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A Prequel (If you will)...

After her performance with her dog Turbo, a massive Rottweiler, Honi had been rushed by one of the onlookers, Chloe, who was abuzz with questions. The little redhead with startling emerald green eyes was in her early 20s but looked more like 15; her skin was so soft and unblemished.

Gushing with compliments about how sexy Honi looked when she was being fucked by Turbo, Chloe was beside herself with the excitement of possibly doing something like that. She finally blurted out, "I want to do that with a dog too. Can you teach me? Tell me how you started! You look so experienced! I'm ever so envious!"

Honi had mentally recalled how she first met the Hostess, and her husband, who Honi now called Master. She hadn't shared any of that with Chloe, feeling it was irrelevant to the girl's question. Still floating in her post-orgasmic bliss, Honi thought that perhaps her Master could explain more clearly how her early training had come about. Consequently, she smiled and said, "Chloe, can you wait until the other guests depart so we can have a private word with my Master? I'm sure we can offer you a ride home afterward."

"I'd love to meet him," the dewy-eyed girl exclaimed, bouncing with the contained enthusiasm that only the young can generate.

Later, Honi led Chloe into the house, and soon they were comfortably seated informally in the living room, along with Honi's Master and his wife, the Hostess.

"Master, Chloe here is aroused by the thought of doing what she saw me do tonight. She had no experience with dogs and asked me how I got started. I thought that you could explain it better than I could."

The man she addressed had such a commanding presence that all three females were entirely focused on him, awaiting his words. He reveled in their attention and, therefore, waited a full minute before responding. "Honi, my pet, you underestimate your abilities. I'm sure you can give a full, accurate description of how that came about. I will say this to you, Chloe. Soon after Honi met me, she freely offered her submission to me and became part of us. We think of ourselves as a 'family' in this house, living together and caring for each other. Honi, go ahead and tell Chloe about your early training. If I think I need to add anything to your description, I will."

"Yes, Master." Honi felt more capable of doing so now since the mind-blowing sensations she always experienced with Turbo had abated somewhat. Still, she was searching for a proper starting point for her story. Spinning in futile ratiocination, she was rescued by her Master.

Rising, he gently said, "Honi, my girl. Stand up and face me. We'll let your body memory help you get started. Many are the training day which began with you facing me."

"Thank you, Master," Honi whispered with gratitude. Tall for a girl, at 5'6", Honi now stood looking up at him. Chloe regarded this tableau carefully. Honi was slim and willowy, with big 34D cupped breasts. Her eyes were a tranquil spring meadow green, and her dusty blonde hair hung down to her waist. Chloe didn't know that. Generally, Honi tied it back in a ponytail when at work, had it drawn back in a coil or bun. When Honi had brought Chloe into his presence, she'd followed her habit of letting it hang loose and had combed it out with her fingers when she entered the room.

Chloe now gazed at the man in front of Honi. The man she called Master towered above her since he was at least 6'3" and well built, without a hint of a belly or any softness. Like her, his hair was a

dusty blonde, and his eyes were green and compelling. This pose worked in triggering Honi's body memory, because the woman began speaking her tale in an almost trance-like voice.

"When I started my new life with Master, his first action was to move me from the cramped apartment above the veterinary clinic that I managed and to move me into a lovely 'apartment' in a separate wing of this luxurious home overlooking the lake."

Honi smiled. "His second action was to contact four candidates to be my assistant at the clinic. The interviews with all four candidates were brief, and my choice was a recently widowed woman who had shared a practice with her deceased husband but had no head for business. This caused their once thriving surgery to balance on the brink of bankruptcy. The woman in question, Cynthia, might not have business acumen, but she has compassion for animals and sound surgery skills. I added her to my staff and she now resides in the tiny apartment above the clinic. A plump, dark-haired woman in her early forties, with a no-nonsense attitude, Cynthia seems as dedicated as I am where animal husbandry is concerned and shows skill and commitment."

Turning briefly to look at Chloe, she stated, "I'm giving you that level of detail to illustrate something. Master continually demonstrates his concerns for my welfare. Having an assistant like that put less strain on me and my body, and also allowed me to have more stamina and more availability for my training with him." She looked back at her Master, grinning happily as the memories came into focus.

"I was chauffeured to and from work daily in a sleek limousine, or if I chose, I had the choice of one of the many cars in this luxurious home's multiple car garage. Now, let me tell you about that particular day. I'd returned from work after a busy day. Our chauffeur, Jean-Claude, a taciturn Frenchman, didn't seem to mind driving me around and except for a few choice Gallic curses at other less skilled motorists, my trips to and from work were often in peaceful silence."

Honi again glanced at Chloe, pleased to see she had the woman's rapt attention. "After that long, but satisfying day at work, I took a warm, refreshing shower. Reinvigorated, I stepped out, toweled off, and put on a silky semi-sheer sundress."

Chloe interrupted gently. "Just a sundress? Nothing else?"

Honi chuckled. "Nothing else. At Master's request, I no longer wore bras or panties. None of his women do, not even his wife, the Hostess here - unless we're going out in public, and even then, we rarely do. After a few weeks I'd begun to enjoy the feeling, in fact, when I now have to wear them, they feel foreign and restricting. Oh yes. I should also mention that perfumes or scented deodorants weren't allowed either - except for very special occasions when we'd be attending some grand event or other. Our generous Master showers us with gifts and expensive scents, but we don't wear them except when it's specifically appropriate. You might be able to guess the reason why. Dogs hate the smell of soaps, colognes, and perfumes, preferring the scent of clean skin." On impulse, Honi took hold of her Master's hand and raised it to her lips, silently thanking him for his care and generosity.

Returning to her story, Honi said, "I'd dressed to make myself a gift to my Master, knowing that he'd soon unwrap his gift. I was just in time putting on my dress. He'd heard the cessation of the shower, and gauged my movements well. He stepped through the inter-connecting door, leaned down and kissed me thoroughly, sensually sliding his tongue into my mouth, where it was received with joy. This was accompanied by his hands traveling over the material of my sundress, instantly arousing me." Honi shivered delicately with the tingles caused by the sheer memory of that moment. "He was compelling, as always. He murmured, 'Today's the day, Honi... Are you ready?' into my ear."

Feeling Chloe needed further explanation, she turned to her. "You must understand that by this point I'd spent a few months with Master, and trusted him completely. Not only that, he'd given me so much pleasure and care that I wanted most of all to please him, in any manner he chose. So I felt I was ready for this next step. I followed him meekly through the main house to the training room in the adjacent wing."

Honi put her hand to her breast. "I wish you could've felt how my heart was thumping here under where my hand is now, Chloe. Perhaps you'll experience it. I knew what I was about to do."

