

Kennel Bitch

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | October 1, 2005



By H. Dean

Synopsis: A slave tells the story of how she earned her new name: Kennel Bitch To say that I wrote this tale would be a gross miscarriage of justice. In truth, this tale was given to me by a close personal friend. After an edit or two, along with some creative adjustments, I completed this tale. I suppose I can claim co-authorship, as the tale is a bit different from what was given me. However, I would not feel right if I did not make note of the tales original author, who shall remain anonymous. To her I give thanks for generously providing this tale and for allowing me the privilege of claiming co-authorship.

Prologue:

In the short time that I have known him he has taught me so many new things and taken me to places that I never dreamed of. He has shown me how to step up to the fire - to touch it and to take it into me to make it my own. Now, I find that I am living my deepest and darkest, most inner kept fantasies.

That he so mesmerizes me is dumbfounding and I find myself bound to him, body and soul. His very presence makes me dizzy with carnal needs, forgetful of my former morality. There is no greater pleasure for me than to please him. Often, when

I find myself kneeling at his feet, I wonder that I could find such pleasure as a supplicant to a man; a master - my master.

The tale that I am about to tell you will reveal just what I have become and who I am. And it is who I am and who I always have been. I just did not know it until that night.

Do not judge me for it. I cannot help who I am any more than you can help who you are. So, without further explanation, here is my story and how it happened that I came to discover what I am.

My Story

As I exited the shower I heard the front door creak open. As I heard him call to me a shiver ran through my body, despite the warmth humidity that filled the bathroom.

As I peeked from the bathroom I saw him, standing, looking at my naked body. I started to cover myself but knew better. His eyes locked on mine, and he smiled gentle smile. Then, I watched as his eyes traveled the length of me. I remember my nipples hardening as he motioned me to spin around, so he could see the entirety of my body.

Then, his hands were on me, burning my skin. I shivered at the sensation. His hands slid up my body to cradle my face and I felt myself grow wet and excited. "I have a surprise for you." He whispered, his lips upon mine. "Remain here, as you are. I will be back for you, presently."

Obediently, I stood there, wondering what he had in store for me. I realized, then, my vulnerable nakedness and my erect nipples. My thighs were wet as my own juices fled from my body, anticipating his taking me. And I stood, unmoving and anticipatory.

An eternity of moments later I heard Jakes voice, speaking to someone unknown. His large frame filled the doorway, suddenly, and he smiled, lasciviously. It was then that I saw the large furry head, peaking from beside him. I found myself following him to the bedroom at his command. My eyes never left the huge black beast that followed him. I suppose that I knew what his plans were, at that moment. And,

though thoughts of his intentions ran through my head, I denied them, refusing to believe the worst.

I looked to him, questioning the presence and ownership of the dog. He merely smiled and shushed me, his finger to his lips.

“This is Gus.” He said, softly. “He is a Norwegian. And he is ours for the next few days.” And, before I knew what was happening he had me sitting on the side of the bed, legs spread.

The dog padded up between my legs and started licking the wetness on my thighs. I tried to close my legs, but received a warning growl that frightened me. I looked to Jake, panic in my eyes, but he never moved.

“Please, stop him, stop this.” I whispered. He acknowledged my plea with a silent nod of negation.

I looked back to the dog, now licking the wetness from its source. I stared down, amazed that I should have this huge beast licking me. I had never thought of such a thing before tonight. I remember wondering how far I would sink after this degradation.

Again, I tried to close my legs. This time I pushed the dogs head from me, as I did so. I was met with an angry, teeth baring, growl. Afraid, I pulled back and relaxed my legs. Then, Gus was back, pushing his tongue into me. I watched, degraded, ashamed and humiliated.

I don't remember when it happened that my disgust left me. Soon, though, I felt excitement at the dog's persistent attention. He was pushing his muzzle at my wetness as his tongue probed into me. And, despite all that I knew and felt, my body reacted to his attentions. I remember, quite vividly, hearing myself moan.

Abruptly, the dog was gone. I felt Jake push me down on my back and puling my hands together over my head. I looked up to see him binding my wrists with a wide leather strap, which he secured, to a hook on the side of the bed. I had never thought that they would be used for such an act. Nevertheless, they were. After he secured my hands, he lifted my legs to my chest and pulled me so that my ass hung

over the edge of the bed. I felt the tightness in my bound arms as he stretched me. Then, he began strapping another wide leather strap around my legs and body, pulling my knees tight, to my chest.

I begged him not to do this to me. I don't know how many times I begged him not to let the dog have me. All I know is that he never once gave the slightest hint that he heard me. I was in a state of shock, awaiting my punishment for some unknown crime in a past life. I began sobbing while I begged for him to stop what he was doing.

"Gus," I heard him say, "Isn't this a pretty piece of ass? I'll bet you would like a taste of this, wouldn't you?" Instantly, I screamed, fear and self-loathing ripping through me.

His face filled the space in front of me. He brought his finger to his lips and shushed me. And, somehow, that quieted me. And, though my whimpers and begging continued, I never, again, screamed.

After shushing me, Jake pushed his fingers into me. lay there, moaning, as he worked his fingers in my damp opening, Soon, both holes were filled with his massaging fingers. And then it struck me. He was going to have the dog use my ass.

I became angry at this thought. I had never let any man use my ass before Jake. And, even though I had given myself over to him, completely, he knew that it was difficult for me and that I never enjoyed it, always suffering its use in pain.

My angry thoughts were suddenly replaced by fear. For, when his fingers left me, the dog mounted me. I raised my head to see the heavy black muzzle over my body. I whined, looking to Jake where he stood watching.

The dog began humping my body, his cock stabbing at me. The moment dragged by as the dogs cock stabbed forward, trying to find an opening. And then, he was inside me. Pain ripped through me as the dogs cock spread my sphincter and slid into my ass. I clenched my teeth and moaned, filled with a ripping pain.

The dogs weight pressed down on my body causing my ass to sag down on the bed. Helplessly, I groaned as the dog humped my ass with jackhammer thrusts. I looked

up, often, to see Gus as he panted, heavily. His massive head bobbed with every stabbing thrust into my ass.

I grunted and moaned as pain filled me with continuous agony. I begged for it to end. And then, amidst the pain, something happened. My guts wrenched tight and my head felt light. And then, I exploded, an agonizing pain filling and shaking me in an impossible pleasure. I clenched my teeth and grunted as the painful orgasm rushed through my body, leaving me panting and humiliated.

Slowly, I lifted my head to see the dog over me again. I recoiled as his drool fell to my body. It seemed as though he would never tire or quit. And then again, I felt my stomach clench as another painful orgasm beat against my will. The excitement and pain inside me was, nearly, unbearable.

Again, I lifted my head. This time, as I watched, the dog came. I felt him fill my bowels with his hot semen. Never before had I been so aware of being filled with the heat of sex. And then, I climaxed again.

And then, it was over. For a time, Gus did not move. He remained straddling my bound body. Finally, as if he had never been, he was gone.

For several minutes after the dog left me I remained bound. And though I thought my ordeal was over it was not. For, when I finally took to my feet Jake pointed out a small basin that he had placed underneath my ass when the dog had withdrawn. It was now filled with drippings of the dogs cum, which had leaked from my tortured ass. Cleaning it with my tongue would be my last task, he told me.

When I had finished cleaning the basin of the dogs cum I looked up at Jake. He looked down at me approvingly. Somehow, even after my suffering such degradation and humiliation, I felt myself shiver with pride. I had pleased him.

I let my eyes drift downward. The erection that I saw beneath his pants told me that my night had just begun.

Epilogue:

And so you have my story. I know that you will not understand it. You may even be in

shock, or worse. Nevertheless, it is my story as I recall it. In fact, it is my life, now. For, I have been renamed as “Kennel Bitch.”

Kennel Bitch II

Synopsis: The sequel to Kennel Bitch, in which Lindsey becomes slave to two dogs.

Part II

My name was once Lindsey. It is now Kennel Bitch, and has been for some time. At once I was Jake’s slave. Now he shares ownership of my body with a dog. Two dogs, really. It started out simply enough. You may already have read about my first time with a dog. If so you know it was not what I wanted. Neither is what I am - a dog slave. Regardless, it is what I have become, and I revel in it. Even as I detest it.

That night, as was detailed in the first entry to my story, was the first night such a thing had occurred - the first time I had ever been fucked by a dog. Jake had me tied so I was helpless. Then he brought me to the brink of orgasm time and again, until I was delirious with need and willing to do anything so long as I was allowed to cum. After it was over I felt a tremendous pride at pleasing Jake, my master. The night after I fucked the dog he began calling me Kennel Bitch. It was, he told me, an appropriate name for someone who fucks dogs. I didn’t like the name and thought he would tire of it. I was wrong. I was also wrong in believing I would never fuck another dog.

Since I am the curiosity, or so Jake has told me, I will describe myself in fair detail. I am about five feet three inches tall. My build is slim but athletic. I have perky, C-cup breasts, a tiny waist and wide hips. My butt is fairly large and very round. I’ve been told I have a pretty face, and I think I do. My nose is straight, my lips are full and my complexion slightly darker than most white people. I have long, dark brown hair with a slight natural wave to it. There is a small beauty mark on my right cheek. Personality-wise, and as you will see, I am extremely submissive and thrive on humiliation as no one I have ever known.

Jake is a tall white man with brown hair and a broad shouldered, muscular physique. Quite intelligent, he is a college graduate and works as an engineer at for a nearby factory, the name of which I will not disclose for obvious reasons. His face is kind and he is friendly. He is also dominant and emotionally sadistic with a strong penchant for humiliation. It is something he excels at and something to which I respond extremely well.

