



EVEN THE BEST COMPANION NEEDS STRICT TRAINING

# P E T

A NOVEL BY

**WINTERMUTEX**

AUTHOR OF "CLUB LOLIPOPS" AND "A NEW PURPOSE IN LIFE"



# PET

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WINTERMUTEX

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# CHAPTER ONE

Sarah wasn't sure why she paused by the decrepit stall. The crowd of shoppers nudged her aside and flowed around her. She watched them, dozens of women and families meandering through the cool air of the open market, browsing for trinkets and curiosities.

A musty odor caught her attention and she looked to the side. An elderly woman with a faded blue headscarf atop a shrivelled face peered back at her from a seat in the shaded gloom of the booth, grinning toothlessly.

"Looking for something in particular, sweetie?"

"Yes, er...no. A gift I guess." There was something vaguely unsettling about the old woman.

"A gift for my friend's wedding," she said, trying to square her shoulders and appear confident. She was 20 now, with her own place. Nobody called her sweetie anymore.

"How nice. It's so lovely to see sweet young things like yourself settling down with someone strong who can keep you in line. Take a look dear." The woman smiled patronizingly and swept her veiny hands over the goods.

Sarah bristled indignantly, but she wasn't about to be intimidated by someone older than her own grandmother. She stepped up to the counter and pretended to be interested in the baskets of glass jewelry and colored beads. Wooden shelves held a rough assortment of painted porcelain figurines and small trinkets with occult designs. Dreamcatchers and delicate pewter carvings hung from strings near the ceiling. Dust covered everything.

She picked one of the figures off the shelf and rubbed it clean: a little girl in a windswept pink dress and a straw hat smiled back, hands gripping the brim of her hat to keep it from blowing away in the unseen breeze.

"How much for this one?" she asked.

"Fifteen bucks, and I can throw in one of these for free if you like." The woman gestured at a tray of blue baubles.

Sarah picked a pair of earrings and handed over the money. The goods weren't worth that much, but she just wanted to get away from this creepy woman and her stall. She didn't like how she was looking at her.

A rumbling cough came from the floor of the stall. Sarah peeked past the corner of the shelf in curiosity.

"Oh my gosh, he's so cute!"

A big black puppy was mumbling sleepily, resting on a circular woven mat and gnawing at an itch on his paw. He dug for a moment and then licked his lips before resting his head between his paws with droopy eyes looking upwards.

"Can I pet him?"

The old woman smiled crookedly and waved an invitation with her hand. Sarah stepped around the counter and squatted down next to the drowsy pup. He was gorgeous, with a long muzzle and a thick black coat that lightened to chestnut around his belly and neck. It reminded Sarah of a German Shepherd her parents had a long time ago when she was a girl. He didn't really look like a German Shepherd though. He was fuller, more muscular. She wasn't sure what he was.

"Hey there boy." Sarah let him sniff her hand and then she stroked him behind the ears. The thick tail thumped vigorously against the panel of the cupboard as the pup lolled his tongue happily and stared at her with glassy eyes.

"Oh look, he likes you. No surprise there. They always do." The old woman chortled at some private joke, then coughed phlegmatically.

"He's adorable." Sarah switched to scratching his chin, and the puppy panted in joy and wiggled his hips on the rug. He was big - maybe 40 pounds or more, and still just a puppy.

"What's his name?"

The hacking died away as the old woman recovered her breath. "Doesn't rightly have a name yet. Too young. Need to get rid of him anyway. Little thing'll be too much of a handful if I keep him any longer."

Sarah was a very level-headed girl. She didn't make snap decisions. She liked to think things over and sleep on them for a week. But the deep pools of those dark eyes gazed at her soulfully and she found her mind was already made up.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for him."

The few teeth left in her rotting gums peeked out of the woman's greedy smile.

"One fifty."

"No. Look I'll give you a hundred and twenty. It's all I have on me."

The woman held out her creased palm, and Sarah fished around in her purse. Before she knew it she was holding the gnawed rope that served as his leash and leading him away from the stall.

Maybe a dog was just what she needed. Her new place was lonely. She looked down at the puppy trotting by her side, sniffing the ground and following obediently. She had never really owned a pet before. How hard could it be? He was big, but she could train him, and maybe she'd feel better at night with him guarding the apartment. The East side was not the good part of the city.

Sarah looked over her shoulder. The elderly woman was seated on her rocking chair in the gloomy stall, grinning at the crowds passing her by. She seemed awfully pleased with herself.

"Come on boy," she said, leading him away by the rope.



# CHAPTER TWO

"Sit! I said sit! NO, get down. Sit!"

Sarah threw up her arms in despair and dropped the book on the couch. "Dog Training for Dummies" - well, maybe she was a dummy, but she was pretty sure her puppy was a hopeless case. He wagged his tail as he stood on the floor, gazing up at her hungrily.

"Come on buddy. Just sit once for me. Maybe? Pretty please? I'll give you a treat." Maybe pleading would work where authority didn't. She was sure he knew what she wanted, but he just ignored anything that was a command.

The pup stared quizzically for a moment, regarding the girl as if she were an object of indecipherable mystery, and then plopped on his haunches.

"Good boy!" Sarah squatted down to give him one of the treats she held in her hand. "Good dog!" She hugged him and rubbed his fur, like millions of points of bristling silk, then tried to scratch him behind the ears.

The cocky shove bowled her backwards, and she lost her balance on the high heels, landing on her butt and slamming her elbow painfully on the floor. The dog stepped right over her, bustling to snatch up all the treats that had scattered from her hand. Sarah sputtered as the thick tail slapped her in the face repeatedly.

"God, get off." She spat some fur out of her mouth. "Stupid dog." She pulled herself out from under his belly, feeling a fleshy point scrape down her chest. Yuck. She didn't even want to think about that thing. Getting unsteadily to her feet, she smoothed her skirt and straightened her blouse, pulling a patch of hair off the white fabric. Maybe trying to train him as soon as she got home from work wasn't the best idea. She went to change her clothes.

The heavy gaze was almost palpable as she stripped off the blouse and skirt and kicked off her heels. She could feel him watching out of the corner of her eye, sitting in the doorway of the bedroom and fixing her with an unnerving gaze. He thumped his tail on the carpet happily when he caught her glancing at him. She shook her head and tried to shrug it off. Don't be stupid Sarah. Pets watch you do everything. It's normal. She grabbed a long pink t-shirt out of the hamper and pulled it on over her head, letting it hang loose. It was a couple sizes too big for her, which was why she liked it.

"Move." She frowned at the big beast in the doorway, blocking it like a sentinel. He was getting bigger, fast. It seemed like he weighed almost half again as much as when she had got him, and all of it muscle, by the looks of him. And he was still a puppy. She wondered how big he would get.

"Come on buddy, move it." She made shooing motions with her hands. "I want to watch TV." The big dog remained stationary, thumping his tail as if hungry for something. His head was already as high as her waist.

"Do you just want some attention? Come here boy." She knelt and rubbed his muzzle affectionately, then hugged him and gave him some pets. He wasn't a bad dog. He probably just missed her, sitting here alone in the apartment all day. She couldn't blame him, really. She used her fingernails to give him a nice scratch around the throat, and that's when she heard it again.

Just a low rumbling, a growl deep in his throat, almost inaudible. Maybe she was imagining it. He was still wagging his tail happily, so it was probably nothing. She stood up and managed to nudge him aside just enough to get out of the doorway. A short bark came from behind, and he followed, sniffing at her heels.

Sarah blanked her mind as she watched the popcorn pop in the microwave. The couch, the tv, the shower, the bed. That was all she wanted tonight, in that order. Maybe she could actually read that novel she had bought. A hunky man with his shirt open, holding an exultant woman in a flowing dress in his arms, while rose petals showered in the background - somehow the cover had caught her eye at the corner store. Silly. She wasn't a little girl anymore, but she allowed herself a few guilty pleasures. Not much else was going on in her life anyway.

The microwave beeped urgently. She grabbed the bowl and stepped over the dog - who was running his nose back and forth along the kitchen floor as if he had

spotted a bug - and plopped on the couch in the living room, thumbing the remote to bring the TV to life.

Predictably, he jumped up right after her, poking his nose into the bowl of popcorn. She yelped in protest and held it up high, then sighed heavily. Hopeless, probably. She pushed him back and kept him at bay by dispensing a few kernels a minute and keeping the rest for herself.

By the second commercial break the dog had finally calmed down a bit. She stroked his fur as he laid on his side, cuddling up next to her, musing on how each individual hair seemed stiff but the whole coat felt like soft silk. Warm muscles rippled under the palm of her hands as she stroked his chest. Walking him had been nothing but a long string of disasters so far - he was so strong that he just pulled her 130 pounds along like a kite no matter what she did. She fed him another piece of popcorn, enjoying the feel of his tail flopping against her thigh. Maybe it wasn't his fault. He didn't seem to like the food she had gotten for him, but somehow he was still growing rapidly.

A few streaks of dull pain still lingered in her elbow where it had hit the floor. She rubbed it as she watched the latest show on HBO - some sort of office drama charged with sexual tension. A secretary had nipped into a hotel room to meet her boss, and they tore each other's clothes off eagerly. The girl's tits were like a masterpiece taken directly from a greek statue, high and tight and perfectly sized. Sarah rubbed her own chest jealously, wishing she were bigger than an A-cup. Nobody had ever complained, but still, it seemed like it might be nice. She leaned

forward and unhooked her bra, pulling it out from under the loose shirt. That was better. She squeezed her chest thoughtfully a few more times, enjoying the sight of the couple tumbling into the sheets.

The dog was licking her thigh, spreading a coat of saliva on her bare skin and drying it with his hot breath. She still didn't know what breed he was, and she really hadn't counted on how much his weight amplified his streak of playful aggression. Maybe she should take him to the vet. The woman's stall had been replaced with a flower cart by the time she went back to the market, so she hadn't been able to find anything out there. And she still hadn't been able to figure out a name for him. Nothing seemed to fit. Brutus, no. Sam? No, that was terrible. Rex, maybe? They just didn't seem right. They didn't fit him. She couldn't explain why.

The woman was bouncing joyously on the television, arching her back, silken sheets cupped around her hips while she curled her fingers into the chest hair of the burly man underneath her. He was nice - a barrel-chested physique of perfect proportions and a handsome face flushed red at the neck, stray curls of his brown hair swaying as the girl moved above him. She imagined herself in the woman's place, his hands massaging slowly over her thighs and hips, rigid excitement slipping along the wet crease of her bottom as she spread her legs and pulled herself into place. Sarah inched a finger under the hem of her white cotton panties, making the fantasy come alive. The turgid rod brushed along her slick groove, just like that, nestling briefly before pushing along to her clit. The glans rolled over the little bud. She flicked it and shuddered.

Wet excitement coated her finger. She added another one and pushed deeper, enjoying the feeling of her lips stretching from the mounting tempo. The couple were shuddering along, and the woman had collapsed forward, predictably, resting her hands on his chest. Sarah slipped a finger inside, testing the waters, and then pushed, shoulders tensing up and rolling suddenly from the wild shudder that rumbled up from her navel. She snapped her fingers out and then back in, gliding along the slick track from her clit to her hungry tunnel, stretching and pulling her lips in a mounting rhythm until her fingers pounded along on their own momentum. She licked her dry lips and closed her eyes, feeling the pressing urge, the turgid flesh slipping inside and pushing deeper, sucked along by the swelling rings of molten pressure in her crotch. Deeper, her thumb on her clit, fingertips sliding through pulsing juice until they made contact on the perfect spot and discharged a lightning bolt of pink ecstasy that hurtled up her chest and along her limbs, jerking her muscles into quivering jelly.

Her arms went limp again. God she was wet. She could feel juice dribbling down her thighs under the massaging hand. No, wait. She opened her eyes, and found the dog pushing his muzzle up under her shirt and lapping at her upper thigh hungrily.

"Unnnngh, no," she panted breathlessly. "Bad dog."

This was another thing. He had sniffed his way up some poor woman's skirt at the bus stop before she could stop him, and she had pulled him away, mortified, fleeing before she could even apologize. And that poor little girl at the dog park - she couldn't have been more than 13. She had been drinking from a water fountain, her



short little skirt hitched up when a snuffling intruder pushed right up into her panties and got a good taste. Sarah had shrieked, waving her arms and trying to catch him, but he had hounded that poor girl right up the path, barking and trying to get another sample before she could collar him. He had been impossibly frisky all day after that.

"Stop." She groaned regretfully when she pulled her fingers out of her dripping snatch. "Goddamnit, get off." She grabbed his muzzle with her wet fingers and tried to swing her legs off the couch.

And stopped in fright when he barked angrily and jumped onto her legs, pinning them to the cushions. There it was again, that hungry growl, a distant thunder rumbling with angry undertones now, not so quiet. He pushed forward, slowly, the growl rising in pitch, becoming insistent. She couldn't move her legs. His weight held her down, tail bristling threateningly. Sarah squeaked and shrunk into the cushions, eyes fixed on the jaw of white teeth an inch from her glistening fingers. The dog sniffed, exploring her hand, and Sarah felt the pointed canines sliding along her wrist before he opened his mouth and began lapping ravenously at her sloppy fingers.

The claws on her thigh scraped off as he shifted his weight, but she still couldn't move, at least not without bodily knocking him to the floor, and she was too terrified to do that with his teeth on her hand. Her hand jerked back in reflex when a tooth scraped her finger, and his head darted right after it, making her put it back down by her thigh. The couch cushions shifted as he stepped forward, hovering

over her lower body, a darkened silhouette bulging with menacing need. Oh god, she could see it now, with him standing at full height: the engorged rod of veiny flesh glowed a pale blue in the light of the television. It brushed along the surface of the cushions, shining with moisture at the pointed end. How fucking big was he? 8 inches? He was a puppy for god's sake. No vet would neuter that. She had tried to ignore it before, but now it held her full attention.

The wet snout had ducked under her t-shirt again and inched its way up her thigh, the dog sniffing out what it wanted. Sarah was paralyzed, desperate to grab him and force him away, terrified of the consequences. The thought of those slavering teeth an inch from her genitals froze her in place, praying for escape. A wet nub trailed along the white cotton, nose sniffing upwards, and with a lightning snapping motion, he seized the fabric in his teeth and jerked it side to side ferociously as if mauling a squirrel. Her pelvis jerked twice and the panties came apart, shredded.

She wanted to squeeze her eyes shut. He would maim her. Visions of police dogs tearing at the arm pads of their trainers danced in her head. Tears began to collect in the corners of her eyes, but her fear was blown away in an instant when the rough pad of his tongue flicked out and slid along the folds of her pussy.

