling, he mounted her without any foreplay and ripped his enormous pole into her dry cunt. The pain rocketed through Beth's brain shocking her alert. As he pummelled her virgin tight pussy his precum and her flowing love juices, made the intrusion bearable, and her body started to respond. She moaned aloud as her body betrayed her, as many times before, and the orgasm built from deep within her belly. She didn't want to do this, she was mourning for her children, but the orgasm blew all thoughts from her tortured mind except for the bludgeoning dog cock, invading her rampant cunt. She came and came with a force that surprised even her, as she exorcised her grief and her humanity on the relentless thrusts of the killer's rod. She realised now, that she was just a dog bitch, and had to live by

different rules. Crazy though it was, she had just accepted that this murderer of her first offspring was now her new husband. And she knew, because of her efforts the previous day, he would be much more demanding than her beloved Bruno ever was.

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## **Chapter Eight - Slut**

If Beth expected her new lover to be demanding, she was not disappointed. Satan insisted on pummeling his strange bitch at every opportunity, night or day, it didn't matter to him. That pussy was his, and he was determined to give it a good using. Beth, was exhausted, for three days he had mounted her nearly every four hours, and she was amazed where all the cum appeared from. The ache in her milk bulging breasts matched the ache in her heart at the loss of her little family, and she welcomed the wild oblivion that the killer's pole brought her, so she gave her all to the fuck sessions.

It was time to bring Beth to new lows now before the next phase of the experiment was to begin. After Satan had pulled his cock from her sore fuck hole for the umpteenth time and went outside for a pee, the outer door locked and The Spaceman appeared for the first time in ages. Beth knew that something new was going to happen to her, and wasn't sure whether to be excited or afraid. She was happy to see him though, if only to get away from Satan for a bit. That dog was insatiable and her little teen cunt was really feeling the pressure. She had lost count of the number of times she had been fucked since her virginity was taken, and every time by a cock that in her previous life would never get near her sacred places.

"Here Cunny!" and her concentration immediately focused on the alien clad semi-Master. Jason put her through a rigorous training session, and then fed and toileted her. After cleaning her pussy and ass he rubbed her aching clit a few times, "Good Cunny", he said, "you are really being a good little dog slut, the Master is very pleased and has a special treat you for later". "Heel!" She fell into line and followed Jason to the far wall of her cell where two small cup-like objects had appeared in the wall. He positioned her straight in front of them and then gave the 'Up' command. She obeyed instantly and placed her hands either side of the cups, as there was no thighs to place them on. "Good Cunny! You are a clever girl", cooed Jason. Next he pushed her back until her breasts were pushed against each cup with her nipples deep inside. "Tits" came the command, and then he rubbed her clit in reward. "Sit!" and Beth sat back on her haunches as she was taught. "Tits!" and she got up and pushed her breasts against the cups as she was shown. "Good Cunny", said Jason, and then gave the 'Stay!' command, which meant she wasn't to move until he told her she could. Suddenly, Beth felt the insides of the cups close tight around her nipples. They were very sore from the milk accumulation of the previous missed feeds, and she flinched and tried to pull back. "Stay!" came the urgent command accompanied by a lash across her calves. She kept her tits in position and then felt the vibration as the breast cups began to suck on her nipples and extract her milk. Once Beth got used to the machine, she enjoyed the relief she got as her breasts emptied and released the pressure. "We don't want all that good bitch milk going to waste do we? Now that you let your pups die, they don't need it", said Jason cruelly. "You stay there until I permit you to go. You be a good milk cow now Cunny!" The machine drained her of every last drop of her baby milk and when it could suck out no more, it stopped. Beth did not move as she had been told to stay. Eventually, after having made her wait a very long time, the spaceman gave the 'Free!' command and she could move away. She looked down at her breasts that now were completely empty, they looked saggy, but she knew they would fill up again quite soon. For the next week, the 'tits' command came regularly every four hours, and in between Satan made sure that her clit had plenty of exercise. He took her whenever he wanted, pounding his enormous cock into her always, willing pussy. Beth was a complete slut now. She looked forward to her new lovers rough, uncompromising fucks, and being

fixed to the milking machine reinforced in her mind that she was no longer human, but a slave. Lower than an animal, kept alive at her Master's whim. Only unquestioning obedience to every command no matter how debasing was her lot in life now. She was a cum receptacle for the Master's pets and a milk cow, slave to the milking machine every four hours.

Beth had just come off the milking machine, when a strange door opened in another corner of the room. She went over to investigate, and poked her head through the opening. The door opened onto a big room almost as big as her garden, and brightly lit. She ventured through the door and crawled out to look around. The door closed behind her, preventing her from returning to her cell. The room was completely empty and had no windows. The walls, which were painted white, added to the light intensity, so as to make the room unnaturally bright. There was a door on the other side of the room, and Beth wondered if she should make her way over to it. Over a loudspeaker, came the command "Stand!" Beth instantly got into the correct position with her legs 18 inches apart and her head facing straight ahead. "Turn!" cracked the loudspeaker, and Beth faced the other way with the new door now behind her. She could hear it spring open and then the sound of paws on the hard floor. Beth was wondering what was in store for her, and hoping the owner of the paws was not going to hurt her, when sudden she felt a wet muzzle pushed into her ass. The dog started to lick her bare cunt and she could tell by the size of the tongue that it was a big one, and she was instantly wet. Her juices flowed encouraging the dog and Beth was excited at the anticipation of a new cock filling her love hole. The beast mounted and she was not disappointed as his enormous rod forced her lips apart, and smacked hard against her womb. Her orgasms came thick and fast as the brute tore into her, sending her high on wave after wave of ecstasy. She came again as she felt his warm thick puppy juice enter her womb and his knot fill her completely. The tie lasted about 15 minutes and the dog pulled off letting the surplus spunk plop out of his bitch. Beth relaxed waiting for the dog's tongue, to seal her, and was surprised when he mounted her again bashing his rod through her overworked vagina. But the dog's weight and cock size had changed and Beth realised it was a different dog entirely. She let herself go to the rhythm of her new lover and rode the orgasms until he finally released his hot seed with powerful spurts, filling her once more and impaling her on his swelling knot. Beth was over the edge now, and exhausted. She lost count of the number of orgasms that shook her body and really needed a rest. But then two dogs ran in front of her and she could hear the breathing of numerous others as she realised that there were a lot more lovers to be serviced. Three other dogs passed before her and she realised all these hounds were of the same breed, they had put her in with a fox hunting pack. How many were there? She could not tell. As each lover finished another took his place, and fucked her like the good willing bitch she was. An hour passed and Beth's brain had left this world, she was going through the whole pack and exhaustion and continual orgasm were taking their toll. Dog cum dripped from her baby hole and all down her legs forming a pool below her on the floor, and still they mounted her.