We live in a large, ranch style house in the suburbs of Chicago. There are few houses near us and our street ends where our property begins. The backyard is fenced in, though the property extends for quite a distance beyond. We have tremendous privacy.

Before going on I do wish to say we have friends. They come over from time to time and we visit them, as well. They all know I am a dog fucker - that I belong to the dogs. Many - those living the BDSM lifestyle - have seen me fuck the dogs, seen how they control my sex life. Those visits were left out of this story as they were largely immaterial. Anything, in fact, not central to my story - how I came to be owned by two dogs - was left out.

Now, on to my story:

The next time I fucked a dog happened about six months after the first. By then I had put the first humiliating occurrence in the back of my mind, nor had Jake mentioned it for some time. I had no way of knowing what lay in store for me. It was also the day he had me write about what happened with Gus.

“Does this satisfy you, Jake?” I asked. I had only just finished writing ‘Kennel Bitch’ and was feeling my humiliation.

Jake smiled as he read it on the computer screen. He most especially appreciated the ending. ♦Good job, KB,♦ he praised - he had taken to calling me KB for short. ♦Maybe it’s time we added another chapter.♦

I shook my head. ♦No, Jake,♦ I told him. ♦I don’t think I ever want to do that again.♦

As much as I detested fucking the dog - and I did - the terrible humiliation and

degradation of the act had excited me terribly. So, while my claim was true, it was not entirely honest. Besides, much as I loved Jake there was honestly nothing he could not do to me, nothing I would not do for him. Even if it meant fucking the dog again.

◆Too bad.◆

Finally, and after submitting my story to several erotic story sites, he told me the story got him in the mood to use me. Of course I was ready for that. The act of writing and the knowledge my story was out there for anyone to read had left me terribly aroused.

◆Come, Kennel Bitch,◆ he said.

Naked, for I was forbidden clothes as a slave, I followed Jake into our bedroom. Without word he pulled the padded saw horse from its place in the corner and motioned for me to get on top. When my ankles and wrists were secured he spit on my asshole, rubbed his cock over my hole and plunged in. By this point in our relationship my ass had been well-used. The use of spit as lubrication was hardly even necessary. Even so, I didn't like it. I don't know why. It just never excited me or felt good. Maybe it wasn't degrading enough. I don't know.

After Jake came in my ass, and while he enjoyed the final throes of his orgasm, I reminded him of my dislike for anal sex.

Jake chuckled. ◆Then why do you submit to it?◆

◆Because I am your slave,◆ I told him. ◆But I hope you don't forget to please me, too.◆

In spite of the arrogant words I spoke, I was entirely dedicated to my role in life. I was a slave. I didn't work and had no responsibilities, save my chores and what he demanded of me sexually. Oddly, I still felt a sense of control about my life. Knowing he loved me as he did gave that to me. I mention it only because it was illusory. I know better now, and I am happier for it.

After the ass fucking he came around in front of me, offering his cock to me for

cleaning. The ringing of the doorbell cut short the act and he was soon dressed in jeans and a t-shirt as he headed towards the door. There was some talking and a little bit of laughter. A short time later I heard Jake walking back to the bedroom. But he was not alone. He had brought Gus, the big Norwegian beast that had fucked me before.

As the dog padded around the room in his sock covered paws, sniffing here and there and occasionally licking me, I protested. There was no way I would fuck the dog again, and I demanded Jake get rid of the beast and untie me. Then came the sound of the vibrator as it was pushed against my pussy. I tried to resist, fought the sensation in full knowledge I would soon be begging for the dog's cock. At first I was successful. Unfortunately, when the vibrator hit my clit and was summarily pressed hard against it I began losing myself in the moment.

For a long time he tortured me, bringing me to the verge of orgasm and then refusing to allow it. At first it was tolerable and I only complained a little. After a time, however, I could not help but beg for the release I so needed.

◆Beg for the dog. Beg to fuck him,◆ Jake whispered in my ear. ◆The dog will make you cum.◆

I knew he was right. I would cum. But I would not fuck the dog. Not now or ever. That's what I told him. His response was a chuckle and then a return to torturing. Over and over he brought me to the brink of orgasm. Over and over I begged. His response was always a demand I beg for the dog. Soon, and as my need grew great and my will weakened, I began internally justifying the eventual outcome of my torture. What was another time, after all? But I couldn't beg for it. I wouldn't. So the torture continued.

There were occasions, moments of fleeting control when I snapped back and became angry with Jake, demanding he untie me and issuing a strong statement. It did no good. His response was always more torture, more demands and more promises of orgasms if I would simply comply.

After a time my justification of what I was now considering became almost overpowering. What was it to fuck a dog I had already fucked? It was just one more

time, after all. Only it wouldn't be just one fuck. I knew I would probably fuck the dog numerous times. Still, I had done it before. So why fight?

He pulled the vibrator away another time. ♦♦Beg for the dog.♦♦

♦♦Let me go!♦♦ I demanded weakly.

He repeated his command, pushing the vibrator against me again. Still I resisted, justified, fought against myself, vacillated. With each application of the vibrator I neared orgasm more quickly, and with each removal was the simple command to beg for the dog.

Of course, I gave in. I begged for the dog, for him to use my pussy and ass. I begged to suck the dog's cock and to be made into his slave. Everything that was demanded of me I gave into. ♦♦Just let me cum!♦♦ I screamed.

♦♦Good girl,♦♦ I heard him say.

The dog did not mount me immediately. Instead he was brought up behind me so he could lick me and make me cum. The dog's tongue licked and lapped over my holes. It spread my pussy and pushed inside. When the orgasm swept over me I cried out in relief.

♦♦Mount,♦♦ I heard.

Instantly the dog leapt up, pressing his body against my back. I felt the stab of his cock against my thigh and knew it would soon be inside me. Over and over the dog's cock poked against me as he tried to gain entry, missing time and again. The dog leapt off and ran around me, licking my face and body before returning to my pussy. The command came again and he mounted a new assault. When he entered me it was hard, rough and unpleasant. It made me cum again.

♦♦Fuck her, boy,♦♦ Jake commanded.

There was no need for the command. Already the dog was fucking me, his cock sliding back and forth as his sock covered paws gripped my waist. To my deep shame I came again. But it was not a minor orgasm like before. It was more

powerful, and I cried out in a voiceless scream, shaken to the core.

◆Good boy.◆

I fought against my continued orgasms but it only made them increase in strength and frequency. When his knot slipped inside me I came again, nearly passing out from lack of breath. Then, and all of a sudden, I felt the warm flow of cum jet into me and I knew my ordeal was nearly at an end. It was not, however.

◆How does it feel, Kennel Bitch? How does it feel to fuck a dog? How does it feel to cum this way?◆

There were no words I could form. I simply lay there, limp and unmoving as I waited, only realizing I was tied to the dog when his attempt to leap from me left us butt to butt. Even so, I hardly realized it until hearing Jake tell me it was so.

The dog jerked slightly, triggering another small orgasm.

As exhausted as his repeated torture had left me I was far more humiliated. For, in spite of my determination I had still begged to fuck the dog. Then the dog made me cum. Only it wasn't just a single orgasm, it was many. All of them powerful; and with each jerk and pull of the dog I had more orgasms. Not as powerful as when he fucked me, but they were still orgasms. When the dog eventually pulled free, after his knot had subsided, Jake led Gus out of the room and left me to my thoughts. I fell asleep soon after, dog cum leaking from my pussy.

◆Get in here, Kennel Bitch,◆ I heard from my sleep. I didn't move until he called me again. When I stirred I realized I was no longer bound. ◆Bring the cum bowl with you.◆

I eased myself from the saw horse and found the cum bowl, knowing full well I was going to drink its contents. It disgusted me. Regardless, I picked it up and took it into the living room where he sat watching television. Only it wasn't a program he was watching. It was a video of me being fucked by the dog.

He ordered me over to the couch, had me sit on the floor beside the dog he was petting absentmindedly. Still holding the bowl, I watched the video, saw and heard

myself beg for the dog.

◆Notice that your arms and legs are free,◆ Jake told me.

Shocked, I saw it. He had tied me to the saw horse when he fucked my ass, but had freed me sometime after. I didn't know when. But I was free, could have resisted. As the video progressed I saw the dog mount me, watched as he thrust into me and made me moan in pleasure. The camera moved in and the dog's tail was lifted so I could see his cock inside my pussy, his knot already buried inside me.

I turned my head away and saw Jake, still naked and stroking his cock. ◆You must really enjoy fucking him,◆ he mused.

I turned to face the screen at his signal. The camera had been pulled back so both me and the dog were fully in frame. ◆Does it feel good?◆ Jake asked in the video. I told him it did.

The Dog's fucking had been brief. Already I could see he had stopped fucking me and I knew we were tied. Soon after I watched Gus turn, saw my body shake in an apparent orgasm. Then we were ass to ass.

◆I bet you'd like to do it again, right now, KB.◆ Jake asked me. Does watching it make you horny?◆ It disgusted me and I told him so. It aroused me too. But I didn't tell him that. ◆That's too bad. We have him for the whole week.◆

◆I'll leave you before I fuck the dog again!◆ It was a lie. I knew I would fuck the dog. Worse, I knew I would enjoy it. Already I had fucked his friends, their girlfriends and, of course, the dog. He had been the perfect master, degrading and humiliating me without hesitation, making me feel small and needy. No one had ever given me these things, and I need them. Even if it meant fucking the dog I wouldn't leave. We both knew it.

