

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One - Mexican Vacation

It was nearly 4 PM by the time Nancy Graves and her teenage step-daughter awoke from their naps to note their plane was preparing to land at the secluded airport in the small South American country. They had been travelling all day by private charter jet from SFO to the remote airstrip cut from the jungle.

The pilot hadn't said a word to the two women as he pulled their bags from the storage bin and deposited them into black Jeep 4x4 Nancy had been assured would be at their disposal for the two week mother-daughter eco-adventure getaway.

The plan was to use her teenage step-daughter's Spring Break from boarding school to re-connect and get re-acquainted while her husband, Bob, completed a job in Saudi Arabia, one that would take him away from the states for at least another 3 months. It was lonely in the luxurious San Francisco mansion without Bob or her step-daughter Sandy, but Nancy kept involved in social activities and galas and work-outs at the gym to pass the time, while looking forward to her step-daughter's visits home for the holidays.

The vacation spot, indeed all the travel arrangements, had been suggested by an acquaintance Nancy had made at the gym. The striking brunette who's card read simply "Lifestyle Consultant" had struck up a conversation with Nancy when they were working out a month earlier, and, while not one to make friends easily, Nancy had reluctantly accepted the invitation to cool down with a cup of iced coffee together as they changed back to street clothes in the gym's ultra-modern locker rooms.

It wasn't until a few weeks later when the ravishing and charismatic older woman had asked Nancy where she liked to vacation, that Nancy revealed that she had not yet planned where to take her 18 year old step-daughter when she returned from boarding school in March. It was then that Sylvia, put her cool hand on Nancy's bare thigh and assured her that she would arrange everything.

Not one to normally assert herself, especially in the presence of such a self-confident and beautiful new friend, Nancy meekly acquiesced. The next time they met, Sylvia handed Nancy the tickets and brochure describing what she assured her young friend would be the 'experience of a lifetime'.

Without betraying a thing, Sylvia mentally calculated her commission for delivering two young American women to her client in the lucrative white slave trade. Although she had only glimpsed a photo of Nancy's step-daughter, Sylvia knew that these two would fetch 6 figures as a pair when trained to perform together for the wealthy men and women who enjoyed such things. The training of course would commence immediately upon their arrival at the secluded mansion operated by the equally ruthless Mimi Von Bracken. Sylvia looked forward to the video she knew would accompany the handsome commission check for her procurement services.

The previous 'shipment' nearly 6 months ago had consisted of a two young French tourists, blond twin sisters, who had stumbled into Sylvia's trap on the first day of what had been planned as a carefree exploration of the American west coast prior to college. Sylvia had spotted them both at SFO coming off an Air France flight from Paris. Grappling with unwieldy suitcases, they had been easy prey for the sophisticated white slaver, who had offered to give them a lift in her limo into the city. In the rear of the limo, Sylvia had made sure that both had ingested enough date-rape drug in their Cokes that they were easily knocked out. Her loyal driver then circled back to the airport, where they were bundled into the private jet for the 12 hour direct flight to the remote Mexican

airstrip. When the two awoke, handcuffed together in the basement of the jungle estate, they never had a chance.

Now six months later, and blissfully unaware of the danger they faced, Nancy brushed her luxurious blond locks back behind her ears, her bright blue eyes taking in the lush green foliage that seemed to grow by the minute. Her cute, upturned preppy nose and high cheekbones made her by any standards a stunner, and although her modeling days were in the past for the 25 year old beauty, not a day went by that the long-legged, slim hipped and shapely socialite wasn't hit on by men on the street. After marrying Bob just the year before, she and her step-daughter, just 7 years younger, could be confused for sisters, and often were.

Nancy's step-daughter Sandy was equally stunning, with adolescent good looks that contrasted those of her beautiful step-mother, the younger girl sporting a mane of red hair to complement her bright emerald green eyes, sprinkles of freckles and pale skin. Sandy wore her hair long and it fell below her shoulders to just above her proud gravity-defying C cup breasts. Her tapered waist and slightly flared hips led to coltishly, long legs that brought the teen to just under 5 and a half feet - nearly the same height as her long-legged stepmother.

Together the two made an appetizing sight to the pilots who watched them get settled in their vehicle.

"Welcome to the rain forest" one said, smiling thru his untrimmed black mustache. "What brings you to our small country?" he inquired.

"We're doing some sightseeing, visiting old Mayan temples and a few days at the jungle reserve" Nancy responded as she took the passports from the man and tucked them into the breast pocket of her tightly fitting safari jacket. "We thought we would drive to the resort tonight, then hike up to the ruins tomorrow." she added.

"I see" responded the other pilot. There isn't cell phone service here, and the weather can change quickly, so don't venture too far from the main road." he added, barely concealing his smirk.

"We're experienced travelers" Sandy piped in, irritated by his solicitous man. "I'm sure we'll be fine" she added, turning her back on him and walking around to the passenger side of the jeep.

"I'm sure you will be. Enjoy yourselves señoritas" waved the pilot, turning to the small hut that served as the airport maintenance building, concealing the shiv he had used to puncture the fuel line in the jeep the women would be driving.

It was at least a two hour drive thru the rough mud road to the spot on the map designating the jungle lodge, which would have put them there at exactly 6 PM, had the jeep not made it half the distance before the engine began to cough and eventually die. Mother and daughter looked at one another in alarm as Nancy tried again and again to restart the engine.

"Mom...what's wrong" asked Sandy as her mother pounded the steering wheel with the palms of her hands in frustration.

"I can't believe it...the tank was full when we left...more than enough to get to the lodge and back...and now it reads empty" Nancy moaned.

"It's getting dark, and the only thing showing on the map is a small outpost nearly a mile ahead" Sandy volunteered helpfully. "Maybe we can walk there and they can lend us some gas?"

"I think that's our best bet." The mother agreed. Let's take our backpacks with us and hike up the road before it gets too dark. Hopefully someone will be there to help."

Mother and daughter set off up the steep incline, occasionally stepping in puddles or stumbling on fallen branches as the light began to fade and night seemed to close in on the two travelers. Both kept up their spirits by chatting about school, current events and even a course that Sandy had taken the last semester that had been taught by the only openly lesbian teacher at her all-girls boarding school.

"The thing was she was a really great teacher...in spite of the fact that she always seemed to look at me in that way..." Sandy's voice trailed off.

"In what way" asked the older woman, picking thru the rutted road just steps ahead of her young daughter.

"You know mom...in the same way that boys look at girls...Like they want to devour you or something".

"its just weird having a woman hit on me, you know what I mean?" Sandy stated, not really expecting an answer from her more conservative mother.

Nancy paused, contemplating her words before answering. She knew exactly what her daughter was referring to. More than one of the socialites in her circle of friends in San Francisco were avowed lesbians, and some had even brazenly propositioned the young housewife at galas or formal dinners. Late at night, alone in her bed with only her vibrator, Nancy's thoughts had drifted to what those women might do if she let them - and as of late, while trying to picture her husband Bob instead of a plastic toy thrusting into her moist pussy, the image of her friend Sylvia came to mind, pinning her down and making her beg that brought her the most powerful orgasms. Nancy was grateful her blush was unseen by her daughter.

"mom?...did you hear what I said?" Sandy repeated, looking back over her shoulder at her stepmom, just 10 feet behind.

Shaken from the reverie of imagined illicit sex with another woman, Nancy attempted to catch up to the conversation in as natural a way as possible..."yes sweetheart. Well you were brought up to fend for yourself. I guess it's to be expected when you are a pretty as you are."

Sandy silently contemplated her step-mother's words as she stepped over the tangled underbrush.

Step mother and daughter fell into uncomfortable silence for the next few minutes, until, rounding a bend, they came across a well-tended estate seemingly hacked out of the jungle. A steel gate with an intercom and a sign reading 'Beware of Dogs' gave the two young women pause as they realized this was the outpost shown on the map.

It was obviously a private estate, and the owners, whoever they might be, would not want to be disturbed by two travelers in trouble. Yet it was the only option available to the two Americans and with trepidation, and the sun setting, they resolved to ask for help.

Nancy reached forward and tentatively pushed the button once. A remotely operated camera panned the two women before a voice came over the intercom.

"May I help you?" inquired a clear, confident, heavily accented voice, that of a woman. Nancy couldn't place the accent except that it sounded faintly Germanic, and altogether commanding.