"Eeeyaaaagh!" Her legs jerked. Her hands grabbed his collar in reflex. Thunder roiled in his throat, a warning. Her muscles jerked again and she felt her stomach spasm when the next primal bolt rocketed up her spine and ricocheted into a thousand spidering flashes. The buds on his tongue were like sandpaper, scraping along her lips. Fucking Christ. Sarah panted, tongue hanging out. Shit, fuck, not a

fucking dog. The thought was obliterated in the next strobe of white energy that blossomed like warm lightning from her crotch. The drooling organ slipped like a snake along her folds, lapping up her juice and replacing it with a heated sludge that dripped into the crevices of her buzzing labia. Sarah's throat clenched repeatedly as she stared at the ceiling, flickering white and blue from the rapidly changing scenes of the television.

She was an expert on her own body, wielding her fingers like instruments of paradise that could seek out and swirl the latent currents in her pussy until they bubbled and then exploded in a geyser. But nothing had ever prepared her for his. The dog's tongue jerked and flicked in a lightning tempo, slapping and sliding along her burning flesh, the end curling into her tunnel like the crack of a whip. Her legs spread and raised on their own, instinct propelling them into the air with inexorable buoyance. The fingers of both her hands were wrapped tightly around his leather collar, knuckles curling white. Not with a dog, please, she whimpered, but the pitiful voice was drowned under the mounting floodwaters of crackling euphoria that swelled in her stomach and boiled into her chest.

Something snapped and the tension in her chest transformed from fearful resistance into twisting exultation. The huge black form blocked her view, the darting tongue injecting thrilling jolts of pleasure into her spasming pussy, digging deeper, twisting inside her passage and scraping the rough buds along her walls. Coiling, curling, writhing in bestial arcs, the tongue drilled deeper into her pussy, slapping the warm spot deep inside like a drum.

Sarah shrieked. Her toes curled and her legs kicked involuntarily, thighs driven wild by the heat of the bonfire between her legs. She clenched her jaw shut and tried to breath through her nose, but the long moan burning in her throat pushed it open again reluctantly, like the door of a furnace, venting her short, chugging breaths

"Fuck...fuck...oh fuck I'm...OH!" Sarah was dimly aware of the passion tumbling out of her mouth as her orgasm mounted to a swelling crescendo. Her body was aflame with the heat of her wild pleasure. She looked down, seeing the sweat on her stomach and the hulking shadow dipping its head between her legs, but it was the hanging organ that drew her eyes like a magnet, throbbing visibly with beastly promise.

"gaaaaa, oh god, aaaaaa, aaaaaAHGGGGGGGGHHH" Sarah panted through the final surging crests and screamed as wild ecstasy lanced through every cell of her body. Her fingers grabbed tighter to his collar, slipped, grabbed again, pulling wildly, urging the dog deeper, demanding that the gliding warmth of his slippery tongue dig even further into her depths. The rapid flicks fueled the bucking pulses that raced through every nerve of her body, animating them with consuming fire. Fur brushed her arms and legs, thousands of prickling points that skimmed the surface of her boiling skin.

The couch rocked as Sarah convulsed. Her sounds drowned out the drama on the television. She drifted in a hazy bliss of wild heat that slowly faded away. Sarah swallowed. Spittle had dribbled over her lips and run down her neck. Her shirt was

pushed up to her chest and her arms and legs were wrapped tightly around her dog, muscles slackening as their pleasure drained away. Fuck. Just...fuck. Thoughts criss-crossed and collided in her brain, unable to form any coherent order. She let her arms and legs fall, lying limp on the couch with her dog's nose buried against her clit, washing her privates ever so gently with his tongue while he looked up at her with those deep, hungry eyes.

Shame and guilt warred against the dying embers of her pleasure. Really Sarah? Things have been dry lately, but your fucking dog? She groaned and pushed herself up to rest on her elbows. Not that it wasn't the best orgasm she had ever had, but...no. Shut the fuck up. He was just sitting there, head resting adorably between his paws, tail wagging innocently.

She rolled off the couch and stood up on wobbly legs. Get a grip you slut. She shook her arms and got moving, hearing four feet padding along curiously behind her. In the bathroom, she ripped aside the shower curtain savagely as if it was the source of her anger, and stepped inside without letting the water heat up first.

Ok, maybe it wasn't so bad, she thought, as she soaped her chest and under her armpits. Didn't most girls experiment? You're being too hard on yourself Sarah. She scrubbed her face and let the water wash over it and cascade down her hair. It's no problem. Just go to bed and don't worry. She wiped the cloth over her thighs and crotch, trying not to think about it, about anything, but the dark form waiting on the tile outside the curtain kept distracting her. She turned her back to it.

She felt better in her nightie with a fresh pair of panties. Much better.

Experimenting wasn't a big deal, if you did it once. She patted the dog on the head and led him outside the bedroom door by the collar, then shut it firmly in his face.



# CHAPTER THREE

"Get DOWN!"

She pushed the dog down for the thousandth time as she kicked the door closed behind her. Great. Might as well add another muddy stain to the blouse, she thought, frowning down at it. White had not been a good choice.

She had taken him to a different park this time, one few people went to. No other women for him to harass. No little girls for him to sniff and chase, slobbering all over them. Just a girl and her dog.

And it had worked. Kind of. He was so big now, an enormous panting mass of furry canine musculature. She had thrown the tennis ball for him, letting him wear himself out tearing across the grass chasing a bounding target. Except it hadn't worn him out. He had so much energy, and every time he came back with the ball in his jaws he had seemed a bit more excited.

Just a lot of energy, Sarah told herself. Just a puppy wanting to play. Nevermind the thick organ between his legs that had grown heavy as she tossed the ball for

him. It was a hot day, and she had been sweating, and the thin white blouse turned out to be just a little too thin. Sarah had been embarrassed, but grateful that nobody else had been around. The dog seemed to like it, eyeballing her hungrily when she pulled back for another throw, his gaze lingering before he dashed off. There was something about that look, that penetrating gaze, that almost suggested something cunning lurking underneath. As if he were watching her actions with approval, training her with each throw, instead of the other way around.

The thought was driven from her head and she yelped in surprise when a wet snout pushed up under her miniskirt. She grabbed for his collar, but gave up. He was too big for her to make him do anything.

"Sit!" She gasped, jerking as hot animal breath brushed her upper thighs. The gooey feeling of warm slobber suddenly began to soak through her panties.

"I...I said sit!" Her hands rose from his collar to grip the fur at his neck. She felt the heavy muscles moving just under the skin, powerful, undeniable.

"Bad dog...b-bad...dog..." A delicious pressure began to slip over her cunt, the dog's tongue licking the fabric of her panties. Sarah swayed and felt the wall against her back. The dog pressed in even harder, his tongue a breathy rasp that slithered between her legs and massaged her cunt in long strokes through the fabric, leaving sparkling tingles in its wake.

Sarah moaned. Best to let him do this. He got angry when she pushed him away, assuming she could even manage to move his bulk at all. He had been doing it

more and more lately, ignoring her feeble protests, jamming his nose up under her skirt each morning before work and leaving a gooey mess on her crotch before she could flee out the front door, then doing the same when she got home, sniffing and licking eagerly as if he needed to inspect her each time she left the house. Sniffing her scent. Tasting her private place as if to be sure nothing unfamiliar lingered there.

The pressure of his head was keeping her pelvis pinned against the wall. Sarah shuddered, an electric wave of pleasure buzzing up her spine as the agile tongue scraped the fabric upwards with each long stroke. What a slut I am, she thought, but the seeping feeling of tingling warmth spreading in her crotch was too much to resist. Her head lolled forward as her fingers curled into her dog's bristling hair, and she moaned again. She had always fled before the licking got to this point, retreating out the door or into the shower, but now she could barely move, the weight of her dog's bulk pressing against her legs.

Maybe just...just a little...maybe I can...a score of weak justifications paraded through Sarah's mind as her finger inched downward. Just a little bit of help. It felt so good. Her finger dipped into the slobbering mess, feeling the hot gush of saliva and dipping in to curl around the front of her panties. She pulled them aside, exposing herself, and that pacific bliss that had been building in her crotch suddenly blossomed into a spidering shudder of ecstasy as the rasping tongue scraped up the lips of her cunt. She felt every one of the thousands of little

tastebuds on his tongue, each one sending its own tiny flash of pleasure into the growing storm in her genitals.

Her grip on his neck tightened. She wasn't trying to push him down anymore. She was holding him steady, panting like an animal, twitching against the wall. After getting a taste of her directly, the dog doubled the pressure, lapping frantically at her exposed cuntlips. Sarah squealed and she felt her hips sway involuntarily. Jesus Christ, just look at yourself, the back of her mind yelled. A slutty little bitch getting her cunt lapped by an animal that she was too weak even to push away, and liking it. What the fuck is wrong with you Sarah?

But the heavy beat of the increasingly insistent passion swept the thought away. Sarah was pulling on his neck now, encouraging him, thighs shaking. The incessant rhythm of the slobbering tongue had stoked the tingling in her gut to a fiery tempest. Up, and up, and up, rapid strokes over the delicate flesh of her genitals, each one giving just the tiniest little bump against her clit at the top.

"Aaaah...Aaaaaaghhhhh-fuuuuuuck!"

Sarah's words devolved into a wild squeal that rang in the empty house, then died away to the heavy panting sounds of canine excitement and her own high-pitched, girlish moans. Her legs were shaking. She would have fallen if the heavy weight of the dog's head wasn't pinning her to the wall. The enormous tongue worked faster and faster, the dog's excitement matching hers, urgent friction slithering perpetually upwards against Sarah's cunt. His huge tail was wagging furiously, Sarah saw, staring through heavy-lidded eyes. His haunches were tight, his body

stiff, all his concentration on the rapid rhythm of his lapping. Sarah felt her crotch quiver and tighten, trembling under the onslaught. A cocktail of dog saliva and her own juices was trickling down both her thighs. Her nipples poked fiercely against her bra. The warm flush had spread to her whole body and was now rising up like a cresting wave.

"Come on...come on!...come on...g-good boy..."

Sarah was panting, babbling, a froth of words forced out by the mounting heat. The tongue stroked wildly, an inexorable beat, sending electric jolts flashing up from her crotch to explode in her head like fireworks. Sarah's fingers tightened in the dog's hair and she squealed again, a wild cry of abandon as her body exploded with animal pleasure. Flashes strobed in her brain. Her crotch shuddered and twitched wildly, engorged with passion, pressing back against the unceasing upward beat. Ecstasy quaked in her arms and legs and Sarah surrendered to her orgasm, crying out, hips thrusting involuntarily. The tongue didn't miss a beat, the rasping of the relentless massage a wild drumbeat against her genitals, eagerly lapping up her flowing juices.

Sarah was reeling, arms and legs slack, her body supported against the wall by the heavy strength of the dog. He had finally stopped as her orgasm tapered. Sarah slid her back down the wall with a groan until her butt hit the floor. Her dog laid down with her, his head still under her skirt, licking her thighs slowly as she regained her senses.

"Oh god," she groaned, rubbing her eyes. She had done it again. So much for a one-off experiment. Nevermind that it had been every bit as mind-blowing as the first time, her orgasm lifting her off her feet and sending her hurtling into a thunderstorm of euphoria. The dog was just lazily pressed against her thighs, licking them, wagging his tail and looking upward at her with adorable puppy eyes as if he wanted to cuddle.

She sniffed. He was still filthy with mud from the park, and she stunk of sweat and sex. She got to her feet, thighs still trembling slightly, and headed for the shower with the dog in tow. She peeled off her soaked panties and tossed them in the hamper, then followed with the blouse.

Sarah bent to turn on the bathwater, running her hand under it to feel when it turned warm. She turned to look at the dog. He was sitting quietly, tail swishing on the bathroom rug. Mud caked his paws and frosted his fine coat in ugly brown streaks. She would have to wash him completely. Surprisingly, being washed was the one thing he never objected to. He always jumped in happily, eager to get under the water with her.

She whistled and nodded at the tub, urging him to get in. Normally he didn't need the encouragement, but now he just sat there, staring at her, a morose look on his puppydog face. Sarah stared back as the rumbling splash of the bathwater echoed on the tiles.

She wasn't quite sure why she reached back to unhook her bra. She didn't need to be naked to wash her dog. There was something about it though, something that



seemed fair. Sarah pondered that as she removed her skirt too, exposing her naked body to the animal. He had licked her to orgasm a moment earlier. It almost seemed like she had been rewarded. Maybe she should pay him back...or something. He was a bad dog but it seemed fair.

Satisfied, he jumped in the tub. Sarah stepped in gingerly with him. Might as well get a 2-for-1. Her tub was extra large, which was just perfect to accommodate an extra large dog, but it left little space for her. The water was starting to fill the bottom, warmth that coated her toes and moved slowly upwards.

She crouched down to the dog's level in the tub and let him lick her face. She was normally a bashful girl. She didn't even want to get fully naked when she had sex with guys. She was ashamed at how embarrassed it made her. Her last boyfriend had said some unkind things to her about her "hangups". Maybe he had been right, but she couldn't really help it.

But for some reason this felt ok. People were naked around their pets all the time right? They brushed their teeth and dressed and pooped and had sex while their pets looked on. No problem. There was something in the dog's eyes though, a kind of keen interest as he looked at her, but for some reason it didn't make her nervous like she was with other people.

The water was high enough. She got the detachable showerhead and began to play it over her dog's fur. Muddy chunks washed away. She brought out the shampoo and lathered him up while he stood placidly in the water, tail swishing under the surface. She made sure to get behind his ears and deep into his fur. His body was

huge. She had to push him aside and squeeze around him to get to the other side, and their bodies rubbed together as she moved to work his coat. Only bad dogs got this filthy, she thought. He really was quite handsome though. As she washed the mud away, his dark coat began to gleam with a lustrous shine under the water, and his tongue lolled happily out of his mouth while he stared at her with those deep, glassy eyes. So cute. She couldn't help but smile.

She got his feet last, scrubbing even between his toes. Mud had caked itself inside there. Maybe he was a bad dog, but she was determined to be a good owner. Her dog would be well-groomed and well-fed and she would do whatever she had to to keep him happy.

Sarah paused, the thought flitting in her mind, then shook her head and hung up the showerhead. Don't be silly Sarah. He's the dog. You're the owner. She washed her own hair and then gave herself a quick once-over with the loofah before pulling the plug. The muddy water began to drain.

He fixed her with that glassy stare as the water level sunk, as if taking in her naked body as it was revealed bit by bit. Sarah shook her head again, chiding herself. Such an overactive imagination. But as the water drained around her dog's wet body, she looked down and saw it: the thick, red, veiny cock, proportioned as massively as the rest of him, and bulging hard.