The video ended and he asked if I would like to see it again. Of course I told him no. I had seen enough. Unsatisfied he directed me to drink the yellow-white drippings from the bowl. When I refused he simply laughed and demanded I do as told. ◆Be a good girl,◆ he said. ◆Drink it. Drink it like you always do.◆

◆Always?◆ I had taken to my knees and I was facing him. ◆I did it once!◆

◆Then you can do it again. Besides, if you don't do it now you will have much more to drink later.◆

I hated him at that moment. He knew me too well, knew the humiliation I felt and how it aroused me.

Jake sat forward and slid to the edge of the couch, reached down and put a finger in my wet pussy. Somehow it seemed more humiliating than what I had already suffered and I begged him not to make me drink the bowl of cum.

◆Be a good girl. Drink from the bowl,◆ he said softly.

For some reason I had not put the bowl down, was still holding it ever so carefully in my hands.

◆Please. I don't want to.◆

◆Shh, be a good girl. Drink it for me, your master. Make me happy. Then you can suck my cock.◆

My resolve was suddenly weakened by his softer tone. I still didn't want to drink it. It was dog cum. Then he reminded me I had done it before and asked me why I had such an issue with doing it again.

◆It's dog cum,◆ I told him.

Jake laughed. ◆After all the cum you have swallowed since you've been my slave I would think you would be used to it.◆

Of course I protested. ◆This isn't your cum. It isn't even your friend's cum. It's dog cum.◆

Undaunted, Jake reminded me of something I had said long ago: Cum was cum. It happened after he had made me blow one of his friends and asked how it tasted. Then he asked if dog cum had a significantly different flavor than human cum. I couldn't remember and admitted as much.

◆It must not have a different taste, then,◆ he said. He leaned in close. ◆What was it you said about being my slave? You told me I brought you things no one else would. That I was different. What was it exactly?◆

I looked down at the bowl of dog cum mixed with my own ejaculate. ◆I told you I liked how you weren't afraid to humiliate and degrade me; you were the only one who truly understood how to make me feel small and helpless the way a slave should feel.◆

◆And you like that feeling. Don't you?◆

◆Yes.◆

◆Drink it.◆

Defeated by my own words I brought the bowl to my mouth and tilted it, drinking down its cold and semi-congealed contents. The taste was no different from any cum I had ever drank. Though its cooled temperature had dramatically altered its texture into something altogether unpleasant.

◆Good girl,◆ he said.

I shivered, happily taking his praise as always. Nothing felt better and it improved my mood.

◆Do you want to fuck the dog again?◆

I glanced around. The dog had wandered off somewhere and I didn't know where. Then I shook my head. ◆I don't ever want to fuck the dog.◆

He smiled, laughed, and then shook his head. ◆In that case, are you ready to fuck the dog again?◆

Shaking my head again I told him I wasn't and begged him not to make me. Then I reminded him how we always talk about anything that bothers me, that we have always had an open door to discussion.

◆Fair enough,◆ he said. ◆Let's discuss why you've always been so willing to fuck

anyone I wanted you to fuck, and why this is somehow different.❖

❖Because it's wrong.❖

❖Why is it wrong?❖ he followed.

❖Because it's a dog.❖

❖What is so wrong about fucking a dog?❖

❖It's immoral.❖

❖Why?❖

I tried to find a reason but could only repeat my previous words.

❖I remember the first time we talked about you getting fucked by my friends or their slaves. Do you remember it?❖ he asked.

❖I remember.❖

❖Before it all, even before that really, you had remarked to me that there was nothing inherently immoral about it,❖ he began. ❖You even went so far as to tell me that nothing of a consensually sexual nature could be immoral unless it caused bodily harm or death. It was further agreed that me forcing you into constant anal sex, in spite of your dislike for it, was not objectively immoral because our Master/slave relationship made it consensual.❖

❖That's true. So long as it's consensual it's not immoral,❖ I agreed. He had unwittingly given me the reason I needed to ensure I would never be used by the dog again.

❖Then, and as we always do, we will discuss it until we come to an agreement. If I win the argument you will fuck the dog. If you win you will choose whether or not to fuck the dog. But the arguments must be objective.❖

❖What if we don't agree?❖

He thought for a moment. ❖Then we will call five of our friends. You will choose two

and I will choose two. The fifth we will choose together. They will decide whether it's immoral or not.💎

💎Okay. That sounds fair,💎 I agreed.

For a long moment I thought back to the first time I had been with the dog. We had him for a period of three days during which the dog fucked me several times. Truth be told the first time had been a fulfillment of curiosity. I had always wondered what it would be like. This time it was different. I knew he would expect me to fuck the dog on a regular basis. His interest in it was obvious. So it was important for me to win our debate. It was one thing, after all, to be a slave and to have sex with other men and women. It was an entirely different thing to fuck animals.

💎In that case, and without rehashing our sexual agreement, I will simply say there is nothing inherently immoral about you getting fucked by the dog.💎

I flashed a smile, knowing my argument would win the day and that my days fucking the dog had come to an end. 💎The dog can't consent to it. Making him fuck me is immoral.💎

Jake laughed. 💎You are assigning him human rights that do not exist. We make animals do our bidding all the time.💎

I was ready for his argument. 💎That isn't the same as forcing them to have sex with people. I don't think you would agree that you fucking the dog would be moral. You would be raping him.💎

He laughed again. 💎I see your point. And I will concede that forcing anything or anyone into sex without consent is immoral.💎

💎Then you would agree that forcing him to have sex with me is immoral?💎 I was smiling even more widely. He had conceded my point. There was nowhere for him to go.

💎I want to ask something so we can clarify a point,💎 Jake said. His tone was surprisingly assured. 💎Would it be immoral if I was laying down and a dog, be it male or female, sat on my cock and fucked me?

I laughed at the visual as I shook my head. ❖Only if you were forced against your will.❖

❖Then it wouldn't be immoral to allow it?❖

Laughing at the visual, I shook my head. ❖No. Allowing it would not be immoral.❖

❖Why? Is it because the dog's actions indicate consent?❖

I was so caught up in his concession and the comical vision of a dog sitting on his cock that I failed to see how his reasoning was turning my argument on end.

❖Yes. The dog fucking you is its consent.❖

He cocked his right eyebrow. ❖Unfortunately I did not force him to fuck you. He fucked you of his own accord.❖

Shocked, I knew he was right. The dog had fucked me. It was not the other way around. Quickly I remembered he had done so on command and I reminded Jake of that fact. ❖You ordered him to mount me. I heard the command. Which means you still made him fuck me. He didn't consent.❖

❖You're right,❖ he agreed.

❖Then it was immoral,❖ I stated with finality.

Jake smiled and shook his head. ❖I want to ensure I understand your argument,❖ he said. ❖According to your argument it is not immoral for me to let a dog willingly fuck me because its actions are those of consent. Is that correct?❖

I didn't want to answer. I knew where he was going with this. But I had painted myself into a corner. The only way out would be contradicting myself. So I remained quiet, thinking of what I should say.

❖Well?❖ he demanded.

I shook my head. ❖No. It's not immoral to let a dog fuck you.❖

A smile crossed his face. It was broad, arrogant. He knew my argument had failed.

Even in my eyes it had failed.

◆Then there is nothing wrong or immoral if the dog fucks you of his own free will?◆

This was the moment my life changed, when I became a bitch. Maybe not in the same manner as I am today. It was, however, the moment. For I was unable to find any logic that would counter his argument, and I knew the dog would fuck me without being so ordered. I also knew, somewhere deep down, that this dog, the one that had fucked me already, would not be the only dog to fuck me.

My head dropped and I stared at the couch, studied its lines and seems as I searched for an answer that would free me from being used by the dog. Finally, and after being chastised for an answer, I shook my head. ◆No, it isn't wrong or immoral for the dog to fuck me of his own free will.◆

◆Go to the center of the room. Put the bowl between your legs,◆ he told me.
◆Then we can find out if the dog really wants to fuck you.◆

Defeated, I crawled on hands and knees, a bitch on the way to her breeding, and placed the bowl as directed. The dog, having ventured into another room, was called.

◆You should know, my little Kennel Bitch, that I intend on getting a dog of our own,◆ I was told. It aroused me, made me shiver in fear and anticipation.

The dog's nose was suddenly at my side, sniffing me as his tongue licked me here and there. Jake said nothing as the dog nosed around. A moment later he mounted me.

For a long time the dog poked at me with his hard cock, missing and stabbing my legs, pussy and ass. This time I was not as aroused as before. I wasn't needy, and I felt each stab of his bony cock as it poked at the soft flesh of my thighs and ass. My complaints of pain were met with the suggestion I guide the dog into me. It was a horrifying thought. Doing so would make me an active participant in an act I found disgusting. But after several minutes of painful abuse I reached back, took the dog's cock in my hand and guided him into my waiting pussy. Several hard thrusts later the dog slipped out. Seemingly frustrated, but no less excited, he walked around me,

sniffing and licking me as his hard cock dangled from its sheath.

◆I think he wants to fuck you,◆ Jake said.

The dog mounted me again, stabbed at me time and again. After several painful misses Gus fell away and walked around, returning to lick my pussy and ass again. When next he mounted me, and wanting to avoid more pain, I quickly took his cock and guided it into my pussy. His thrust was immediate, hard and deep, and his fucking rough and brutal. More than before I felt the weight of his furry body atop my own, felt the penetration of his hot dog cock inside me as he gripped me tightly. Over and over he drove deep inside me, making me moan in pleasure and humiliation. My first orgasm was loud and made me shake beneath the weight of the beast. Still he fucked, pistoning inside me and making me moan.