“Yes, please...our car broke down and we need your assistance. We ran out of gas about a mile down the road” Nancy explained gazing at the camera.

There was silence for nearly 30 seconds before a metallic clank indicated that the gate was about to swing open. Nancy and Sandy looked at one another in relief as they shouldered their backpacks and began the long trek up the driveway to what they presumed would be their source of assistance.

From inside the mansion, Mimi von Bracken, mistress of the estate and owner of everything as far as the eye could see, allowed a smile to cross her face. The image in the video camera confirmed that the two young women, mother and daughter, were no less delectable than she had been led to believe by her well-paid contacts in San Francisco, who had suggested the trip to Nancy, and from the Jet’s pilots, who had radioed ahead to say she could expect her two visitors shortly.

The rain forest lodge that these two thought they were proceeding to was merely a ruse Mimi had used time and again to attract and recruit affluent, beautiful and naïve young travelers from around the world to her jungle lair. Once ensnared, their training would begin in earnest, until they became Mimi’s perfect playthings at her beck and call. Then, when she tired of them, she would use them to train a new set of slaves, before setting them loose or sending them into white slavery south of the border.

This would be amusing, Mimi thought, breaking mother and step-daughter at the same time. She wondered who would be the first to submit to Mimi’s twisted desires. Who would resist the most? Who would then capitulate and, in the ultimate betrayal, reluctantly urge the other to participate lest she be punished severely.

Would it be the fresh-faced red headed youngster with the coltish ass and proud breasts who would first lose control? Or would her blond, but equally sexy young mother with the perfect breasts relinquish her dignity and give in, step-by-humiliating step, as she engaged in her own debasement, and then encouraged her daughter’s debauchery?

Mimi stroked the heads of the two enormous wolfhounds, sitting rigidly at attention next to her high backed chair as she watched the two women exchange looks of astonishment as they made their way up the steps of the mansion. She wondered which of the two women would be first to grasp the magnitude of what was in store for them when it became clear that their jobs would be to satisfy Mimi and her canine companions. Who would fight the hardest to prevent being taken by the dogs, Mimi wondered, the red head or the blond?

Not that it would matter. They always put up a spirited fight, only slightly drugged so as to be acutely aware but unable to suppress their own arousal, shamed and debased while fighting to prevent the animals from engaging in the powerful seduction and mating ritual that no woman could resist.

That was the moment Mimi liked best, as the dogs began their sensual attack, barking, licking, pawing, nuzzling and tearing away clothing, as the girl would try to run or hide or cower in the corner to get away from the assault.

It was the look of shock at the moment of realization of what was transpiring that Mimi eagerly anticipated in all of her conquests. Indignation, then angry defiance, followed by hollow threats, then sobbing, then pleading, then futile attempts at bargaining with Mimi, always led up to the inevitable surrender. The victims sometimes tried to reason with the monstrous hounds, or cajole them to desist with hollow ‘bad dog...stop that right now’ but their defiance always turned to terror and then submission with a brief show of fangs and a nip that never drew blood.

After the show of teeth, it was then only a few short minutes before the girl would hopelessly surrender her body to the well-trained animal's relentless sensual assault, with a long tongue exploring and gently stroking erogenous zones beginning with breasts and stomach, arms and ass. Then, as the girl grew tired of swatting away the unwanted attention and curling into a ball to protect her cunt and breasts, the dog would insert his experienced tongue into her ass and begin again.

If the girl somehow managed to block the dog's initial attack, he would take a different approach, emitting a low growl that morphed into a snarl until the whimpering young woman lowered her guard in reluctant surrender. It was then the dog would pounce using his paws and jaws to spread the woman's legs and stop her hands from blocking his intended targets.

This was the moment of truth, when the dog's skills and woman's inexperience would lead to a further degradation of her resistance. With steady, purposeful licks placed strategically between her legs and on her breasts, the incessant licking would begin to elicit a response. Then, with practiced ease, the dog would flip the prostrate girl over onto her stomach and then up onto her hands and knees as he prepared to take his prize.

If the girl continued to resist the dog would sometimes grab them by the scruff of the neck, fastening their jaws just tightly enough to still the struggling victim. Then with practiced ease the dog would proceed.

Although unnecessary, her dogs were expertly trained to prompt their victims to participate in their own hopeless capitulation, resisting the natural tendency to surge forward until the girl, insensate with fear, desire and passion, and terrified lest the organ breach the wrong portal, would reach back with a trembling hand to grasp and then guide the massive animal prick into her quivering pussy.

The dogs knew to take their time so as to savor their conquest, but also to afford Mimi and her paying guests the pleasure of witnessing the victim's utter debasement. The highlight of the show would be not jackhammer thrusts, but rather the slow, long strokes, followed by near complete withdrawal, with unnerving pauses that forced the girls to eventually buck back eagerly onto the massive organs or gyrate their hips in an attempt to entice the canine lover to scratch the carnal itch that dog cock always elicited.

A distant knock on the door signaled that the two young Americans had finally ascended the steps to the mansion. One of Mimi's servants, a young French girl in a skimpy black maid's outfit, answered the door as she had been trained to do.

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## **Part Two - The Feast**

Several hours later, as desert was being served, mother and daughter were feeling the effects of the aphrodisiac Mimi's servant had laced into the after dinner drinks consumed by the two naïve women. Mimi's maid, a striking young French girl who had been lured into the jungle with her twin sister 6 months earlier, knew by now the routine and performed it perfectly.

While serving dinner that her twin had prepared to perfection, she stole glances at the two new guests, trying hard to conceal her eager guilty anticipation of the evening's festivities. Peering thru the swinging wooden doors from the kitchen, she reached a tentative finger down beneath her tight servant's miniskirt, inside her lace panties, and began to stroke her sex as she thought of what lay ahead.

Perhaps these two new Americans would relieve her and her sister of the burden of servicing the insatiable hounds morning, noon and night - a needed respite from the demands of the two gigantic dogs on their tight 20 year old bodies. The maid thought back to the many times she and her twin had been schooled in exactly how to please the hounds with their mouths, tongues, pussies, hands and asses all in order to avoid the strict whip of their cruel mistress. Now it would be these Americans who would learn how to service the dogs, and that was fine in the eyes of the French girl peering into the dining room. She would take special pleasure in showing the older American woman and her 18 year old step-daughter exactly what the dogs liked and how they liked to get it.

With dinner cleared Mimi rose and asked her guests to join her in the study, by the roaring fire. She bade her two French servants to lend the two Americans some of their 'nightwear' the nature of which, had the Americans not been under the influence of the powerful aphrodisiac already, would have shocked them enough to flee.

Genevieve and Juliet escorted the two Americans to their boudoir where they playfully stripped the tipsy American mother and daughter of their clothes, lavishing compliments and lingering caresses on breasts and hips and derrière as they dressed them like dolls in lace and high heels and skimpy push-up bras.

Giggling as if enjoying a shared off-color joke, and unaware of what was to follow, the two Americans gamely played along and, once fitted, wobbled on their 3 inch heels as they were brought back into the study and presented to Mimi.

Standing side-by-side and holding hands for some reason that they could not fathom, the two Americans looked down at Mimi with glazed, slightly lidded eyes as they regarded for the first time, the two massive hounds sitting at attention besides her throne-like chair.

'That's strange', thought Nancy as she nervously shifted her weight from toe to heel. Those dogs seem to be keenly interested in what we're wearing, or perhaps in us. They are looking at us almost as one would look at a piece of meat.

At that very moment, what Mimi, the maids and the two dogs beheld were two beautiful American women, who were about to experience a life-altering experience.

"Well, well...it looks as if the party is about to begin" Mimi purred, studying first Nancy and then Sandy, with a sensual up and down sweep of her practiced eye.

"So tell me, have either of you ever made love to a woman?" she asked as she rose to her feet and walked behind the pair, revealing for the first time a short, black, mean looking squirt that she tapped against her sequined-covered thigh.

When neither replied, Mimi brought the squirt down on Nancy's buttocks, causing the woman to gasp and lurch forward just barely catching her balance.

"Answer me" Mimi commanded.

Both girls, stunned by this turn of events, looked at one another in astonishment as the step-mother shook her head in denial, while her step-daughter unwittingly hesitated, bit her lip in embarrassment, then shook her head adamantly.