The Hostess and her Master both smiled, still hearing Honi's excitement in her voice. Retelling the story was turning her on so much that her scent was perfuming the room, competing with the musky, inky scent of Turbo's cum, still gently oozing from her pussy, placed there by her earlier performance for the guests.

"When we reached the room, I tried not to let my body shake as my Master lifted the sundress from my body, thereby unwrapping his present. I took it from his hands and placed it on a convenient wall hook. I now stood naked. His wife the Hostess, Helen and Steph were lazing on the wooden benches, chatting and giggling. All three women were naked and boldly unashamed, confident in their beauty, sexuality, and sensuality. Turbo, a recent patient at my vet clinic for his teeth cleaning, lay at Hostess's feet. His intelligent brown eyes followed me as I entered."

Honi took a deep breath since the memory of that moment seemed to be robbing her of air, as it had at that moment. "My Master spoke short words to remind them that I'd asked for privacy for this training session and told them to respect my wishes. I watched the Hostess rise languidly to her feet, followed by Steph and Helen. The women smiled at Master and me and voiced their acquiescence. The Hostess gave me an exceptionally brilliant smile, and with no malice in her voice, just a genuine warmth, told me to enjoy myself."

Chloe stood up and walked closer to Honi, either subconsciously wanting to offer support, or just making certain not to miss a word about what happened next.

Honi continued, "After we were alone in the room with Turbo, I leaned forward, bending down to pet the furry sheath covering his penis. I'd touched a dog's penis before, professionally, in my practice - but this was different. That huge black dog turned his head, looking at me curiously. He was used to me touching him, after all I was his vet, his doctor. But the way I was handling him now was unusual. Not only was I naked, but he instinctively sensed my trepidation, bordering on fear. I'd never shown him fear before. Even I could tell that I was exuding a peculiar scent - my body knew what it wanted - it was just my brain, my mind, that was in the way. The smell that I was giving off dogs doesn't associate with humans, let alone a vet. It was a scent that caused his cock to swell. It was a physiological reaction - the smell receptors in his brain told him that some bitch needed to be fucked! This sweet loving human woman was giving off very contradictory scents and signals to him. Poor Turbo. Very confused." Honi grinned at Chloe.

"Remember, Chloe. Before I'd met this family, I'd never known if it was true, or just an urban legend about women having sex with dogs. I'd always wondered what could make anyone so horny that she'd let a dog fuck her. But over the months, I'd had ample opportunity to observe women like Helen, Steph, the Hostess, and others doing just that. I was shocked and surprised at how exciting it was to watch their expressions as they did it, especially when the dog's knot expanded inside them, which seemed to trigger a rapid-fire sequence of orgasms. My curiosity had been building and building."

Honi paused and stroked the redhead's hair softly. "Even then, I was not fully committed to the

action. I looked up at Master and whispered something like, 'You want me to do this, Master?' while watching his eyes. I saw him nod his head, and speak gently but firmly, 'Find your way. Explore and experiment with me, Honi' – encouragement that I needed to hear."

She locked eyes with Chloe. "Understand. I was being given permission to do something that I'd always considered abuse and perversion. Hesitating briefly, I slowly sank, almost squatting beside the large black and tan Rottweiler. I pulled my knees back to my chest and scooted forward. Turbo's cock was drooping down at that point, with about three inches exposed, but flaccid."

Master and his wife exchanged a glance. It seemed Honi was determined to give every detail of that experience, as best she could recall, to the enraptured red-haired listener.

"I reached down and gently but firmly gripped him behind his knot. Behind that knot, there are some super-sensitive bones, almost vein-like in their structure. I began to manipulate them with my fingers. Turbo didn't snap at me or even growl. Instead, he started to hump my hand mildly. But I knew giving Turbo a hand job wasn't what my Master had in mind. I looked up at the handsome man who was my everything now. I'd given him my will, and I wanted, no needed, to do this to please him, and to please myself. He'd agreed to my one request, that no one but he watch – no audience but him – for my first time with a dog."

Honi stopped and swallowed, as her cheeks colored with embarrassment. "I once overheard Helen and Stephanie laughing and making derisive comments about some other woman who'd failed in her attempt with a dog. They'd politely waited until that woman had left, not saying those things to her face. But it was obvious that they, who were well-versed in the art of canine sex, found it hilarious that any woman would ruin it up so horribly. I didn't want that sort of humiliation if something went wrong with my attempt."

The Hostess' expression signaled that she doubted that the two women in question would've acted that way toward their good friend and family member, Honi. But she remained silent.

Honi told Chloe, "That's why there were only the two of us in the room. Master had granted my request but had added a twist of his own. I had to figure out how to do it on my own with no help from him, his wife, or my two new friends and family members."

Swallowing nervously as she recalled the next part, Honi said, "I knew I was dithering. The 'should I or shouldn't I, must I or mustn't I' dilemma in my head was causing a delay that was tormenting both me and Turbo. Finally, I bowed my head in partial acceptance, and lowered myself onto the wooden floor of the training room. I spread my knees and lowered my shoulders, pressing my tits against the floor, as I'd seen the other girls do as they were being mated to the dogs. I retained my grip, still holding and teasing the tiny receptive bones behind Turbo's growing knot as I slithered down further."

The Hostess noticed that Chloe was now hyperventilating, transfixed by the scene being painted so clearly by Honi's narration. It appeared to her that the young redhead would be a good candidate for training. Perhaps by Honi, herself.

The veterinarian was also breathing faster as she continued, "My one hand under my belly still gripping his growing cock, I lifted my ass into the air as Turbo reared, his hips began to thrust wildly, in the typical canine manner. I know that at that point I was still passive, letting my receptive body meet his hardening cock."

Her Master briefly interrupted, to help develop the image, "Honi couldn't see it, but Turbo's cock was now a very bright red, flooded with hot blood."

"Oh yes, Chloe. And that blood made it warm to my touch. It was poised at the entrance to my cunt, poking into the soft globes of my ass as he blindly thrust, bucked and reared. His front paws gripped my slender ribs, and he began to pant – his breath coming in terse gasps with each wild thrust. His rear paws were tramping painfully on my widespread calves, with that rigid cock of his spraying a mist of precum, as it slammed up along the cleft between my ass cheeks and along the base of my spine."

Honi again paused, and looked deeply into Chloe's eyes. "I want you acutely aware of my state of mind. At this point, I actually hesitated and thought about what I was doing. I'd be crossing the point of no return. If I did this, there was no way I could undo it. 'Belonging to my Master is one thing,' I thought to myself. My internal warring dialogue said things like, 'But this is taboo, illegal, in most of our states' and 'Yet lots of girls use vibrators or a dildo – so how does their sliding a battery operated toy inside of them differ so much from what I was intent on doing?' and 'Instead of a machine, I'll be using a flesh and blood cock, which is more natural' and 'Turbo's not being forced to do this' – these all skittered through my mind. One all-embracing consideration was that my Master would be proud of me. And that thought made me dripping wet in anticipation."