Then she felt a searing pain in her ass and realised that one of the hounds had got it wrong and pierced her virgin shit hole with his great bitch pleaser. Beth was shocked back to consciousness and concentrated on the new sensations as the dogs pole slipped in and out, greased now with his precum and not hurting her anymore. She realised that the feelings were not bad at all, in fact she quite liked to have her ass filled in this way, and the cloaked rubbing of her clit through her anal passage stimulated her afresh. The first orgasm when it came was as powerful as any other and once again she rode on the crest of multiple cumming. Then at last after what seemed like an eternity, the pack were finished with her and a horn sounded which called the hounds from the room. Beth's cell door opened and the Master ordered her to return to it. When she got in she collapsed against a wall and took a look at her pussy, it was swollen and bruised and her whole lower body was covered with, and smelled of dog juice. She longed to clean it off, but she was not allowed to touch there. She closed her eyes and was drifting off to sleep when the 'Tits' command exploded in her ears. She instantly got up and went to the machine, to provide her Master with her latest milk production.

'How many dogs have fucked me?' she thought, trying to remember. But she had lost count. 'I am truly a complete slut now', she thought sadly, as the machine continued its methodical sucking action. She tried to remember the Beth she was before all this started, but that girl was a distant hazy memory now. The new Beth was a dog-cock loving whore, who would fuck whatever her Master wanted her to and what is more, she would do it willingly.

When her milking was complete, the garden door opened and Satan returned. He went over and immediately sniffed her pussy, growling at the strange scents he found there and then pranced around the room looking for the dogs that would dare defile his bitch in his absence. Finding everything as it should be he returned and forced his nose between Beth's sore legs, cramming his tongue into her overused hole and licking her velvet juice inducer. Beth clamoured to her knees and instantly went to the stand position, upon which Satan mounted her roughly and pounded her already battered cunt even more fiercely than usual, reminding her who was boss. Beth cursed her body for responding so eagerly to this attention as she was so close to exhaustion, that all she wanted to do was lie down and reach the restful oblivion that sleep would afford her. But once again she thrilled to the cock invasion and came with a loud moan as her tunnel tightened around the dogs penis urging him to fill her with his hot sticky puppy seed. She rode the tide, giving of her all until finally Satan pulled her hard and slammed his cock against her tender cervix and filled her. She cried as the knot joined her to him once more, forcing her aching vaginal muscles to accommodate another unnatural expansion and cramping in the effort. Satan turned; being especially vicious as his hind leg raked her already bloody back. When he finally freed her she was in agony and she was grateful to hear the plop as his cum flowed from her, mingling with the countless other samples that clotted on her thighs and ass. She waited for the final ritual as he licked her pussy to seal his cum in, and when he had enough and went to his corner to clean his member she just collapsed where she was and fell instantly asleep.

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Chapter Nine - Promotion

The command 'Tits' reverberated around the room and pierced Beth's dreams like a claxon sounding off in her brain. Still half asleep she got up and automatically crawled across the room to the milking machine. She placed her breasts in position and dozed again to the monotonous sound of the sucking action. Her pussy felt stiff and sore and she hoped the Master would let her rest today, for the first time in ages she could not stand the thought of another cock pounding her pussy. In fact her whole body ached from the exertions of yesterday. All too soon her milking was over and she crawled back to her corner. Satan was still snoozing, but she could see that he kept one eye on her, watching her every move. She crawled low to the floor hoping she wouldn't turn him on with her movement. The garden door opened and a voice called Satan outside, then the door closed again. Relaxed, Beth closed her eyes and drifted towards sleep again. Then suddenly the other door opened and the room filled with dogs, her hound pack had come to see her. Instantly the 'Stand' command was given and Beth climbed painfully into position. Immediately there were a dozen noses pushed into her aching pleasure hole and the dogs growled and pushed each other as they competed to get their tongues on the young girls flowing juice. Then one of the dogs winning the argument mounted Beth and forced his cock into her. The pain was intense as her poor cunt took up the strain, and the dog pounded her mercilessly. She screamed in agony as he flushed his cum deep in her and his knot forced the stiff, cramped muscles of her vagina outwards. The rape continued for hours, and as the time wore on her cramps eased and she became once more, the willing cum receptacle for her Master's pets. She serviced every one of the dogs, taking all their puppy juice deep inside her and travelled on a clit induced high all the way. When the last dog had broken the tie and joined his comrades in cleaning their equipment, the door opened and the spaceman entered. Beth never looked up as she was still in the stand position and hadn't been released yet. "Hello Cunny", said Jason, "aren't we the horny

one today? The Master is so pleased with the way you are looking after his pets that he has decided to let them stay with you. Isn't that really good of him?" He then took her through a training session and fed and toileted her. Then he put her on the milking machine, as it was time. He turned to leave, but stopped on the way out and turned to her. "You can go free when the machine stops, but if any of the dogs want to have sex you will never refuse, no matter what."