This time Mimi brought the leather implement down on each girl's naked thighs. "That's 'No, Mistress from mother", Mimi corrected, and 'No, Mistress from daughter" Mimi said, smiling. The look of astonishment on Nancy's face was matched by Sandy's deep blush, as the mortified teenager

stared at the ground and choked back a sob.

Now, deep in the Amazon standing before Mimi, the dogs, and the two French maids, Sandy and her step-mother were too shocked and scared to object, and too unused to the towering heels to strike back, or to run.

"Very well, then, it's time for your lessons. Juliet you take the red head. Genevieve, you show her mother how to kiss. Mind you I want some passion in it or you'll feel a lot more of this" Mimi warned as she stroked the squirt down and under the pert ass of the younger girl.

Without hesitation, the two French girls walked up to mother and daughter and wrapped them in an embrace, while holding their chins at just the right angle to accept a full-mouthed kiss.

Mother gasped and attempted to push the French girl away, resistance that ended abruptly when Mimi brought the whip down on the American's pert ass eliciting a squeal.

Juliet was equally rough with the young red head, sinking her tongue down her throat as she squeezed her shapely ass with both hands.

After several moments Mimi barked: "That's enough. Now let's warm them up a bit for my boys. Genevieve, Juliet, on your knees. You know what to do."

Both French girls instantly dropped down and reaching forward to grab their hips, and simultaneously and without hesitation buried their heads beneath the skimpy outfits worn by the Americans. Both went to work with expert tongues well versed in bringing any woman to the edge of climax instantly.

"You're not to make them come, do you understand?" Mimi ordered. Both girls, their mouths fastened on the American women's 's privates grunted in assent.

The impact of the expert tonguing was not lost on Mimi. First daughter and then mother with eyes closed, reached down to steady herself on the heads of the French girls.

Then, overcome with the dual effect of the sensations coming from between their thighs and the drug and unable to stand any longer, both dropped to their knees and then fell forward onto hands and knees.

This was the signal the French girls knew well, as they glanced at Mimi who snapped her fingers at her two massive dogs, signaling it was time for them to take over.

The two women, mother and daughter, inches apart, eyes lidded and mouths agape, tentatively turned to one another and locked eyes.

"I expect a performance" Mimi stated, circling the mother and daughter slowly, running the edge of the leather whip from ass to shoulder of first the well-endowed mother and then step-daughter. "Let's see just how close mother and daughter can become, shall we?" she continued.

"What...what are you doing to us" the older woman protested. "I'll do whatever you ask, but leave my daughter out of it...I'm begging you" she pleaded.

Mimi's response was immediate, using the brief protest as an opportunity to signal she would brook no resistance, thwacking Nancy on the ass, causing her to push forward, crushing an unsuspecting Sandy's lips with a whimpering scream. Out of the corner of her eye, Sandy could see Mimi prepare to deliver another blow, this time to her, and she got the message. Grabbing her step-mother's head



with one hand, she pulled her into a full-mouthed kiss, tentatively sinking her tongue into the other woman's mouth.

Mimi held back on the next stroke and smiled approvingly. "That's a good girl. Now you mom, I want to see you grab some of your daughter's pretty little tit" she commanded the still horrified step-mom.

Pointer by pointer, with liberal doses of the leather rod, the girls descended into a Hell from which there would be no return. Within minutes, the sobbing mother was undressing her equally distraught daughter while the daughter did her best to obey orders to finger and then frig her mother's clit, eliciting short pants and indignant moans from the older woman.

The time had come for the main attraction, Mimi decided, and she snapped her fingers to call the two dogs into service.

The two French girls who had heretofore been observing the proceedings with empathy, knew that they too now had a role to play in Mimi's perverted fun.

"It's ok Miss, don't fight it...this you will enjoy" one girl cajoled the mother as she drew her away from her daughter to lay her down, spreading her legs with gentle caresses.

The other girl helped the daughter lie onto her back as she reached between her legs and gently pulled the lace panties to the side, exposing the teen's neatly trimmed red bush. As if given a silent command, the two dogs seized the moment to advance on their intended targets pushing aside their French accomplices as they crowded between the two women's outstretched limbs.

The two made a compelling portrait of debasement, the mother still putting up a spirited but losing battle to protect her step-daughter and herself, from the brutal assault. Raising her head up to find her daughter in the montage of human limbs and canine fur, Nancy was horrified to see the huge beast begin the next stage of seduction, first sniffing and then immediately drawing his tongue up between the already moist folds of the younger woman's cleft. If there was any doubt as to the effect, it was dispelled as Sandy's legs flopped open and one tentative hand lifted to rest on the head of the huge beast in defeat.

It was at that exact moment that Nancy learned first hand what pleasures her step-daughter was experiencing, for the dog towering over her hips lowered his head and using his sharp canines, ripped the soaked panties off the woman.

"No...please don't...bad dog" Nancy mouthed to express her outrage. "I don't want this. You must stop" she said to herself but out loud. Her words went unheeded, as the giant dog plunged his long tongue deep into her snatch and laved from g-spot to clit and back.

"Oh...Oh...Oh" Nancy moaned as the dog set about his practiced routine of seduction. Up and back he stroked, curling around the woman's sensitive clitoris while dipping in and scooping out the liquid evidence of her arousal.

The dog knew it would not be long now, assuming his mistress would approve, before he would take his own pleasure. This was the part the dogs liked most: insensate with desire, on the edge of a massive orgasm, and humiliated in front of an audience of Mimi's friends or servants, these female humans would always succumb, and then participate in her own debasement as they began their slide into depravity.

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Part Three . The Lair

They were always resistant and some outright rebellious in the beginning. Most of Mimi's conquests were young women lured to the jungle on the pretense of an 'eco-trip' to pad their job resume or college application. Once in Mimi's lair however, the outcome of the trip quickly became clear.

Fresh conquests for the mistress of the estate, and reliable if reluctant sex partners for her pack of dogs, was the focal point of the exercise. Filming and profiting from the shows, which drew a world-wide audience of voyeurs with deep pockets, was the business rationale. But truth be known, for Mimi, this was a labor of love.

The secluded estate was the ideal setting for Mimi's activities. Isolated so as to deter her captives from attempting escape, and located to give plausibility to the cover story of being a refuge for travellers who's 4x4's broke down on the way to an eco-lodge.

Mimi scoffed at the irony of bright eyed and well intentioned young women wishing to experience and photograph wildlife in the wilderness being themselves photographed instead on the receiving end of a wildlife experience that would change them forever.

In the decade that she had owned the mansion there had been dozens of victims who had literally walked into her lair unsuspecting and initially grateful for refuge. The two eager young school teachers, the ambitious junior professor of feminist studies from Harvard, the bitchy celebrity MILF and her cowering personal assistant, the daft sorority sisters on spring break, the aloof supermodel and her quiet photographer, the spoiled brat of a Hollywood MILF acting on the advice of a corrupt 'admissions counselor' and now this mother and daughter combo...all had reacted in virtually the same way as the reality of their predicament was revealed to them.

First was gushing gratitude and profuse thanks directed by the newcomer towards the towering and regal hostess as she greeted the bedraggled visitors in the foyer of her huge mansion.

With smiles they always told the same story, explaining how their car had broken down just a half mile down the dirt road, asking to use a phone to call 'daddy' back home.

Mimi would explain that the phone lines had been knocked out by a passing storm, but that they were welcome to stay as her guests until a call could be made to fetch gas or a spare tire or whatever the pretext was for the 'breakdown'.

When they accepted the invitation they had no idea that they would never again be leaving Mimi's estate until they were trained to worship dog cock and crave cunt and Mimi had tired of them and secured a replacement.

None would suspect that the tea being served in the library to the newcomers contained a powerful quick-acting aphrodisiac that would forcefully wrest control of a woman's body, arousing her against her will, while leaving the victim's mental faculties and sense of propriety intact.

Then, as the drug took hold and the conversation progressed, the visitors would note an inability to focus on anything but the imperious hostess' words as a general awareness of heightened sexual arousal seemed to preoccupy their thoughts. It would start with a tingling sensation and engorged nipples sensitive to the touch of fabric and lace bra. Soon, there would be a sensation of moisture in the groin, as if she were fantasizing about sexual intercourse, and then, like a bomb going off, her clitoris would emerge pressing against the fabric of her panty seam or G-string.