She felt bad. Almost guilty. A burning shame lurked in her mind when she thought of the orgasm her dog's tongue had driven her to fifteen minutes ago, but it

didn't seem right to leave him like this. Poor guy. She looked at his panting face, and he stared back.

Just one time, she told herself, reaching out for it. Just this time, because he was a good boy. Or a bad boy. She wasn't really sure anymore, but a little payback seemed right, and despite the shame she had to admit that she felt just a little bit curious...

The warm silk against her fingertips shocked her. She thought it would feel different, but the velvet-smooth texture glided easily across her fingers as she cupped the shaft. A loud beat rang in the bathroom as the dog slapped his tail against the side of the tub. He liked it, she thought. He was panting heavily, as if his excitement was growing, having a naked human woman touching his cock. Sarah was kneeling in the tub, and bent down to get a better look at the organ in her hand.

Not like a man's penis at all, she thought. Different, exotically different - a pink-red shaft of meat wide enough to fill her hand, with a spiderweb of a thousand different blood vessels, purple channels running just under the surface. The tip was flared and slanted, coming to a point, and a tiny little hole rested in the exact center of the oblique surface.

Sarah curled her fingers gently around it, giving the slightest experimental squeeze. The dog's tail beat harder and his panting seemed hot with approval. She ran her fingers up the curving shaft, feeling the surface, the almost spongy softness mixed mysteriously with the velvet firmness. Dogcock had a feeling all its own,

apparently. Sarah didn't know why, but she approved. Something about it felt right. She felt her face grow flush.

Her fingers slid over a weird bulge high up on the shaft. It was odd. Just a firm, spherical lump below his testicles. She explored it with her fingers, running them over the glistening, damp surface. Was this his knot? She vaguely remembered reading about them. Something about a use during sex. She couldn't remember.

A gentle croon came from her dog's mouth when she slithered her fingers down the shaft. He seemed to like it. She smiled and got a better grip, then went a little bit tighter. The water was winding down a bit but a slippery fluid was coming out of the tip. Precum. She wiped it around a bit, but it wasn't quite enough to coat the big shaft.

"Good boy. Here, this will help." Sarah turned to the rack of plastic bottles mounted against the shower wall, and pulled out one with a pink label. "Personal lubricant", it read. Sarah had used it a few times with her vibrator. She rubbed the gummy ooze over her hands, then slipped her fingers back around the warm shaft.

The same pleased sound came from her dog's throat. He liked having a human girl's hands on his cock, apparently. Was that unusual for a dog? There was a lot about him that didn't seem typical. Sarah mulled this thought over for a moment before dismissing it and focusing on the task at hand.

The thick, meaty flesh glided much more easily in her grip. She started slow, with a gentle touch, not sure what the proper technique was when jerking off a dog. The

bulging energy she felt vibrating in the tumescent organ was probably a good indicator of how excited he was. He whined with pleasure as she stroked up and down the red shaft and began to lick her face.

"Awww, puppy want kisses?"

She was already a contemptible slut, might as well go for broke, she figured. She turned and puckered her lips, letting him drag his tongue along them, leaving a slug-like trail of saliva. The taste in her mouth was powerful, a salty animal zest drenched in musk. She opened her mouth wider, tongue sliding tentatively over her lips, and felt it buried by the powerful flex of his tongue against her mouth. Goopy slobber coated her lips, dripping into her mouth and bringing with it a bestial tang.

She had just french-kissed her dog. Sure, Sarah. Fuck it. She had both hands on her dog's cock now, and didn't bother to wipe her face. The sight of her fingers running along the slippery red flesh made her blush with arousal. She felt her nipples harden again, and not just from the cool air as the shower's heat faded away. A horny beat began in her crotch, driving her fingers onward with eager energy. The curved shaft slid between both her fists. She upped the pace, feeling the racing pulse of her dog in the throbbing heat of his tool. It thrummed in her hands, a proud, virile organ, erect and quivering under her hands. Sarah licked her lips, sampling the meaty taste in the residue of her dog's slobber.

Her grip tightened. She was brimming with excitement, her own pulse quickening. Up and down her hands went, double-fisting the massive red rod with goopy slime dripping between her fingers. It was so big. It felt so delicious under

her fingers, the flesh tightening up with passion from her grip. Her dog whined happily. Sarah leaned forward. Her hands jerked frantic strokes up and down. She marvelled at the glistening tip each time it emerged, how it flared, how it bobbed in the air. The knot formed a natural backstop at the bottom of each stroke, and the lubricant was building up to a gooey drizzle on its surface.

She knew how to use her mouth on a guy. She had done it before. The red tip beckoned, but Sarah resisted. Too far. She leaned down anyway, her lips parting of their own accord. What would it taste like? An animal cock? Salty? Musky? How would it compare with the smell of a man's crotch? The pointed tip emerged from her fingers repeatedly like a red piston, vibrating. Sarah squeezed tighter. It was much bigger than a man's, or at least any man she had had. What would it feel like in her mouth? She wouldn't be able to get much unless...unless she used her throat. But it was massive. And what...what would it feel like if it were...if it were in her pussy? Sarah shuddered at the thought, but she wasn't sure if it was revulsion or the arousal steaming in her gut. She leaned closer, her hands stroking an inch from her face. It was beautiful, a slippery red rod, humming on the verge of...

A white lance shot out and blinded her. Sarah jerked upright and felt more slippery spurts landing on her breasts, on her tummy. The dog's cock jerked wildly in her hands, but she held it lightly, massaging it with her fingers. She tried to blink the tacky goop out of her eyes, with limited success. Something warm landed on her shoulder. Her arm was dripping. Still it went on, spurt after spurt of dog semen shooting out of the veiny red organ like it was a firehose, gushing everywhere.

Sarah couldn't hold it steady, her own fingers shaking. It covered her, dripping down her breasts, forming a messy crosshatch on her belly. Her dog grunted with wild pleasure as his cock fountained dog sperm all over her.

Sarah blinked, stunned. She just wanted to get him off. What the fuck was that? It had gone everywhere. He had pulled away and was now sniffing her naked body. She stood up, legs shaking, fingers still twitching with excitement. She wiped the dog cum off her eyes and looked down. She'd need another shower now. It looked like someone had splashed a can of white paint against her naked body.

Her dog's tail thumped against her legs, and he whined. He seemed happy. Well, that was what she wanted, right? She was a good pet owner, keeping her pet happy. Not bothering to kick the wet dog out, she pulled the shower curtain and turned on the shower.

She looked down. A particularly large spurt had landed on her breast, like glistening gelatin. She ran a finger through it, and held it up to her eyes.

Goopy. It jiggled. Dog semen. Her dog's semen, ejaculated just for her. On an impulse she stuck her finger in her mouth. Go for broke right?

Salty. A rich, animal bouquet, piquant, with a dominating flavor. It was strange, but she liked it.

After her second shower she tumbled into bed naked, not bothering to dress. The dog jumped up with her and immediately made itself comfortable on the sheets.

"Off!" She gestured furiously with her hands. The dog ignored her, as usual.

She flopped back onto the pillow, staring at the ceiling. So much for experimenting, Sarah, you disgusting bitch. You jerked off a dog and tasted his cum. You're well beyond experimenting. What would her friends or co-workers say if they knew she was doing this? If they knew that a dog's tongue had slipped along the folds of her vagina until she had the best orgasm of her life, or that she had crouched naked and dripping in the tub, squeezing her dog's cock until he fountained cum all over her?

She jammed a pillow over her face and screamed in frustration. She felt the bed shake as the dog got up, alarmed. Fuck. This fucking dog. Won't listen. Dominating everything. She was going to make a change, she resolved. First thing tomorrow. She began to make a plan in her head. I'll get the double-strength collar that he can't break and I'll get the tight leash. Obedience classes. I'll train him, like a good master.

And I won't let him lick my pussy or cum on me anymore. Nope. Done. Just an experiment.

She slapped the pillow back down on the bedding. The dog had already made itself comfortable again. It took a long time, but eventually she drifted off to sleep.



# CHAPTER FOUR

"Give it! Give it! Fucking dog!"

Sarah shrieked in frustration, holding on to the book with both hands. "Dog Training for Dummies" was barely visible on the shredded cover. The dog had hold of the other end, his teeth sunk deep into the pages, and they were engaged in a wild tug-of-war.

A deep, menacing growl came from his throat. He tugged at the book, hair bristling, fearsome jaws visible. Sarah ignored it and screamed in his face. She wasn't going to be bullied by him. He was just a dog damnit, and she was his owner, and he **WOULD** listen, and he **WOULD** obey.

The book slipped out of her fingers, the 130-lb girl losing the contest of strength to the massive canine, and she fell backwards onto her butt. His head snapped back and forth violently, growling, shredding the book like a police dog would do to a criminal. A flurry of pages spewed out as the binding gave way. They hung in the air briefly before fluttering to the floor.

Sarah got up, crying. Her back hurt where she had landed on the hardwood floor. This fucking dog. The living room was a mess now, dog hair on everything, the couch cushions ripped open and shredded, the chewed-up detritus of her life scattered everywhere. She was scared to come home after work now. She ate out, unable to prepare anything at home. He ate anything he wanted off the table or counters, and she couldn't stop him. He slept where he pleased, which was always wherever she was. Trying to keep him off the bed had been a nightmare until she had given up. Her bedroom door had a huge dent in it from him slamming it with his weight when he was angry, demanding to be let in.

He finally stopped shaking his head and let the slobbery remains of the book drop to the floor. Then he looked at her with those dark eyes, that glistening doggy look, except now they gleamed with animal hunger. Sarah backed away, still sniveling, and put the couch between him and her.

The last month had been failure after failure. She couldn't walk him anymore - he just ripped the leash out of her hands and then jumped on her, or worse, chased the girls walking home from school. Normal dogs should chase cars or something, right? This one chased girls, nipping their skirts as they ran away screaming. Sarah had resolved to make some kind of progress this weekend, but so far it wasn't going as planned.

He had all this pent-up energy now. She didn't dare take him to the dog park and let him run around off a leash. She couldn't do anything with him, and he grew more and more restless being cooped up at home. He had flopped to the floor after

his violent outburst, and was gnawing on a plastic bottle - her anti-chew spray. Guaranteed to keep dogs far away from your furniture! The slogan was unreadable now, dissolved by layer after layer of gooey saliva. At least he wasn't chewing on another pair of her panties. He loved the smell, kept stealing them from the hamper. Her smell. He'd sniff and lick and chew the fabric as if anxious to extract every last whiff of the delicious odor. She had to keep buying new ones, and eventually started keeping all her clothing on the top shelf in her closet.

He was looking at her now, tail thumping the carpet in a friendly rhythm. He only got mad when she tried to go against him, and then he'd punish her somehow, by chewing something or bowling her over and just plain shredding whatever had annoyed him. He wasn't a puppy anymore, that was for sure. He had grown so big and so fast that Sarah still felt a sense of astonishment every time she looked at him. She was a thin girl, slender and short, and he was easily twice her weight. She couldn't make him do anything he didn't want to.

He stood up suddenly and loped over. Sarah tensed, but let him nuzzle her bare hips and stomach. This was the only thing that really calmed him, letting him see and feel her body. That's why she had taken to training him in bra and panties, or even less sometimes. It made him a little more pliant, slightly more docile, but that wasn't saying much. Lately it seemed like it might be having the opposite effect.

She felt the low growl rumble against her thigh, the dog holding its slobbery jaw against her skin. It wasn't a request. Sarah knew what he wanted. With a sigh, she reached up and unhooked her bra, then threw it on the remains of the couch. Her

breasts were small but the dog seemed to approve, resting back on his haunches and looking up at her chest, tail wagging in a pleased rhythm. Great, now HE was making HER do things. But Sarah knew that if she didn't, he'd just find an opportunity to reach up and snap them off anyway, and then she'd be out another bra. At least this kept him friendly.

She sighed and rested a hand on his head, then scratched him behind the ears. How could such a cute dog be so impossible? It wasn't fair. Sarah had never owned any pets before. She hadn't signed up for this. At least she had managed to keep her promise to herself: no more doggy cock, in her hands or anywhere. No more dog tongue running along her pussy as she shivered with pleasure. That had just been an experiment. She still felt slightly sorry for him, with his cock painfully erect virtually all the time since he couldn't get any relief. Just like it was now, a meaty red spear poking upwards along his belly as those big black eyes played over her naked chest. He was excited all the time, and his behavior had been worse and worse since she started denying him. He liked to look at her naked - demanded it, even - but she put her foot down whenever he crossed the line.

It hadn't been easy. She had tried to push him off the couch while she was watching a movie in her pajamas. He had been panting excitedly, pushing against her, dipping his nose to her crotch. She had eventually fled to the bedroom. That was when he had gotten angry and shredded the couch cushions. Now she couldn't even sit on it. And that time in the shower. He liked to watch her suds herself up, rubbing the loofah all over her naked skin. It was disconcerting, being under the

stare of those big black eyes. She didn't dare close the door and try to keep him out, but she was finally fed up and pulled the shower curtain across so he couldn't see. After only a few seconds he had reached up and seized the plastic in his jaws, then ripped it from the curtain rod with a powerful yank. She had shrieked in surprise, then cowered against the shower wall as the dog savaged the plastic sheet on the bathroom floor, rending it in a dozen places and chewing the edges to pieces. Now she didn't have a shower curtain and he could watch whenever he wanted.

Sarah rubbed her eyes. What was she doing? This dog was ruling her life. She couldn't tolerate it anymore. What was wrong with her? Other people didn't let their dogs run wild like this. She couldn't go on like this. Something had to give. Positive reinforcement didn't work when training him. Maybe negative reinforcement would. She didn't have any more books to go by - she'd have to wing it. You just had to take something that it wanted away, she knew. She went to her room and got the clothes hamper, then came back to the living room. The dog was sprawled on the floor, snuffling and licking his side, but he leaped to his feet when he saw her. She set the hamper down next to her.

"Sit," Sarah commanded, making a downward motion. "Sit." He wasn't stupid, she knew. He knew exactly what she wanted. It was just a contest of wills.

"Bad dog." Sarah reached into the hamper and took out a thin shirt. She would have worn something under it if she went out in public, since her breasts would show through the fabric, but this was fine.

She pulled the shirt on over her head, then stared down at him defiantly. His wagging tail had slowed. He seemed upset.

"Sit," she said, repeating the gesture. "Sit. Sit you stupid dog."

He stood there warily, watching her. Sarah pulled a sweater out of the pile and pulled it on. It was tight-fitting, but now he couldn't see her breasts. His posture suggested he didn't like that much.

"Sit...Sit...Sit!" Sarah huffed with frustration, then pulled out a pair of slacks. She squeezed into them, her hips wiggling, and tightened them up.

"Sit."

The dog sat immediately.