The next week was a constant round of doggie sex for Beth. There were nearly thirty dogs in the pack and they were all determined to take full advantage of their willing bitch. Except for food, toilet and milking, it seemed to her that her pussy was always full with one cock or another. Her brain was in turmoil and she could think of nothing else only her eternally humming clitoris, which made her body respond relentlessly to the unending fucking. She concentrated totally on being a good bitch for her Master and although her fuck hole was bruised and raw inside, she never failed to offer it when one of the pack wanted to mount her. Her pussy, ass, and whole lower body were dripping and the teen cum receptacle still went back for more. By the end of the week Beth was totally exhausted and struggled to get into position for her lovers. The Master decided to end this session then, as he did not want her to be too broken for the next phase.

Beth crawled painfully to the milking machine, she was performing on instinct and training now as her mind was too exhausted to put any coherent thoughts together. As the rubber cups sucked at her nipples she fell asleep in position. The sound of the horn woke her, and she turned around to see the last of the pack leaving her room. She realised that the suction on her tits had also stopped and she slumped to the floor and fell instantly into a deep sleep.

She didn't know how long they had left her sleep, but when she awoke she felt refreshed and alert for the first time in as long as she could remember. The pain in her breasts told her that she had missed at least one milking session and she hoped her Master would not be angry. The spaceman entered the room and fed and toileted her then he cleaned her thoroughly removing the dried dog cum from her and leaving her feeling fresh and fragrant. A new door opened in the room and spaceman said "heel Cunny", and she followed him through it.

The door opened into a gym and Beth wondered what the Master had planned for her in here. "Cunny, you have been such a good dog bitch the Master has decided that as a reward, he will allow you promotion to person from time to time. So today we are going to train you to be a good girl". This made Beth feel so happy that her face lit up in a smile. It didn't matter what she had to do, she had pleased her Master so well he was rewarding her. Her Master's pleasure had become the most important thing in her young life. Her training started with teaching her to stand upright, she had been on all fours for so long that she had to learn to walk all over again. When she had gotten her feet back, she was put on the treadmill to exercise her muscles and practice her walking. Her body had become a little flabby with the lack of exercise and she was put through an extensive programme of weights and exercise to remedy this. After her session she was returned to her kennel and resumed being a bitch again. Her milking continued and regularly a strange dog was put into the room to service her and reinforce in her mind that her main status would always be as a bitch no matter what else she was made to do.

At the end of the second week of gym sessions, when spaceman called a halt he didn't lead her back to the cell but brought her to another room at the other end of the gymnasium and telling her to stay, sat her on a chair in the middle of the room. Beth looked around the well-lit enclosure, which was empty of everything except for her and the chair she sat on. The walls and ceiling were painted puce and it was hard to tell where one stopped and the other began. The floor was covered with floral pattern linoleum, which looked quite old. The door opened and a woman walked in pushing a trolley with a basin of water and cosmetics on it. She washed Beth's hair and combed it thoroughly so it shined as it fell just over her shoulders. Then she came round in front and applied the

cosmetics. When she was finished Beth passed for any pretty teenager made up to go out on the town, except for the fact that she was still completely naked. The woman then reached under the trolley and took out a light cotton, pink dress, which was sleeveless and collarless. She stood Beth up and pulled the dress over her head and arms and let it fall down her body. It had a low neck that exposed most of her breasts, barely covering her nipples and was so short that even slightly leaning forward would fully expose her cunt and ass. Beth of course did not worry about this as she had long since given up on caring about her modesty. "Come Cunny", said the woman and Beth followed her through the door and into a long corridor that snaked it's way past numerous closed doors until they got to the one they wanted. The woman knocked and then they both entered. Seated at a big dining table were a large group of people eating a selection of fine meals. Food that Beth had forgotten existed, she had been eating dog food for so long. The aroma made her mouth water.

"Here is Cunny as you requested Master", said the woman speaking to a short fat man with glasses that sat at the head of the table. "Well done Totty, you may leave us now", replied the man turning his head around. "Stand beside me Cunny, so I can see how you look". Beth immediately obeyed. "Hmm not bad I think", mused the man. While Beth was concentrating on the Master's voice her eyes took in the people seated around the table. There were four men in their fifties or sixties, four women of similar age, two teenage girls about the same age as her, and a boy of about twelve. Their eyes were all on her and the young boy had a smirk on his face. "Cunny is a well behaved dog bitch", he told his guests, "and we are trying her out to see if she can fill in as a person from time to time". He said this as if it was the most natural thing in the world. His guests took it in the same manner and resumed eating, continuing their conversations and completely ignoring Beth who was standing by the Master feeling miniscule.

The meal continued for some minutes and the young boy looked up and said uncle we have run out of milk. "You drink too much of it already boy, Cunny just gave us a fresh supply this morning". Then looking at Beth, "it will soon be your milking time Cunny, go and sort the boy out". Not knowing exactly what to do Beth walked towards the youngster. "You will have to take it from the breast young man", said the Master as she got to his chair. The boy caught the collar of Beth's dress and pulled her down toward him, he put his hand in and pulled out her right breast and put the nipple in his mouth. He started to suckle and hurt her with his teeth as he drew big mouthfuls from her.

The teenage girls were watching this and laughing and whispering between themselves. Beth felt a new low at this mocking; the contrast between her and these free teenagers could not be greater. As the boy suckled he slipped his hand between her legs and started to rub her pussy, she wanted to pull away but she knew she couldn't, as it would upset the Master. As usual when her pussy was stimulated her love juices flowed like a stream. The boy stopped sucking her breast, and lifted his fingers to his mouth and tasted them. "Nice", he said as he leered at her, and then he took a chip from his plate, dipped it in her pussy, and ate it.

"Milk over here", said an old man on the end. Beth walked around to offer him her breast, which he took and sucked eagerly. He stuffed two fingers in her love hole while he did this and massaged her clit bringing sweet sensations to Beth's pussy. As she started to cum he picked up a sausage and rammed it home in her, it was still hot and it burned her insides a little. He pulled it out then and held it up to the others; it was coated with Beth's juices. "Orgasm juice gives a lovely flavour", he chuckled and then took a bite.