Her Master smiled at her as he heard this, his eyes glowing with love and appreciation.

"I hesitated for perhaps a millisecond longer, and then made up my mind. Turbo's hard cock was still sliding soggly along the cleft of my ass, and poking the soft globes of my ass like a stick. I guided the throbbing, wildly thrusting cock towards the humid gateway to my soul. The finality of our joining was incredibly euphoric. I managed to gasp out 'Oh Master!' as Turbo's cock slotted into my waiting cunt."

If Chloe's eyes had looked huge before, they now seemed almost as large as salad plates. The young redhead's breasts were bobbing up and down rapidly with her panting. At that moment it was almost as if she was joined to Turbo, rather than Honi.

Honi continued, "My body responded to this invasion. Involuntarily, I sucked in my belly, causing my inner muscles to coil almost snakelike around the smooth shaft as it jacks hammered into me! It was warm, very warm – far warmer than anything I'd ever felt inside me before! As the walls of my cunt gripped it, the dog's cock seemed to grow even hotter. And oh how I enjoyed the softness of his bare belly bouncing against my skin and the warmth and softness of his fur on my back!"

Without thinking about it, Honi cupped her sex with her hand as she continued her narrative. "Turbo started humping me with more than just his hindquarters. I lost my grip on his knot and felt it slapping noisily against my swollen pussy lips. It was mashing my clit with every wild thrust, and each bump sent a jolt of pleasure through me! I closed my eyes, and without feeling a trace of embarrassment, started wantonly humping my ass up against him, matching his wild thrusts."

The hand cupping Honi's sex started rubbing as she said, "I pushed back against him as hard as I could and felt just an instant of pain as my cunt stretched to accommodate the full size and length of that swollen cock of his. As my cunt welcomed that fist-sized, white-hot knot for the very first time, it forced any trapped air wetly from me, causing the eruption of an obscene series of pussy farts. When that amazing cock slotted home, it pressed the softening tip of his molten hard cock far deeper than man or buzzing 'toy' had ever penetrated." Honi shuddered as she said this, and Chloe also shuddered, hearing it.

"As soon as Turbo was completely in, he stopped thrusting and stood motionless. His cock began to erupt. Chloe, I could feel every steamy gush!" Both women were unconsciously rubbing themselves, caught up in the story.

"By this point, I thought I'd felt the full size of Turbo's knot. I was wrong. It continued to swell until it was the size of a man's fist or larger. From inside me, it pressed up against my swollen clit, making it protrude and bulge. Instinctively, I reached down between my legs and began to stroke that jutting swollen rod of my flesh. Turbo stood rampant above me while he continued to ejaculate in time to his beating heart and contracting balls. There was so much semen that even the bulk of his knot couldn't keep it all in me. I could feel it leaking out around the swollen lips of my labia. I was getting closer and closer to cumming and my mind reeled! All I could think about was how my cunt was contracting intuitively, and how wonderful I felt while my cunt was being filled with dog cock!"

Chloe was moaning softly, rubbing herself a little faster. Suddenly, Honi's body gave a small jerk, and Chloe also jerked in reflex. The reason for this became apparent when Honi said, "His massive 10" cock jerked inside me, and he shifted stance, lifting himself a little higher. His belly was almost curving over the swell of my ass and forcing his hard cock and throbbing knot even deeper inside me. His spasms were slower and less intense now, but the accumulating cum was pushing its way into my womb. I was making a keening noise deep in my throat when another massive shudder from Turbo pushed me over the edge!" Chloe started cumming.

Ignoring Chloe's spasms, Honi choked out, "I shimmied my rear up and down as the orgasm made any logical thinking impossible! My ecstasy was total - I no longer cared that I was coupled with a dog, or that I was in what most people would imagine to be the most demeaning position a woman could find herself or be seen in. I let out a whimper, that became a howling, shuddering moan, like a bitch in heat! My life had changed forever! I sincerely doubt if anything will ever come close to the intensity of that orgasm!" Honi started cumming as she stated this, and Chloe wrapped one arm around her, holding her as she shook. Master and wife watched the two women, pleased.

When Honi finally caught her breath, she gave Chloe a sweet kiss, and continued, "Finally the spasms began to subside, and my breathing slowly returned to normal, as my wildly beating heart slowed to something resembling normalcy. After what had to be at least ten minutes, Turbo's cock deflated enough for him to free himself from me. He began an almost reverse humping, until with a soft 'plop' sound, he managed to pull free. To be honest, my bliss immediately diminished, feeling that disconnection, but the afterglow remained."

Chloe nodded her understanding.

"A rush of dog cum gushed out of me and ran in rivulets down my thighs onto the wooden floor. Turbo moved slowly, his back arching, almost looking apologetic for fucking me. His flaccid cock drooped down, still pink and shone with our combined juices. He started to lick my leaking swollen cunt. This was something no man had ever done to me before, licking at his cum as it oozed from my pussy. But Turbo was showing his bitch his gratitude, and to me, it felt fantastic. I reached down and patted him lovingly, as he continued to use his tongue on my cunt and inner thighs. Then he laid himself down on the floor and began to lick his cock and balls."

Honi smiled at the three people in the room. "That was how I got started."

Chloe looked at the Hostess and her husband. With the pleading expression on her face, she begged, "Please. When can I get started?"

The Journey...

Honi (pronounced like 'honey') rocked on her wide spread knees, her shoulders pressed against the

base of a reinforced icy cold transparent glass revolving dais. The pose flattened her normally perky breasts against the glass. Subtle, muted light shone up through the transparent surface, emphasizing her soft pale, perspiring skin. Her dusty blond hair, that normally reached half way down her back, cascaded out semi-matted and damp, as it spread out over her shoulders, back and onto the glass she crouched on.

Her head was bent, with her right cheek resting on the cool glass, and her torso was arched towards but just above the polished transparent surface. An intricately woven ivory and gold leather corset began just under the slopes of her flattened breasts, gracing her rib cage and shallow belly, and ending just before the soft globes of her high lifted ass. The width between her spread knees was almost unnaturally wide.

From her vantage point on the slowly revolving dais, she could see the blurred ring of pale faces of the people staring both at her and the ten inch penis that jack-hammered into her. Suddenly, the large lump two thirds of the way down the fast moving shaft completely disappeared inward, past her stretched labia. She began thrusting back, shamelessly lifting herself onto the rigid cock. The frantic tempo of fucking slowed, accompanied with what sounded like an embarrassing succession of soggy farts.

Honi felt the knot sliding fast inside her, quickly swelling and hardening until it was the size of her fist, until it felt like a wooden sphere. It became iron hard. Both she and the dog fucking her stopped thrusting simultaneously. From deep inside her lover's balls, cum began to spurt!. It spurted in a perfectly timed rhythm, making it hard for her to think of anything except her own need to orgasm!