Sarah blinked in surprise. It had worked! He sat on his haunches, staring at her, his tail no longer swishing. She pulled down her pants again, exposing her pastel green panties. They were a bit snug, digging slightly into her hips, which is why she didn't normally wear them, but she didn't have many left.

"Good boy," she affirmed, making sure he got an eyeful. "Gooooood boy."

He stood up again, panting, tongue lolling, tail wagging as if he wanted to play. His erect cock dangled visibly beneath him.

"Ok." Sarah held up a finger. "Sit. Sit."

He sat again, plopping his butt onto the carpet, his cock a red arrow pointed in her direction.

"Good boy!" Sarah practically squealed. She pulled off the sweater, reducing herself to the skin-tight translucent undershirt again. She stepped up to him and rubbed his neck and behind his ears. "You're such a good boy. Who's my good boy?" The dog panted happily, thrilled at the attention.

Sarah felt so pleased with herself. She had known what he wanted all along. It was just a matter of taking that and asserting control over it. Like an alpha dog. That's what she was, she just had to make this dog understand that. She was in control.

He was licking her thighs frantically, getting warm dog drool all over them. His tongue crept up slightly higher with each lick. Sarah ignored it, cuddling his head in her hands and cooing over him, until she felt the first rasp against her panties.

"No." She stopped the affection and stepped back immediately. "Sit. Sit." She pointed down with her finger. The dog just stood there on all fours, watching her and panting, tail twitching aggressively.

"Sit. I said SIT." Why wasn't it working? He knew if he sat she'd take off her shirt and get to see her breasts, just like he always liked.

"If you don't sit, the sweater goes on again," she threatened, holding up the white garment. "Sit. Sit, dog. Damnit, SIT!"

His ears flattened against his head. A low growl began in his throat. Sarah shrugged and fed her arms into the sweater, then pulled it over her head.

A heavy weight slammed into her. She shrieked and hit the floor, her arms tangled in the sweater. Bristling hairs rubbed her arms, and the dog's threatening growl sounded inches from her ears. She felt the heat of his jaws, snapping, and for a moment thought they were closing around her throat. She screamed again, struggling against the weight, but she was pinned. The sound of ripping fabric joined the chorus of her own screams and the dog's angry snarling. She flailed with her arms, caught, and felt the heavy drips of dog slobber coating them.

She could finally see under the edge of the sweater. The dog hovered over her, his head bobbing, teeth clamping the cotton fabric, and jerking it with powerful thrusts of his neck. He tore the sweater apart viciously, snarling like a rabid beast, thrashing jaws a hairsbreadth from Sarah's arms and face. She screamed again. He would kill her. It would be so easy. He could rip out her throat right here. He was so much bigger, so much more powerful than her, an intimidating masculine bulk of fur and muscle holding her to the floor like she was a kitten. She flailed her arms, crying and screaming, wondering if that warm feeling on them was blood.

He calmed down after ripping the last of the fabric away. The pressure lifted. Sarah rolled onto her hands and knees on the floor, weeping. She looked at her hands, her arms, felt her face. Nothing. Just dog slobber. He hadn't left a single mark on her. All his fury had been carefully directed at the sweater, even as she struggled against him.

Sarah pulled herself back against the wall and let her head flop onto her knees, crying freely. She couldn't do this. Why did it always have to be him who won?



She tried to wipe the tears from her eyes, but more replaced them. Heated breath washed her cheek and a snuffling tongue suddenly dragged itself across her face, wiping away the wet tears and replacing them with wetter dog slobber. He licked her face, his posture friendly, tail wagging, as if comforting her.

Enough. He had crossed the line. Sarah stood up, wiping away the cocktail of tears and runny drool coating her face. She wasn't beat yet. She had one more tool at her disposal. She turned away from the dog and walked down the hallway to the back door. Resolve spurred her steps. She pushed her way out the door and stepped into the sunny warmth of the summer evening. Her backyard used to be neat and tidy, now it was ruined in a number of places where the dog had decided to dig things up. Ignoring that, she crossed the yard, a look of determination on her face.

The little neighbor boy was on the trampoline across the fence, but he had stopped jumping, and was goggling at her. She looked down at herself, and then blushed, realizing she was wearing only the translucent shirt and her panties. Being in her underwear had become so common the last month that she didn't even think about it.

Embarrassed, she looked around. Hopefully nobody else would see. It took an effort not to run back into the house. Instead, she put a finger to her lips and winked at the neighbor boy. He just stared. Let him get a nice eyeful of T&A, she thought. Ignoring him, she reached up and ran her hand over the top sill of the door to the shed. There was the key, right in its little nook. She snatched it and unlocked the door.

She had hoped she would never have to use these. She had bought them the first day and stored them out here, optimistic that she could train her dog without them. Only serious cases needed a muzzle, she thought, running her finger along the tight leather straps. She grabbed the choke collar and the heavy length of the chain leash too and went back to the house. She hoped it wouldn't hurt him, but desperate times called for desperate measures, and she needed to take this animal in a firm hand.

"Ok boy," she said when she got back to the living room and spied him rolling on his back on the tattered couch. His tongue lolled playfully out of his mouth and he fixed her with a goofy upside-down stare. His erect prick lashed in the air like a giant red sausage.

"I'm not going to like this and you're not going to like this," Sarah said, advancing on him. The dog eyeballed the objects in her hands, then rolled off the couch onto his feet, his tail held stiff and bristling.

"Sit," Sarah said hopelessly. "Or whatever. I don't care. You're going to learn to be obedient, starting with this.

The dog backed away, growling menacingly. He didn't like the looks of the muzzle she was holding.

"Don't growl at me. I'm not scared of you anymore," Sarah said, the words sounding pathetic even to her. She advanced on him. She'd muzzle him first, then get him into the collar. Maybe then she could rein in all that spirited doggy energy

and get him in check. The dog backed away, and Sarah kept moving. The pair danced around the living room, circling the couch almost comically. Finally the dog stood his ground, ears flattening, growl growing louder.

"Oh you're done playing? That's fine. Me too." She reached down to snap the muzzle over his mouth.

A feeling like a heavy freight train crashed into her stomach, driving her backwards. She landed painfully on her back, dazed. Instantly, a snarling, heated fury was looming over her, lips pulled back and jaws exposed. Sarah screamed as the dog dipped his head and clamped onto her shirt, then jerked her bodily across the floor. The hardwood slid along her back. She flailed her arms at his face but it was like trying to push against a steel piston. With a powerful twist of his neck, he ripped a long tear in the shirt, all the way to the neck, sundering the delicate fabric and exposing her breasts. But he wasn't done. Dog slobber dripped all over her body as he moved furiously. Sarah screamed and covered her face, terrified. His heavy bulk shifted, and she felt her panties lift. He had seized the hem. With another enraged twist, he ripped upwards, tearing them apart. Cool air blew across her pussy lips and then she felt the brush of dog hair tickling her privates.

Sarah twisted frantically underneath him. She had to get away, had to do something. He was overwhelming. She managed to roll onto her side, and then her stomach. Able to use her arms, she pushed upwards, trying to shift his bulk. She might as well have tried to lift a car. His weight lay on top of her like a log had

fallen onto her back. She strained anyway, heaving, sweat mixing with the flood of doggy slobber drooling onto the back of her neck.

A growl rumbled an inch from her ear. Sarah froze. It wasn't friendly, that growl. Not at all. It thundered with disapproval and the promise of punishment. She cowered from the menacing sound, kneeling underneath him, and felt hot dog breath washing her hair. His legs moved in her peripheral vision. He was repositioning himself.

Repositioning himself for what? Sarah had one moment for the insane thought to crystallize in her mind before she felt the heated stick of wet meat press up against her pussy.

"No!" Sarah scrambled frantically, pathetically, like a pinned bug, unable to get out from under the bulk. His rear legs had clamped against her thighs like a vice, keeping them locked in place with her butt in the air, and his forelegs pressed so tightly against her sides that she couldn't move. She was stuck, completely under his power, naked and struggling uselessly as her own dog dominated her. She felt that gooey slab of flesh move slightly, rubbing against her cuntlips, and she couldn't help but shudder. Please, no. Not the dog. Visions of the first night his lips had touched her cunt flashed in her head. The sea of rising pleasure, the roaring, blinding orgasm that followed. Every time she had wondered what a dog's cock would feel like inside her she had banished the thought and chided herself. Now, as a pointed tip gently spread her lips, she realized she was about to find out.

An unbelievable heat hovered at the cusp of her pussy. Sarah cowered, whimpering, her head squished against the floor. The first thrust jolted her insides and her head slammed up against his ribcage. Fuck he was so big! Her cunt stretched painfully wide around the slippery invader. The second thrust followed rapidly like a hammerblow, digging farther in, the pointed tip leading the way into the snug confines of her pussy. Sarah gasped and lurched, the breath knocked out of her. She felt the dog pull back, almost teasingly, and the powerful slam as his pelvis rammed against her bottom paled against the thunderbolt of shocking pleasure that raced up her spine and exploded in her brain.

Wet, slippery, bulging obscenely - and magnificently hot! Not at all like a man, Sarah thought in the distant, analytical part of her mind that was still coherent. And there was this weird, stretched sensation of fullness pressing on the outside of her pussy each time he finished his stroke. The rapid pace rammed her relentlessly from behind, the dog wasting no time once it had loosened her up and bottomed out in her human pussy. He was so big - there was no way she could hold him all, she thought. She managed to screw her face around, looking down the length of her belly through the wash of tears, and see the substantial organ jackhammering into her pussy. The lumpy red knot thing squished up against her cunt with each thrust. That's what that was. It was extraordinary. Sarah realized she was shrieking, a girlish squeal cut off each time the dog jammed the long length of its doggy cock inside her, driving the air from her lungs.

He had licked her pussy, and it had been the most amazing thing she had ever felt, but this was beyond what she could have imagined. The tremendous thrashing fullness of that smooth, curving shaft of red cock slipping into her pussy coaxed a fiery storm of ecstasy that blossomed out from her vagina. The pleasure spread like wildfire, seizing her senses, focusing them all on the powerful organ of dog domination thrusting into her body. It barrelled in with irresistible force, squeezing her pussy muscles aside to make room for the substantial girth, slamming all the way down to the depths of her sex that no man had ever reached, then pulling out in a quick slippery slide of ecstasy just to do it again.

Heavy panting breaths heated her neck. Drips of slobber fell only to sizzle against her skin. He worked her fragile body with reckless motions, bucking rapidly against her tiny frame. Her neck was wet with slime. Tingling hair brushed her back. The strong guidance of his firm legs against her thighs held her locked in place. Sarah twitched wildly, panting, drooling, beginning to thrust back against the battering ram despite herself. She looked down again, saw the goop dripping from the pistoning connection of their bodies. God, she was so wet. She could feel her pussy gushing, muscles quivering and tightening around the animal meat as it slid into her, then rippling a gentle massage as he pulled out.

Holy fuck. Fucking fuck. Sarah garbled incoherently, unable to form the words. She was having sex with a dog. A dog. Her dog, thrusting into her cunt like he owned it. Maybe he did. He could have done this any time he wanted. Sarah writhed underneath him like a mouse caught in a trap. The swelling tide in her gut

was mounting into a storm already, an explosive ball of ecstatic flashing ready to detonate at any moment. He slammed in, his powerful dog cock driving her against the floor, slipping out and then doing it again. His furry hips jolted back and forth, the powerful muscles of his body rippling in heated interplay as he fucked his new bitch enthusiastically. That's what she was, Sarah thought, as she felt herself moaning, as she felt the passion of her orgasm boiling over. A fucking slut. Dogslut. The girls in school had always teased her, calling her a slut for no reason. If only they could see her now, twitching on the floor as a beast's cock railed her little body from behind.

Like an incoming tsunami, the wave of pleasure lifted up and rolled in, rising up over her and crashing down all at once. She shrieked until she was out of breath. Her arms and legs jerked wildly. The fierce, pounding energy didn't let up, driving her over the edge into a screaming orgasm. Lightning bolts of pleasure streaked in her mind with every mighty thrust, every dominating jerk. She could feel her pussy spasming crazily, quaking around the meaty piston still working her hole at a frantic pace.

Her senses were on fire. She felt every hair. Every panting breath. Every millimeter of glorious thrust. She felt the tightening of her own tummy muscles, the involuntary jerks of her hips. She felt every throbbing heartbeat that raced through that bulging organ of doggy delight. Her orgasm strobed in her brain, a fountain of euphoria spewing primal pleasure with each heavy jolt of his furry crotch against her bare bottom.

"Goo...good b-b...boy..." Sarah realized she was twitching against the floor, the words tumbling out as sloppily as the goo she could feel dripping from her vagina. He was still going. He hadn't cum. Sarah couldn't believe it. The pounding beat of pleasure kept her flying high even as her orgasm tapered, the heady rush of dog sex flush throughout her body. She was pushing back enthusiastically now, relishing each savage lunge of that fleshy spear into her body. Jesus Christ. This dog could fuck. He was still going, more eager with each thrust. Sarah could feel his excitement mounting slowly, feel it in the quivering of each bristling hair against her arms and legs. He railed her with his doggy prick, smashing it into her pussy, meeting each of her movements with his own and driving her against the floor.

"Good boy...g-good boy...g-boy...good...good..." Sarah stuttered, her tongue lolling out of her mouth like she was a dog herself. She was weeping and drooling, out of control, her body given over to the panting rhythm of interspecies copulation. That fucking cock, that dog cock, every delicious thrust a crashing wave of pleasure. He had been erect all the time around her. If she had known...that it would feel like this...that it could do this. The slippery, curving organ loomed in her mind. She had tried to ignore it for so long. Now that glorious tool was pounding away inside her, driving her to a second orgasm like a runaway train. She loved it. She was squealing with pleasure even as she cried, loathing and relishing every slippery inch of fleshy meat that barrelled inside her. He could put it in her pussy any time. Her mouth. Her butt. Fucking anywhere.



She was shaking and cried out again as her second orgasm rose up and overtook her. The dog was snuffling, grunting, then let out a long, low growl of pleasure as he slammed frantically into her cunt a final time. Sarah felt something pop, the sensation quickly drowned in the flood of euphoria that she plunged into. That delicious fullness. That throbbing pulse. He was stuffed so deep inside her, not moving, his arms and legs wrapped around her body like furry shackles. The first spurt seared her insides like hot lava, adding to the heights of her orgasm. Another spurt, then they ran together, the rising tide of a hot flood boiling her insides. Her climax exploded in her brain like a second supernova as she felt the sensation of doggy semen spewing into her womb.