Through out the meal, Beth suckled and flavoured the food of all the guests at various times, even the teenage girls, who seemed to take a perverse pleasure in sticking various foods into her pussy and then offering them to the others. They made her put her hands over her head, lifting her dress and exposing her pussy, to admire the lack of any hair on it.

"How advanced is her training, Professor?" asked the bald fat man sitting at the end of the table. He raised his hand and crooked his finger, signalling Beth to come over. "She seems reasonably obedient, do you need to whip her often?" The Master considered this for a moment, watching the man suckling deeply from Beth's right breast, and fingering her treacherous cunt with his forefinger and thumb. "She is a good cum receptacle", said the Master after a few minutes, "but she needs a lot more training, to improve her skills". The man pulled out his erect cock and started to rub it. "I hope her cock sucking lessons have not been neglected", he said, putting his hand behind Beth's head and pulling her face into his lap. Immediately Beth opened her mouth and slowly pushed it down over the 8 & ½ inch member, letting the tip slip down her throat until her nose pressed firmly into the old mans grey pubic hair. Then sucking she drew it back up the full length kissing the tip before repeating the exercise.

Gradually she increased the tempo, as Jason had thought her, and was pleased to hear her wrinkled lover gasp, as he felt the full benefit of her well-learned technique. "Not bad at all", he sighed as she brought him nearer to ejaculation. Beth's clit was throbbing with desire as she went about her work and she hoped the master would reward her with a good fucking, if she could please his guests enough. She felt the man's cock stiffen and whined as he shot his load deep in her belly. When she had taken every drop he had to give her, she lifted her head and licked him clean. The man removed his hand and she stood up, as he returned his member to his trousers. Without even acknowledging her he turned to the master, and asked, "have you got some entertainment lined up for us today, old man"?

The master smiled and with a glint in his eye said, "Well I believe that Cunny here will amaze us all later with her fucking skills. Let's finish our meal and then we will make the arrangements. The taller of the teenage girls looked at the master, "I am suddenly very horny uncle, is it ok?" The master nodded and the girl called Beth over. She opened her legs and pulled Beth down and pushed her head into her panty less pussy. Beth was unsure what to do, but started to lick the girl's cunt lips in the same manner as her doggie lovers did to her.

The teen moaned and pushed Beth's head in further into her crotch so that her tongue was now deep inside her. Beth licked the flowing juice, and decided that the taste wasn't too bad. Her tongue found the teen's clitoris and licked really hard and fast. After a lot of squirming and moaning the teens legs suddenly closed around Beth's head and she came with a series of loud moans and screams. She let Beth go and then thanked the master for letting her orgasm.

The Master clapped his hands, "let the entertainment begin", he said aloud. Two men came in carrying a bench with a step on one side about a foot off the floor. They placed the bench in the middle of the room and went back out. The master walked over and opened a little door in the top of the bench taking some items from it. "Come here Cunny", he ordered, and Beth immediately obeyed. He removed her dress and he had a leather strap contraption, which she did not recognise, and he placed it over her head, there was a wooden piece that he shoved in her mouth and then buckled the ensemble at the back of her head. There was a lead to one side and he led Beth around the room to show her off to the guests. Beth chewed the timber piece with her teeth and then realised that the master had put a bridle on her and was displaying her like a horse. The wooden piece was the bit. It was large enough to make an impression on her mouth, but still small enough to allow her to breathe, albeit with a little difficulty. She was nervous now as this was all quite new to her.

Behind her, a door opened and the master lead her around to see what was coming in. Her eyes widened in horror as she saw a man leading a pony. The pony was at least 10 hands high and dangling between his hind legs was the biggest cock Beth had ever seen. It was 15 inches long and must have measured 3 inches across, and the tip widened at east half an inch more. The pony was obviously excited and snorted and pranced on the end of the reins. Beth was terrified, 'they could

never expect her to fit that monster inside her, could they?' She tried to pull away but the master tugged on the reins and the bit dug into her lip causing her to stop short. The teen girls were giggling nervously, and the other guests stared in fascination as the master led the reluctant slut across to the bench. "There is no way I could ever get that thing in me", said the tall teen to her companion, looking Beth in the eyes, with an evil sneer on her face, "but then again I don't have to", she finished. "You are awful cousin, laughed the other girl, "I wonder if it will hurt?" "We will soon find out", said the young boy, admiring the sheer size of the stallions love pole.

The master made Beth lie across the bench with her ass sticking well back, then tied off the reins to a handle on the side. "Stay!" he ordered. Beth did not want to stay; she tried to pull back, but was met with a sharp slap across her thighs with a rubber hose. "Stay, I told you", shouted the master. Beth was shocked to have displeased him and whined her contrition. She remained still as they led the pony round behind her, the she felt someone's fingers playing with her clit getting her teen juices flowing and arousing her afresh. She did really want a cock in her now, but that monster was not what she had in mind. As her body moved to the rhythm of the finger it suddenly stopped. She heard and felt the pony as he mounted her from behind, placing his front hooves on the step attached to the bench. She lay there whimpering, knowing that her sacred hole was exposed and vulnerable to that enormous cock and she could do nothing about it.

The tall teen girl stood in front of her looking into her eyes, as the men behind guided the pony dong to her cunt opening. She could feel the power of it as they rubbed it around her lips and then allowed the stallion to push it slowly into her. She bit hard on the timber as she felt the engorged tip crush apart her pussy and slide in a couple of inches opening her as never before. The pain was amazing and her tears flowed as she breathed hard through the bit to try to ride with it.

The tall teen was looking at her intently, "this looks really painful uncle", she said, "Cunny looks like she is having a baby, I'm sure glad that I'm not a cum receptacle", she laughed, looking at Beth who moaned afresh as the enormous cock invaded another couple of inches. The stallion pushed again and Beth screamed in agony as it crushed against her cervix.