Several times I raised my head and made eye contact with Jake as he watched intently. Tears flowed down my cheeks, evidence of the terrible humiliation I suffered. Only it wasn't from simply being fucked by a dog. It was because of the immense pleasure it gave me. That was the worst of it - that I enjoyed it.

It lasted only a few minutes and left me shaking. But it wasn't over. Gus' knot had entered me and was swelling, tying us together as he pumped me full of dog cum.

Tied as we were, I knew our coupling could last much longer. Jake even told me it could last thirty minutes or more. I glanced over at him, saw how hard his cock was, and knew my ass was going to get a hard workout when the dog was finished with me. Then I saw the camera. He was recording it. It was something I would watch later while Jake fucked my ass and told me what a good bitch I had been.

The dog slid off me and turned round, his movements drawing forth several more orgasms as he maneuvered and left us ass to ass. Humiliated as I was by our coupling I was just as humiliated to be dragged about by the big beast and the accompanying orgasms it triggered.

Later that night, and after Jake had used me, I would watch the video again as the dog took another turn with me.

It would be months before I would again experience another such moment in time.

During that time I would try to reconcile what I had been so willing to do. Most of all I would wonder when my next mating would be.

My answer came on a cool April day. I was on the bed and had only just finished sucking Jake's cock when the doorbell rang. Jake told me to remain where I was before putting on a robe and running out of the bedroom. I heard some talk, some laughter, the door close.

As I lay on the bed I heard the distinct chiming of a dog's collar. A chill ran over my body and my pussy dampened as I anticipated what would soon occur.

◆You'll be pleased to know we have Gus for the next two weeks,◆ Jake said as he entered the room. I dropped my head knowing my immediate future, disgusted, humiliated and aroused. Then he told me what was expected of me. I was never to resist the dog, he said, following with, ◆You will consider yourself his bitch for the entirety of his visit. Now, get off the bed and greet your lover.◆

Once off the bed I got to hands and knees, watching as Jake let Gus off his leash. The dog made a beeline for me, sniffing and licking me as any dog might. When he got behind me he mounted me immediately. This time I didn't wait for the inevitable poking of his cock. I guided him inside me and let him fill me with his bone hard cock. My orgasm, much to my deep humiliation, was nearly instantaneous. Several more followed. Then his knot entered me, swelled and tied us together.

Shortly after our knotting, just after Gus had changed positions so we were ass to ass, Jake knelt in front of me and lifted my head so I was forced to look at him.

◆What does it feel like to be tied to a dog?◆ he asked.

◆It makes me feel subhuman,◆ was my answer.

◆I want to know how it feels physically. Does it feel good? Does it hurt? Tell me how it feels.◆

I looked at him through new tears, crying at what my life had become and what I knew it would be. ◆It doesn't hurt. It just feels like my pussy is full. It feels like I might burst.◆

He nodded his head. ♦How does his cum feel squirting inside you like it is?♦

I stared at him for a moment. It seemed like a board meeting more than a dog fucking. It was oddly calming. Then the dog jerked and I climaxed with an embarrassed moan of pleasure. ♦It's hotter than your cum,♦ I said when my orgasm passed.

♦How does it feel?♦

Concentrating on the sensation I closed my eyes. ♦It feels like my vagina is inflating.♦ The dog jerked again. Another orgasm made me moan. Recovering, I added, ♦And his knot puts pressure in just the right place to make me cum.♦

♦Good,♦ he praised.

♦What does it feel like when he's fucking you, before his knot enters your pussy?♦

I thought back as I fought off another orgasm. ♦It feels like I don't have a choice in it,♦ I told him. Remembering that wasn't what he was looking to hear I told him how hard the dog's cock was, how the rough penetration hurt at first and how deep it seemed to go and how he would sometimes bang against my uterus.

♦How does it feel to be a dog's bitch?♦

The question cut deep. I had become a dog's bitch. There was no denying it. It was a simple fact. My silence when he told me his expectations proved it. Regardless, I yanked my head from Jake's grasp and turned away. ♦I'm not his bitch,♦ I whispered.

Jake patted my head and then departed the room, leaving me tied with my dog lover. Sometime later Gus' knot shrank and his cock slipped from my pussy. He, too, departed and I was left alone with my humiliation. Strangely I missed him. I didn't want to be alone and I felt it only right to be in the company of my dog lover. Then, and quite suddenly, I felt shame as I had never felt it before. For I had not resisted. I had guided the dog inside me; gave myself to him like a bitch in heat, my lack of resistance making me as culpable as Jake.

The entire week Gus fucked me at will. No, it wasn't constant, but it was frequent – at least four times each day, sometimes more. It didn't matter what I was doing, if I was cleaning or if I was cooking or anything else. When the dog felt the urge he leapt on me, I fell to the floor and was mounted. No, he didn't tie with me every time, but it happened more often than not; since Jake didn't want to follow me around with a bowl he gave me the duty of cleaning up. If it was on the hard wood floor or the kitchen linoleum I would lick it up. If it was on a rug I had to slurp up what I could and clean the remainder with a sponge and a bucket.

The most humiliating thing, though, was not the fucking of the dog. It was my willingness and lack of fight. Even when Jake was outside mowing the lawn, or when he was off at work I didn't fight. When Gus made any attempt I dropped to hands and knees and let him have me. Consequently, it was not infrequent for Jake to come inside and find us in the midst of fucking or tied together. By the end of the week I was exhausted. Though my last humiliation didn't occur until the final day of Gus' visit.

◆I know you've been feeling rather odd about things. You don't hide your emotions well,◆ Jake told me from the couch. It had been several hours since my last coupling with the dog and I had just come into the living room. ◆And we haven't had sex since he arrived. So I've decided to let you suck my cock.◆

In spite of my coupling with Gus some hours ago I realized how desperate I was to pleasure Jake. Maybe that sounds strange, but I longed for a sexual encounter that didn't involve the dog. Besides which, I lived to please Jake and it had been so long since I had served him. So needy was I that I barely hesitated before coming to him and falling on my knees.

◆You seem to really want my cock,◆ he said.

◆So much, Jake.◆

He nodded and smiled before signaling for me to suck him. My movements were quick, like a drowning man gasping for air. Within seconds I had his cock in my mouth, giddy with happiness. Of a sudden I heard the click of the television as it was switched on. Then came the sounds of a woman – me – being fucked by a dog. He

was playing one of the many recordings he had made of me and Gus. Even so my mood was hardly dampened. I was happy.

As I sucked Jake's cock and listened to the sounds of my dog fucking emanating from the television I felt the familiar cold nose and long tongue of the dog on my back. Kneeling, however, I knew I was safe from being mounted. But the dog wanted me. It was clear from his pawing and whining and soft barks. Knowing I would be chastised if I resisted his advances I ignored it as best I could. For my efforts I was rewarded with praise.

I won't lie. Jake's praise felt good. So did the dog's tongue. Only I knew it was a precursor of things to come. Only I didn't know exactly how it would play out.

◆Let him have you,◆ I was told.

I glanced up and looked into Jake's eyes. I didn't want to do it and he knew it. Regardless, I had no resistance to give. Slowly, and as the dog continued to lick and sniff and whine out his wants, I slid my legs back and lifted my bottom, taking to hands and knees as I sucked Jake's cock.

◆Mount,◆ I heard.

There, as I sucked Jake's cock, the dog mounted me, stabbed his cock about like a blind man. Briefly I released Jake's cock, turned back and guided Gus' cock into me. Once he was inside I returned to sucking Jake's cock, difficult as it was with the dog pounding into me. By the time Jake came the dog had knotted with me and we were tied ass to ass and I was struck by the surreal vision I imagined myself to be.

Later, as the dog fucked me again I would watch the video Jake had made, see myself fucked and eventually tied to the beast as I sucked Jake's cock. It was more surreal than I had imagined. But it was arousing, too. I couldn't take my eyes from the screen.

It was a few months later that Jake introduced me to Rex, a large, short haired dog - a mutt, I was told had been properly trained. The irony of his statement almost made me laugh. For most it would mean he did tricks, sat up, played dead. To me it meant he fucked human bitches like me.

◆I bought him last week.◆

A chill ran down my spine.

Come, Kennel Bitch,◆ Jake commanded. ◆Meet my new puppy.◆

Slowly I left the couch where I had been sitting. Already the dog was excited, his hard cock poking its length out of its sheath.

◆Please, Jake, don't,◆ I begged. My words lacked strength, and I knew he was deaf to them.

Step by step I made my way towards Jake and the leashed dog that was pulling against Jake's hold. When I reached them I gave Jake a teary eyed look, begged him not to make me fuck the dog. He gave no answer. For a brief moment I stared into Jake's eyes before dropping to hands and knees and turning away from the beast. Rex mounted me immediately. Unlike Gus he needed no guidance and was inside me immediately.

As the dog fucked me Jake explained he picked this dog because of its size. The other one, he told me, was too large. Besides which his thick fur made proper viewing of our lovemaking - he called it lovemaking - nearly impossible. Also, he continued his monologue, this one was a longer living breed than the Norwegian. Rex would probably live to fifteen or so. Difficult as it was to concentrate on Jake's message, it sank in. I was twenty-six and would probably fuck this dog until my late thirties, maybe even my forties. Were it not for the constant orgasms I would have cried.

Once the fucking was over and I was tied to the dog, Jake began telling me how he had noticed I never came anymore unless I was fucked by the dog. It was true, but I still tried to deny it.

◆Face it, you were meant for this,◆ he told me.

