

Doggy Styles 10 - The Dog Walker (Bestiality, teen females, young, exhibitionist)

Chapter Summary - Claire works at her side job. And later, her new friends visit her at the kennels.

Previous Chapter Summary - Claire spent some fun quality time with her new friend Brenda (and Duke, of course).

Note - This is a work of fiction, make-believe and fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. The author does not condone any sexual activity involving animals or sexual activity among persons under 18 in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can ruin your life. Don't ruin your, your pets, or other people's lives!

-----

Claire Davis watched the dog's huge, heavy balls swaying in front of her. It was almost hypnotic, the way they swung back and forth. The teenager wondered how much cum was backed-up in those big, bouncing beauties.

"Come on, Earl, you big, goofy dog," Claire said playfully. "More walking and less sniffin' and pissin', OK?"

Hearing his name, Earl, a large, handsome Siberian husky, turned to glance at Claire. He paused, sniffed, and immediately hiked his leg against yet another tree. His large cock was on display for the horny young teen once again. Claire paused to admire it for a moment. It was swollen in its sheath and the tip of his pink, pointed dick stuck out slightly. He was horny alright.

Claire sighed. "What is it with these amateur breeders, Earl?" she said aloud. "Raising pretty dogs only to let them mate once or twice a year - if they're lucky." She was considering when and where Earl might be getting lucky today. She felt sorry for the poor animals and had vowed to do whatever she could to help them. Her guilt over teasing her dog Duke had made her realize the sexual agony male dogs were going through - not being able to jack themselves off, like human males.

Earl was owned by an acquaintance of her father who was also an amateur breeder. Word had gotten out about young Claire and her fantastic training results - not only training dogs to walk on a leash, but also training them to be more 'relaxed' at home, and not constantly humping anything and everything all the time. Her phone has been buzzing with so many new clients, she didn't know how she could accommodate them all.

"Come on, Earl," Claire said. "Let's get to the park." She was in a hurry. Earl was the second dog she had walked this morning, and she still had to go to Mrs. Hill's kennels to start her shift.

'I need to find a way to do a lot of dogs at once,' she said to herself. 'But, if I'm not careful, it might turn into a doggy-orgy!' The thought made her teenage pussy twitch. All those wet dog tongues licking her and so many doggy-dicks to play with! 'Mmmm, mmm!'

Claire arrived at the park and walked past the shelter-house. It was still early morning and not many people were out yet, but Claire knew there was much more privacy in the woods than behind the small building. She remembered her last experience there; she had almost gotten caught jacking-off a huge St. Bernard. He started whining when he began to cum and someone heard him and came over to investigate. Claire had just finished licking her hand clean when a man walked around the corner.

"Is everything OK?" the man had asked. "I heard your dog crying." He looked concerned.

Embarrassed at almost being caught stroking off a dog-cock. Claire assured him everything was alright. "I think he stepped on something," Claire lied. She pretended to look at the dog's paw, while hoping the man would go away before he could notice Earl's still dripping cock. Then, the dog turned, and there was no way he could miss the massive, wet, exposed, hunk of dog-cock hanging obscenely beneath the beast's belly. A string of cum was still oozing from its tip.

"Uh...," Claire began. "There must be a female in heat somewhere."

"Yeah, that must be it," the man replied. He looked at Claire and then at the dog's dripping shaft before meeting Claire's eye once again. He grinned.

"Take good care of your dog now, little girl," he said with a chuckle and then left.

Not wanting a repeat of that embarrassment, Claire returned to the secluded spot in the woods she had recently discovered, even though it was a much further walk. It gave a good view of the path in both directions. There was a small building there - nothing more than a roof and three walls; with open windows, a concrete floor and a picnic table. It offered hikers a cool place to take a break on a long walk, or a dry place to get out of the rain.

Claire sat on the bench, looked both left and right down the path, and called the dog over to her.

"You need to shoot your stuff really bad, don't you boy?" Claire said. "I can tell." She began to pet Earl, scratching his ears a little before running her hands down his sides and finally towards his belly. She spoke softly, not wanting to scare him. Her hands came closer and closer to his swollen sheath until she was 'accidentally' rubbing it with the back of her hand. Earl like that. He liked it a lot.

"Oh, my poor, horny boy," Claire said. "No one's ever touched you there, have they?"

Earl's cock began to expand. Claire rubbed his hairy sheath a little bit more, becoming more aggressive with her touch, now rubbing his entire shaft. When she felt wetness on the back of her

hand, she changed her tactics and ran her fingers up both sides of his cock. She felt him harden even more.

“Mmmmm,” Claire moaned, “Bitch-Hand-Job.”

Claire always used her special “Bitch” words with all the dogs she took care of. She hoped they might eventually learn her unique commands, even though she didn’t have the time or the place to train them properly.

“You like that baby?” she asked. “Do you like Claire’s Bitch-Hand-Job?”