"God", said the young boy, "It's nearly all in and you can see the mark of it through her stomach, look cousin". The smaller teen looked in amazement, "I guess we can see why she is screaming", and she laughed. Beth was breathing hard now and the bit in her mouth caused a slight whistling noise. Her legs were spread wide as she tried to accommodate the monster invasion that was never meant for a cunt of her size. "Let him go", ordered the master, and the pony cock pulled sharply out of her only to be bludgeoned back in almost immediately.

Beth thought she was going to die, as the stallion rode his mare mercilessly. With each thrust of his powerful haunches he lifted her completely off the ground, to dangle on the end of his member, which she could feel reaching almost into her chest cavity. She was sure that he was doing irreparable damage to her insides. Through the pain though her body was taking sexual pleasure from constant stimulation, and almost as a surprise to her she rose to an incredible orgasm. Her audience clapped.

She felt the horse pole stiffen and knew he was going to shoot his load into her. When it came it was like someone had switched on a powerful hose inside of her. The pony cum spewed into her womb; the strength of it bouncing off her cervix was a whole new painful experience. The cock was so tight in her pussy that there was no room for it to run out, so her stomach swelled with the volume of it. Her audience clapped again. Finally spent the pony dismounted, sliding his receding pole from her battered fuck hole. Beth dropped across the bench in relief. The pony juice flowed from her opening making a large pool on the floor beneath her. She glanced back noticing the traces of blood, her blood in the cum puddle. "Clean your lovers mess up Cunny, you dirty slut!" ordered the master, and

Beth knelt down and proceeded to lick the horse spew until there was none left on the floor.

The master rang a bell and Totty came in took the reins and led her back to her cell. Leaving the bridle on she left Beth to curl up in her corner and left locking the door behind her. The teenager's insides had been pushed around so much that her whole body was a mass of pain. She pulled her knees into her stomach and cradling them in her arms, she began to cry deep serious tears. The horse fuck was the worse ordeal she had ever endured in her young life; she had thought that the enormous cock would kill her. How she managed to take it she would never know, but she realised now that her master's pleasure was paramount and her safety was not even a consideration. He had called her a cum receptacle and that meant any ejaculation from whatever cock the master wanted to see in her. She moved her head to look down at her cum stained lower body. There was a bruise forming from her cunt lips right up her stomach where the enormous horse pole had cruelly stretched and torn her muscles. Even the slightest movement was agony, and the bit was chaffing at the sides of her mouth making her really uncomfortable, and unable to breathe easily. She dozed off, welcoming the void that engulfed her. She dreamed of home and her life before her abduction. Her mum was brushing her hair and telling her how much she loved her, and explaining how she should respect herself and keep her dignity especially around boys. She was saying how sex was a special thing between two people who love each other, and that she should wait until she was sure she was ready before losing her virginity. She hugged Beth and kissed her forehead, making her feel warm and safe in that loving embrace.

The loudspeaker boomed out "tits!" and Beth reluctantly drew herself from her slumber. She awoke with the good feeling of the dream still around her, almost expecting to see the familiar surroundings of her own bedroom. "Tits!" the loudspeaker boomed again, and she was cruelly jerked into the horrible reality of her new life. She sighed from her soul as she pulled herself painfully to her knees, and crawled her way to the milking machine. Every movement was agony for her, as her battered body cried out for respite. She painfully raised herself up and placed her breasts into position slumping her body against the wall. The steel couplings of the bridle poked into her cheek, but she was too exhausted to care. The machine hummed and sucked in the same rhythmical fashion as always, collecting her milk for consumption at the master's table. She wished it would go faster as she ached to get back to her corner and rest. Her dream was still fresh in her mind and she wanted to get back to it as soon as she could. "Oh Mamma!" she thought, "if only you could see me now!"

As the milking finished, Totty entered the room connected a lead rein to her bridle, and led her from the room. She brought her to the gym and Jason was there to put her through her routine. While she really ached at first, the exercises eased her muscles and she felt less stiff and sore. "Wow, Cunny", teased Jason, "weren't you the proper little mare yesterday. I bet you loved that big fat cock filling your fuck hole didn't you?" He put his hand on her ass and fingered her clit, reminding her of what a slut she was. He took the reins and led her from the gym, along the corridor to an outside door. "Pee!

Crap!" he ordered, and she instantly obeyed, emptying her bowels on the spot. He bent her over and cleaned her pussy and ass with soap and water, then pulled on the rein and she followed him meekly, chewing on the bit, which was really starting to annoy her by now. She pulled back against him as she recognised the door he was taking her to. He jerked cruelly and pulled her along, "Come on Cunny, you know you like it" he sneered at her. "You are only fulfilling your purpose after all. How do expect to be a good cum receptacle if you don't practice?" Beth whined in horror as Jason opened the door and pulled her into the room.

The bench was in the same place as yesterday, although there was no one else in the room. Her stomach jumped as she saw her new lover being led in from the opposite end. "Get in position, Cunny", ordered Jason, pulling her across the bench and tying off the reins. He fingered her clit to

grease her vagina for the coming abuse, and Beth immediately responded moving her body in time to his ministrations.

Her eyes were wide with terror as the memories of yesterday's agony came flooding back. She tried to pull away, but the bridle kept her in place, and a sharp smack across her legs reminded her of the price of disobedience. She heard the clip-clop of the pony's hooves as they led him around behind her. She whimpered for mercy as she felt his hot breath on her flanks, and then the roughness of his coat on her back as he mounted her. Her ass twitched as she felt the monster cock rub against her pussy lips, looking for entry to her sore interior.