I shook my head and looked up at him. ◆No, Jake. No one was meant for this. Maybe it makes me cum but I don't like it. No matter what it seems, I don't like it. I want to be your slave, not a dog's bitch.◆

The dog jerked and I climaxed. It made Jake chuckle. ♦It doesn't matter, Kennel Bitch. You are what you are - a humiliation slut. You get off on fucking dogs. The sooner you admit it the sooner you will be happy.♦

♦It's true, Jake,♦ I admitted. Tears now covered my face. ♦I do get off on the humiliation. Fucking him makes me cum. That doesn't change the fact I don't want this sort of humiliation. It doesn't change that I don't like it.♦

Something about what I said seemed to register with him. His facial expression softened and his tone lightened. ♦Okay, KC, I won't make you fuck him anymore.♦

Though still knotted to Rex I found comfort in what he said. My last act of bestiality, or so I thought, was cleaning of the bowl Jake had put beneath my pussy.

In spite of Jake's promise, I found that Rex was not so easily persuaded and I was constantly resisting his advances. Never did the dog obey my commands, nor did my constant nakedness help matters. For a while it was quite annoying. Fortunately his attempts at coupling lessened as time progressed. Then came the day he succeeded in taking me. It was the day I truly became a dog's bitch.

It was about a year after we had gotten him, and while Jake was outside mowing the grass, that Rex caught me unaware. I was only just getting into the shower when he leapt on me, knocking me half way into the shower. Dazed from my head hitting the tiled shower wall I felt him mount me. In my head I fought. But my body failed to respond with more than flailing and weak gestures. Within seconds I was filled with the dog's cock. It was only as my senses returned, some minutes later, I recovered enough to defend myself. By then his knot was buried inside me and there was no escape. Helpless, I remained tied and awaiting release.

Of course I came. I came a lot. Though, honestly, it was not simply because of the humiliation at being fucked by the dog. That was minimal at best. It was the fact I could be found by Jake, tied to the dog and him convinced it was by choice. Above all, however, it was my helplessness in the matter. Now, even with my wits returned, I was bound to the dog, unable to get free until his knot subsided.

♦I thought you didn't want to fuck the dog,♦ I heard from behind. By then the dog

had turned and we were ass to ass.

The dog jerked and I was forced to fight off another orgasm. ❖I didn't. He knocked me down. I tried to get away but couldn't.

Jake's reaction was one of anger. He swore at the dog, quickly left the room and returned with a bucket of cold water and threw it on the dog. Quite suddenly Rex's knot dissipated and I was free, the dog running off somewhere unseen.

❖I'm sorry. I came as soon as I heard your screaming,❖ Jake told me. Again he swore at the dog.

Still somewhat woozy, I allowed Jake to help me up and lead me to the bedroom. Once we were seated on the bed Jake swore again, apologized and then told me he would get rid of the dog.

Admittedly I was attached to the Rex - loved him even. So the idea of getting rid of him was somewhat troubling in spite of the recent occurrence.

❖What are you going to do?❖

❖I'm taking Rex to the vet,❖ Jake told me. ❖I won't have you endangered by him.❖

❖What do you mean by that?❖

He was surprisingly calm, but his demeanor suggested hostility. ❖I'll have him put down. We can't have that kind of thing going on here, and I can't give him to another family. Can you imagine what he would do?❖

❖You can't do that, Jake! He just did what he was trained to do. You bought him to fuck me!❖ Regardless of what had just transpired I couldn't let him kill Rex.

❖That doesn't matter,❖ Jake told me. He motioned to the lump on my head, commented that I was lucky not to have been more severely injured.

I began crying. I couldn't let him kill Rex. But I didn't know what to say. ❖You can't, Jake. He's just a dog. He doesn't know any better.❖

◆I don't care. I have to make sure he doesn't hurt you. And I can't give him to someone else. You know that.◆

My reasoning and repeated insistence Rex behaved exactly as he had been trained fell on deaf ears. Nothing would change Jake's mind.

He would hear nothing of it. Finally, and in an act of sheer desperation I blurted, ◆It wasn't his fault!◆

Jake looked perplexed. ◆What do you mean?◆

◆I slipped!◆

◆I know. He jumped on you and made you slip. He could have killed you!◆

I shook my head as I searched for a plausible explanation, one he would believe. Had my mind been clear, had I not been woozy and fearing for Rex's life I might have arrived at a better explanation. But my mind was not clear.

◆I was bent over the tub and he was fucking me, Jake. Then I slipped and hit my head. He didn't know any better so he kept fucking me.◆

Jake stared at me for a long moment, eyebrows furrowed as he took in my words.

◆Wait, you mean you let the dog fuck you?◆

Suddenly I realized what I had said. It was too late to take it back so I nodded in agreement. What else could I say? I had backed myself into the proverbial corner. Admitting truth would expose my lie and Rex would be put down. If I lied his life would be spared and I would become Rex's bitch. My choices, both of them, were terrible.

◆Yes,◆ I whispered, unwilling to be the cause of Rex's death. ◆I let him fuck me.◆

◆Are you saying you wanted it?◆

I nodded again. ◆Yes, I wanted it.◆ It was the only thing I could think to say.

Obviously shocked, Jake asked, ◆So you enjoy it?◆

◆Yes,◆ I lied.

◆Why didn't you tell me? Why did you fight it all this time?◆

I shook my head, searching for another answer. Finding it, I told him, ◆It was too embarrassing.◆ My words were a whisper, and I was in complete shock by what I knew I was committing to.

Jake smiled, brushed a fallen strand of hair from my eyes. He kissed me and offered me words of comfort and a few of disbelief. Eventually I convinced him my words were fact and he assured me the dog was safe. After that we went to the hospital to get my head checked.

In retrospect, and with the distance of time, I know of the other options I could have taken. I could have suggested he get the dog fixed. I could have suggested he take the dog to the man who trained him. There were plenty of other logical explanations I might have made to save Rex's life. I know, too, I did not have to lie and tell him I wanted to fuck the dog. But my mind was addled from the fall and I couldn't let Rex be put down. He was, all things considered, an innocent. I could not say the same thing about me.

Two days later my sexual relationship with the dog became a permanent aspect of my life. It happened shortly after Jake headed out to finish the lawn he had started the day before. Soon as the back door closed Rex padded into the kitchen where I was cleaning up. It was as I placed the plates in the sink the dog pushed his nose at my ass and began licking me. When I turned round the dog leapt up, his paws pushing at my belly and clawing at my breasts. Irritated, and just as Jake passed outside by the kitchen window, I pushed the dog away.

◆Is something wrong?◆ Jake hollered through the closed window.

Nervous and suddenly feeling quite helpless by my self-imposed options, I shook my head and forced a laugh. ◆He just got me with his nails is all,◆ I hollered back.

The dog stepped forward and pushed his nose at my pussy, forcing his tongue inside as he licked. Again he leapt up. This time, and knowing Jake was watching, I pushed the dog away, immediately falling to hands and knees. Rex wasted no time in

mounting me.

Later that night, and after discovering that a second mating had resulted in rather severe scratches, Jake covered the dog's paws in sox. He also allowed me to wear one of his shirts. For that, at least, I was grateful.

For a long time after my couplings with Rex were fairly infrequent. The dog, having been denied his pleasure so often did not make many attempts, over all. When he did, and if Jake were home and in the room, I would fall to hands and knees and take him. When Jake was gone I scolded the dog when he made attempts to take me. This did little to quiet his ardor, however, and I was frequently in a struggle with the beast. From time to time, I must admit, he would catch me off guard and knock me down and force himself on me; though I could have prevented our mating in those moments I came to learn it far less difficult to simply give in. It was on one of those days when the dog had caught me by surprise that my entire outlook on the matter changed and I gave up having any control over my sexual interaction with him.

It was late in the day, and I was in the kitchen cleaning the floor when it happened. A slight piece of plastic had fallen out of my hand. When I bent to pick it up the dog was on me. Almost before I knew what was happening Rex had mounted me and his cock was stabbing at me from behind. Tired, I decided to simply guide him inside me and let him fuck me. When Jake arrived home the dog and I were tied together.

I was facing the entryway to the kitchen when Jake came in. He smiled and patted me on the head. ♦How is Rex's bitch today? Did she have a good day?♦

Suddenly the realization of everything that had occurred over the last several years was upon me. As often as Jake would fuck me, the dog fucked me more. Worse, I only came when the dog fucked me. Jake never made me cum, even when he reminded me of how the dog used me or when he played back the videos of our mating I never came.

A sudden jerk by the dog pulled me back as a small orgasm swept over me. I looked at Jake as he smiled down at me, telling me how pretty I was and how lucky Rex was to have such a beautiful bitch. I was mortified. Once free, and after cleaning the evidence of our fucking, I walked into the living room where Jake was relaxing and

watching television. I sat on the couch and took his hand in mine.

◆Was it a good fuck?◆ he asked.

I turned to him and frowned. ◆You turned me into a dog's bitch,◆ I said. I felt light headed, as if I were dreaming.

◆What do you mean?◆

◆You made me your slave. Then you made me fuck Gus. Then you bought Rex and made me his bitch.◆ I turned to look at Rex. He had just meandered into the room and flopped on the floor. ◆You turned me into a nymphomaniac, made me beg to fuck a dog. Then you made me Rex's bitch. Is that what you wanted?◆

Jake shut off the television and turned to face me. ◆I wanted a slave who could enjoy the sort of humiliation I wanted to inflict. That was you. You thrived on it. Do you deny it?◆

I shook my head. ◆I enjoyed it. It was what I needed.◆

◆I had run out of options. You hardly came when I fucked you. So I decided on a new humiliation. That was Gus.◆

◆It was a terrible humiliation,◆ I agreed. ◆But then you got Rex. So it must have been your intention to make me a dog's bitch.◆

◆I wasn't going to make you fuck him anymore, remember?◆

◆Yes.◆

◆I was going to take him to the vet and put him down. But you told me you liked fucking the dog,◆ he reminded. ◆I've not made you fuck him once since I told you I wouldn't.◆

I laughed. He was right. I had willingly fucked the dog without his command since that day he threatened to kill Rex. None of it was forced on me. It was voluntary.