It dawned on the anonymous faces watching her that she was reaching her climax, her eyes rolling upward in their sockets. Sexual pleasure flooded her senses, in the same way the large black and tan dog was flooding her womb with his seed. She shuddered uninhibitedly, every fiber reacting with sexual ecstasy and panting like a bitch in heat. She whined with pleasure and began squealing, "Yes! Oh Goddddddddddd!!!!" Her meadow green eyes continued to roll back only the whites showed as the thrill filled every fiber of her being. She was oblivious to everything but her own pleasure.

Someone in the audience whispered in awe, "Look, look, look, she's cumming!"

Turbo stood rampant above her. His shiny black leather-clad fore-paws pressed into her shoulder blades. His back legs pushed straight down, with his similarly clad rear paws sliding slightly on the glass until they could finally find purchase. His massive penis was now completely buried inside Honi's cunt.

He stood motionless, the massive knot grotesquely swelling the opening of Honi's normally tiny sex. He drooled slightly as he stretched his muscled neck forward, the subtle light shining on his matching black collar and shiny black coat. Beneath his stubby tail, his balls pulsed and his anus opened and closed in time with the semen spurting into the bitch beneath him. The massive dog, oblivious to his surroundings, was intent on only one thing - breeding with his bitch. He lacked Honi's normal decorum. Let's face it - if a dog finds a receptive bitch in heat, the coupling is instantaneous, irrespective of place or time or audience.

After remaining apparently idle for ten minutes, the big black and tan dog began making an almost reverse thrust, seemingly uncaring as he tried to rip his softening knot from his bitch's flooded, sloppy cunt. Honi's left hand shot back and instinctively gripped. It grasped the two tiny vein-like bones behind Turbo's knot, as he slowly dragged her backwards. Her fingers expertly manipulated him, teasing him, while her flooded cunt began to expel air and semen with another series of lewd pussy farts.

The slightly inkish scent of dog semen filled the air as seed began to drip. An elegantly clad woman in the audience gave a soft moan. Her hand had been flaying the erect penis of the man beside her, which now erupted, spurting a copious stream of cum, splashing the bodice of her charcoal silk D&G evening gown, and up onto her face and elegant coiffure. She blushed profusely, as her partner, sitting on the opposite side of the man who'd received that hand job, finally tore his eyes off Honi and Turbo and looked at his disheveled fiancée.

Other expensively dressed couples seemed to be oblivious to everything except the beautiful blonde on the revolving dais and her huge stud, although many also indulged blindly in furtive or blatant mutual masturbation.

An emerald-eyed, freckled and copper haired girl, looking all of fifteen, gently rose and dipped on her elderly date's lap. Her crumpled stockings were pooled elegantly on the cool marble floor, alongside her discarded Christian Louboutin red-soled 3" stilettos. Her expensive Zac Posen off-shoulder strapless pale-pink evening gown had been hastily pulled up around her midriff, the peach fuzz now visible between her thighs slick with his semen.

The muted lights of the chandeliers began to brighten as Turbo disengaged from Honi with a soggy plop. Instantly he backed off, arching his back as if apologizing for his softening penis. Still appearing almost contrite, he bent his head and began to lick himself until his penis disappeared back into its sheath. He then returned to Honi, who had shakily managed to pull her knees together and was attempting to rise. She stood, wobbling, widening her stance, as he began to lap at her gaping fuckhole like the gentleman he was.

There were whispers and genuine applause and awe for Honi. From a seat of honor, the evening's beautiful Hostess rose and stood beside her. A liveried servant clipped a sturdy leather leash to the Rottweiler's matching collar once he'd finished licking his bitch, and led the sated dog away, his stubby tail still wagging.

There was no need for the beautiful hostess to raise her voice. Her guests were in awe of the beauty and elegance of the dinner parties to which they were privileged to be invited. Her voice, a pleasant contralto, rose above the soft hubbub. "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Honi has indicated to me that she is willing to be examined, handled and questioned. I, on the other hand, request the questions dignify the display with which Honi has graced us, and would like you to ask her permission before you touch her."

Honi rolled her head on her shoulders, as her orgasm subsided. Her heart, temple and gaping vagina still throbbed in harmony with pulsations of her blood. Her blond hair flared like a dusty halo. Her perspiration began to cool as it evaporated, and semen slid in rivulets down her inner thighs.

At this, the audience regained some modicum of their composure, patting themselves back into and smoothing their garments as much as possible.

The small red-head scooted off her partner's lap with a squelch. She smoothed her skirt down over her colt-like legs, trying to achieve some semblance of decorum. Breathless and barefoot, she was the first to reach Honi. Her hands were small, and her fingernails were manicured cuticle short but matched the exact shade of her expensive evening gown. "Hi, that was the sexiest thing I've ever seen!" she gushed as she reached Honi. "My name is Chloe, and I want to do that with a dog too. Can you teach me?" She continued without taking a breath. "Tell me how you started! You look so experienced! I'm ever so envious!"

How did it begin? Mind still reeling a little from that earth-shattering orgasm, Honi thought back

several years.

She was a child of very unconventional parents who never seemed to have grown up, and followed one fad after another. For example, her sister, Ariel, had been born at a drive-in movie theater as 'The Mermaid' was being shown. Honi often wondered what her name would've been if she had been born during an earthquake, or natural disaster, rather than in a meadow on a warm spring morning during a bee keeping festival!

She'd recently completed her residency and two years at a large suburban animal clinic, vying to assist the partners when it came to more serious animal medicine. Or to continue her Master's thesis on animal reproduction. But she spent most of her working day doing mundane procedures like clipping claws and evading the wandering hands of most of her male co-workers.

She felt like a square peg in a round hole there, and longed for a smaller practice. Maybe a small practice of her own. Of course, her money was short. She still owed the State thousands in student loans.

On a whim, she answered an advert for a Veterinary Locum she discovered while reading a two month old edition of the 'Veterinary Medicine' journal. The position was for three to six months at a privately owned and funded veterinary hospital, while the only and elderly Vet - a Dr. Richards - took a sabbatical. She faxed her resume and completed a very personal questionnaire as part of her application to the practice and had received a prompt reply. The interview was short, and its questions were bland, and not very complicated. She was told she could expect an answer soon.

The next morning, practically at dawn, her phone rang. A voice barked, "This is Dr. Richards. How soon can you be here?" She left the same day.

She soon proved to Dr. Richards and the rest of the elderly doctor's staff, that she had skills and a great rapport with animals. During the week of her trial period, cat's seldom hissed, dogs almost never snarled or growled, and the pets' owners sensed her dedication and love of all animals, from goldfish to golden retrievers.

The following Monday, Dr. Richards shook her hand, telling her, "I'll be back someday. Don't worry. Enjoy yourself." He was a man of few words, and most of them were blunt.