Squishing goop in her belly. Muscles taut, tensed. Thick hair enveloping her. A blissful fullness like she had never felt stuffed tightly in her cunt. All her sensations ran together into a boiling gooey haze, sparkling, then congealing into a heady sea of euphoria that enveloped her. She drifted in it, her orgasm fading away and leaving just the pink ocean of satisfied bliss. There was a distant beat, something thrumming. It grew closer. Sarah realized it was the panting breath of the dog against the back of her neck. Slowly, the world resolved itself out of the static that covered her senses.

He wasn't slamming into her anymore. He was just resting. That little side-to-side motion she felt in her hips was him wagging his tail with delight. Something felt odd, plugged up. Sarah couldn't quite place the feeling. She looked down, and saw his balls dangling a millimeter from her dripping cunt lips.

"Good boy." She rubbed his legs then elbowed him slightly in the chest, urging him to get off. She ached in this position. Her arms and legs were tired. Of course they are, she told herself. You probably strained something fucking your dog to two orgasms and taking his spunk in your pussy. She elbowed him again.

"Get off boy. Move." She pushed his leg but it was like a steel pole. Something else felt off. Why hadn't he pulled out? She looked down again.

If his balls were right there, dangling against her genitals, then that meant that his knot, that weird lump of flesh...was it stuck inside her?

"Oh fuck." She tried to move her hips, and felt him move with her. Connected. "Oh no. Fuck." Sarah wiggled her hips, feeling like she was trying to pop the cork from a bottle. The dog moved with her, and finally whimpered a little. She stopped. Ok, that probably hurt.

What the fuck was she going to do? How long did this last? Sarah went limp. Her butt still held in the air, speared by the dog prick buried inside her. Maybe she should call for help. But he wouldn't like that, she knew. And what would she say? Help, my dog's cock is stuck inside me? No, I don't know how it got there? Bring the jaws of life, or extra lube.

Maybe this was temporary. He didn't seem concerned. His weight pressed against her, resting. She turned her head, and he rewarded her with a goopy trail of slobber across her cheek.

"Awwww. Wanna cuddle?" Sarah found she wasn't even mad. All her fear and frustration had been disintegrated by the explosive orgasms. Plus how could she stay mad at those soulful black eyes, staring down at her? Plus maybe she had gone too far. Sarah didn't know why the thought was in her head, but maybe she had needed to be put in her place, and he had done that.

In any event they both seemed satisfied. She reached up to scratch the underside of his neck as he licked her face. He actually was a good cuddler, aside from his propensity to lick her pussy. She smiled and giggled despite herself as his raspy tongue scraped across her lips and nose. He seemed pleased. That angry energy seemed like it had dissipated. He had just needed a bitch to cum in.

Was that what she was? Sarah pondered. What else could you call it, when your dog's cock was stuffed inside you? She had been so sure she could keep him at bay, that that firm rod of doggy flesh could be kept at arm's length. Now look at it: stuffed to the hilt and more inside her quivering pussy.

"Oh god..." Sarah twitched as the motion of their conjoined hips sent a jolt spasming up her body. He was moving slightly as he licked her face, and that translated into a slight bobbing, a tiny cadence of motion that moved the knot that was lodged inside her. His licking grew faster, hungrier. Sarah twitched again, another lance of delight shooting up from her overstuffed crotch.

"Good boy...good boy..." she rubbed his legs, then opened her lips and stuck her tongue out. The thick pad of his tongue washed over her, leaving a flood of slobber

that dripped like syrup. Sarah smacked her lips. She was starting to like doggy taste, she found.

The slight motion grew. Sarah wasn't sure which of them was doing it. Their connected bodies began to sway, the dog's hips pumping slightly. Sarah shuddered, ecstatic. It was like nothing else. The slightest movement of that massive bulge hung up in the tiny channel of her pussy lit her up like a wildfire. She arched her back and groaned.

"Oh fuck. Fuck me." She looked up at him. "Move that thing. Oh good boy...good..."

He pushed harder, driven by her encouragement. Sarah's moan rose to a low squealing sound like a little girl. It felt amazing. Every heartbeat, every twitch, every tiny quiver of her lover's body was communicated to her through that sensitive bulb. Their hips were moving in perfect tandem now, with no give to actually thrust. They swayed back and forth in lockstep. Sarah dug her fingers into the hard floor and arched her head up, her squeal rising in pitch. She felt his tongue on her face. She felt his fur on her back. She felt the overweening bulge locked in her insides, the base of a long shaft of twitching flesh buried against her womb. Sarah vibrated like a tuning fork under the unyielding body of her dog, her smooth flesh connected to his hairy frame like they were one body.

They moved faster now, grinding, the cadence completely unfamiliar to Sarah. She pushed her hips up and down slightly, careful not to jerk on the sensitive organ lodged inside her. Their breaths rose in tempo as they continued their motions, a

slow dance in sensitive lockstep unlike the frenzied hammering of earlier. Sarah felt their shared orgasm build together, slow but definite like a tub filling with water. The dog quivered against her, apparently relishing the feeling of being buried in a human bitch. The pace slowly built, rising up, and before Sarah knew it she could feel the warm firehose twitching inside her as it spewed a fresh deposit of dog sperm up into her belly. The sensation of moving liquid pushed her over the edge, and she collapsed as her third orgasm roared through her. Her back arched and she thrust her hips up instinctively, pressing against his undercarriage. He seemed to like it, crooning with pleasure, matching Sarah's slow warbles of gasping delight.

Sarah wasn't quite sure how long it went on. She had long since stopped crying and calmed down, submitting to her predicament. She could see the day fading away in the light reflected from the window. What if someone came by? What if the neighbors knocked on her door? She hadn't answered her phone all day. It was in her room, buzzing annoyingly every few minutes. She stopped worrying after a while, unable to keep her train of thought when each fresh climax exploded inside her. She had lost count. That stuffed ball of flesh was miraculous, quivering in her pussy, twitching each time the dog felt ready for another round. Which was frequently. He had cum inside her repeatedly, each time spurting a fresh deposit of doggy sperm that squished around in the confined space. Her uterus had to be brimming with puppy spunk. It was a wonder her stomach wasn't bulging.

Darkness had long fallen by the time Sarah felt an odd shifting. The dog's hips moved, working side to side, and she had prepared herself for another grinding fuckfest with her mate when she felt something like an orange popping out of her pussy.

She collapsed onto her side, exhausted, arms and legs aching from being locked in one position. She felt the warm gush of released fluid trickling down her thighs. A nice little pool of doggy cum on the floor. She found she didn't care. Groaning. She managed to push herself up.

There he was, panting happily, staring at her. Something seemed different though. Something had changed. She wasn't quite sure what.

"You hungry boy?"

He thumped his tail on the ground in an affirmative. Her stomach was growling fiercely. She was starving too. She got up and went to the kitchen, not bothering to dress or to clean the mess between her legs. She was naked around him often enough anyway and it always felt fine, and the cooling sludge congealing on her groin like grey gelatin felt right somehow. God knew she had enough of it inside her. They could both shower in a bit.

She heated some leftover steak and plopped it on two plates, then headed back to the living room. The dog was cleaning himself, carefully lapping up the residue of their combined juices from his cock. She set the plate in front of him and then sat at the table.

She didn't hear the typical loud slobbering as he scarfed down his meal. She looked over at him. He was staring back mournfully at her, thumping his tail.

"You love steak!" she protested. But still he sat, looking at her, pleading.

"Ok fine." She got up and sat on the ground cross-legged with him. That seemed to do it. He dug in, ripping off a big chunk and wolfing it down. Sarah bit into her own steak, eating with her fingers. Might as well. That's what dogs did, right? And she might as well be one, spending all day grunting like a bitch in heat with a massive dog cock corked inside of her and a flood of doggy semen seeping into her womb.

That night, when he got up on the bed, she didn't make a show of trying to kick him off. Instead she let him sleep beside her, his tail thumping and his head resting on her tummy as she drifted off to sleep.

# CHAPTER FIVE

"But I have to go to work!" Sarah protested.

He wouldn't budge. The dog had parked his massive frame in front of the door and was sitting on his haunches, refusing to move.

"You like having dog food, right? And a place to live? Well I gotta work to get those things boy."

Sarah was exasperated. She had put on her white blouse and pleated skirt and done her makeup and hair for work. It took a lot of work in the morning to get



ready. She had left some leftovers in his dish for breakfast. What more did he want?

She made a move to skirt around him to the left, and he shifted with her. She did the same thing on the right. Maybe she could squeeze by. A low growl grew in his throat.

"Oh come on!" Sarah stamped her foot, which was a mistake in the high heels. She tripped slightly and braced herself against the wall.

"We just fucked boy. You gotta let me go sometime." It was true. She had awoken to the exalted feeling of his tongue lapping at her cunt. She didn't bother to wear clothes to bed anymore. He didn't like it either, usually making her take them off if she tried. She knew better than to try to resist his demands.

He had got her so worked up that she got out of bed early and took him into the shower with her. It was one of her favorite things, to let the warm water cascade over them both while she got on her hands and knees, his hairy bulk looming over her, and letting him fuck her from behind. She was careful not to knot with him and he usually didn't press the issue unless it was a weekend. Somehow he always knew, and a large part of her free time was spent literally locked in coitus to her dog.

"Ok FINE. Well I can work from home then." Luckily her company let her do that. She flopped onto the couch and opened her laptop, ready to go through her

email. The dog meandered around the couch, sniffing curiously. He came up to her and put his head on her legs, tail waving furiously, blocking the laptop.

"Down boy." She brushed him away. He tried again, looking up at her with his adorable glassy eyes.

"Down. I gotta work." She pushed him again. This time he growled, and nudged her laptop with his head. She knew if she didn't listen, he'd wreck her laptop again.

"Jeez!" She slammed the laptop shut and dropped it on the cushion. She knew it wouldn't go well for her to ignore his demands again. She had learned.

"Ok you tell me what to do boy. You tell me."

He seemed to take her meaning immediately and shuffled into the dining room. She followed. He looked sadly at his bowl, and then hopped up onto one of the dining room chairs, sitting on his haunches. He looked ludicrous, barely able to fit on it. She sighed and scratched him behind the ears.

"Ok wait a minute."

She went into the kitchen, her high heels pock-pocking on the hardwood floor. Before the dog, her fridge had been stuffed with salads and light fare. She was thin and didn't eat much. Now it was red meat. He liked it, and he punished her if she came home from shopping without it.

She scooped some loose hamburger onto a plate and heated it up, thinking, while the meat turned slowly in the microwave.

It had been a wild few weeks since he first raped her in the living room. His behavior had improved dramatically - no more chewing, destruction, bullying, but that was because she gave him everything he wanted now, including her own pussy, on tap, anytime he wanted it. It was inconvenient, having to drop everything to satisfy his whims, but on the other hand Sarah had never been so sexually satisfied in her life. The feeling of his slippery doggy cock pounding into her cunt was...well it was indescribable. Yesterday he had pistoned her to one earth-shattering orgasm after the other, her fingers clenching, hips bucking, shrieking and screaming until the neighbors came over to ask if she was alright. Luckily she hadn't been locked to him at the time, and had managed to throw on some quick clothes and answer the door. They accepted her vague explanations and assurances that she'd try to keep it down.

She'd replaced the couch cushions. She had new panties, though she rarely wore them. She didn't bother to replace her training books. It felt like it was her that was being trained now. Life was liveable now, as long as she followed his commands. The microwave beeped. She took out the hamburger and pock-pocked her way back into the dining room.

"Here ya go boy. Bon Appétit!"

He dug in messily, scattering crumbs of ground beef everywhere. She stroked his ears affectionately. He paused in his eating, and looked at her meaningfully, then looked at his bowl against the wall.

"Don't want it?" She walked over to it. Nothing wrong with it. Some mashed potatoes. Chicken. A bit of savory stew drizzled on top.

He was looking at her. His tail thumped against the chair.

"Oh come ON! You got your food, didn't you?"

His tail thumped. His eyes stared. He looked at the bowl.

"I mean...let me get a plate or something..."

His tail thumped a negative. His meaning was clear.

"No way. Uh uh. I'm not doing that. Let me keep some dignity boy." She crossed her arms defiantly.

They stared each other down for a long minute. Sarah had had enough. Sure, he had his particular bark which meant "stay", and he could get her to bend over by nuzzling her hips in a particular way, and she knew how he signalled commands to feed him, to pet him, to suck his cock or roll over to a different position when they made love. He was nothing if not consistent. But she was her own person, dammit. Not some...pet. He couldn't just order her around. Well, not for some things, at least.

His tail wasn't wagging anymore. His eyes didn't have that adorably soulful look of imploremment anymore. Now he looked mad, his tail stiff, his eyes threatening, lips pulled back slightly. A familiar low growl rumbled from his throat. She backed away.

"Ok ok, don't get mad. Sheesh." She held up her hands. "I'll do it. Fine. Just...whatever. Eat your damn hamburger."

He did so, turning to resume his messy gobbling. She looked down at the bowl. It was clean...sort of. If you didn't count the dog slobber. She got down on her hands and knees - a delicate feat in the heels - and knelt in front of it. It wasn't so bad. It wasn't like he was making her eat dog food or anything. It was just people food. She might have been eating it herself this morning. It didn't really matter if it was on a plate or out of a bowl, right?

She bent down, looking at it. She sniffed it, smelling the stew she had cooked and the particular buttery aroma of her signature mashed potatoes. She lowered her head, sticking her tongue out tentatively. He'd be mad if she half-assed this, she knew. Best to do what she knew he wanted.

She ducked and buried her face in it, licking frantically with her tongue. It was tough since she didn't have a big, agile tongue like a dog's, but she managed to pull in some scraps of chicken and the top layer of the mashed potatoes. It was all over her face. So much for her makeup. Dogs didn't have fingers so she couldn't use hers, instead burying her face in the food again, lapping it up, slurping and slobbering messily as she tried to suck in food in the unfamiliar posture.

Finally she sat up and burped, sated. The dog had finished his hamburger and got down from the chair and was watching her, making sure she ate enough.

"There," she said. Buttery potato goop was smeared all around her lips, and some of the stew had dripped down and stained her white blouse. She sighed. But the dog was happy. He wagged his tail and licked her face, cleaning her and gobbling up the extra food at the same time. She sat and let him run his tongue all over her face, finally breaking into giggling. It tickled so much when those raspy buds dragged over her nostrils. She was clean now, makeup gone, food gone, replaced by a fine sheen of doggy drool.

"Good boy, cleaning me up like that." She stroked his ears and scratched his neck, and he stretched his muscular neck so she could get the sweet spot. A few strategic scratches later and she had him on his side, panting heavily, twisting happily and playfully mock-gnawing at her arms. This was something he had never done before...before he put her in her place. Before she had learned to accept his commands. Playing with her, happy. And erect, of course. The thick red rod lashed in the air, slapping against her arm as he wiggled.