"Steady Cunny!" ordered Jason as he caught the horse's throbbing member and pushed into the mouth of her opening. Beth braced herself for the pain that she knew would soon come. She breathed hard around the bridle as the horse slid a couple of inches into her, and then four more, painfully expanding her vaginal walls. Her clit in answer mitigated the pain by stimulating her pleasure centres, causing her juices to flow freely around the invading monster. The horse cock pounded against her cervix as her lover began to hump her in earnest, lifting her off the ground like a matchstick in the wind. The pony neighed as he enjoyed this second fucking of his new mare, with the taut tight love canal of the girl, heightening his sensations. Beth moaning through the pain felt the orgasm rise inside her as the 15 inch long cock slid all the way in and out. She screamed as the ferocity of the sensations burned right through her brain sending her to places she had never been before. Jason smiling looked her in the eye. "See Cunny, a cum receptacle like you, doesn't care where her cocks come from, look at you cumming like a train riding that dirty great horse pole. That's why we brought you here you know, because we knew a slut like you should never be allowed to live untrained in the free world". Beth looked at him through her glazed eyes as another orgasm wracked her painful body. As she felt the pony's cock stiffen, even though she was hurting badly, she found herself anticipating the warm feeling of her lover's ejaculation that she knew was not far away. In her heightened state, she found herself agreeing with Jason's assessment of her. She was nothing like the girl in her dream of this morning, her mother would be disgusted at the sight of her daughter prostituting herself for a horse, or dogs or indeed any other of the tasks she had willingly performed during her long months in captivity.

A long moan escaped her as the pony shot his load into her belly. She came again as the pressure of it touched all her insides simultaneously and extended her stomach to contain its amazing volume. Spent now the pony's head rested momentarily on her shoulder as he pulled himself out of her. The river of semen flew out of her cunt, as she knew it would, running quickly down her legs and onto the floor. Jason untied the reins and set her to licking up the spillage, then took her back to her cell. This time the after pains were not so severe and Beth reckoned her vagina must have been getting used to the size of her new lover. Every day for two weeks she serviced the pony and by the second week was eagerly anticipating her visits.

Then toward the end of the second week, when Jason led her to the pony room, Beth noticed things were different. Her master was there again, dining with a new set of guests. There were only two men this time one in an army type uniform, looked to be in his fifties, and was balding on top. The other was dressed in a suit, and was the ugliest man Beth had ever seen. None of his features seemed to fit and one side of his face was covered in seriously disfiguring burn scars. She served the table, in her capacity as drink provider and food flavourer, and then rounded off with an expert blowjob for all three men as desert. The master clapped his hands, "let the entertainment begin". Beth felt really happy now as she was well used to her pony lover's cock, and was confident of putting on a good performance for the master. She whimpered in anticipation as Jason replaced the bridle he had removed for her waitress duties and led her to the bench. She bent over and he tied the reins off. She heard the familiar sound of horse hooves entering the room and her pussy immediately came moist in anticipation.

The sound was not familiar to her though, and Jason was turning a handle that raised the bench and her platform about a foot off the ground. Beth gasped when they lead her lover round the room to display him to the dinner audience. They had replaced her pony with a full size thoroughbred stallion. This occurrence was not what concerned Beth, who was used to her lovers changing without notice; it was the size of the cock that hung between her new lover's legs. It was enormous! At least 24 inches long and really thick, and it was thrashing around in anticipation of finding a target real soon. The men applauded murmuring their appreciation, the sight of the full-grown stallion compared with the slight, exposed frame of his intended mare gave everyone in the room a tremendous hard on. Beth whimpered again, this time in fear, at the extreme pain she knew was in store for her. But in her mind she had disappointed her master the last time she performed for his guests and was determined to do better this time. Suddenly the stallion's giant body was above her and she felt the hardness of the tip as his cock sought her quivering opening. Jason guided him to position and allowed him to push it about three inches into his mare's straining cunt. Beth bit hard on the wooden bit as her muscles expanded and cramped, trying to accommodate the monster, her breathing was laboured as she tried to keep a smile on her face to please the onlookers.

She could not hold back the scream though, that came from her very soul, as the horse cock pushed right into her very limits. Jason was amazed as he saw 18 inches of the stallion's huge rod disappear into the little teens cunt. Both Beth's legs were off the floor as the horse hammered home. He pulled back and started to hump her with great powerful thrusts. Beth was never more afraid than at any time in her life, the power of the horse as he pumped into her overstretched pussy, was awesome. She felt like a leaf in the sea. Luckily she was lifted off her feet during the penetrating stroke as it stopped the cock from going in all the way and ripping through her womb and stomach. She tried to concentrate through the pain and search for the sensations that she knew her clitoris would be sending to her brain. Her master would be angry if she did not cum for him, after he had gone to the trouble to provide her with this huge fuck pole. She felt the orgasm rise as if from another country and then caught the tide and road it into Nirvana. She came again and again like a train as her body responded to the long, long, strokes of the enormous rod, pummelling her sex. The audience applauded loudly in appreciation, and complimented the master of the excellence of his dinner parties.

The stallion neighed loudly and filled the teen's stomach with his huge ejaculation. Beth came again, as the power, warmth and sheer volume of it filled her to capacity. Then the horse pulled out and was led away. Jason untied her and removed the bridle signalling to Beth to clean up, upon which she immediately knelt down and lapped up the horse cum with relish. When she had finished she looked up, and was delighted to see the happy look on her master's face. She felt a little surplus to requirements as everyone ignored her then and left the table to go into a side room. Not knowing what to do she sat in doggy style and waited for someone to come and collect her.

After about an hour the Master, Jason and the two men came out of the room laughing and shaking hands. "You are a hard negotiator professor, but we are happy with the deal", said the ugly man, jovially. Beth frowned, "had the master sold her to this man? She was a slave after all, so it wouldn't be a bid surprise. Perhaps she had finished her training and now she was been sold on". She felt the panic rise in her chest as she realised she did not want to go. Strange and depraved as it was here in her prison, she had adapted and was now comfortable with her surroundings. She wished she could understand what else they were saying, but she found that lately she could not remember so many words that she used to know, as they were lost to her memory through lack of use. She thought mostly in pictures now, and her natural voice was the whining sound she had developed to try to get her message across.

The men departed and Beth was confused, unsure of what to do. She decided to remain where she was and wait for something to happen. After a couple of hours the door opened and Jason entered.