◆Then I made myself his bitch.◆

Jake shook his head. ♦Are you unhappy with it? I thought you liked it.♦

It all came pouring out then. I told him how the dog had knocked me down, how I bumped my head. Then I told him why I did what I did, that I loved the dog and couldn't allow him to be put down. Then I told him how I continued fucking the dog so he would believe my lie.

♦Do you want me to get rid of him?♦ Jake asked.

♦No.♦

♦Do you want me to put up a fence and keep him outside?♦

I shook my head. ♦No, Jake. He would be unhappy outside, he's an indoor dog.♦

♦He's a big dog, Lindsey. He can deal with the adjustment.♦

I didn't want him outside. It would have been cruel to make him go from house to yard. That's what I told him. It was a lie, of course.

Jake shook his head. ♦That doesn't make sense, Linds. Dogs make that sort of adjustment all the time.♦

Frustrated and crying, I blurted out a terrible truth. ♦You can't put him outside, Jake. It gets me off more than anything you've ever done to me. It's horrible and I hate when he fucks me. But the degradation, humiliation and helplessness of it all♦I can't get that any other way. But I don't like it. I hate it.♦

Jake wrapped his arms around me and held me ever so tightly. He offered words of solace and comforting words of love. For the moment I was his slave and lover again. The dog ceased to exist.

♦I won't put him outside,♦ Jake told me.

That night we made love as we had not in so long. He used me hard, made me please him. I even came.

Saturday, about a week later and as we were sitting on the couch, a package arrived

wrapped in brown paper. After signing for it Jake opened it, returned to the couch and pulled out the box's contents. It was a collar and five black, leather corsets. 'Kennel Bitch' was inscribed on the tag hanging from the collar. He then explained the corsets were to save me from being scratched as was common when Rex fucked me. There was no need to explain the collar or the inscription on the tag. I was a dog fucker, a bitch - Rex's bitch.

Shocked by what was before me I reminded Jake of my feelings towards bestiality and how I hated fucking the dog.

Maybe you do and maybe you don't. You've told me both. Either way, I think it's part of your life now - your calling. You will continue to fuck him. We both know that.💎

His words were so plain, so matter of fact and seemingly without motive: A statement of fact. Thinking back I knew he was right. Rex fucked me at will. I never resisted. Nor had I thought of resisting in some time, save for those moments when I was feeling ill. Even then I gave in.

💎I am certain he fucks you more than I do. I know he makes you cum more often,💎 Jake continued. 💎You might as well get as much pleasure with as little discomfort as possible.💎

I wanted to deny his words but could not. It was all true. Much as I hated it I would continue to fuck the dog. I enjoyed the humiliation and degradation, the lack of control and the fact I was being controlled by an animal. Most of all - though I couldn't tell him - I enjoyed the helpless sensation of being tied to the dog, pulled around like a puppet.

I slipped from the couch and buried my face in his lap as a torrent of conflicting emotion overtook my senses. 💎What do I do, Jake?💎 I begged, looking at him through my tears. 💎I can't go on like this, Jake. I can't. It's too terrible.💎

💎Can't go on like what?💎

I sniffed and shook my head. The words weren't there so I parceled together what I could. 💎I hate fucking him. But I need it, too. I need the humiliation and helplessness I feel when he fucks me. What do I do, Jake? Tell me, please. Tell me

what to do. I'll do it.💎

💎Do you remember my promise not to make you fuck the dog?💎

I nodded as I wiped away my tears. 💎Yes.💎

💎Let me out of that promise and you won't have to worry about it anymore.💎

I shook my head. 💎I can't.💎

💎Why not?💎

💎Because I know you will make me fuck him. I know you'll make me fuck other dogs, too. I don't want to fuck dogs, Jake. I don't. No matter how it makes me cum. I just don't want to fuck him or any dog.💎

Jake smiled as he brought his hand to my cheek, cupping my face lovingly. 💎If you don't let me out of my promise will you still fuck Rex?💎 Bursting into tears I told him I would. 💎And which is better, having no choice in fucking the dog or choosing to fuck the dog?💎

There it was! For a long time I sat in silence, tears drying on my face, as I remembered back to when he promised not to make me fuck the dog. Relieved as I had been it had become a burden. At first it was to save Rex's life. But it morphed into something different, like an addiction I hated but couldn't resist. Only it was more and less than that. I just didn't know what. Confused, I asked his intentions.

💎To take away your last choice, Lindsey.💎

He didn't call me Kennel Bitch, he had used my real name. It made me happy and filled me with joy. But it was fleeting, made me feel as if I had done something terribly wrong. Again I was crying. Again I begged him to tell me what to do.

💎Tell me you are mine to do with as I wish. Tell me you let me out of my promise. Tell me you want no choices now or ever.💎

It all seemed so logical. I had been happy without choices. Even when he made me fuck the dog I was happy. No, I didn't want or like it. But wasn't that what I had

always wanted? Wasn't that what Jake had brought me for all those years? It was. Yet I could not simply allow him to take back his promise and make me Rex's permanent bitch. Still, what was the difference? I fucked the dog every day. I was his bitch in spirit, if not in fact. It was a confusing jumble and I expressed it all to Jake, told him everything.

◆Give me my promise back.◆

I stared at him, almost ready to do so. ◆What do you mean it's my calling? I asked, echoing his words from earlier. They had not registered then. They did now.

◆You're a slave, Lindsey.◆ He said my name again and it filled me with joy. ◆You have always been a slave. You came to me wanting humiliation and degradation, wanting to suffer emotionally. Fucking the dog gives you that in a way I never could. You said it makes you feel subhuman. That's exactly how you want to feel. It's why you fuck him. Only you still feel it's wrong. That, more than anything else, is why you suffer now.◆

He was right. Nevertheless, allowing him to take back his promise wouldn't change that. I would still see it was wrong.

Continuing on, he said, ◆If you don't have a choice in it you won't be burdened with its immoral nature as you see it. You won't be making the choice. You will be living the life you want - a slave's life.◆

Struck by his logic and knowing he was correct in his assessment I bowed my head.

◆What are you going to do, Linds? Are you going to give me back my promise, or will you simply continue living as his voluntary bitch?◆

◆I don't know.◆ It all came crashing down with his next comment.

◆Something you may not know, Linds, is that I understand just how much you really like fucking the dog. Regardless of how much you've told me you hate it, how you're torn over it. All that is bullshit. You love it. You loved when I made you fuck him. It fulfilled you to the core.◆

Shocked, I asked him how he could say such a thing.

◆Because of the ties,◆ he told me. ◆You almost never fail to tie with him. You never pull away. Never. You could reach back and keep his knot from entering you but you never do. You almost always tie with him.◆

◆You're right.◆ My voice was a soft whisper when I spoke. I could muster little more. ◆I give you back your promise.◆

◆Good dog.◆

A cold chill ran up my spine. It was followed by a sudden wash of relief. Lindsey was gone, and I was left weeping like a child who lost her mother.

The next day before work, Jake boarded Rex. He returned shortly later and announced he had taken an indefinite leave from work. Only then did I realize my physical exhaustion and fragile state of mind.

The first week of our time alone was wonderful. Jake and I slept in, talked, remembered old times and engaged in lengthy love making sessions. It was as it had been at the start of our relationship. Nor was the second week any less enjoyable. By the time a month had passed I was relaxed, energetic and happy as I had once been.

A month later, as I was sitting and cuddling with Jake, I was asked how I felt. Smiling, I told him I was well, that I was happy and re-energized. It was then he asked if I was ready for him to go back to work. After telling him I was he followed by asking if I was ready to get on with the rest of my life. Curious, I asked his meaning.

◆Rex has been boarded for two months with his old trainer,◆ he told me. ◆Is it time to bring him home? Are you ready to be his bitch?◆

Absentmindedly I gripped the name tag dangling from my neck and pulled on it slightly before lightly fingering my collar. Oddly, I was not troubled by the prospect, and wondered why. Finally, I nodded and told him I was.

Our reunion the next day was a happy thing. Rex barked, jumped and licked us

enthusiastically. He demanded belly rubs and ear scratching, too. Later he demanded his bitch. Nothing was refused.

A year later Jake acquired a puppy he named Pup II. As he was coming of age I was told to keep them both happy or they would fight. He wasn't wrong. As a consequence, and obedient to Jake's orders, I began training Pup II to fuck me; and as well accustomed to being Rex's bitch as I was, this was a terrible humiliation for me. It also proved to be surprisingly difficult.

◆ Maybe you should blow him, ◆ Jake suggested one day after I had lamented the difficulties with getting Pup II to fuck me. The thought of it revolted me. It was one thing to fuck a dog, but an entirely different thing to suck dog cock. When I told him as much he laughed and reminded me how often they licked my pussy. ◆ It's only right their bitch should return the favor, ◆ he said.

But it wasn't something I could do. It was just too gross. Later that week, however, after a terrible fight led to both dogs going to the veterinarian, I was again encouraged to take matters into my own mouth, so to speak.