After another week, Honi felt at home and confident. She'd clipped nails and claws, set bones, pulled teeth and even pulled a plastic toy soldier from the intestine of a much beloved and spoiled family puppy. All in all, she knew she was making a difference.

She had just trimmed the claws of a Cockatoo when the phone rang. "Dr. Honi, can you take a call from the Practice's benefactor?"

Of course she could. When the call was transferred, she smiled into the receiver as she said, "Hi. This is Dr. Honi. How can I help you?"

"Hello Doctor. One of my wife's dogs is off his food. She'd like you to do a house call." The man's voice was pleasant, educated and well modulated. "We'd like to see you as soon as it's convenient. My wife is incredibly attached to him. Can we send a car for you? It will be quicker than dictating directions."

Within thirty minutes, an expensive German limousine idled at the front door of the surgery. Honi had packed her bag with items normally needed by a traveling vet. The French accented driver was fast and skillful, and forty five minutes later, the car stopped at imposing double doors of a palatial

home overlooking the lake. The driver opened her door for her, and told her that 'The Hostess' would meet her inside.

Honi wished she'd worn something more elegant rather than a rumpled white lab coat over a pink tee-shirt and department store jeans. Her no name runners and inexpensive purse left her feeling seriously under dressed.

Sucking in a breath and lifting her chin, she knocked on the door. The door opened, and a well dressed man stood there, welcoming her. Honi's heart fluttered. She tried to talk, but her mouth was suddenly incredibly dry. She recognized his voice from the phone, earlier. He had dreamy green eyes, and was sandy haired and tall, at least four inches over six feet. His physique was lithe, with broad shoulders and a narrow waist. His clothes fit him as if they were made for him, definitely not off a department store shelf. He was well groomed, his cologne expensive and sexy, and he would not have looked out of place on the cover of a society magazine.

One hand pressing an iPhone to his ear, he motioned her in, and held his free hand up. "Please excuse me." His voice was cultured, well modulated but commanding. Honi felt herself obeying. "My broker is on the line. I have to take this, but my wife will be with you shortly." He elegantly waved at a wooden monk's bench in the entrance hall. Turning, he strode away, talking on his phone.

Honi finally managed to take a breath, her tongue licking her lips. "Damn!!" she thought. "Why did I choose to look so drab today? God, I'm not even wearing lipstick." She felt a little mortified.

After about five minutes of silence, Honi perceived brusque breathing and whimpering coming from behind a door across the hallway. She rose, and made her way to the door, which swung open at her touch.

She followed the sounds. The breathing had intensified to terse semi growls but the whimpering sounding almost human. Honi looked at the three doors at the end of the passage. She chose one, but that room was empty, except for oddly constructed wooden benches.

As she pulled the second door ajar, she was shocked to see a large Malamute standing unbridled, with his fore-paws on the back of a young slim dark haired woman. His paws were covered in soft leather moccasins, and his penis slammed into the woman's vagina, jack-hammering with short quick intense thrusts. Honi stood open mouthed, as the dog's knot disappeared into the woman's swollen opening with a soggy sound.

Honi was horrified. "What the hell!! You can't abuse a dog that way!" she stormed.

The girl below the dog began to tremble and whine, her ass lifting and thrusting backwards. "Good boy, good boy. That's right. Fuck me, Nanook!" she called out. She seemed totally oblivious to the stunned vet standing and watching, and acted as if the vet hadn't even spoken.

The gray dog lurched and his hind-end humped softly, until his massive knot swelled past the point of no return! His tail wagging rapidly, while his fore-paws gripped the dark haired woman's shapely flanks, they were joined! If the woman had been a bitch, not a human, the term would be 'knotted'. They stopped moving altogether. When a dog knots a bitch, a large ball swells in his penis. The bitch's vagina clamps down behind the swollen knot, which keeps the seed the dog is pumping into her vagina from leaking out. The woman actually began to pant like a bitch in heat.

Honi stood horrified as this woman abused the poor, dumb animal. The woman shuddered and bucked as her own orgasm made kneeling completely still impossible. The scenario lasted several minutes, Honi being too confused and aghast to move or speak. She just looked.

The door behind Honi opened. "Oh, here you are!" Honi tore her eyes from the spectacle before her. A woman dressed casually in designer jeans and silken blouse stood in the doorway. Her long dark brown hair had been expertly braided, reaching her waist, and was drawn back from a face reminiscent of a current supermodel. Her tone of voice was cultured and educated, belying the uncertainty her body language presented. "Isn't that a beautiful sight?" she asked, carrying on without waiting for an answer. "How is he doing, Helen?" she asked the woman joined to the Malamute. The room itself was filled with a slightly inky odor.

"He's so strong Hostess, and he has a lot of cum. It's filling my womb so much, I'm bloated." A moment later, she whined. As the dog began to back pedal, their union ended with a wet expulsion of air. The dog arched his back, and his massive penis hung, dripping semen between his hind legs. The curvy girl was still panting and breathing hard. She managed to stagger to her feet, as the dog's seed began to course down her inner thighs.

Honi stood, still looking aghast. "I can't believe that this is happening! You can't abuse a dog this way! It's against the laws of nature!" Honi responded hotly. Several State laws had been broken, and she was now privy to it.

The naked woman pulled back her dark hair, twisting it back into a pony tail, with an elastic band. Her green eyes were bold. "How is it abuse? Was he forced? No! He does it naturally - he is a sexual being, and he just enjoyed a wonderful orgasm! How was he abused?"

Honi looked at the beautiful Hostess, and the nonplussed, naked dog fucker, raising her voice, "It's UNNATURAL!"

The Hostess' voice was soothing but controlling. "Helen, take Nanook to his pen. Dr. Honi, please follow me. I'd like you to examine Turbo. He's a two year old Rottweiler, who has been off his feed for the last 3 days. He seems to be lethargic, and his eyes are dull."

Forestalling any further argument, Honi was led through a door into the daylight. This beautiful woman certainly had a strong presence. Honi followed her past a series of large dog pens which were lined up on green grass, a white PVC pipe allowing cool water to flow from pen to pen. The pens themselves were large enough for ponies, let alone dogs. She was led to the gate of a large Rottweiler's pen. Nearby dogs, Labradors, German Shepherds, and some large mixed breeds wagged their tails and barked in greeting enthusiastically.

Honi entered the pen. The Rottie ambled forward, his stumpy tail wriggled his whole hind quarters, showing his lack of aggression and friendliness. Honi stroked his long floppy ears, noted that they were warm to the touch. She squatted in front of the huge, 120 lb animal. She lifted his jowls, observing that his teeth were pearly white, and his gums a healthy pink. She patted his broad chest, and tickled his ears.