Crossing her legs in an attempt to still the mounting sensations drew a gasp from the young women

and a slight smile from Mimi. Mimi would continue the conversation, enjoying the reactions of her guest or guests. It was at times like this that she enjoyed reflecting on her prior conquests.

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#### **Part Four - Professor 12 months earlier**

"Is something the matter, dear?" she had inquired of the newly arrived young professor who was twitching in her seat, attempting to grind her nether regions down into the cushion of the couch on which she was seated across from Mimi.

"I think I just must be tired" Heather whimpered hoping to be excused so she could retire to a private room and use her inexperienced fingers to relieve the itch.

"Of course you are young lady" Mimi responded snapping her fingers to summon one of her gigantic dogs from the back room. "I have just the thing to relax you" Mimi purred as the first dog bounded into the room.

"Oh I'm afraid of dogs" Heather blurted out when the huge animal came to a stop in front of Mimi.

"There's nothing to be afraid of Professor" Mimi responded sharply. "Perhaps you would be more comfortable if you removed your work clothes and slipped into something better suited to the warmth of the tropics" Mimi continued, holding out her hand indicating that the young woman was to disrobe right then and there.

"Off with it" Mimi ordered looking into the eyes of the twitching young woman.

"I c..c...can't" the young woman began before her protests were cut short by a low growl coming from the dog not 5 feet away. The giant animal was accustomed to these seductions, recognizing a tone of voice that indicated resistance, and he had been taught to stifle any protests.

"It seems as if my canine friend doesn't appreciate your attitude young lady" Mimi snapped. "Neither do I. You are my guest in this house, soliciting a substantial donation for your university. You will never refuse me or my dogs."

Reluctantly, with her gaze shifting from dog to Mimi and back, Heather's trembling fingers began to pop the buttons on her blouse before it fell to the floor. Her butt-hugging pencil-thin skirt followed leaving her in bra and panties and high heels.

While it had been her intention to pause, another growl from the dog and Mimi's outstretched hands settled the matter as she fumbled with the clasp on her bra before handing it to the other woman. Next came the panties and finally the shoes and socks.

Now standing completely naked before the seated woman, Heather attempted to cover her groin and breasts with each arm. The brunette was completely unprepared for what came next.

"I can smell you from here" Mimi snapped, "and so can my dog. Let's scratch that itch for you, shall we?"

On a verbal command from Mimi, the dog stood up and walked directly to the cringing young woman. His giant tongue lashed out at her gash causing the girl to jump backwards and inadvertently fall onto the couch that was directly behind her.

Arms in the air and legs spread akimbo, Heather momentarily let her guard down to the dog's delight. His next lick cut thru her moist privates like a hot knife thru butter. The normally composed brunette gasped in astonishment as the giant dog thrust his nose between her legs and licked again.

Flustered and completely taken by surprise Heather could only gasp as lick after lick landed squarely on her hypersensitive loins. Her abject fear of the dog told her to make a run for it, but it had grown dark outside and the jungle was dangerous at night...and she was naked.

"Please make him stop" implored the young professor, looking to Mimi for help.

"Stop? Why on earth would I do that? He's been anticipating this moment since you appeared at my door. He loves fresh conquests as much as I do." Mimi continued.

As the dog continued licking Mimi dropped the boom. "I think you two will become good friends this weekend. Very good friends" Mimi smiled, noticing the ragged breaths the young woman was taking as the dog's tongue lapped at her sensitive clitoris.

Mimi knew the dog to be an insatiable lover, demanding his new conquests service his cock 3 or more times a day. With training, the girl, like the others before her, would become adept at using her mouth, hands, pussy and ass to give him what he wanted. The young professor would quickly learn that it was better to volunteer her body than to resist and suffer the consequences.

But those would be hard lessons for later, probably learned after Heather returned home to Cambridge and the strict methods of Mimi's good friend and business accomplice who was now the powerful Chairwoman of Feminist Studies at the university.

For now, the professor's dignity and reserve were literally being stripped away with every lash of the dog's silken tongue.

The young professor differed from Mimi's other conquests in that she had intentionally been sent to the rainforest for a meeting with Mimi at the direction of her boss, Elizabeth Meriweather, Chairwoman of the fearsome Department of Feminist Studies at Harvard. Earlier that week, standing before the intimidating powerhouse after being summoned on short notice, Heather was told that a major benefactor, a Mimi von Braken, had pledged financial support to Harvard contingent on a personal visit and 'presentation' from the newly appointed young scholar.

Mimi's private jet had been dispatched to fetch the professor, bring her to Mimi's estate, and return her to Harvard after the long weekend.

"Need I remind you, your objective is to return with a sizable check, my dear" her boss had stated. "Do what it takes. Don't come back without it".

"Yes, ma'am" the intimidated young woman gulped, nodding her head vigorously. Heather was on thin ice and desperate to impress the powerful woman. She was new to the position and, she suspected, the only non-lesbian on the faculty. That was two strikes against her. To succeed past her probationary period she needed to make friends and fit in. She had shuddered at the prospect that she might have to have sex with any of the more senior faculty members, all women, in order to keep her job. Heather wasn't wired that way, although she did notice an unwelcome tingling sensation when one of the faculty members would corner and hit on her at the Friday night cocktail parties.

"I'm sorry. I'm seeing someone" Heather would lie, slipping away.

Now, within hours of her arrival in Mexico, Heather was coming to understand that there might be no limit to what she might have to do to secure the contribution. A second hound bounded into the room, sniffing the musk in the air and making a beeline towards the prostrate professor.

It was the arrival of the second dog that triggered a thought in the professor's mind as she fought against sensations of a massive onrushing orgasm.

Didn't her boss and some of the other faculty members also have large dogs they brought to work? And why did it seem that she always felt on the defensive in the presence of Meriweather's dog who seemed to devour her with his gaze whenever Heather entered her office? Could there be some connection? Could Meriweather and Mimi and the rest of the department be collaborating in some way?

Which was exactly what was transpiring, of course. The two powerful women had made a deeply satisfying and profitable game of trading the nubile bodies of their naïve, newly recruited subordinates almost as party favors.

"Now remember, my dear Mimi, the girl I'm sending you is inexperienced and straight." Meriweather had admonished Mimi when the transfer had been arranged. "Promise me you will only break her in and not try to train her. That's for me and King to have fun with when you return her to me."

"Yes, yes, of course." Mimi had responded impatiently as she examined the headshot of her new visitor. "I'll return her good as new...but with a photographic portfolio she will do anything to keep private".

And that leverage of exposure and disgrace would be enough to turn even a chaste, ambitious young academic into a reluctant participant in the sordid world of sexual domination and bestial perversion.

No sooner had Heather returned to Cambridge after a weekend at the mercy of Mimi and her hounds, sleep deprived and still drugged to block out the totality of traumatic memories of what had transpired, she had reported as ordered in a mental fog to the office of her regal boss.

"Did you get the check, dear?" Meriweather inquired as Heather stood before her desk, now more aware than ever of the huge dog reclining on the floor, observing the young woman as one would a new toy.

Hand trembling, Heather handed the older woman a large envelope, as she fought to remember details of the weekend that was a complete blur. There was something about the way the dog looked at her that gripped her in fear but she couldn't put her finger on it.

Opening the envelope, and shaking out the contents onto her desk, the older woman first examined the check and nodded with satisfaction at the generosity of the seven figure donation. She then turned her attention to the other contents. These were glossy photographs depicting the young professor, nude, and engaged in sexual activity with two large dogs and her friend Mimi.

10 glossy prints in all snatched from a high definition video, each still photo in sequence depicted the initially composed but very nervous Heather attempting to make a good impression on Mimi. Then as she was being overcome by the powerful aphrodisiac she was overpowered by the determined assault of the two dogs. After she had inexplicably disrobed on Mimi's command and been forced onto the couch, the two dogs made quick work of their conquest.

Photo after photo showed the dogs teaming up to tongue her to defeat, casually flip her over onto hands and knees, and then one dog fucking her senseless as the other dog held her still by the neck, before switching places. The final photo depicted the exhausted young professor bent submissively before Mimi on all fours, tongue outstretched, licking the dominatrix to orgasm, as she was being vigorously dog fucked from behind.

“Well, well...I can see that it wasn't all work and no play for you, my dear. So tell me, do you think now would be a good time to demonstrate some of your new skills on the departmental mascot?”