"The master is really pleased with you Cunny", he smiled at her, "you have just made him a lot of money". Beth's heart fell, "so she had been sold after all". "Heel", he ordered and she fell into line behind him following him from the room on her hands and knees, reverting to her bitch identity by instinct. He brought her to her cell and put her on the milking machine.

The master was delighted a foreign government had bought his training system for a disgusting amount of money and he had put together a team to go and teach them the new techniques. Beth was no longer required now and he toyed with the idea of what do with her. He could kill her and dispose of the body; she would never be traced to him anyway. But it seemed a waste of his talents to let it end there; he wanted to see how far he could take her, and how good his theories really were. Suddenly he conceived of a brilliant plan and summoned Jason to set things in motion.

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## **Chapter Ten - Journey's End**

Beth looked up as Jason entered the room, for the first time without his strange suit. "He is quite handsome", she thought, "wonder why he never wants to fuck me? Perhaps its because I am only meant to have animal lovers", she reasoned.

Jason had a smile on his face. "You have really pleased the master today Cunny", he said, "and he has decided that you are to have a great reward. Tomorrow you will be allowed to come with me into the real world for a day, your total obedience has convinced us that you can be trusted not to do anything silly". Beth's heart leaped for joy, her master was pleased and she could see the world again after all this time. Of course she would behave, she wasn't going to do anything to make her masters angry with her, she did not want to go back into the darkness again. The news eased the agony in her loins and made the pain and humiliation seem all worthwhile now. Then the door to her garden opened and she went out to find Bruno waiting for her. She shed a tear as her first lover came over and licked her face. She was so happy as she nuzzled him back, and rubbed her body along his side enjoying the familiar feeling of his fur and scent. She turned her ass to him then and let him lick her and mount her as if it was the most natural thing in the world. As he humped her in the familiar way she had missed she gave herself up to her body as she came, and came with abandon. She was surprised that her pussy had shrunk back so tight after taking the enormous horse cock, but was really pleased that Bruno's knot was still able to tie her to him. She loved being his bitch, and she felt that her happiness was now complete. After about an hour he pulled off her with the familiar plop, and went to his corner to clean himself. Satisfied, Beth returned to her cell to give up her milk once more, and then settled into her corner looking forward to her most peaceful sleep in ages.

When she awoke she was in a completely different room. This room was like a dressing room in a theatre with people in various stages of undress putting on make up and holding up different outfits to scrutinise them in a mirror. She looked around and saw Jason coming towards her, with Totty in tow. "Totty is going to do your face to make you look pretty for our little outing", said Jason smiling. "Then we will find you something suitable to wear". This was a white dress, similar to the one she had worn before but it was more modest, covering most of her breasts and dropping to half way down her thighs. She was given a pair of white slip on trainers for her feet.

When everything was ready a door opened, and Beth found they had been in the trailer of a large truck, which was parked on some waste ground. Jason caught her hand and they started to walk down the street towards the town. Some of the sights looked familiar to Beth and with a shock, she realised that this was her hometown. She looked up at Jason who was six inches taller than her with a whimper. "The master thought you might like your first trip to the real world, to be somewhere you

would recognise", he said. They kept walking until they passed by Beth's old school, where she had lived her other life what seemed like years ago. She thought she caught sight of one of her old friends through a window on the first floor. A sadness came over her then, and a tear crept down her cheek. Jason put his hand up her skirt and fingered her clit, bringing the familiar sensations that confirmed her status as a slave slut. "Come", he said and led her to the park where she had played and met her friends without a care in the world a short time ago.

Because of the time of day the park was almost deserted, except for a few people walking their dogs in the open area at the other end. "Lift your skirt and let me check your fuck hole", said Jason. Without hesitation she obeyed, but couldn't help wondering what her friends would think of her if they came along and saw her now. "Pee!" said Jason, and her stream immediately flowed from her exposed, hairless cunt. When she had finished he took out a rag and cleaned her with it. Then he took out a bottle and told her to lie down. As he done the day she lost her cherry, he put the liquid onto the rag and rubbed around her pussy and ass, covering her in the scent of a bitch in heat. He stood her up then and they continued walking to the end of the park where the owners exercised their dogs. He put his finger in her cunt again and rubbed her clit until her teen juices ran and mingled with the scents he had already applied. "See that rothweiller over there Cunny? I bet you would love to show him a really good time wouldn't you?" he said leering at her. Beth was aroused and back in her prison would have loved to feel that doggie cock abusing her hole, but this was her park in her hometown. People she knew would see her; she could never live with the humiliation. "Go fuck him", ordered Jason, and she did as she was told.

The dog had moved behind some bushes and Beth reached him before he came out again. She hoped she could get it over with before anyone discovered them. The dog approached her sniffing the arousing aroma she was giving off. He shoved his snout straight into her pussy and began to sniff and lick her juices, as his cock poked out of his sheath, preparing for action. Beth pulled her dress over her head and got into the standing position on all fours. The dog needed no instruction and immediately grasped that this strange bitch was presenting her cunt for his attention. He mounted her roughly pushing home in one swift movement and fucked her with powerful fast strokes until he shot his load deep into her belly. Slut Beth was already in orgasm heaven and her previous reservations were forgotten as the dog's ample pole pounded in and out of her. When she felt him come she tried to pull away to prevent him tying her, but she was too slow, subconsciously she didn't want to, as she loved to take the knot. As the dog turned and took up the post mating position, his owner rounded the bushes looking for him. The look of shock and disgust on her face mortified Beth and she looked around in vain for Jason to come and rescue her, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Wha—at are you doing, you filthy slut?" she screamed at Beth. "Leave my dog alone at once! Get off him!" Her shouts brought others to the scene and they all started shouting abuse at Beth, who couldn't move as she was tied to the dog. "She is stuck to him like a bitch!" shouted an older man in astonishment. "She won't be able to get off him until his knot goes down", said a woman to the side. "Someone call the police, this is illegal".

Before long Beth was faced with two police officers that managed to extricate her from the dog whose knot was going down by now. They pulled her dress over her head and told Beth she would need to accompany them to the police station. Beth just did as she was told. With Jason not around, these were the people she saw as in authority.