Earl did like what she was doing to him, no matter what sounds were coming out of her food-hole, and he told her so. He licked Claire’s face and Claire sloppily kissed him back.

Claire glanced around once again to make sure no one was coming. Then she bent down to get a better look. Just as she suspected, Earl’s cock was a beauty. Really thick with a perfectly shaped head. She spat into her hand and gently stroked his exposed member.

Earl’s tail began to wag back and forth as he thoroughly enjoyed Claire’s expert manipulations. Pre-cum soon began to shoot from the tip of his aroused organ. Claire cupped her hand in front of it to get more lubricant, then stroked him a bit faster.

“Oh, Earl!” Claire exclaimed. “Such a pretty doggy-dick you have!” She licked her lips. “You are going to make some bitch really happy with that fat cock.”

Claire knew it was risky, but she had to have a taste. “Are you going to let mommy have a taste of that sweet-doggy-dick, Earl? Pretty please? Bitch-Blow-Job, Earl? Wanna Bitch-Blow-Job?”

Without waiting for an answer, Claire sat down next to Earl and smoothly leaned in to give his cock a long, slow lick. She rolled the sweet, salty metallic flavor around in her mouth “Oh, yeah, Earl,” Claire praised. “You have a delicious doggy-dick.”

Claire couldn’t resist his hard dog-cock. She licked it a few more times and then leaned in to engulf his cock-head with her warm mouth. She licked around his spongy, pointed tip and coaxed out more pre-cum. He was soon spraying it with every pump of his prostate. Claire swallowed it gratefully. Her pussy was wet and gushed with desire.

“Oh, fuck, Earl,” Claire moaned. “I have to feel that hot tongue way up in my snatch.’ Just for minute, she promised herself.

Claire stood up and reached under her short skirt to pull her panties off. She held them in front of Earl. “Want a sniff, Earl? Wanna Sniff-the-Bitch?”

Earl loved the smell of Claire’s wet panties and Claire soon gave him the real thing to sniff. She leaned against the window opening and wiggled her ass in front of the horny dog.

Poor Earl didn't know any of those strange words, but he knew this little bitch liked his cock and he was horny. Instinct took over, as Claire knew it would. Earl stuck his nose deeply inside Claire's wet cunt and lapped her juices. Her scent drove him mad with lust, and he could tell by the taste of her pussy cream she would soon be eager to mate.

"Oh, yeah, lover," Claire moaned, pushing out her ass even further. "Lick-the-Bitch, Lick your bitch good!" The horny young girl arched her back and spread her legs, giving the big dog better access to her steaming cunt. Earl turned his head sideways and pushed his snout deep into Claire's delicious pussy. He lapped up her juices faster than her body could secrete them.

"Lick that pussy, boy!" she encouraged. "Lick-that-Bitch!" Claire had been horny all morning and now embraced the wonderful feelings washing over her. She reached behind her, and using two fingers, opened her slit wide for him. She was rewarded with Earl driving his tongue deeply into her tight snatch.

As pure pleasure washed over her, she decided she couldn't wait any longer. She wanted it. No, she needed it. No, she had to have it. Claire's animalistic urges, like the beast between her legs, could no longer be denied.

"Mmmm! Oh, yeah," Claire moaned. "You're driving me crazy with that fucking tongue."

She made a decision. The needs of her teenage twat could not be denied any longer.

"Oh, fuck, Earl. I just have to have your fat, doggy-cock in my hungry, little pussy."

Claire's body urgently longed for the exquisite feeling of being filled, fucked, and knotted once again. She knew Earl's cock was a lot thicker than her dog, Duke, but she had taken Duke's knot many times. Besides, she was young and horny and couldn't pass up a chance to have some fresh dog-meat pounding away at her snatch.

"I need to get fucked, Earl. Hurry up and give me that pretty dick boy, before I change my mind or somebody comes! Hurry lover! Fuck-the-Bitch, Earl." Claire wiggled her ass in a provocative, tawdry invitation. She knew she was taking a huge risk by having sex with a dog in a public park, but that only made it more exciting. She imagined someone finding her and Earl in the throes of passion, her entire body exposed, fucking a dog, naked and knotted. Her pussy creamed. She was nearly shaking, brought on by the debauched wickedness of what she was about to do.

Claire leaned against the window opening and flipped her skirt up, exposing her hot, naked ass to the cool, damp air. "Come on, Earl! Fuck-the-Bitch!" She slapped her ass, showing him exactly where she wanted him.

Earl did nothing. He stopped licking her.

"Don't you know how to fuck, Earl?" Claire whined. "If you were my dog, I'd teach you how to Fuck-the-Bitch properly, but I'm only training you to walk on a leash and empty those big ol' balls

for you (for now anyway). Do ya' wanna, Earl? Do you wanna fuck me? Come on already! Don't cha wanna fill me up with your hot doggy-sperms? I can't wait anymore!"