“He's the only male on the faculty here, and, as the most junior faculty member it's your job to keep him happy.”

Heather was speechless, mouth agape and eyes wide, but spirit completely broken when the photos were laid in front of her one after the next. The horrid memories she had suppressed rushed back like a tidal wave. “Oh God...” she sobbed, knowing the brilliant academic career to which she had devoted herself was in jeopardy, covering her face with both hands. If these photos ever got out she would never work again.

But the reality was so much worse than even she could grasp.

“Now, now Heather. It won't be so bad. King is a considerate lover, but he is insatiable. If you are good to him, and to me, this will go well. You might come to enjoy his attentions. And before you know it, you will be looking forward to your 'doggie dates' we will arrange with King and his friends”.

Meriweather paused before delivering the knockout blow.

“if you apply yourself, I may even permit you to recruit one of your pretty little undergraduate students to share the burden of satisfying his needs.” Meriweather pronounced, knowing that the blackmail that worked so well on Heather would pay dividends as she was forced to bring in new conquests for her mistress and dog.

Bright eyed and naïve, the pretty young woman would be betrayed by Heather, herself a slave of her lesbian boss, into the most unspeakable perversions.

“Why don't you step forward and put your palms on my desk, and spread your legs apart so King can taste you as we discuss your new duties?” Meriweather commanded as she clapped her manicured hands twice.

That was the signal King had been awaiting. The huge dog lumbered to his feet as Heather continued to struggle for breath. Then, robotically, and with resistance broken, she stepped forward with her arms outstretched and feet apart, propping herself on the desk over which the photos were scattered.

“Good girl” Meriweather encouraged. “King, lick!” she commanded. The dog wasted no time as he thrust his snout beneath the young woman's dress. Snagging her g-string in his massive jaws, King tore them off with an effortless shake of his head.

Anticipating this violent action Meriweather had leaned forward over her desk and put her weight on the younger woman's wrists so as to squelch any attempt at withdrawal as King went to work.

This was the moment Meriweather savored. With her face not 12 inches from Heather's, she peered at her struggling conquest, meeting her wide open eyes. Meriweather noted the humiliated look of

surprise and failing resistance as her young colleague registered the first sweep of King 's practiced tongue.

Heather's jaw dropped and eyes went wide as the dog began to lick, murmuring "no, please, make him stop" in a pleading breathless whisper.

Stroke after stroke, from bottom to top, King performed his practiced routine, perfected on his Mistresses' other conquests in this very position. Bent over the desk, panties torn away, hands pinned firmly, legs spread, and balancing on tip toe, the young woman tried vainly to move her bottom away from the dogs tongue.

King saw the movement and growled, as trained, to still his target.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you" Meriweather warned, looking directly into the struggling woman's eyes. "King wants the same treatment you gave to Mimi's dogs. That's only fair, don't you think?"

Heather froze, and in abject humiliation, lowered her forehead to the mahogany table as the dog's licking resumed. Lick after lick parted her loins, drawing moisture from her arousal that inspired the dog to redouble his efforts.

Confident in King's mastery and control, Meriweather released one wrist to reach for a leather collar she had had fabricated with the words 'King's Bitch' stenciled in large letters. Snapping the collar around Heather's slim neck she next fastened a leash which she tugged once to command the woman's attention.

"My dog is going to fuck you now." Meriweather commanded as she gave the order to her well trained dog. "Take her, King".

Effortlessly, the huge animal jumped up onto Heather's back and wrapped his powerful forelegs around the young woman's waist, his weight forcing the woman down onto the desk top. He simultaneously stabbed his cock forward, grazing the desired portal.

"Reach behind and help him." Meriweather ordered calmly, jerking on the leash.

Insensate with fear and arousal, Heather obeyed, grasping the large tool in one hand while shifting her hips upwards and angling her pussy to make the task easier. The exquisitely trained dog held steady, knowing that his mistress always preferred when the new conquest would do the work.

Heather rotated her hips once, twice and then tentatively slid her tight cunt back onto the dog cock, allowing it to penetrate several inches. Again and again she backed up and then in to the dog, grunting with the effort. When finally the dog got the signal from his mistress to commence fucking back, he did so with gusto.

Penetrating deeply the dog backed up and thrust forward repeatedly. Heather screamed as the first of several powerful orgasms cascaded thru her body.

Meriweather dropped the leash and reclined in her chair, observing her latest conquest with a sense of satisfaction.

The young professor was on the tenure track.

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Part Five - Sorority Sisters

Countless times, King had feasted on his Mistress' conquests, usually students from the university who had blundered into her spider web. Sometimes the students were seeking a higher grade than that given by their T.A. or a minor extension or other dispensation. Having heard thru the grapevine that Meriweather seemed to enjoy short skirts, tight-fitting blouses or suggestive flirting from her female students, they might have presumed that a quick visit and flirtatious request for leniency in the privacy of her office was an easy way to make a 'C' magically transform into a 'B'.

More than one such student had made that mistake, relying on a trusted but treacherous sorority sister, now the president of the chapter, who had made the same mistake herself when she was a freshman.

Since then she had been entrapped and groomed by Meriweather to sell out her pretty classmates to the lecherous lesbian and her demanding dog.

None of the girls thought they would actually have to 'do' anything with the older woman. 'Just be nice and bat your eyelashes, and she'll probably raise your grade' they had been counseled by the regal sorority president.

Nothing could have been further from the truth.

Offered a glass of water by Meriweather immediately upon entering her office, they would unknowingly down the powerful aphrodisiac Mimi had perfected to effect the seduction. Fast-acting and tailored to disorient and arouse, within minutes the young student would have trouble concentrating, resisting arousal or even remembering exactly what she was doing in the powerful woman's office.

It was only a matter of time before there would be a knock at the door, and the young disoriented coed would be surprised but relieved to see her sorority president, the exact one who had advised that she flirt with Meriweather, enter and then close and lock the door behind her.

"So nice of you to join us, Cindy" Meriweather smiled. "Emily here was telling me how much she admires strong women."

"Have you asked her what it will take to raise your grade?" the senior purred with a knowing smirk, her question directed to the distracted freshman, getting straight to the point.

"We were just about to discuss that" Meriweather responded.

Cindy took a position standing behind her seated classmate, and began to massage her shoulders looking to Meriweather for approval. With a nod from the powerful woman, the standing young woman shifted her hands from the girl's shoulders to undo the buttons of the seated girl's blouse with her perfectly manicured nails. Once undone, she then slipped her hands inside the young freshman's shirt.

The younger girl stiffened at the intrusion and, already under the effects of the drugged water, could only shudder as the other girl's cold hands encircled her proud young breasts.

Meriweather licked her lips in anticipation when next the senior took hold of the girl's nipples and squeezed hard enough to draw another gasp. Meriweather acted as if there was nothing unusual about the girl in front of her being fondled.

Without pause, the more experienced older girl unclipped the younger girl's bra, releasing her breasts. She resumed her caresses becoming more forceful to prompt obedience and focus the girl's attention on the sensations her manipulations were creating.

Meriweather gave an imperceptible nod to signal her approval of the senior's pace and technique. Cindy registered the approval and moved on to the next stage of seduction.

It wouldn't be long now before the young student would be summoned at all hours to the woman's office to perform the most depraved acts.

In time she would take her turn under Meriweather's desk with a powerful vibrator in her pussy, silently worshipping the woman's cunt while she held office hours with other students or departmental colleagues.

Or up on the desk, bouncing up and down on the massive silicone cock for the entertainment of office visitors or the cruel Dean's lesbian Facebook friends. This naïve girl would be the perfect teacher's pet until graduation.

"Does that feel good? Now lift your legs and put them over the arms of the chair, sweetie. It's important for Dr. Meriweather to see what you are doing. We've got to show her how much you want that grade." The senior ordered, snapping the young woman out of her reverie.

"i...i...do?" the girl stammered.

Slowly, reluctantly, and unable to meet Meriweather's gaze, the girl obeyed the outrageous command, and placed first one leg and then the other leg over the armrests, her panties now visible and showing a wet spot as the older girl continued to tweak her hard nipples.

"Now this is the important part. You must masturbate as you are making your request of Dr. Meriweather" ordered Cindy. "It's a sign of respect."

Emily was stunned but her arousal and humiliation barred her from running from the room.

Instead, she succumbed, as had the others before her.