She looked up at the dog's beautiful owner. "He seems fit, though his eyes are a little dull. It's been excessively hot this last week, and his coat is black. So far, I don't see anything out of the ordinary. I'd diagnose that he's a little over heated, perhaps dehydrated, but let me give him a more thorough examination. He isn't showing any obvious distress. Ummm, is he also active with human females?" Honi blushed as she asked this question.

The woman's answer was to the point. "No, he just turned two. We were about to begin his training. He is normally so perky, and he isn't eating like he should, which concerns us." She pointed to a half filled bowl of doggy chunks.

Honi reached for the bowl. The food seemed fine, no obvious signs or smell of the food being stale or

contaminated. Turbo wagged his tail, lowering his front shoulders onto the grass of his pen, his whole rear end wriggled in time with his stubby wagging tail. Honi reached into her vet bag, and pulled out a stethoscope. She checked his heart and lungs, finding everything as it should be.

With a quick jab of her thermometer into his anus, Honi distracted him by fluffing his ears. His temperature registered as about half a degree above normal.

"I'd say by the amount of dried slobber, he's slightly dehydrated. Let's see if hosing him down helps a bit. Maybe give him warmer water if he drinks - he might just not like the temperature. I suggest we move him to a different pen where he has some shade if he hasn't perked up. I'm also going to suggest that you change the brand of his food. I'm certain he's fine, just dehydrated, maybe slightly constipated," Honi reported.

She pulled out a chunk of mild licorice, placing it in the palm of her hand, Turbo sniffed and licked it off her hand without his teeth touching her skin. The dog chewed enthusiastically. "I should like to see him again. Shall we say this time tomorrow?"

The Hostess nodded, and Honi was whisked through another set of doors, and out through passages to a huge dining room, and finally into the marble floored entrance hall. The gorgeous man, who'd first set her heart fluttering at the door, tugging the braid of his beautiful wife's hair, and graciously led a tongue-tied and stammering Honi to the idling Maybach she'd arrived in.

The same driver was behind the wheel, and skillfully drove her back toward her surgery. The scenery blurred past the tinted windows. Upon her arrival, Honi hurried back into her examination room and tried hard to concentrate on the rest of her patients.

The following morning, she had just finished sewing seven stitches into a dog who had gotten caught on the jagged end of a chain link fence, when her personal phone rang.

"Doctor Honi, I hope you don't mind this private call, but I'll send a car for you, when you whenever you give me a call." The Hostess was all business today.

Honi mentally estimated her work load, and answered, "I should be free in an hour or so."

"Fine. I'll have Jean-Claude collect you, in an hour and a half." The line was dropped instantly.

This time, with the handsome 'host' in mind, she had dressed carefully, and had spent enough time to apply her make-up flawlessly, and brush her blond hair into a burnished gold flip style. Ninety minutes later, Honi was waiting for Jean-Claude in the practice's empty reception area when a red haired woman entered. She was dressed casually in Blahnik high heels, a denim micro-mini skirt and silk blouse, with sunglasses perched above her forehead.

"Hi. You must be Dr. Honi. I'm Steph, your ride today. Evidently Jean-Claude is flying to Monte Carlo for the Monaco Grand Prix." She led Honi out to her car - a modest Toyota.

Honi found herself gripping the shoulder belt as Steph sped them wildly toward their destination. "Master will get any ticket I might receive squashed," she confided conspiratorially. "You must've made a great impression on Hostess, by the way. I know for sure she wasn't that fond of Dr. Richards, and he's been her vet for as long as we've known her," Steph commented, while racing past a pair of semi trucks.

Honi took a deep breath of relief as they regained their own lane. She finally asked the question uppermost in her mind. "Do you know what this Hostess does with those dogs?" she asked.

Steph answered Honi's question with one of her own. "You mean having sex with them?"

"I actually saw a girl down on all fours with a Malamute rutting her like she was a bitch in heat," Honi described.

"That must've been Hels. Yeah, Nanook has really bonded with her. It's a love match." Steph grinned.

"Don't tell me that you condone that kind of thing?" Honi exclaimed. "It's unnatural and filthy!"

"A dog's penis is ten times cleaner than a human male's. His sex drive is comparable, and the resulting sex act is enjoyed by both participants. So it might be unconventional or taboo, but it's certainly not filthy!" Steph remonstrated.

The Toyota pulled up in front of the magnificent home. Steph let Honi out, and walked her boldly to the door. The door swung open, and the debonair 'Master' accepted a curtsy from Steph.

"Far far too many clothes, my girl," he commented, patting her behind. "Hostess is waiting for you in the training room." Honi stammered a greeting, her mouth dry, her voice croaked, and her legs felt like spaghetti.

Honi was astonished to see Steph step out of her skirt and pull off her blouse. She wasn't wearing any underwear. Now naked, Steph led Honi to the training room.

The Hostess stepped forward, kissed Steph and nodded briefly to the flustered Honi. Addressing the veterinarian, she said, "Let me take you to Turbo. After your visit yesterday, he perked up considerably. I believe you were right." They left Steph there in the training room, causing Honi to wonder what that 'training' might entail.

Honi followed the Hostess to a different pen. The large Rottweiler immediately leaped up and tried to lick her. His whole demeanor was alert, and excited. Honi didn't really need to examine him - the dog was fine. She performed a perfunctory examination, and confirmed that the dog was in an excellent state.

Gathering her equipment and closing her bag, Honi waited uncertainly.

The Hostess broke the awkward silence, saying, "I knew we were right to hire you. You're a natural."

"Thank you Ma'am. Will that be all? I need to get back to my practice," Honi responded.

"I've asked Dr. Ivan, from the next village, to cover any emergency calls for you," The Hostess replied with a dismissive wave of her hand. "Quite honestly, my dear, we haven't had time to talk about your previous visit."

"You mean my seeing a girl having intercourse with a dog?" Honi uttered, with a bit of heat.

"You seemed so angry," the Hostess countered.

"It's unnatural, and against the law, for a start!" Honi answered, with even more heat.

"That may be so, but it's enjoyable and incredibly sensual to either participate in or watch," the Hostess explained. "Both participants enjoy themselves."

Honi drew a breath, ready to continue on how it was a form of abuse, but Hostess forestalled her, clipping a short leather leash to the Rottweiler's collar, and beginning to walk away with the dog. "Follow me please. I've something to show you. I know you'll appreciate it. It's the basis of your Master's thesis, I believe."

Honi followed the beautiful woman past the dog pens to another walled off section. A Doberman was penned behind a chain-linked fence. It was roomy and grassy in the pen, similar to the ones that housed the other dogs she'd seen.

The Hostess opened the pen's gate and unleashed the Rottweiler, who padded inside and eagerly sniffed the Doberman in greeting. The Doberman sniffed back, and without needing an prompting, the Rottweiler mounted the petite bitch, who seemed to accept him gladly. The male thrust heartily. His rear end seem to jack-hammer, and the bitch under him met his thrusts stoically, until her vagina expanded and the male's fist-sized knot slotted into her waiting vagina. The vagina clamped tight behind the knot, and the male's hips seemed to lock, becoming motionless.