"You like that, you like that don't you. Who's my good boy? You're my good boy!" She cooed and stroked him lovingly, moving from his ears to his belly, brushing the fine bronze hairs of his undercoat and feeling the powerful shifting of the muscles beneath. At least he wasn't growing any larger, but he already had such a massive bulk. And he was so cute. Handsome even, with his darkly lustrous coat and strong legs.

He rolled over and gave a commanding bark, then walked toward the bedroom. She lingered a moment, admiring his form. She liked how he stood, how he

walked, projecting a power and a raw male dominance into the room. His hind legs were tightly muscled, rippling with strength, firm and virile, and she knew the power with which he could use them. He could probably jump on top of the house if he wanted to.

She followed him, her pussy already tingling. She could have dashed out the door, defying him, but she had learned better. Fuck work anyway. Fuck it all. Fuck everything but the feeling of a raw dog's penis pumping between your legs. She felt the moisture beading her panties in anticipation.

In the bedroom, she moved to unbutton her blouse, but he barked.

"Oh, leave it on? How about these?" She pointed to her heels.

He barked a negative.

She smirked. "So that's how it is huh? You want to fuck mama in high heels? Did you see \*this\* this morning and feel like you just had to have it?" She pointed to her butt. He barked enthusiastically.

"Or was it this that got you all riled up?" She lifted her skirt, showing him her panties. His tongue was hanging out, panting excitedly. His tail whipped back and forth, battering the lamp and knocking over the hamper.

"Ok baby." She pulled down her panties and stepped out of them delicately, then grinned with anticipation as she crawled up on the bed and knelt on the sheets. She slapped her behind and lifted her skirt, urging him to jump up and mount her.

He barked, twice, high then low

"Oh? You want to try that again?" She rolled over on the bedsheets and scooted her butt to the edge of the bed. They had only done this once before but it had been fucking awesome. She lifted her legs in the air, holding her thighs with her hands, spreading her pussy invitingly for him. He leaped up, looming like a furry wave about to crash down on her. Sarah licked her lips. She was already salivating, and her pussy was already dripping wet, eager for dog cock, like some kind of reverse Pavlovian scenario.

He planted his front paws on the bed and left his hind legs on the ground. Sarah let her legs wrap around his sides, heels in the air. She felt the hot brush as his cock poked clumsily at her snatch. The pointed tip caught in her groove, sliding up and down, and she shivered as it tweaked her clit. He was teasing her, getting her ready, his hips moving in a gentle rhythm. She felt the thick fluid of his precum mixing with her own on her genitals. The steady movement up and down her pussy lips stoked a delicious fire in her crotch that crackled each time he bumped her clit.

"Come on boy, please." She was panting, swallowing, her hair strung out on the bedsheets. She looked up, and gave him her best puppydog pleading face.

He seemed satisfied. He wiggled his hips, getting ready, parking the tip of his tumescent rod at the entrance to her tunnel. Sarah shivered again in anticipation, the thrilling prelude to that long, bulging shaft of flesh being rammed into her until she squealed and came and had her insides flooded with doggy semen. It seemed to stretch out into eternity, the dog waiting. Teasing her. He didn't usually do that, but it seemed today was special. He seemed like he wanted her to enjoy it.



All at once he thrust in, ramming his bulging red prick right into her pussy. She jerked and squealed in delight, the first of the many sounds she would be making today, she was sure. No boyfriend had ever complained about her being too quiet during sex. He pulled back and slammed in again, then again, and she felt her pussy begin to give under the assault, anxious muscles loosening up just enough to ease in the smooth, curving length of slippery dog penis.

This was the best part about having sex with an animal, Sarah thought, as she clamped her legs behind his back. How they didn't hold back. No nervousness. No insecurities. No failures because of stress or a bad day at work. Just the power of a firm prick shoved right into your cunt. It was intoxicating. She revelled in it, letting him establish the rhythm since she couldn't move her hips much in this position. His firm muscles bounced against her body like she was a toy. He could do anything he liked with her. She inhaled, taking in his aroused scent, the musk and dog smell and the tangy whiff of animal sex. Familiar. Thrilling. It filled her sinuses and buzzed in her brain, even as the mounting rhythm of pleasure grew down below.

She couldn't wait to watch this later. She wanted to see what she looked like with her skirt up and heels in the air, her lover on top of her and slamming her against the bed. She had had a high-resolution nannycam forever and it caught everything, sending it straight to her computer. She looked over at it: the rim of the darkened lens shone in the lamplight, its mechanical innards capturing every minute detail of

their act, every thrust, every whimper, every panting moan as the beast and the girl performed their obscene copulation.

Her butt was getting a bit high up. It was hard to maneuver with her legs around him but she managed it, returning to a stable slant. That was the thing about this position: the key was to let your butt hang off the edge of the bed at the right angle, just a little, so some of her weight rested directly against his cock. This gave him better force and control, letting him jerk her wildly up and down against the bedding. She loved it because she could do so little in this position - just hang on for the ride, her body a tool, a willing little cocksleeve for the monstrous prick thundering between her legs.

She squealed again, revelling in the raw animal pleasure of the dog prick slamming into her cunt. She felt her lips swell and flush, engorged with pleasure, and her pussy muscles went wild, clamping tightly around the pistoning meat. This had practically become her whole life now. He fucked her and came on and inside her a dozen times a day, and it was almost exhausting. Almost. Somehow she always found the energy for another round of pounding dog prick. It thrilled her to the core, just the very idea of something so taboo, so filthy and disgusting, offering your special place to a hairy animal to be used and defiled. She wondered why she had even bothered to deny him in the first place. It had taken time and careful training, but she was a good bitch now.

Most of the time. Sometimes she didn't behave. Like this morning. Luckily he hadn't punished her. Usually he rewarded her with a generous lick of her pussy,

keeping at it until she came, which was always quick. Sometimes he'd nuzzle her hips and she'd get down and he'd mount her from behind, giving her the treat of his cock. Positive reinforcement. Sarah had responded well.

It was the negative reinforcement that was scary. Sarah had had a firsthand look the first day he had knocked her down and raped her and knotted with her. She had been being very bad. She admitted that now. He was right to punish her, and nevermind that it turned out that she loved it in the end.

But things had been calm, settling down into a familiar routine of lovemaking, just a pet girl and her dog slamming their crotches together until they both came. She was happy, for the first time in a while. She never would have guessed that a penis would bring such overwhelming satisfaction to her life. Especially not a dog's penis.

The cadence of her moans had been growing, matching the building heat in her belly. This position let him slam his pelvis into her with each stroke, shoving her upwards and rocking her body as she clung tenuously to him with her arms and legs. Up and down, her body moving against the bed with each powerful animal stroke, whimpering, totally under his power. Doggy style was amazing fun but she also liked to be able to see him as he fucked her. That's why she had bought the full-length mirror for her room. Still, it was better to be up close and personal with that straining canine body, watching it heave, watching it move and pump vigorously, muscles shifting and fur swaying as he pumped his doggy prick into her human cunt.

Slobber drizzled onto her face. His head hovered a foot above her. They couldn't really reach other to kiss, but that was fine. She could smell his excitement, feel the animal passion in the warm drool. She hung on with her arms and legs wrapped around him like a drowning girl, squeaking with each rapid thrust, sparks of pleasure shooting up from where the pointed tip of that bulging puppy prick was slamming into her depths. She was on the verge of cumming already, and he had only been inside her for a minute! It rose up and overwhelmed her, exploding in her brain, shaky spasms erupting all over her body. She struggled to hold on, to keep her grip, to keep her trembling thighs and legs wrapped around his furry body. She barely managed it. He never let up, keeping up the rabid pace, bulging organ thrusting wildly in and out as her pussy convulsed around it. Her climax eventually faded like a dull roar, receding right back into the frenzied sensory overload of his furry embrace and their passionate motions.

She usually came first, and so quickly. Dogfucking just turned her on like nothing else. It was great. It seemed like he could fuck her as long as he needed to, sometimes taking half an hour before he was through, once going even longer than that while he drove her to a whimpering wreck from the repeated orgasms. She hadn't walked straight the entire day after that.

He was building up quickly though, his hairy hips jerking wildly, pumping the long length of veiny red flesh into her repeatedly. Sarah looked down at it, still amazed at how the massive organ could slip inside of her so easily. It was like she had been made for it, the lock of her tunnel shaped in just the right way to accept

the key of a curving doggy cock. And his knot, oh Christ, his knot. When that thing rammed itself inside her and inflated like a balloon, it blew everything else away and she knew she was in for hours of pleasure whether she wanted it or not.

She felt it butting up against her pussy lips even now, squeezing them apart desperately at the nadir of each stroke. Fuck, if he knotted with her, she'd never get to work. Damn it. The rock-hard piston at her crotch increased the tempo, jerking her hips and body and it slipped in with an unutterable sensation of fullness and pressure.

"Fuuuuuuuck!" She screeched in frustration and passion as she curled her fingers into the bedsheets, knuckles going white. The dog paid no attention, still bucking his bitch happily against the bedding, working the knot deeper inside her. So much for today. Not that she would mind, really. A day spent with a doggy cock inside you was a good day. But still, fuck.

Her frustration died away, buried in the swell of rising pleasure. Her own climax was building up, and judging by the trembling of the red shaft caught inside her so was his. They worked their hips together in synchronized motion, no longer able to thrust, just a girl and her dog building to a frantic mutual crescendo of grinding friction and quaking muscles. She screamed, feeling his balls slapping against her ass, and he barked happily and pushed forward a final time, jamming the ball of his knot even deeper inside of her.

Sarah floated in a hazy sky of bliss, fireworks of pleasure bursting in her eyes. Winds buffeted her and then lifted her up, tossing her into a storm of ecstasy. She

trembled and writhed on the tangled bedding, barely aware, every iota of her consciousness fixated on the quivering length of animal flesh plugged inside her. It seemed to vibrate, every tiny tremor communicated to the straining, hypersensitive walls of her pussy, and like a flash of lightning in her gut she felt the first heated spurt, the first lance of potent dog semen flooding into her belly. Another spurt followed, and another, the cock pulling and twitching, shaking her body with it. The fluid merged into a warm sensation deep inside, a tingling, thrilling satisfaction of knowing that dog semen was flooding into her womb, that doggy sperm was spreading out in a vast swarm of squiggling contenders in her uterus, seeking her eggs, ready to burrow in.

Sarah was heaving, convulsing against the dog's belly as her orgasm shook out its final throes. He was resting on top of her, licking her face, his tool plugged snugly inside her. She angled herself up onto the bed more so she could rest, and he moved with her. The sensitive lock of their connection thrummed with their shared heartbeat, a pulsing knot of pleasure for both of them. The firm doggy cockflesh was inflated almost unbearably tightly against her straining pussy walls.

Her phone rang. Aw fuck. She stretched her head and looked behind her at the upside-down end-table. Her phone buzzed angrily on the wood.

"Hnnnnnggg, HUUUUUNNNNGGGGH." She reached out, straining, her fingers touching the edge. Slowly, slowly. She caught a little bit of friction with the tip of her finger and managed to pull it into her hand.

"H-Hello?"

"Sarah? It's Mike. Everything ok? You coming in to work today?"

"Yeah I'm...I'm fine-" she cut off with a sudden yelp as he moved, the knot shifting ever so slightly inside of her.

"What was that? You ok."

"I'm fine Mike. Just um...indisposed. I won't be able to come in today."

"Ok. Well I'll mark it off." The dog was panting heavily into her face. She wondered if Mike could hear it on the other end.

"Alright thanks Mike," she said.

"Sure. Take care Sarah."

She hit the button and dropped the phone on the bedding. Her crotch thrummed happily, filled with pulsing dog prick. She rubbed her hands on his belly, curling her fingers into the hair on his chest. She was going to be here a while.

"Good boy," she murmured. Eyes fluttering. "You're such a good boy."

# CHAPTER SIX

"I'm sorry!"

Sarah was backed up against the wall, blubbering. He had cornered her, his tail held stiff, furious.

"Please. Look, I'll just...do you want to lick me?" She lifted up her skirt, showing off her pussy. His eyes gleamed but he barked a command, firm with resolve. She lowered the skirt.



"H-How about I suck you off? I'm getting better at swallowing it all. I'll bet I could try this time. Let me try."

She bent down, ready to reach under him and grab his member. He barked another command and she froze.

"Ok I'll just...I don't...please don't make me go." She slumped down. If she had doggy ears they would have been wilting in shame. She had been a bad girl.

He barked again, resolute. She turned to look at the crate in the corner. It was just barely big enough. She'd have to crouch to get in. She didn't want to go in the crate.

His tail flicked in a hostile gesture and a low growl began in his throat.

"Ok I'm going I'm going," she sniffed, wiping her runny nose, and walked over to the crate. Kneeling down, she crawled in. He closed the door behind her and pulled the latch with his nose.

Sarah sniffled and buried her face in her knees. She didn't want to be a bad girl, she just couldn't help it sometimes. When she had answered the door for the UPS man, it had been going so well. She even remembered to put on a shirt this time, albeit a skinny undershirt that you could see her tits through. The man took a good look before smiling politely and handing her the long, rectangular package. She had been excited. It had finally came. She was about to return his goodbye when her master trotted down the hallway and thrust himself at her.

His nose went up under her miniskirt in a flash, lapping at her bare pussy. She had jumped and shrieked. Pushing his head against her, he had bowled her backwards against the open door and lifted her skirt to her waist with his nose to begin a long, slow licking motion against her genitalia, right in front of the delivery man. Mortified, she had pushed him away. He just stood there, smiling politely, watching the dog's tongue move across her pussy lips.

"Get down! Bad dog! Sit!". She pushed his head away again, but he was insistent, pushing back against her hands, burying his tongue in her crotch.

"I'm...I'm sorry...I-uh..." Sarah fumbled to pull her skirt down, with limited success. She was burning with embarrassment. The man had seen everything, absolutely everything, but he just kept smiling politely.

"Nothing to be sorry about ma'am. You two have a good day." He waved and began to walk back to his truck, utterly unfazed by the sight of the dog violating a young woman with his tongue.

"What do you think you were DOING?" she yelled at him after she slammed the door.

"You need to behave! If I tell you to get down you need to get down!" She was advancing on him, as if her tiny 130 lb body could intimate the furry hulk in front of her.

"You can't just do that in front of people! That's a BAD DOG!" She wagged her finger at him. "Bad dog!"

His ears went back and his tail went up, stiff and hostile. An angry low growl that she hadn't heard in a while sounded in his throat.

Sarah stood upright, shocked. What was she doing? She was being naughty. VERY naughty. If Master wanted to lick her pussy in front of the delivery guy then that was what he would do. She took in his angry posture, his threatening growl. He was tremendously upset with her.