At the station they questioned her for over an hour, but she was unable to answer them, she only answered in whimpers and little whelps. She was in the interview room with a male and female officer sitting on a chair with her legs wide apart as she was thought. The male officer had a hard on looking at her hairless cunt that she flashed unconsciously. "What is your name?" they kept asking. Beth wanted to tell them but the words did not want to come out. She realised that these people

could help her but she couldn't make herself understood. They handed her a pen but she was unable to hold it properly. She cried tears of frustration.

She concentrated hard using all her will to go against her training, when they asked her again for her name. "C--C-C" she stammered. "She's trying to say something", said the Female officer, looking intently into Beth's face. "C-C-C", Beth tried again. Then with a supreme effort, "Cunny", she blurted out. "Cunny, what a weird name", said the male officer, "I've never come across that before, perhaps its foreign, but she looks American".

Suddenly, the interview room burst open and another officer came in.

"She is Beth Johnson", he said excitedly holding up a photograph. "She went missing from around here nearly eleven months ago, everyone gave her up for dead".

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Epilogue

Beth rushed down the last of her coffee kissed her mum goodbye and headed off as fast as she could to college. Her mum looked wistfully after her thinking how proud she was at the progress Beth had made in the last two years. It was touch and go for a while, and they thought she would never recover from her terrible ordeal, the hideous details of which, Beth had reluctantly revealed over the long months in therapy. After the euphoria of her return had worn off, Mum had to admit that she had become a bit of an embarrassment. Even on that first day when the cops had got them all some lunch, she had gone around offering her breasts to everyone to suckle, and opening her legs inviting them to place food in her vagina, and she was unable to use her hands to eat, preferring instead to dip her head into the food like an animal. She had needed a catheter for six months before she could get even rudimentary control of her bladder. She was also so promiscuous, particularly when around dogs, dropping on all fours and inviting them to mount her. The discovery of why she did these things horrified everyone, as did the results of the medical examination, which revealed the surgery she had been through.

But now, she was nearly back to herself, and showing the first signs of the confident girl she once was. Her speech was nearly perfect, and she could hold meaningful conversations. Her doctors were confident that she would make a full recovery in time.

Beth glanced in the mirror as she went out the door and paused. The beautiful young woman that reflected back at her was still a surprise to her. She felt at peace with herself, her mind and body belonged to her again, and she was looking forward to her future. She had made new friends in college and liked the thought that they would be glad to see her. She felt valued. However, there were a lot of new pressures attached to returning to the real world. She had become so used to someone else making every decision for her that it was still difficult for her to take control in group situations. She also really missed sex. She had learned self-control in therapy, but her over active clitoris still plagued her. In the secrecy of her own room, she still crawled around on all fours to experience the sensations it gave her. In spite of overcoming her phobia about touching her privates, she still could not bring herself to masturbate, so her urges went unreleased. This caused her frequent frustration, and sometimes made her snap at people for no reason. She was always forgiven of course, as people put it down to her illness.

The blue mini skirt and white tank top showed off her sexy figure, which had matured since her days in captivity. She put her denim jacket on and rushed out, realising she was going to be late. She would be if she didn't take the shortcut across the park. She could never bring herself to enter the

park since the day of her return. It frightened her. But it was 8.30am, the day was bright and sunny and there were lots of people about going on their way to work.

She decided it was time for her to pass another landmark. She turned through the park gates and fought back the panic that threatened to engulf her. She forced herself to walk at even pace and project a confident exterior. After five minutes and with the other end of the park in sight, she finally let herself relax. She wiped the beads of cold sweat from her forehead with her sleeve, and began to think about the day ahead.

She thought she was dreaming it at first, but it came again, the voice from behind her. "Cunny, come here!" She wanted to run but her legs would not move. The command was repeated in that voice she recognised so well, even after two years. In shock she turned to face him. "Where have you been Cunny?" Jason asked with a sad expression on his face. "The master has really missed you". "I-I don't have to go with you", stammered Beth, looking around for someone to help her but the park was deserted. "That is true", admitted Jason smiling, "But a slut bitch like you is not meant for this life, don't tell me you haven't missed us. Your pussy must be aching for a nice big cock by now, have you been getting any lately or have all those quacks filled your mind with guilt about sex again?"

"Leave me alone", she pleaded. "I just wanna be normal!" "You can never be normal Cunny, you were born to be a dog slut and a milk cow. You must know that by now. Look at you, trying hard not to show how glad you are to see me".

Beth did not know what to do, was he right? The longing in her loins was trying to tell her he was. "Go with him!" screamed her agonised and neglected clit, as she felt her juices flow into her panties. But she knew if she went with him there would never be another escape, this time it would be for keeps. She admitted that at times she still longed for the simple life, of no decisions. But she reminded herself of the terrible humiliations and pain she had to endure at this man and his master's hands. Could she go through that for the rest of her life?

"Pee!" ordered Jason, and Beth was crestfallen that her bladder opened immediately and spilled her urine drenching her panties and shoes, as if the last two years of hard won freedom had been for nothing. "Come here Cunny", said Jason once more, and her legs moved to him of their own accord.

"Good Girl! Now take those silly clothes off, I have something a lot more suitable for you here". She stripped, immediately obeying without thinking. He handed her the pink dress, she wore for her dinner serving. She waited for him to tell her she could put it on. Jason delayed momentarily enjoying the improvements that two years of growth had done to her. He marvelled at how successful the hair removal treatment had been, noticing the baby bareness of her soon to be abused fuck hole. He put his fingers in and rubbed her clit as of old, then removed them and placed them in his mouth. She still tasted divine. "Dress!" he commanded. The dress was now very tight around Beth's matured curves; in fact it did not completely keep her modesty, with just the hint of cunt lips showing below the hem. He approved of the effect. "Heel Cunny", he commanded and she followed him to the truck now waiting at the end of the park.

"I am a dog slut after all", she told herself, "and I am going home".

The End