Both animals stood virtually stock still for about five minutes, before the Rottweiler began to back pedal. His rear legs backed to one side and he stepped the other direction, sliding his left leg over the bitch's back. The Doberman moved in perfect harmony with him, and soon the couple stood facing opposite directions, still tied.

The Hostess and Honi had been quietly watching. Then the Hostess spoke, "Your Master's thesis was about animal reproduction, correct?"

"Yes Ma'am," Honi replied, slightly embarrassed.

The beautiful woman canted her head, her gaze direct. "Please, I'd appreciate it if you call me Hostess," she instructed, before continuing, "Does it excite you at all to watch them?"

Honi was acutely aware that her breathing was shallow, and her panties were damp. "No," she lied, but she couldn't take her eyes off the pair of rutting dogs. She brushed her blond hair back with her hand. When the couple separated, the male dog licked himself, then began to lick the Doberman's vagina in earnest, causing Honi to let out an audible sigh

The Rottweiler's massive penis drooped down now, and the air was filled with that slightly inky odor. Honi's own vagina seemed to be super-heated. She could actually smell her own arousal, causing her to blush profusely.

The Hostess's smile was wide as she said, "You lie very prettily my girl." She continued, "Although both are highly pedigreed animals, I notice you didn't complain about the fact that they are different breeds."

"Different breeds maybe, but not species." Honi's answer was soft.

Hostess called to the Rottweiler. "Come Turbo!" she commanded.

The dog responded instantly, trotting over. She clipped the leash to his collar and silently the three of them walked back to the Rottweiler's pen.

After securing the big dog in his pen, the two women walked toward the house.

Inside, the house was cool in spite of the summer heat outside. Honi followed the Hostess into the large windowless room where they'd left Steph earlier. "This is the training room, as you may

recall," the Hostess explained. The room contained oddly shaped wooden benches. Stephanie, who she knew, and the dark haired Helen, who she had seen before with the Malamute, were chatting and lazing naked on the benches, oblivious to the new comers or the fact they were naked.

Stephanie was saying, "Honestly Hels! I bet it will be at the next event!" but she stopped when they became aware that the Hostess had entered. Stephanie greeted her, "Hi Hostess." Then Stephanie announced, more formally, "Ummm, Dr. Honi, I don't think you've been introduced to my brother's fiancée, Helen. Helen is Hostess's test rider."

Unabashed, Helen stood and held out her hand. Her eyes were cornflower blue, in stark contrast to her shoulder-length dark hair. She was relatively short compared to Honi's 5'10". Her abdominal muscles were lightly defined, and the color of the curly hair above her pubic mound matched her hair and eyebrows. Her smile was genuine. "Pleased to meet you Doctor." Honi took Helen's hand in hers as they shook hands.

Honi, feeling a bit awkward, was rescued by Hostess' husband. He strode into the room, with his contagious smile. It was obvious that his presence commanded the room. He reminded Honi of Gatsby, since he wore his tailored and expensive clothing informally, with his only jewelry being a stainless steel Rolex with a green bezel, casually slung around this left wrist. His manicured fingers unconsciously raked his blonde hair. Apparently oblivious to the fact that Helen and Stephanie were stark naked, he asked blithely, "Well ladies, what are we talking about?"

The Hostess answered, "We just got here, my love." She explained, pointing with a grin at Stephanie and Helen, "These two were lollygagging." She looked with twinkling eyes at her husband, saying, "Personally, I'd make them suck you off, while I discuss with Dr. Honi the problem she has with interspecies sex."

He looked at his beautiful wife and smiled. Silently agreeing, he tugged at his belt, fiddled with the top button beneath it, and his trousers slid down to his ankles. Since he wore no underwear, his penis came into view - still soft, but enormous.

Honi could only stare as both girls slid off the bench, and walked over to him, obediently getting onto their knees. It was Helen who lifted her hands to his stirring cock. She began to stroke it, while the red haired Stephanie's hands began to caress his balls. There was no hesitation in their actions.

The Hostess smiled at Honi, while Helen made a sort of hollow tube with her thumb and fingers of one hand. She slipped that over the tip of his cock, and began moving her hand up and down. Each time it went down, his cock head slapped the center of her palm, making a sound that soon had Honi watering from two openings in her body - mouth and pussy.

Helen started with her up and down at a slow to medium speed. She then began speeding up, and looked up to see his reaction. Helen began to almost chant, "That's it, Steph. Suck those balls, you bitch, let's get him to spunk your hair and face."

Steph began to mumble, as one of his magnificent balls slipped into her mouth.

The Hostess canted her head and watched as Honi lost her composure. The vet's breath began to synchronize with her husband's grunts of pleasure. Almost drooling, Honi noticed that he had tangled his hands into Helen's hair and he began to thrust into her waiting, wet, warm, willing mouth.

Honi watched as he coaxed Helen up to kiss his tip of his burgeoning penis. She blushed and felt the wetness of her own her lips and tongue, and her sex seemed to have become a furnace. She gulped

noticeably, as he thrust Helen's head back down on his cock, pushing his throbbing member deeper and deeper into her eager mouth.

Helen started taking it deeper, deep as she could – taking his entire cock, and, breathlessly, she kept it there. Stephanie began to kiss her breasts passionately, as Helen's throat contracted around the cock.

The 'master' goaded Helen on, muttering commands. "Deeper. Good girl! Take it in your throat. Good girl, swallow my cock. Swallow it! Good, oh Yesssss! That's so good!"

Honi croaked a question to the beauty beside her, "Doesn't it bother you that they are having sex with him?" she asked.

There was a gurgle from Helen, as the attractive man's hips bucked as he shuddered, breathing hard. Helen was swallowing his cum, as he took a noisy breath. Imitating a southern accent, he voiced a denial. "Ah did naut have sex with that wohman," he chuckled in a 'Clintonish' way.

The Hostess looked directly into Honi's green eyes. "Why should it? It gave me pleasure watching him enjoy himself. The girls enjoy serving him. I enjoy serving him." Her gaze never left Honi's as her fingers almost sensually began to unbutton her own blouse. It was soon obvious that, like Stephanie earlier, the Hostess wore no bra. She let her designer jeans slide from her hips and stepped from her discarded clothing, to push her way in-between Helen and Stephanie.

She lifted her head and with her left hand she grasped her husband's cock. The girls began to kiss the Hostess's shoulders, arms and intimate parts of her body. They caressed her, as she got her husband hard once again with her hands. She held his thick cock in one hand, with her other hand brushing against his belly and legs. She closed her eyes and placed the tip of his cock against her lips. Slowly, she opened her mouth and slipped the head of his cock into her mouth. Honi could see her cheeks bulge as she used her tongue to tease him.