That was when she had backed against the wall, begging for forgiveness. It had just been such a shock, to have him suddenly right there, lapping at her pussy in front of a stranger. Sarah replayed the incident in her mind as she crouched in the crate. The delivery guy hadn't seemed surprised, or disturbed. Did he see women getting their pussies licked by dogs often on his route?

She wept disconsolately, tears running down her face and onto her knees. She had been so happy. Her package had come. But now she had been bad and had to stay in here instead of trying it out. There was food and water at least, and newspaper if she had to go. She ducked and sniffed at the bowl. Chicken and rice from last night. She dug in and snared a mouthful, letting it smear messily on her lips.

An hour passed. Then another. She saw Master come and go, doing what he pleased. She whimpered pitifully, hoping to draw his attention. It didn't work.

Hopefully all he would do is crate her. If he ignored her, if he decided not to pay attention to her, to not bend her over and pound his doggy prick into her cunt, that's when she knew she had really fucked up. That was what she couldn't stand.

But he hadn't had to do that in a while. She was a good girl, except for today. She had cried herself out long since and now waited patiently, perking up happily whenever he came into the room then wilting again when he left.

She grew restless. It was time for her walk. He always walked her twice a day. Where was he? What was he doing right now? Thoughts of Master filled her mind. Funny, she hadn't ever decided what to call the little puppy that she got from the creepy old lady. She kept trying names in her mind but nothing seemed to fit. Now it was obvious: Master. That had always been his name, it just took her a long time to learn it.

Her training had been hard. There had been incidents, before she learned to obey. He had been very patient with her, she saw. Really, he had given her every chance. But she had been disobedient, and he finally had to assert his dominance that night on the living room floor. She was much better behaved now. She was a good bitch. She hadn't had to be disciplined in a long time, which made today so much worse.

Her phone rang, somewhere in the bedroom. She'd have to answer it later. Her job had left her a final message not to come back and then stopped calling, but that was ok. It turned out that people online would pay quite a lot of money to see her make love to her master. The camshows paid the rent and she liked doing them and he seemed to like it too. Once he had knotted her on camera and she had been unable to reach the laptop to shut off the stream. What followed had been an 8-hour ordeal that drove the internet crazy before it was over. They had made a lot of money though.

Poor planning on her part. She tried to pretend like it never happened. Master hadn't seemed to mind at all. Where was he? She whimpered again, begging to be let out.

Finally he came in, holding the leash in his mouth. Walkies time! She bounced with excitement, then winced when her head hit the top of the crate. He let her out and she stood up, jumping on her tippy toes with excitement.

She grabbed the package off the hearth and whirled around to face him. "Can I try it on? Please? Can I?" His bark gave her permission. She grabbed the scissors and used the blade to cut the tape, barely able to contain her excitement. Inside was a long length of silky fur, puffed out attractively, with a tiny black teardrop of rubber poking out from the end.

"Yes!" She pulled it out and held it up. "You like it? What do you think?"

He barked with approval and she jumped with excitement. It was the perfect match. She scrambled into the bedroom, looking for the doggy ears headband. There it was, behind the hamper. She picked it up and put it on, then went into the bathroom.

He had followed her in, watching. She took a closer look at the furry length. The end was smaller than she expected, but maybe that was good, considering where it had to go. She pulled open a drawer and fetched a bottle of lubricant. They went through them surprisingly fast so she always made sure they had a good supply. She smeared the rubber teardrop all around with lube, then reached down behind

her, lining it up awkwardly. She felt the cold black rubber squishing against her anus. It was slightly flexible. Scrunching up her face, she shoved it in.

Perfect. She let the tail go with her hands, and it sprung up behind her, bobbing with perky vigor. She wiggled her hips, and the tail lashed side-to-side. She jumped, and the tail followed her, bouncing up and then down.

"Well?" She spun around as if showing off a new dress at a fashion show, the tail whipping slightly behind her. He barked approvingly again. She looked at herself in the mirror, inspecting her naked body and its new decorations. The ears were adorable, and the tail was the perfect thing for a little doggy bitch like her. She turned around and looked over her shoulder at her ass. The tiny palm-sized pawprint tattoo she had got on her left buttcheek had been a good choice.

She dressed quickly, selecting a thin shirt you could see her nipples through and the tiniest miniskirt she had. It barely hung past her pussy, and the tail gave it a perpetual lift in the back. People would have a good eyeful, that was for sure, but if Master didn't mind then she didn't mind. No bra or panties. She never wore them anymore.

He was waiting with the leash in his mouth, tail twitching with excitement as he watched her dress. She took her collar off the dresser and snapped it on, then bent and took the end of the leash, fastening it to the collar.

Master led her out, but paused when they passed the kitchen. She had almost forgot: the picnic basket! She had packed it earlier, and then forgot that they had

planned to go to the park today. The leash trailed behind as she went in the kitchen and grabbed the basket

The day was warm and gorgeously sunny. Sarah inhaled as they stepped out of the door, sampling all the scents of the world. Master led her down the path to the sidewalk, and they set out, him leading, pulling her by the leash.

He didn't really need the leash - she was a good girl and didn't bite - but they didn't need to get hassled by another officer concerned about leash laws. So it hung loose between them, and he only tugged on it when she smelled something funny and lingered too long at a tree. The tail bobbed behind her, and Sarah preened, delighted.

Some schoolboys were approaching on the sidewalk, walking the other way - a pair of boys with backpacks and matching sneakers. Sarah walked toward them with her master.

"Oh hey, that's so cute." One of the boys stopped as they passed, sticking his hand out tentatively. "Is it ok if I pet her?"

The boy looked around 12, with sandy hair and glasses. Sarah nodded and smiled at him before her brain processed what he had said. Instead of reaching for Master his hand snuck out and squeezed one of her hips.

"Hey!" She stiffened suddenly. The boy ran his fingers up her side and then ducked a hand under her skirt to squeeze her butt.

"Stop that!" Sarah protested. She was about to slap his hand away, then froze.

Master was wagging his tail and panting happily, but there was a warning look in his eyes. Sarah let her hand drop and stood stiffly as the boy grabbed a buttcheek with each hand, squeezing with delight. The other boy, wearing a baseball cap that hid his hair, had joined in. He rubbed a hand over her belly and then squeezed her breasts.

"It's ok, right? She doesn't bite?"

Master barked encouragingly, his tail still wagging as the boys ran their hands over her body, squeezing her soft places and petting her elsewhere. She still felt a bit tense - the boys didn't smell familiar - but if Master said it was ok then it was ok.

The boys finished petting her and moved on, and they resumed their walk. Fallen leaves kicked up by the gentle breeze swirled in mesmerizing vortices in the street. They were passing Mr. Shaw's house. The elderly man was in his yard, trimming the hedges.

"Howdy. Beautiful day isn't it?"

Sarah was about to answer but Master barked for her.

"Sure is. You two have yourselves a fine day." Mr. Shaw said as he tipped his hat at them. They walked on, coming to the edge of the block across from the school. A small crowd waited at the crosswalk. Sarah gripped the basket with both hands and bounced nervously, uncertain around so many people. Her new tail bounced with her. She looked to Master but he didn't seem alarmed so she relaxed.



She suddenly felt a slippery intrusion under her skirt. Master had poked his head under, getting a whiff of her pussy. The miniskirt barely hid anything as it was, and with it pushed up by the dog's snout, she was exposed to the entire group of people. She jerked it down by reflex, but a sudden, faint growl reminded her of her training. She pulled her hand away slowly, letting him do what he liked. The slippery tongue gushed along her crack, wetting it with juice and making it tingle. A few people looked on as the dog licked her cunt but nobody else seemed to mind. They paid no more mind than they would have to a couple kissing.

The light turned green and they crossed the road. This was their normal route, but Master turned left instead of right after crossing. They were almost at the park! Sarah skipped in glee and ran ahead, but stopped when the leash pulled her back. Master held the other end tightly in his mouth. Chastened, she walked more slowly, matching Master's pace.

She trusted him. She used to dress like a normal person on their walks, but that was when she was still untrained. Now she had things to wear that were much more suitable for a bitch like her. She wasn't quite used to being pet yet - it still surprised her - but with Master around she was ok with it. Her aversion to nakedness around other people had taken a while to break. Eventually he had forced her to go naked on their walks every day. She had been terrified, pulling against the leash, refusing to leave the house, but she slinked out when he reprimanded her. She had thought that everyone would stare, that they would point

and laugh and take pictures, but it hadn't happened that way. The walks went fine. A lot more people stopped to pet her than usual though.

A fair number of people were at the park. There were visitors rollerblading, throwing frisbees, bicycling, and a noisy crowd of kids played on the jungle gym in the center. Dogs raced freely across the open lawn, barking joyously. She dropped the basket and strained at the leash, and he finally let her go.

"Eeeeeee!" She squealed happily as she ran across the grass. Such beautiful puppies! They all smelled so strange and wonderful. She danced with them, chasing them around. She stopped to pet one, a gorgeous golden retriever mix who sniffed at her curiously.

He panted happily under her hands, grateful for the attention. She knelt down on the grass and stroked his ears, laughing at how they flopped, but suddenly felt a wet sensation against her bottom.

She looked back. Another dog had dived his nose under her uplifted skirt, sniffing her butt and exposed cunt. Actually all the dogs were taking note, lining up to get a whiff of the curious bitch who had wandered into their playtime. She felt more snuffling invaders poking her rump. She was the most popular doggy in the crowd.

She saw Master across the lawn, holding the leash and the basket in his mouth and looking on disapprovingly. She jerked upright and then ran to him, tearing across the grass with enthusiasm. He really was wonderful, she thought, taking her to the park and letting her run free. She loved it. She was sorry she had been

disobedient and they couldn't have come earlier, but her master was always fair to her and he took her to the park anyway. She clipped the leash to her neck again.

They wandered the arcing path that trailed around the trees and over the lawn of the open area of the park. The sun shone down through dappled treetops, and the warm breeze swirled pleasantly around them. It was such a beautiful day. It would have been a perfect day, if she hadn't been a bad girl earlier. But she resolved to do better tomorrow.

"How about this? This seems perfect," Sarah said, gesturing at the shaded area of grass. Master barked approvingly, so she set down the big basket and opened it up.

The big blue blanket was on top. She swung it out in the air to unroll it, then unfolded it and carefully spread it out on the grass. Master was sniffing at the basket. He was probably hungry. She was too. She pulled out the wrapped sandwiches - egg salad for her and roast beef for him - and set them on the blanket, then dug into the basket for the rest of the food. Beef jerky. Trail mix. An orange for her.

Master plopped onto his belly, tail swishing across the blanket as they ate. Sarah rested on her legs next to him, rubbing his coat. It wasn't long, but rather short and bristly, like a German Shepherd's. She loved to run her fingers through it and scratch him on the back. There was a particular place just above his haunches where he was vulnerable. She found it and tickled it playfully, and his leg came up

involuntarily to scratch it. She did it again, giggling. He gave a long-suffering sniff at her antics, and she just laughed.

The sandwiches gone, they tore open the jerky, and Sarah munched on a piece while throwing the rest to Master. She would toss a little scrap, and his head would snap up, lightning-quick. He didn't miss a single piece. Despite his bulk, he was surprisingly fast. After it was gone, he edged closer again, burying his head in her lap and pleading with his eyes until she scratched his ears.

She looked across the park, at the kids playing, the people walking and enjoying themselves. It was such a beautiful day. It was nice to get out. She had been cooped up for a while when Master started training her. Once she discovered how nice a doggy dick could feel. The nonstop bestiality marathon had lasted so long that she almost felt weird when she stepped outside again, ready for him to walk her. It hadn't really stopped, come to think of it, but at least she got out more.

Master had been inching closer and closer on her lap, finally digging his nose under her skirt. She felt an exploratory lick sliding across her pussy lips, leaving a gooey deposit of saliva behind. She kneaded his neck, encouraging him, and he dug deeper between her legs. His tongue slid slowly up her privates, tasting the landscape, then again, lapping at her cunt, sampling her juices. She let out a low moan as that agile tongue played over her genitals like a master musician. A hot spark of pleasure grew in her loins. He was so good.

Suddenly he rolled to his feet and barked a command.

She hesitated, looking around.

"You really want to do it here?" She asked, taking in the other picnicking families and the kids playing just a dozen yards away.

He barked again, more urgently. A couple walked right by them, holding hands. Young marrieds she guessed.

"Ok...I...I". Sarah shifted on the blanket, but hesitated again. Sure, she didn't mind being naked in front of people anymore, but this was something else. Could she really get fucked by her master in the middle of a public park with everyone watching? Her face burned crimson at the thought.

Master barked again, a sharp rap of authority. Three times. She had made him ask her three times. Why was she so bad? She dropped to her knees on the blanket, not wanting to be punished again.

"Sorry boy", she mumbled, and thrust her ass in the air. Her curving tail twitched high in the air above her and her miniskirt didn't even need to be pulled up. The cotton fibers of the blanket scratched lightly under her arms and legs - humble bedding for their lovemaking. She felt the presence of his looming bulk rising up before the stubby hairs brushed her back and the forelegs planted themselves by her hands. She buried her face in the blanket, thrusting her ass higher and wiggling her hips teasingly against him. The motion tweaked her tail to the side, causing an interesting feeling as the buttplug pushed against her sphincter.

She was already wet, on both the outside and the inside. The gooey syrup of his saliva had coated her pussy lips with warmth, and she felt the heady flush of her engorged cunt seeping its lubricating fluids into her tunnel in anticipation of the imminent thrusting doggy cock. She was ready. Let them all watch, let them see how good her master treated her, how much he took care of her needs.

The familiar pointed tip brushed against her behind, the tapering edge of his erect dog prick still able to excite a thrill in her groin by its mere touch. She'd never get tired of it, never adjust to the pounding ride and the explosive orgasms that awaited along the way. It still thrilled her like the first time she had had animal dick inside her, like the first time she had lost her virginity as a little girl. The pounding pulse. The rushing heartbeat thundering in her ears. Her blood simmered, ready for that tiny tip to barrel in and cleave the way for the massive girth of swollen red meat behind it. She couldn't bear it. She whimpered, quivering impatiently, looking back at him. He was all lined up. Ready.

Like a bullet, the throbbing red spear thrust into her. She gulped, the wind knocked out of her by the sudden jolt. Powerful slams bashed her pelvis from the rear, arching her back painfully. She inhaled and squealed into the blanket, fingers curling into the cotton and clenching madly. The pounding force was always a shock, the sudden ruthless penetration thrusting in with animal urgency. Her master grunted on top of her. His hair brushed along her back, and his stomach rubbed her tail, bending the buttplug as he moved and sending a spiderweb of unexpected pleasure radiating out from her anus.