Clumsily and with reluctance, eyes shifting from her spread legs to the older girl's confident hands on her breasts, to Meriweather's stern gaze, the young freshman obediently trailed her fingers over the damp, stretched material covering her crotch. When her fingernail grazed her rigid clitoris thru the cotton barrier, the girl gasped.

"Now what did you want to see me about, young lady" Meriweather asked, trying hard to suppress her amusement at the girl's predicament.

"I was hoping...you...would raise my grade...ahhhhhh...to a 'B'." she panted, looking Meriweather in the eyes.

The older woman would need to reward her accomplice, she thought. Meriweather had noticed that the quality of Cindy's seductions was improving steadily, and suspected that what had started as a reluctant participation by the blackmailed sorority girl, had evoked some natural lesbian tendencies that had graduated to duplicitous participation. Then in a position of authority in the sorority first as Pledge Trainer, and now as President of the most popular sorority on campus, Cindy was able to bend any girl to her will.

Meriweather reached into her desk drawer and withdrew a chrome vibrator. Switching it on, she handed it to the young woman who stared at it as one might a poisonous snake. "Here. Use this. And when you are having a proper orgasm, we will discuss your request."

The standing sorority girl released one nipple and reached down to pull aside the panty, exposing the young woman's damp pussy. "You've used a vibrator before haven't you, honey? Now get to work." commanded Cindy in a whisper.

In fact, she had never used a vibrator, and was totally unprepared for the shock of contact with her inexperienced pussy.

"Oh. My. God." She gasped as contact was made. The senior used her free hand to guide the girl's hand with the vibrator to where it would do the most good causing the freshman's hips to jerk up and off the seat.

"Is everything ok dear?" Meriweather asked, fighting back a smile as she observed the preppy young woman contorting to avoid the intense stimulation from the vibrator wielded by the older girl.

"From now on, you are to sit in the front row, wearing a short skirt without bra or panties, and a see-thru blouse like the little slut you are. You are to stimulate yourself before class so I can see your hard little nipples and wet eager twat during my lectures." She continued, "Are we clear?"

Flustered, breathless, humiliated, aroused and on verge of a massive climax, the girl could barely eke out a response. "Yes ma'am" she croaked over the hum of the vibrator.

"Very well, then repeat your instructions" Meriweather ordered.

"I am to present....present myself...to..to..to you in the...ahhhhh..front row...without panties or...or. Bra...aroused."

"Good girl. Now what did you want to ask me" Meriweather said, winking at her accomplice. Every time the girl struggled to formulate her request for a higher grade, Cindy applied the tip of the vibrator to her clit just long enough to obliterate her concentration.

Cindy marveled at the older woman's powers of seduction, as she tormented the younger girl's nipple with one hand while directing the hand holding the buzzing vibrator to her clit with the other. She felt her own pussy glistening as she contemplated the fun she would have breaking the freshman to her will.

Perhaps Dr. Meriweather would permit Cindy to give lessons of her own, tutoring the younger woman on the skillful use of her tongue and fingers in the privacy of the sorority president's suite.

Night after night, Emily would be summoned from the freshman barracks to the 4th floor for 'pledge training' at the hands of the domineering senior. Soon she would be little more than a sex slave, lent out and available whenever called on to rush to the rooms of whichever sorority sister had drawn the lucky straw. Wearing the sexiest lingerie and heels, she would anxiously knock on the door awaiting permission to enter, braving the nasty looks of her sorority sisters. Once inside the room Emily was taught to fall to her knees in subservience and await and obey instructions no matter how humiliating. Sometimes Emily found herself in the company of an additional girl, usually an athlete or trust fund party girl considering joining the sorority and for whom Emily's skillful tongue would seal the deal.

When not occupied with her 'sisterly duties' Cindy would dress her in a sheer pink babydoll, and

have her doing her homework for her while perched and writhing on a sybian for as long as it took.

Now, with the girl's knees spread and resting on the arms of the chair, blouse undone, breasts thrust forward, mouth open and panting and vibrator applied to generate orgasm after orgasm, Meriweather decided it was time to advance the young woman's induction.

"Cindy, be a dear and fetch King from the other room, would you? I think this might be a good time for Emily to meet her new boyfriend."

Emily's blue eyes snapped open as she looked at Meriweather, thinking "But I've got a boyfriend", quickly returning her concentration to the maddening sensations coming from the vibrator.

At that moment Cindy returned with the largest dog Emily had ever seen. It was a German Shepherd that towered over Emily's seated form, even had she not been slumped as she was with her pussy presented and knees drawn back and up over the arms of her chair.

The well-trained dog sat quivering in front of Emily as Cindy returned to take her position standing behind the girl. Taking the vibrator, she gripped the girl's wrists and pinned them tightly behind her head with one hand forcing her cunt and outthrust breasts to be presented shamelessly.

"Emily, meet King. He's the kind of boyfriend a girl just can't say 'no' to. Now why don't you two get acquainted." Meriweather stated, giving a nod to her protégé, to proceed.

"King, lick her, handsome" Cindy urged the dog.

King heard the command and wasted no time leaping forward and thrusting his snout into the girl's pussy, drawing a long swipe of his tongue from ass to clit.

Emily gasped and shifted in her seat attempting to move away but to no avail. Knees up and thighs spread, hands pinned behind her head and with the dog's jaws buried in her pussy, Emily had no reservoir of resistance to draw from.

"please...please...don't let him do that..." she gasped, her voice barely a whisper, eyes closed tight, shaking her head from side to side. Cindy tightened her grip on the girl's pinned arms to stifle any protest, as Meriweather dropped the boom.

"Henceforth, you are never to deny King." Meriweather began. "You are to anticipate his needs. Is that understood?"

"When he wants to play, you play. When he wants to lick, you present yourself to him, legs spread. When he wants to fuck, you get on all fours like the bitch you now are. Do we understand each other?"

Thereafter Emily might protest but she would always succumb to the commands of these two, the domineering woman and her cruel protégé, no matter how perverse. And whatever the dog wanted he got.

"oh..oh..oh" she panted as her fourth orgasm was wrenched from her exhausted body, this time by the dog. It would get much worse.

Half an hour later, Emily barely remembered how she came to be on all fours, ass up in the air, peering over her shoulder desperate to thwart the massive dog angling to penetrate her from behind. "Swing your ass from side to side..." Meriweather commanded, "show King how much you

want him to fuck you.”

“But it’s wrong...I can’t...let him” the young girl squirmed and whimpered even as the dog’s cock bumped the portal, now slick with arousal.

“Reach back and help him” the stern older woman ordered.

With trepidation, laboring under the weight of the beast who had gripped the girl’s ponytail in his jaws and secured her coltish hips with his legs, Emily tentatively reached back to grasp his hard rod. Her small hand touched and then held the organ as her traitorous body imperceptibly tilted her hips up in order to make penetration easier.

With the tip of the dog’s cock barely seated in the opening of her vagina, Cindy froze. Nothing could be worse than the hard thrust forward she was expecting, except...nothing happened. The well-trained animal knew his mistress was observing and this was a lesson he had perfected.

King was waiting for his latest conquest to fuck back, to succumb, to impale herself in debasement.

“You know you want it” Cindy hissed into Emily’s ear, reaching beneath the humiliated girl to tweak her breast. “Just slide back onto his cock, baby. Show us what you can do.”

“Please, no.” Emily begged even as her winking pussy lips clenched and released the tip of the invading organ. Meriweather and Cindy exchanged a knowing smile as the girl allowed the first two inches of warm flesh to ease into her slick cunt.

“Good girl” Cindy whispered into Emily’s ear. “Now just a little more.” She encouraged, noting the girl gingerly inch forward and then back allowing three inches of dog cock up her cunt.

“Now roll your hips, baby. King likes that, and you want to reward him for remaining still and not hurting you.” Cindy whispered into Emily’s delicate ear.

In a trance, foreshadowing a reflex that would become second nature with time, Emily did as ordered, circling her hips once, twice and then sinking back another inch, now engulfing half of the dog’s cock. It took a second for Emily to realize the groan she was hearing was her own.

“Very good, young lady.” Meriweather commented. “A bit lacking in confidence, but that is a move you will perfect in time.”