Her husband moaned and leaned back, finding it hard to remain standing. He placed one hand each on Helen and Steph's shoulders. They kept him from falling back, supporting him, as the Hostess began to murmur obscenities. "You like my mouth, don't you? Love to be fucked by my mouth, don't you?"

She started taking more of his shaft into her mouth. Soon she had a rhythm going, bobbing up and down his length. She used her hand to jerk him off into her mouth, his cock wet with her saliva. Her other hand had fluttered down between her thighs. Her fingers became a blur of motion against her clit.

Honi stood there, watching. Her own hand drifted to her junction between her legs, as the Hostess unabashedly sucked off her husband in front of her.

The Hostess' tongue swirled and his hips began to tremble. The Hostess moved her head back, keeping only her lips around the magnificent purple glans of the head. She pumped her hand, swirling her tongue around the head, sucking hard. From time to time, she'd lean back, letting his swollen member pop out of her mouth, to give it a lick along the length of the shaft, both lubricating it, and giving herself a chance to breathe. Only for a moment, because then she'd suck the head back into her mouth, and her hand resumed her rapid motion up and down its length.

He growled and as he began to spasm, the Hostess let his spraying cock slide from her lips. His cock hosed semen, shooting it into her hair, and onto her face and upper body. He gave a contented sigh as his cock stopped spurting those copious gobs of cum at his wife. He rolled his head with pleasure.

His eyes focused on Honi, who stood mesmerized, still licking her lips and stroking herself through the material of her jeans. He lifted his face, and raising his chin, he waited, his eyes blazing into Honi's soul. But soon he said, "Well girl? I'm waiting." His voice was soft, compelling, commanding her with a certainty that she would obey.

Honi didn't understand. Her mind reeled, as she thought, "What the fuck?" But in a moment, she responded. "Wha... What must I do?" she stammered, meekly.

"His command was succinct. "Strip and lay over that bench!"

Honi's body obeyed without conscious thought on her part. Without any theatrics, she unbuttoned her blouse, and unsnapped her bra, removing it. She unbuttoned her expensive jeans, pulling them and her soaked panties down together. She then bent over the strangely shaped cool wooden bench, oblivious to the knowing eyes of the three women watching her curiously. Her need was to obey. She wanted to obey. She had to obey him.

In moments, she could feel his breath on her inner thighs. His hands gently traveled up towards her vaginal lips, closer and closer, but then retreated away, only to start traveling up the other thigh, closer and closer but once again stopping at the last second. This time he just ran a finger over the skin between the lips and the top of the thigh.

Honi groaned, pumping her hips in anticipation, the teasing causing her to lose any inhibitions. After an infinite age, finally a warm finger brushed very lightly over the outer lips, only to retreat again. An infinite time later, finally, finally going through her opening, eliciting a moan of pleasure from Honi.

His fingers now gently massaged inside the gateway to her soul. His focus was on the opening to her sodden vagina and without guile, she showed her appreciation with another series of guttural moans.

Without hesitating, he slipped a finger inside, making Honi shiver in pleasure as he slid in, slowly exploring, her wet warm walls contracting wantonly. Her body gripped his finger needfully.

He crooked his finger, rubbing and massaging her, teasing her, pressing in and withdrawing until her inner thighs began to tremble. He was slowly building up the intensity, bringing her closer and closer to her climax.

She bit her lip to keep from screaming as the need for orgasm got closer and closer. Her breathing became labored as her muscles tensed. Then came blissful release, as pleasure flooded through her in waves of shuddering - thrilling waves of pleasure, and, for an instant, the world stopped turning. Honi couldn't think at that moment.

Minutes later, spiraling down, she was asking herself, "Did I really allow that to happen to me? Did I allowed myself to submit to this man? Did I strip myself bare and let him finger me to orgasm, in front of his wife? Also, in front of two women who did abhorrent acts to dumb animals?"

The room erupted with conspiratorial female chuckling. He raised his hand and the silence was as instantaneous as it was deafening.

Honi blushed profusely. "How.... What happened? Ho....How did this happen?"

He was obviously amused by Honi's innocence. He spoke softly, but his voice reverberated in the stillness of the room. The only other sound was soft breathing. "It's different, different for

everyone,” he explained. “For Stephanie, it’s the excitement and an almost sibling dependence on Helen. Helen has a need to display and shock. For my Hostess, she has an innate knowledge of human sexual needs and pleasure. Nothing is too dirty, slutty or too taboo for her. She enjoys sex. She enjoys everything that construes sex. For me it’s control. I control. Once I discover what puts a need to submit into a person’s psyche, I can control them, like I controlled you just now. I don’t own you, yet I control you, and you, you have discovered that you need to be controlled. I will take that need and mold it if you let me. I can give you more sexual pleasure than you can imagine. You will not be a submissive or a slave. You will be mine, like Hostess, Stephanie and Helen.”

Still bent over the wooden bench, with her sex gaping and exposed, Honi nodded her head and stuttered out, “That s-sounds... like sexual slavery.” She paused, and in a moment of insanity worked up the courage to speak once more, “Is there more I’ll need to know or do?”

“Yes. You’ll call me Master when we’re together, or when I require it. If you are at my side in public you’ll smile and say nothing else unless I tell you to. Hostess, as my wife, expects you to be cordial and sufficiently submissive towards her in public. We don’t want any gossip, or any reason for anyone to ever ask questions about us. We are always above reproach, and intend to stay that way. You’ll refer to my wife as Hostess, and she’ll refer to you as Doctor, Dr. Honi, or any term of endearment she feels you deserve.

“Steph and Helen will be your equals in your journey forward. Each of them are professional career women, and considered experts in their own field. Should you accept what we’re offering, I’m stressing: Should you agree to this, you become our family. We will love, protect, and give you what your subconscious truly desires – discipline and control.

“If I ask you to do something, you obey instantly, or be punished for your lack of discipline. Should I spank you, cum all over you, fuck you, make you cum, or so much as lay a finger on you – you thank me, politely. If you forget your manners, you’ll be disciplined. If you follow the path I choose for you – if you are a good little girl for me, you will live in a state of constant pleasure from which I guarantee you’ll never want to leave.”

He used this thumb to wipe a speck of cum from his wife’s pursed lips. He looked directly at Honi, and again it seemed as if his eyes pierced her soul. Confidently, he asked her, “How does all of this sound, dear?”

Honi narrowed her eyes, shifting uncomfortably. What did this man expect her to say? Her brain had already agreed, her body had responded to his touch, he seemed to know her every thought. “Yes Master, I accept!”

Honi came out of her reverie, and looked at Chloe, thinking to herself, “How can I summarize all that in a few sentences?” She smiled. Maybe the Master could explain it better to the young girl.

The End