She squeezed her eyes shut. Everyone must be watching. She could hear them, walking along the grassy paths. They could see, see what a bitch she was. Such a good bitch, taking it in her cunt from her master's hard doggy cock. Sarah wanted to be a good bitch. She wanted to please him, to see him happy. He felt happy, thrusting his pelvis with glee, ducking occasionally to lick her ears and neck and leaving sloppy trails of saliva.

The thrumming tool of her pleasure pistoned into her from behind. Sarah was gasping, sweating, her body convulsing with delight as the slick shaft of enormous meat spread her cunt lips on each stroke. The growing firestorm rippling through her crotch fueled each involuntary noise, rising in pitch until each thrust was forcing a squeaky moan from her mouth. Sarah couldn't help it. Below her master's pleased grunting she heard the gently swirling leaves of the park. She heard the kids playing nearby. She forced her eyes open.

A few people glanced their way as they passed, but the sight of the girl on her hands and knees on the spread blanket with her skirt up and a massive dog pounding into her pussy didn't cause any particular disturbance. The kids kept playing, screeching wildly.

Her concerns evaporated. She should have trusted him. She was just another well-behaved pet taking her pleasure in the park. It filled her with pride to know that her master could take her out in public like this, that he had trained her well enough.

An elderly couple strolled by, pausing briefly.

"Oh look Gerald," the woman said, pointing at them with a wrinkling finger. The man raised his phone to take a picture and smiled.

"It's so nice to see a young couple together these days..." the old woman said as they moved off, then they were behind the tree and Sarah couldn't hear the rest of what she said. It didn't matter. Her master was commanding her full attention, shoving his rigid organ of doggy pleasure into her pussy with zealous enthusiasm. Sarah wouldn't last much longer. The rapid thumping of his pelvis and the slippery friction of his prick were swelling together into a rising tide of heat in her belly. She wiggled and squeaked, her body bucked by his massive frame. The tail was exhilarating, rubbing under his belly with each motion, rolling against her sphincter. Sarah clenched her asshole tightly - it wouldn't do to have it pop out now.

He felt close already. He must have been particularly excited. He bent his head and gave a low growl, just a tiny rumble into her ear. His statement was unmistakable. Even if she played with the other pets, she had to remember who owned her - who owned her cunt and her mouth and her womb and every part of her. Master. Sarah trembled under his power, shaking from the currents of primal ecstasy coiling in her gut, thickening, mingling until they tingled with explosive energy. His prick never let up, slamming in rapid rhythm. Push in, her lips spreading, tingling as they stretched, the slippery delight of moving doggy cock and then the tiny tip poking the flesh at the very bottom of her depths. Her gasp as the motion forced the breath out of her lungs. Pull out, the smooth glide of



thrumming flesh moving along her pussy walls as they clamped with delight, begging him not to go. The cycle was a raw animal drumbeat pounding in her gut, and Sarah cried out as he thrust in a final time, feeling every minute quiver of the doggy cock lodged deeply in her pussy.

Hot splashes exploded in her belly. Her hips jerked and her muscles degenerated into a chaotic frenzy as her climax welled up and erupted in her brain. It was a live circuit of ecstasy, running from her head to her crotch, a surge of power transmitted from the vibrating connection of their bodies. She could feel his heartbeat racing, feel the hot breath and drool on her neck, the rough hairs on her back, feel him like her own body. They shook together, conjoined, girl and doggy master linked in a carnal embrace, panting, gasping, riding the shared waves of delight together.

The bestial pleasure ebbed slowly, a sea slowly draining around Sarah's floating form, leaving a hot syrup of euphoria coating her senses. She was twitching under him, all the slack of the blanket gathered up under her arms as she had tugged at it. Master was rumbling with content deep in his throat, a humming buzz that she could feel in the vibration of the hairs on her backside.

Something was missing. Something big. Sarah felt downward, slipping her fingers over her crotch, failing to feel the bulge in her flesh that signified her master's delicious knot locked inside of her. He began to slowly pull out. Sarah felt slightly disappointed, but it was ok. Maybe he didn't want to play all day at the park with her. That was fine. She'd do whatever her master wanted.

Sarah collapsed onto her side, limp, the spear of erect flesh in her cunt the only thing that had been holding her up. She cooed and rubbed his legs and belly, feeling his satisfaction. It made her so happy. His happiness was hers. All she had to do was follow his commands and be a good girl. The wet feeling of runny liquid was on her butt and thighs. She was leaving a stain on the blanket, but that was ok. It would come out in the wash.

Eventually she was able to sit up on wobbly legs and pack the picnic basket. Master helped her put the food back in, and she finally got to her feet and rolled the blanket back up, setting it on top of the food.

He took the end of the leash in his mouth, tail wagging happily. Sarah smiled and wiggled her hips, making her tail wag too. It was walkies time again.

# CHAPTER SEVEN

It was cramped in the carrier. Sarah could barely move. She peeked out of the little holes, seeing trees and buildings roll silently by. Her carrier rocked slightly in the backseat.

She had whimpered. She had hid. Sometimes the car was ok but sometimes he took her to That Place. She didn't like it. It was scary. Master eventually had to put his foot down and she had crawled reluctantly into her carrier, tail drooping.

At least it was sunny today. The days were growing colder but the sun still graced them with a pleasant day sometimes. Maybe he would walk her later. Her hips wiggled happily at the thought.

They pulled into the parking lot and the car stopped. Sarah whimpered, begging to be let out. She heard the car door open and close then a man opened the rear door.

"Is this her? Oof! She's a big girl!"

A man in scrubs was hauling her carrier out of the backseat. Another man was helping him, and together they hauled her carrier inside. Sarah was scared, but she could see her master trotting along with them, tail wagging, and it gave her comfort. She didn't like That Place but if Master was here she would be alright.

They set the carrier down with a thump, and then the door opened. Sarah slinked out apprehensively, then managed to stand up, stretching her muscles. It was warm in here. Her bare skin prickled only slightly in the air. She checked herself to make sure nothing had come off or ripped in the carrier: the sheer pink babydoll that wrapped her chest was ok, collar snug, doggy ears still on her head. She reached back and adjusted the tail buttplug just slightly. Her fishnet stockings and crotchless panties were fine. She wore what Master liked, and he liked free access to her pussy so it was either crotchless or none at all. Sarah liked both options.

She kneeled down on the floor to wait. Master brushed her with his wagging tail and nuzzled her arms, comforting her. She hugged him back and scratched his ears, feeling a bit relieved.

They didn't have to wait long. An attendant ushered them into a back room with a big countertop and a sink and a scale on the floor. White fluorescents flooded the room with a sterile light. Sarah waited patiently, kneeling, whimpering only

slightly. The wall sported posters with happy pets on them and various framed certifications. Sarah read one:

DR MOSSMAN

DOCTOR OF VETERINARY MEDICINE

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A man in a white coat came in after a few minutes and greeted them.

"Hello! I'm Dr. Mossman." He consulted the papers on the clipboard he was carrying. "Now then, today we're seeing...Sarah?"

Master barked an affirmative.

"Alright. Any specific concerns? She's eating, drinking, and defecating ok?"

Bark.

"That's good. Can you make her stand?"

Master's command was quick and sharp. She got up and stood straight and rigid, looking ahead. Doctor Mossman took a small penlight out of his coat pocket and shined it in her right eye. Sarah winced but didn't look away.

"How's her energy been?" He shined the penlight in her left eye, then clicked it off.

Bark Bark.

"That's good. Well let's give her a looksie."

He checked her human ears, shining his light in them, then gave a brief look up her nose.

"Aaaaaah" Sarah opened her mouth and held her tongue flat, and he inspected her teeth, mouth, and throat with his light.

"Looks good there," he said, patting her shoulder. "Can you sit for me girl?"

Master barked another command, and she dropped to her hands and knees, face buried against the floor, butt thrust in the air. She felt a finger run gently along her pussy lips. Sarah shivered but kept her position. She didn't like it when people other than her master touched her there, but she was trained to keep her position until he gave her another command. The fingers spread her pussy lips wide open, and she knew he was inspecting her with his light.

"Doing good sweetie." He patted her rump condescendingly. "Just one more place."

He pulled her buttplug out in a slow motion. Sarah jerked, but tried to keep still. Fingers spread her asshole as the vet looked with his light.

"Great." She felt a pressure against her sphincter as the vet worked her tail back in. It popped into place with a pleasing jolt.

"Ok, let's get her on the scale." Master barked and she stood up, letting the vet guide her onto the metal pad of the scale.

"130 pounds. That's good. Same as last time. Her weight's steady." He guided her off and then began to go through her hair with a fine comb.

"No ticks. No lice. Good. She has such nice hair." He ran it through his fingers  
Master barked his agreement. Sarah was trembling because she knew what came  
next.

He barked at her and she hopped onto the table. It was cold against her butt. The  
vet took several things out of a drawer, but it was the needle that scared Sarah. He  
prepared a vial and then hovered it over the crook of her arm.

"Just a little pinch girl. Then we're done."

The needle went in and Sarah winced, whimpering. She looked to Master, and  
saw his tail slowly wagging, signalling that it was ok. She endured it, and in a few  
moments the vet pulled out the needle and it was over.

"Ok. That's done. We'll have the bloodwork in a couple of weeks." He snaked his  
hands up under her jawline and felt for her lymph nodes.

"How's her obedience been?"

Bark Bark.

The vet stepped back. "Well let's see it."

At a sharp command from her master she hopped off the table and turned around,  
bending to lean against it and thrusting her butt out.

Another bark, and she immediately got down and laid on her back on the cold tile.  
She raised her legs, then reached down and spread her pussy lips wide open

A third command. Sarah rolled over onto her hands and knees, back arched slightly. Her tail quivered in the air.

"Quite good," the vet said approvingly. "Her hearing is good. How about her sexual function?"

Bark Bark Bark Bark Bark.

"Hmm. Perhaps it would be best to see it in person."

Sarah trembled with anticipation when her master moved towards her. She felt the familiar sensation of his hairs on her back. She raised her ass even higher, trying to get her pussy to stick out for him. A fleshy point grazed her lips and then pressed up against her tunnel. Sarah held her breath, on edge, waiting for it.

A solid length of erect dog cock shoved inside her. Sarah squealed, jerking like she always did at the sudden intrusion. Her master never went slow. He built her up quickly, ramming his furry pelvis against her butt, bulging prick sliding into the open space of her crotchless panties and spreading her pussy lips until they felt like they would break under the strain.

Sarah gasped, heat building in her crotch, arms and legs squeaking on the cold tile. Despite the scary surroundings, her orgasm built quickly, driven like a rocket by the force of the pounding red shaft in her cunt. She shuddered and squealed, arms shaking.

A cold circle pressed against her chest. The vet was listening with a stethoscope.



"Her heart sounds good," he said. He snapped a cuff around her arm and let it compress automatically as she was jerked back and forth. It tightened like a painful armband around Sarah's arm, but the sensation was drowned out by the thumping pleasure of her master driving into her from the rear. It ticked metronomically, and then finally deflated.

"125 over 82," the vet said. "That's fine given her excitement."

Master pounded even more ferociously into her pussy, and Sarah's climax erupted suddenly, washing away the room, the cold tile, the vet, and replacing them with the overwhelming sensation of raw dog meat thumping in her crotch. He blasted in, holding steady, and Sarah felt liquid deposits of doggy semen spewing into her, warm gifts from her master, rewards for her obedience and demonstrations of much he loved her.

Sarah collapsed after he pulled out. Coital leavings dripped out of her pussy onto the tile floor

"I don't think you have anything to worry about. Everything seems normal. She's a very healthy girl." She heard him take a page from the clipboard and hand it to Master.

"Here's her ovulation schedule, based on the bloodwork from last time. Very regular. She has a window coming very soon, so if you intend to breed her I suggest you start immediately.

Bark Bark Bark.

"Oh, for that, we have some special food. It's nutritionally balanced to increase the chances. Here, take a look."

He opened the door and exited into the lobby, and Master led her out by the leash. Sarah followed obediently, ignoring the goo running down her thighs.

"Here it is." The vet hefted a heavy, crinkly bag. A large logo dominated the front, the silhouette of a girl with her belly bulging from a late-stage pregnancy and a big paw print in the circle of her belly. A slogan ran underneath it.

"Guaranteed to make your bitch swell or your money back!" The background had more faded silhouettes, a repeating pattern of the profile of a girl bent over with a dog shape mounting her from behind.

Bark. Master approved.

"Great. We can ring it up for you," the vet said. "Also, our toy section might interest you. We have some new things in it since the last time you were here."

Next to the food was a rack of dog toys and accessories. Balls. Frisbees. Leashes and other things. Master barked an inquiry and the vet took the dog-ear headband down.

"This is treated with a special aphrodisiac that can be absorbed through the scalp. It works slowly over time, keeping her horny around the clock. If you play with her a lot, she'll love it. And if you want different ears you can attach them instead." He pointed out the little clips to Master.

Bark Bark.

"We sure do. We also have this." He took down a bottle of clear liquid. "This is lubricant for her tail. It's also an aphrodisiac, but much more intense. It's meant to be absorbed through the anus. Just coat the plug with it and push it in. She'll go wild. It lasts for a few hours."

Bark Bark! Master was wagging his tail excitedly.

"Great. Just let them know at checkout and they can bring it all out to the car."

He bade them a polite goodbye. Sarah was so excited that she kept bouncing and pulling on her leash, paying no attention as they checked out. Puppies! The thought made her dizzy with happiness. She wanted to be bred like a good bitch should, to have her belly swell up with a litter of adorable cuteness. She wanted his puppies inside of her. The food would help, and now he'd know exactly when to fuck her and knot her to ensure the maximum chance. Just the thought of it made her pussy flush with excitement: her master mounting her from behind, ramming his doggy cock inside her while she looked down at the swaying bounce of her pregnant belly, ripe with his seed. Fresh moisture began to bead her cunt lips.

She didn't mind crouching down and getting back in the carrier. She didn't mind the dizzying sway as she was carried out to the car. With any luck, he'd start as soon as they got home. He'd command her into the position he wanted, and then mount her, licking her face and lining up his lovely doggy cock at her entrance. Then he'd ram it inside, thrusting with wild animal enthusiasm as she moaned and squealed with pleasure, slippery friction building up until he shot his tremendous load of doggy sperm into her fertile womb. Millions of squiggling soldiers would

spread out, seeking, finding her fertile egg and burrowing inside, blossoming into new life inside her.

She couldn't wait.

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Sarah's new pup is a handful, but the stubborn girl is determined to prove that with enough training, even the most unruly of pets can be transformed into a well-behaved companion.

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