This one was a natural. Before long, she would be begging her mistress to allow her “play time” with the horny hound in order to avoid being bred to the more violent dogs trained by the lesbians in Woman’s Studies. With King at least, Emily could control the pace of her fucking by doing all she could to please the animal. With the Bull Mastiff, Dobermans and Great Danes belonging to the others, she would have no say and would likely suffer a pounding that would take days to recover from.

Before she knew it, Emily was rocking back and forth on the rigid dog cock like a pro, burying it to the hilt before withdrawing it nearly all the way. Her breaths were coming in gasps as her orgasms blossomed in quick succession. And then, as simultaneously she and the dog started to come, Emily lost all semblance of control. spurts of dog cum jetted into her vagina as the dog cock spasmed inside her ultrasensitive vagina. She slammed back against King, screaming and whimpering and seeming to milk the dog cock for every drop.

Exhausted and finally satiated the barely conscious girl pitched forward, disengaging from the dog

with a loud pop.

“Get her home. Clean her up. And make sure she is seated in the front row of my lecture as I instructed tomorrow” Meriweather commanded Cindy. “Oh, and lest I forget, some of the professors and I are hosting a ‘Speed Dating’ evening for our dogs this weekend at the faculty club. Be sure to bring this little slut. I think she will make some new friends.”

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## **Part Six - Heather Gets to Work**

24 hours later, Heather had barely unpacked her bags from her trip to Mexico when her cell phone chirped. Glancing down her heart stopped beating. It was Meriweather calling. Afraid to ignore the call, but terrified of the older woman, she lifted the phone to her ear.

“Yes, Dr. Meriweather?” Heather stammered, cursing her temerity. At the sound of Merriweather’s stern voice, she had a powerful flashback, in which she was grinding her hips back onto King...or was it one of Mimi’s hounds? She was naked, pinned down and being violently fucked from behind, her body responding, flushed, sweaty, hips moving in cadence, pussy attempting to milk the dog with rippling orgasmic convulsions...

“Good evening, Heather.” Meriweather’s voice was commanding, but contained a hint of what Heather detected as sarcasm. Heather shivered as she listened in silence. “Please come to my office before tonight’s cocktail reception. There is someone here I want you to meet before we ride together to the faculty club.”

Heather fought to restore control, trying to concentrate while her body flushed at the powerful memory. As she processed Meriweather’s words she drew her sleeve over her damp forehead.

As the youngest faculty member, Heather dared not decline, especially given what had transpired and been recorded in the last few days. If any of the photos in Dr. Meriweather’s possession were to come out, she would be ruined. Her hand involuntarily reached up to touch the leather collar Meriweather had fastened around her neck, reminding her of the specific instructions she had been given as to dress code at tonight’s party and for the weekend.

She was told to wear the shortest skirt and highest heels in her closet, and a push-up bra...’as if you are auditioning for a job and willing to do anything to get it’ Meriweather had said.

Heather knew as she was dressing for the event that she would be relentlessly hit on and propositioned, pinched and fondled when cornered by the older women on the faculty. Her only other instructions for her weekend dress code was to “bring shoes she could run in” which she thought strange.

At prior faculty gatherings, her protest, that she was ‘engaged to be married’ never deterred the ravenous older women who treated the young professor like a prized conquest. Rather than a respected academic colleague, she was a reward in a contest between the aggressive and powerful faculty. It didn’t help that she was expected to dress like a young tart, eye candy for the formidable faculty of the respected university.

But the prospect she feared most was that this week’s cocktail party had been relocated to the Faculty Club’s secluded country estate and extended to an entire weekend ‘presentation and demonstration’ of highly anticipated ‘research findings’. Heather’s attendance, it was made clear, was not optional.

As she departed her apartment and headed over to the Dean's office, Heather couldn't help but guess who she would be introduced to. She again traced her delicate hand over her throat, circled as it was by the thin leather collar she had carefully twisted to hide the inscription "King's Bitch" under her abundant brunette locks.

Her answer came when she knocked on the oak door, which slowly swung open to reveal Dr. Meriweather. Standing beside her was another professor she recognized, a Dr. Nancy Jones, the 6'5" Amazon beauty who was the recognized expert in deviant human female sexual behavior at the university.

At Jones's side was the largest Great Dane Heather had ever seen. He was sporting a metal stud collar and black leash held firmly in Jones' hand. The dog looked at Heather as if she were a sirloin steak, slowly licking his chops with his massive tongue.

Teetering on 5 inch heels with a skirt so short it barely covered the swell of her pert ass, breasts pushed forward and up like ripe fruit begging to be plucked, Heather presented an appetizing picture to the two women and the massive dog.

The female predators comprising the faculty of the Womens Studies Department always had the pick of the female student body, but it was a rare occurrence that a straight beautiful junior faculty member ever wandered into their lair. The conquest was always more entertaining when the victim, reluctant though she might be, was made to play the role of seductress and slut, coerced to deceive her own students into sexual servitude.

"Heather, Dr. Jones is going to be conducting a demonstration of her findings on inter-species relations at the Faculty Club this weekend. I'm designating you as her assistant, and putting you in charge of the test subject coeds who have been recruited to participate in those demonstrations." Meriweather stated, staring at the confused younger woman.

Without giving Heather time to process this, Jones then spoke.

"Thank you Dr. Meriweather. Your photos don't do you justice, Heather. How is my dear friend Mimi?" Jones began, enjoying the stunned reaction of the younger woman.

Heather was again thrust into a flashback, only this time she was bent over Mimi's knee, being spanked like a child, fingered to near orgasm, and then spanked again until she would plead with Mimi to allow her to fuck both dogs. "Ow, ow, please stop, I'll do it...I'm sorry...I'll do what you want..." she begged as Mimi delivered one blow after another with her one hand while fingering her to an orgasmic precipice, and then unceremoniously dumping the naked, sobbing, aroused and humiliated girl to the floor and the tender mercies of her hounds, yet again.

Handing the stunned Heather a sheet of paper with the names of five of Heather's students listed, Jones continued. "These five you know. They have 'volunteered' as research subjects this weekend to demonstrate my findings. All are mediocre students as you also know, gifted with good looks and more interested in boys than books. They are all seeking academic waivers. You are to keep them in line. If they give you any trouble just remind them their participation is non-negotiable and their only option is expulsion."

"Of course, some might not participate enthusiastically enough, and you can employ other techniques of persuasion" Jones smiled, extending her hand to cup Heather's chin, stroking downward to brush her nails over her leather collar, causing Heather to blush furiously.

As had happened before, Heather's body betrayed her, nipples hardening and cunt beginning to

glisten with moisture. The enormous dog cocked his head and drew a deep breath sniffing the air. Heather was mortified. Could he smell her arousal? Could the other women?

Hoping to distract attention from the aroma permeating the office, Heather stammered out "Yes, Ma'am".

The room went silent, except for the jingle of the dog's collar as he strained his neck forward, toward Heather and the obvious source of the smell. Heather blushed a deep red, and tried to look away.

"What is it, Kong? Do you smell something you like?" Jones smiled looking at Meriweather first and then at Heather. "I wonder where that smell is coming from." She loosened her hold on the dog's leash and gave the command "Find" while tightening her grip with her other hand on the ring in Heather's collar, thus forcing the terrified young woman to lean forward and preventing her from moving away.

Kong took one long stride toward the cornered girl and without hesitation thrust his snout under Heather's skirt from behind, lapping once with such force Heather could feel her panties tug and nether lips parting as she teetered on the high heels.

Taking advantage, Jones drew Heather further forward until their lips were mere inches apart. It was then she delivered the crushing blow to the distraught young professor.

"Listen to me you little cunt. You may be the prettiest little thing on the faculty at Harvard, but to me and to Cong, you are just another hot bitch in heat."

Heather felt a pulse of arousal surge thru her vagina at the strong words from the domineering woman. She locked eyes with Jones for just a second before averting her gaze in submission.

"You make sure these silly girls follow my orders this weekend to a 'T' if you want to keep your job. Don't think of running away. If you do, you will regret it. Kong has your scent now. He will hunt you down and find you. Do not fail me. Are we clear?"

Heather's barely perceptible nod came at the exact moment Kong took another swipe with his tongue, this time caressing Heather's emerging clitoris, causing the young woman to squeak, lose her balance and fall forward, her lips pulled into those of the stronger woman.

"She's lovely, isn't she" Meriweather stated matter-of-factly, as Jones explored the younger woman's mouth with her tongue. "But she lacks all self-control. Just the other day she fucked King right here in this office leaning over my desk. Such a shameless little slut. Let's see how well she shepherds her little flock this weekend."