◆ I was speaking to Rex's trainer - the one I bought him from - and he tells me his wife blows new dogs to get them used to being with a human bitch, ◆ Jake told me. ◆ It's a Pavlovian thing. He will eventually get used to your sexual stimulation and want to fuck you. ◆

But it was not something I could do. The idea alone was disgusting, besides which I could not imagine so debasing myself. As much as I fucked Rex, as often as I tried to fuck Pup II, I just couldn't. Later that week, however, and following another dog fight, Jake introduced a new humiliation to my life.

I was bound on my back, strapped tightly atop one of Jake's padded benches, my arms and ankles bound beneath in a sort of inverted hogtie. In my mouth was an enormous ring gag made of hard rubber that fit over my teeth like a boxer's mouthpiece. My head had been pulled back and over a pillow using two leather straps so I could neither lift nor turn my head. Truly, I was helpless. Surprisingly, and in spite of the fact it had been ages since I had been tied like this, I gave no thought to what his plans might be. I was a well-trained slave and humiliation slut.

Few things excited me more than being used roughly, being suffocated and brought to the brink of unconsciousness.

◆Are you ready, KB?◆ Jake asked.

Unable to move or speak coherently I issued a slight ◆Uh huh,◆ and readied myself for use.

◆Can you move at all?◆

I tried to move, strained against the straps binding me to the bench, attempted to lift and turn my head. When my utter helplessness was obvious to us both, Jake smiled. Then I learned his intentions. He was going to face fuck me. Then he was going to have Rex do the same.

Wide eyed and frantic I fought against my bonds, screaming out my protests as he undressed and kneeled in front of me. Then he filled my mouth with his cock, laughed and told me how my gurgling protests excited him. Seconds later my throat was filled and I was fighting for breath as he fucked my face.

After a time, and as his pace increased, I stopped struggling for freedom and began struggling for breath. Each passing second seemed an eternity as his cock filled my throat repeatedly and cut off my air supply. Before long I began struggling anew as the familiar sensation of suffocation overtook me. It was only when my struggles stopped he allowed a moment of rest. Then it began again.

Delirious, I looked about the room, eyes darting here and there, unable to focus. He had finished with me. Cum and saliva filled my mouth and was leaking out and dripping down my face. I tried to swallow, but with my mouth held wide was unable.

◆Are you ready for Rex?◆ I heard. ◆You're going to have your throat thoroughly tested. I hope you can keep it open long enough to enjoy it.◆

I tried to locate Jake but my vision was gray and white clouds, hints of fuzzy objects. He asked again but I made no sound. I couldn't. The capacity for thought was beyond me. I only knew I was there and had been used. Cum dripped into my left eye, further clouding my vision. It burned.

◆I'll give you a moment.◆

Slowly I recovered some semblance of my wits and remembered I was going to be face fucked by a dog. Still I made no sound. Then my vision went dark, shadowed by Rex's body as he leaped up and began thrusting at my mouth. For a moment he disappeared, returning a moment later and jumping on top of me again. I saw his dog cock, saw Jake's hand guiding it into my mouth. But the dog wasn't ready and dismounted, disappearing from my sight.

◆Come boy,◆ I heard Jake say.

I saw the dog again. He licked my face. Then came the command and he leapt on top of me; amidst the dark underbelly that shadowed the light I saw Jake's hand guiding Rex's dripping cock into my mouth. Just like that I was being face fucked by the dog, his cock, long and thin, filling my throat and shooting his hot semen into me. I gurgled and sputtered with my eyes tightly closed as dog cum squirted down my opened throat.

◆You're lucky it only lasts a few minutes,◆ I heard Jake tell me when the dog stopped thrusting. ◆Now you just have to deal with the knot.◆

At first I failed to understand his meaning. I was far too busy fighting to keep my throat open around Rex's cock while catching bursts of air between spurts of dog cum. Then I felt the swelling of his knot inside my mouth, as it further opened my mouth. He had gotten his knot past the ring gag and was now tied to my face. Never had I imagined something so terrible could ever happen to me.

For a long time I fought the urge to cough, choke and vomit. Cum was constantly being squirted down my throat and breathing was nearly impossible. There was pulling and jerking, and I feared my jaw might get broken. Worst of all was the horrifying moment when he leaped off me and turned, leaving my face buried beneath his furry bottom as I waited for him to pull free.

When my ordeal was over, after the dog's knot had subsided and Jake had removed the gag from my mouth, I was asked if I was ready to please my owners properly. With my face covered in saliva and dog cum I said I was, promising to blow them

whenever he wished so long as I didn't have to suffer the horror of being face fucked again. Only I hadn't quite understood the meaning of his words until he asked if I was ready to accept them as my owners - to be their slave. That's when I burst out in tears, begging that I couldn't be their slave.

◆Think about it, Kennel Bitch. I gave you to Rex a long time ago.◆

◆You own me, not Rex!◆ I yelled. My eyes were still closed tightly for fear of getting dog cum in my eyes.

◆And I have the right to do anything I want with you. Don't I?◆

◆Yes.◆ Having been Jake's slave since I was nineteen I never thought of another answer.

◆Since that is the case I am giving you to the dogs as their sex slave.◆

◆No. Please don't, Jake. I already fuck Rex whenever he wants. I'll get Pup II to fuck me, too. I will! I'll blow them both whenever you want. Just please don't give me to them.◆

My protestations were ridiculous. I knew they were. Already I belonged to Rex. He fucked me at will and I never resisted. But the thought of actually being owned by the dogs was too much for me to take.

◆You're already Rex's bitch,◆ he told me, as if reading my thoughts. Then he reminded me of my failed efforts to fuck Pup II, and how much it disappointed him. It made me feel like a failure and I promised I would get the dog to fuck me.

◆I know you will. I know you will do your best to fuck them both now that you belong to them.◆

◆No! You can't give me to the dogs,◆ I begged.

◆It's already done. You are now their sex slave. They will fuck you whenever they wish,◆ he told me. He finished by telling me he would have Rex face fuck me every week I failed to get Pup II to fuck me.

I tried to shake my head. Still bound, however, I could offer no more than a vocal refusal.

◆I guess you'll have to learn the hard way,◆ he told me.

◆Please, Jake!◆ I begged.

Ignoring my plea, Jake demanded I open my mouth so he could replace the gag. Fearing another face fucking by the dog I refused. It was useless, I knew. He could simply pry my mouth open with one of his toys and make me wear the gag. Surprisingly he did not.

Eventually I was released and told to shower. Later, when I entered the living room, I found Jake sitting with the two dogs laying on the couch beside him.

◆Are you ready to take Pup II?◆ Jake asked me.

I nodded unhappily and called the dog to me. He wanted to play and was difficult to reign in. Eventually, though, he settled down and I was able to get to my designated chore.

◆Go slow. Don't spook him,◆ Jake told me. ◆Just pet him for a while. Don't go right in. Massage his cock and balls. Give him a lick here and there. Wait for his cock to come out of its sheath. Then you can suck him.◆

I followed Jake's instructions, calming the dog and getting him relaxed. When I rolled him to his back it was without effort. It was only when I began massaging his genitals he became someone agitated. Presently he was relaxed as ever and I was staring down at his hairy sheath, contemplating what I must do.

◆Lick him, Kennel Bitch. Get him hard.◆

Tears welled up in my eyes as I bent down and licked the slight tip that was poking from his sheath. The dog jerked slightly and lifted his head and I had to calm him. Several licks later, and after he seemed to grow comfortable with my repeated licking of his cock, I was rewarded with the sight of his long, pink cock.

◆Good girl,◆ I was praised.

I stared at the thing, wondering how it was I had already taken one into my mouth. Then I screwed up my face and turned away. ♦I can't do it, Jake.♦

♦Do you want Rex to face fuck you?♦

I turned to face Jake and shook my head. Then I remembered the gag. I had never worn it before. ♦You got that gag just for this. Didn't you?♦

♦I couldn't let you hurt the dog with your teeth.♦ Jake was smiling.

I got up quickly and headed to the bedroom to find the gag. Finding it on the nightstand by the bed I picked it up and inspected it. It was pink and shaped just like a boxer's mouthpiece except for the big, metal ring I could tell was embedded within the rubber to hold my mouth open. Then I felt of the gag's soft fleshy interior and knew it had a singular purpose. I left the bedroom still holding the gag, its straps flopping down as I walked.

♦When did you plan this?♦

♦When it was obvious Pup II wasn't going to fuck you. I knew the only way to get him to do it was to have you blow him.♦

♦And you knew I wouldn't blow him.♦

Jake smiled. ♦Of course I did.♦

♦You got this from your dog trainer?♦

♦Yes. He makes them.♦

♦Why didn't you just have him train Pup II?♦ I asked.

♦Because I wanted you to train him.♦

I shook the gag in my hand and then threw it at him. ♦I won't blow him. I'll never blow a dog.♦

♦I know.♦

It was far simpler a reply than expected. Satisfied, I turned on my heels and went to the bedroom to cry.

Nothing more happened that night. Yes, Rex fucked me again. But there was no more talk of me blowing the dog. The next day, however, Jake tied me to the bench. This time I was on my belly, wrists bound to my ankles beneath the bench. My hair had been tied in a ponytail and my head was strapped back very much like the night before. The gag, too, was in my mouth and I was about to endure another face fucking.

◆I'm glad you didn't fight this,◆ he told me as he tested my bonds. ◆It might have made this quite difficult.

I had never thought of fighting. I was a slave. Besides, the previous night had done me in. I had no energy to deny what I had become. Even so, I could not willingly blow the dog. It was beyond my capabilities. I could, however, submit; that's what I did.

Jake made a minor adjustment to the bench, raising my head slightly and lowering the other end as he explained the change in position would give the dog better access and make it easier for him to fuck me.