Jones broke her kiss and held up a tiny pill-sized tablet inches from Heather's flustered face. "This will serve as your invisible leash from now on. You are not to remove it, even when having intercourse."

Jones slipped the device past Kong's tongue resting it against the cotton barrier. "Pull your panties aside, dear" Jones ordered the younger woman with steely resolve. Unable to escape, but terrified lest she be punished, Heather lifted her skirt in the front with one hand while hesitantly pulling her damp panties aside with the other.

Kong immediately redoubled his effort, breaching the now defenseless portal into which Jones slid the cold metallic device. The woman seated the pill firmly against Heather's G Spot then released

her collar with the other hand. "Kong, stop" she ordered.

The well-trained dog immediately obeyed, knowing his reward would come later. While he had only just sampled the young professor he sensed that before long she would be under him, first sucking his dick and then bucking back with her shapely ass, engulfing his cock in her tight cunt, desperate to bring him off.

"I'm going to turn this to the lowest setting, my dear girl, just enough to remind you who you are working for this weekend." Jones purred, tapping the button once to send a pulse to get her attention before adjusting the signal to transmit a steady vibration that caused Heather first to jump and then to gasp.

Jones and Meriweather had handpicked the young women in Heather's class based on their good looks, poor academic performance and self-reported aversion to lesbianism, in a survey completed on the first day of class. It would be delightful observing their induction into the lesbian canine collective, their betrayal facilitated by the reluctant young professor. Drugged, horny, under constant sexual assault by the pack of relentless animals, the videotaped 'Speed Dating' exercise as it was sarcastically referred to by the senior faculty, would be highly entertaining. Put an attractive young woman, aroused, drugged and disoriented and a well trained dog in close proximity and watch what happens. Take 5 clueless coeds and a junior professor coerced to speed things along with a pack of dogs and who knows what might transpire.

That Jones had pioneered this area of research was well known to the small clique of professors in attendance.

How long would it take the animals to separate the clustered, huddled and fearful young women so they could begin their individual conquests? Which girls would put up a fight. Who would immediately succumb? The blond twins? The petite Asian beauty? The tall black girl from Africa?

Certainly, the strangely cooperative sorority girl, Emily, would be the first to submit, if only to be able to insure it was her new 'boyfriend', King, with whom she was mated. Emily had already been broken by her traitorous sorority president in Meriweather's office. She'd then been subjected to non-stop sybian training when not serving her sorority sisters. She thereafter had grown adept at fucking the dog whenever summoned to Meriweather's office but also been passed around to other faculty members for breeding with their dogs, a sometimes violent and painful experience. Fucking King was preferable, Emily had learned, and being locked in the dark confines beneath the professor's desk licking pussy while the professor was taking meetings was beyond humiliating. What was the point of resistance?

Best of all would be the eventual capitulation and decision by Heather to facilitate the coeds' participation. She would remain reluctant at first but then, as the vibrator controlled by Jones worked its magic, increasingly eager to help the hounds corner, seduce and conquer her charges.

Arrayed around the large room were the faculty of the department who had each brought their trained dogs to participate in the taking of the young women, for which Heather was now the involuntary ringleader.

"We have a short film and slide show of our youngest faculty member demonstrating remarkable dexterity for just a beginner." Jones announced, as the lights dimmed and an image of Heather appeared on the screen. The sensations from the vibrator increased. For the next 30 minutes, the assembled faculty and students were treated to a show of Heather's descent into sexual debauchery, from her disrobing in front of Mimi, to her introduction to Jones and Kong hours earlier.



When the film finished there was a smattering of applause. Now it was show time for Heather and the girls...and the dogs. Jones again increased the power to the vibrator slightly, taking Heather's breath away while cementing her cooperation. Heather knew better than to resist, even if she could. She was Jones's plaything for the weekend and the best she might hope for was to ease the horror for her defenseless students.

"Don't fight it Shakisha, here let me help" she consoled the tall black girl minutes later, who was now on her hands and knees, concealed by the Bull Mastiff mounted on her back as Heather reached underneath to center the dog's massive organ on her glistening vagina. "No, please, don't make me...I'm afraid, professor" the girl pleaded with the professor she idolized. Heartsick at being forced to betray the proud young beauty whom she had mentored since freshman year, Heather scooped up and applied moisture from her own vagina to the dog dick before seating it firmly in the entrance to the black girl's tight pussy. With a slight tap on the flank, Heather urged the dog forward.

"Push back sweetheart and rotate your hips . It goes faster when you participate. I'll be back to check on you in a little bit." She said, reaching under the dog and kissing the girl on the forehead as she rose to attend to her next charge.

"Ming" she pleaded with the Asian girl, "You must give in" Heather said in a whisper, helping the delicate beauty uncurl from a ball and rise to her hands and knees while looking fearfully behind her at the Doberman twice her size. "He is not as fierce as he looks...Just try not to anger him. Give yourself to him and show your submission. He's trained not to hurt you if he's getting his way." As she steadied Ming on hands and knees, Heather wondered how the tight Asian could possibly take 8 inches of Doberman cock. To her alarm, that thought caused a drop of vaginal fluid to seep out of her cunt.

She had then coaxed and wrestled the twins into a 69 position and gotten them to begin licking each other off before leading a dog to each one. "Take it slowly girls and they won't hurt you. Use your mouth to get him wet, and then guide his cock into your sister's cunt."

With the 5 girl's thus situated, Heather felt a pulse in her vagina that caused her to gasp and clutch her abdomen looking up at Jones's smiling face.

"Good job, dear. I knew you would be indispensable. Now it's time for your reward. Kong? Take her" the dominatrix ordered pointing to the young professor.

This was the command Kong had been eagerly awaiting. Wasting no time, the massive dog thrust his head under the cringing woman's skirt and tore the panties away. Knocked to her hands and knees Heather tried to crawl away but was frozen by the beast's growl. The dog wasted no time as he climbed onto her narrow back, gripping her hips in his forepaws looking to his mistress for permission to begin.

"Very good. Now reach back and take his dick and place it where it belongs." She ordered.

Broken, humiliated, ashamed of her inability to resist, and aroused beyond reason, Heather did as instructed, angling her pussy so as to ease the dog dick into the entrance to her cunt before slowly and carefully backing onto the rod of flesh. She had not appreciated how well-hung the dog was as inch after inch penetrated the young woman. Panting for breath, she looked to Jones when the organ was fully seated.

"Good girl" Jones said to the applause of the gathered faculty members. Then, looking deeply into the eyes of the impaled young woman, Jones smiled and delivered her verdict. "I knew you could do

it, you little slut. Be good to my dog or I'll take you out to the horse stables. From now on, if I summon you to my office or home, you better get there wet and ready to fuck any man, woman or dog. Nod your head so I know you understand" Jones commanded.

Her cunt already stuffed with dog cock, and her pussy clenching and unclenching in an uncontrollable milking effort, it was all Heather could do to just nod as she looked up to the older woman.

"Good girl. Now fuck her Kong" she ordered.

Hearing the long-awaited command at last, the dog withdrew and slammed forward, lifting Heather's knees off the floor until she was suspended in the air, wriggling and dangling on the dog dick like a speared fish. Mechanically, again and again she rose in the air, attached to the rigid doggie dick and then, like a rag doll, was dropped unceremoniously back to the ground as the dog withdrew nearly all the way. Orgasm after orgasm surged thru the young woman, each blending with the next. All around her the coeds were each too preoccupied with their own canine lovers to pay much attention to Heather's ravishment.

And so the weekend started, with the dogs switching partners frequently. There was a game the owners of the well-trained animals had perfected in which a bell would ring signaling it was time to switch partners. No matter how engrossed or close to completion, whenever the bell would sound, the dogs would immediately dismount and find a different girl to lavish attention on. Insensate with desire, the girls would complain and protest the interruption with "No, wait...what's wrong...come back, don't stop now". Hips waving in the air, mewling and begging, would transition into deep moans and screams when their new lover would quickly mount a new girlfriend with gusto.

On into the evening the orgy progressed until the dogs had sampled each of the girl's and then retired to their pens for the night. Sleeping in a huddled mass on the makeshift stage Heather and her students would in just a few short hours, together greet the new day with trepidation.