I gave no response, knowing it would do no good.

When the dog entered the room I closed my eyes and braced myself for his assault. All too soon he was on me, and Jake was guiding him into my mouth. Just as had happened the first time, Rex jumped off and then returned to mount me again. Finally, and with Jake's aid, the dog began fucking my face and throat. It was no different than the time before except I wasn't on my back. I struggled for breath, fought against the need to cough, choke and vomit. Then, thanks to the specifically designed gag, the dog tied to my face.

◆It's a good thing you're such a good sword swallower,◆ Jake teased. The dog had just turned around and I was staring at his asshole. Besides his tail it was all I could see. ◆If you weren't you might choke to death.◆

It was not an uncommon thing for him to tease me this way. He always did it,

knowing how it excited me. This time he had something entirely different in store for me - something I never once contemplated.

With my mouth overflowing with dog cum, Jake got behind me, telling me how he looked forward to making me lick the dog's ass. Then he spit on my asshole, rubbed his cock over my opening and pushed inside. There, with my face tied to the dog, he began fucking my ass. The terrible humiliation of it all sent me over the top and I came almost instantly.

◆You like getting it at both ends,◆ Jake mused, noting my obvious arousal and further heightening my sense of humiliation.

The orgasm - the first Jake had given me in many moons - shook me to the core. Blackness threatened to overtake me and I allowed my throat to close around the dog cock in my throat. It sent me into a fit of coughing, and I was only able to recover when Jake stopped fucking me and gave me time to recover.

◆You'll get to watch this later,◆ I was told when my coughing ceased.

When Jake resumed fucking my ass I was again swept up in a wave of orgasms. This time I didn't lose concentration as I had before. I kept my throat open. He was still fucking my ass when the dog's knot slipped from the gag. Once free, and without Jake to guide him away from me the dog returned to me soon after and began licking my face clean. Only it wasn't just my face he licked, it was the inside of my mouth, too. There, with Jake still fucking my ass, the dog's tongue probed deep into me. It was then I had the most incredible orgasm I could ever recall. I knew then and there what my future held. For I could never, under any circumstances, blow the dog. But Jake could make me wear the gag, and I knew he would. Worse, I knew I would accept and enjoy every minute of it.

◆Are you ready to blow the dog?◆ Jake asked me. It was Saturday afternoon, a few days after he and the dog had double teamed me. He hadn't used the gag on me since. ◆Or are we going to go back to the gag?◆

◆I can't Jake,◆ I told him. ◆I just can't bring myself to do it.◆

My reward was an afternoon with the gag, another face fucking by the dog and

another tie. This time Jake didn't fuck my ass. When it was all over I was aroused and needy, and I begged Jake to fuck my ass or pussy. Instead he sat me on the couch, turned on the television and played the video made a few nights before.

◆What's the difference between you blowing the dog or him fucking your face?◆ he asked as we watched. We were already to the part where the dog was tied to my face and he was fucking my ass.

◆One is forced. The other is willing,◆ I whispered.

◆When are you going to accept that you belong to them?◆

For a long moment I stared at him, trying to frame an answer that made sense. Finally I told him, ◆It's one thing to fuck a dog. To be owned by a dog, or consider myself so is beyond imagining. It's stupid, too. It's not like they can really control me the way you do. They can't make me do anything.◆

Jake smiled. ◆I see what you mean. Regardless, you fuck Rex whenever he wants. Besides, I can enforce it.◆

◆It still won't make them my owners. It makes me your slave doing what you tell me to do.◆

We watched the video all the way through. Then he got the gag and attached it to my face, telling me get on my hands and knees. Unknown until he told me was that he had locked it on, and there was no way to get it off.

◆You're going to wear it until you blow Pup II,◆ he told me.

He called Rex over to us and told me to remain still, that he was going to have him face fuck me. In spite of my arousal - and I was very aroused - I was unwilling to simply let it happen and was on my feet the instant the dog was called over.

◆Get back down,◆ he told me. ◆He's going to enjoy your throat.◆

I shook my head and vocalized my unwillingness in words that were only intelligible in their vehemence as I tried to free myself from the gag.

◆It's locked on, Kennel Bitch,◆ he told me. ◆Now get yourself on your hands and knees.◆

I refused, shaking my head. In a flash he left the couch and strode to where I stood, grabbed my hair and pushed me down to the floor. There, held firm on my hands and knees, the dog was called over and given the command to mount. Of course I didn't resist. As much as I claimed not to want it, I did.

Our tie, following the short period of face fucking, was longer than usual. Or it seemed that way, at least. During that time I could do little but stare at the dog's tail and asshole as he pulled me about the room while Jake reminded me of my place in life. I was a dog fucker, he told me. I would suck and fuck dogs until he decided otherwise. His words excited me as much as they disgusted me.

I lived with the gag for the rest of the night. It was only removed for supper and then again for bed. By then my jaw ached terribly and I told Jake as much. His response was simply that I would continue to wear it until I blew Pup II.

Next day, shortly after breakfast, the gag was again in my mouth and Rex was fucking my face. This time Jake didn't have to force me into it. I simply accepted it would be so. Thankfully, Jake fucked my ass when the dog tied with me. Afterwards he told me the gag would remain in my mouth until I gave into his wants. Of course I knew it would have to be removed for me to eat or drink, but I was wrong. Jake simply took advantage of my ability to open my throat and poured liquid sustenance down my gullet by way of a funnel.

As the days went by he would ask me if I was ready to blow the dog. Each day I shook my head and begged, best I could, for him to remove the gag. Of course, he refused, telling me each time it would be removed only after I agreed to blow the dog.

◆I'm glad you saw your way fit to finally obey your master,◆ Jake told me as he unlocked the straps holding the gag in my mouth. ◆You probably need to brush your teeth pretty badly.◆ Not a thought had been given to my oral hygiene during the few days I had suffered with the gag. ◆Before you do, though, I think it's time you gave Pup II an old fashioned blow job.◆

I gave no thought to resisting. He had broken me and I simply awaited his next command. To my surprise it was not to blow the dog. It was to take a shower. Something else I had not done since the gag had gone in.

Our shower was long and hot. He lathered and washed me with gentle hands, kissing me here and there. His attention was no less caring when we stepped out, wrapping me in a thick, white, terry cloth towel and drying me with gentle pats.

◆Can you close your mouth?◆ he asked.

Until that moment I hadn't realized my mouth was open, but it was. Gingerly I tried to close it, but found it difficult and painful. Both of us were amazed to find I could not close it all the way.

◆Hmm, I think Pup II will have to wait,◆ he said.

For reasons I had not yet grasped I felt a sense of disappointment.

Three days later I finally gave Pup II the blow job Jake wanted me to give him. I was tentative and unsure, but there was no real hesitation. With the dog on his back, and when he was finally relaxed enough I licked at his sheathed cock. When it was finally exposed I stroked it with my hand as I took it in my mouth and gently sucked. That first time was a failure. Pup II became nervous and I could do nothing to calm him. My second attempt fared no better. The third time was successful, however. It was also far more difficult than I thought it would be. Nonetheless, after about twenty minutes of gentle stroking and sucking, during which his cock spurted a nearly constant stream of cum, the dog came, filling my mouth with a tremendous amount of cum, the majority of which I consumed.

Within a few weeks Pup II's resistance dissipated and I had little difficulty pleasuring him. Rex seemed to enjoy them too.

I'm not exactly certain when it was that Pup II finally fucked me. I know it was Jake's doing. Or, rather, it was his suggestion that made it happen.

I had been blowing him when Jake told me to stop. ◆Go sit on the bench, spread your legs and call the dog. When He comes over I want you to lay back and have him

mount you.💎

Following his command I was soon on my back, legs spread and with the dog on top of me, licking my face.

💎He's still hard, KB. Guide him in,💎 I heard.

Soon as I took his cock in my hand he began humping at me, and I struggled to control him. Still I did my best, and within seconds his cock was buried in my pussy and he was humping away at full speed. But he was inexperienced and clumsy and he fell out, immediately leaping from my body and running around me. He mounted again and humped at air, poking at my thighs and ass. When I reached to guide him in he entered me. Only it was my ass, not my pussy he entered. It was hard and painful and I cried out. Undaunted by my cry of pain the dog fucked me at a frantic pace. As was usual, the actual fucking lasted but minutes. Regardless, I came several times.

For a few minutes I stared up at my dog lover as he drooled over my naked body enjoying the sensation of his knot as it swelled inside my ass. Never once did I think about the pain I might suffer when he pulled free. Fortunately, Jake did; and at his instruction I wrapped my arms and legs about the dog, holding onto him tightly. We remained so until his knot subsided and his cock slipped from my hole.

💎Who do you belong to?💎 Jake asked, immediately afterwards. I was still on the bench and dog cum was dripping from my ass. 💎Who owns you?💎

💎The dogs own me,💎 I whispered. It was a relief to say so, and I felt strangely happy.

Jake ushered me to the shower immediately afterwards, praising me as he washed me, telling me what a good dog I was and how proud of me he was. It was then, as the water cascaded over my body that I felt a stunning sense of pride. Not in what I had done but in who I had chosen as my owner. He had mastered me. Then he broke me, made me subservient to the dogs. Then he gave me to them, made me their sex slave.

Certainly, I cannot say being given to the dogs was what I wanted. It wasn't. To this

day it remains unwanted, horrible, utterly humiliating and dehumanizing. Still, I cannot deny the tremendous pleasure such emotions provide. In short, it was precisely what I needed.

Kennel Bitch

H Dean

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