Claire slapped her ass again in growing frustration. "Aren't you ready to Fuck-the-Bitch, Earl? Come on boy, up! Up boy! Fuck-the-Bitch!"

Claire pushed her ass into the dog's face. "Come on, Earl! Fuck me, damn-it!" Her pussy was wet, warm and empty! She was craving a hot, fast, fuck, but the stupid dog wasn't co-operating. She wiggled again, sliding her hot, wanton pussy back and forth against the animal's long, cold snout.

At first, Earl was confused. What was this bitch trying to tell him? She acted like she was in heat and needing to be bred. But, there were no other humans around. Wait, is that it? She was in heat, needing to be bred, and there were no humans around to mate with? Did she want to breed with him? Hmmm, this hot bitch was showing all the signs of wanting him to impregnate her and bear his litter. He paused, deep in thought.

Earl remembered he usually got punished for trying to mate with humans. However, this one smelled ready to mate, and she had allowed him to sniff and taste her pussy. Why else, but to let him confirm her arousal. And now, she was presenting her sex to him and not trying to get away.

Earl slowly decided the nice human wanted to mate with him and he would not be punished for it.

He sniffed her again. Her primal, sexual need filled his olfactory senses.

The bitch was ready.

The bitch was waiting for him.

The bitch wanted his seed.

Earl smiled. This was going to be fun!

He gave Claire's pussy a final lick, confirming her fertility. The sweet, salty, complex flavors, loaded with sexual secretions, made his cock harden. His dick bounced with every pump of his prostate, squirting his ready-made lubrication in preparation for mating.

He stepped back, calculated his trajectory, and hopped on Claire's back.

"Ooof!" Claire grunted, as the big, hairy dog landed on top of her. His warm body felt good against her body, driving away the goosebumps caused by the chill air and the cooling wetness dripping down her thighs.

Earl gripped Claire around her slim waist and pulled her towards him.

Claire felt Earl's slimy, pointed dick poking incessantly all about her ass. He whined in her ear. Claire reached back to help him, knowing the handsome dog was not experienced with human lovers.

Between Earl's frantic, staccato humping, Claire managed to grip his cock long enough to guide it to her hole. She marveled at his hardness and the thickness of his shaft. Claire exhaled a long, grateful sigh and slowly let go of his slippery dick. She braced herself for the coming onslaught; once a dog realized his cock was surrounded by a tight, warm pussy, there was nothing to stop him from slamming his shaft home and giving his bitch all of the long, hard cock she could take. And then, give her even more.

"Unnggghh!" Claire grunted as Earl's fat shaft drove into her hot cunt. His cock spread her juicy pussy lips and impaled her completely. It took only a single thrust before Earl grabbed her even tighter and began to plow his cock into her, pounding her like a jack-hammer.

"Oooohhhh, fuuu-uuuck, Earl!" Claire grunted, her body jiggling with each thrust of his hard cock. "Do it, boy! Fuck me! Fuck-the-Bitch! Fuck me good!"

Claire's cunt gushed as the doggy-dick began to swell even more inside of her. She loved the feeling of a dog cock expanding inside of her; starting out long and thin and quickly swelling to hard and thick. She would soon be feeling his knot, small at first, then growing until she could feel her pussy stretching with each jab. She knew she should stop him from tying with her. She should reach down and grip his cock above the knot, to keep him from sliding the ever growing lump of hard flesh inside of her - filling her until they were locked together. She reached down between her legs. Someone might come along the path any minute now. How humiliating to be caught tied with a dog out in public. Her pussy twitched.

She should really stop this. She should stop his growing knot from swelling any more inside of her, before it was too late. No matter how good it felt when the fat knot spread her pussy lips and grew inside of her baby canal. She really must stop it from happening. She knew she should. "Just a moment more," she promised herself, and she would grab his cock, just in front of his fabulous, tasty, thrusting, hard knot, and keep it from entering her that final time, before it was too late.

Claire looked up and down the path. She felt Earl's hot breath on her neck. Her pussy felt so good! Oh god! She wanted it. She wanted it so bad! She wanted the fat, swollen knot filling her up. Filling her tight pussy so much it almost hurt. Damn the consequences! She had fully copulate with him, it was, after all, the only way to mate with dog. It was how nature intended. She could not deny millions of years of evolution and the incessant needs of her pussy crying out to tie with him. To have him make her his bitch. To feel the hot sperm filling her up and not able to escape. To let him know her pregnancy was definitely ensured.

Claire withdrew her hand and braced herself against the wall. She pushed back as Earl fucked her. She felt his knot growing. She closed her eyes and luxuriated in the feeling of her lips spreading

wider and wider with each thrust of his long, hot, poker-like cock and the growing lump of hard dog-flesh at its base.

The dog's cock was now an angry purple and deep red color. His piss-hole squirted so much pre-cum, it dripped out of her snatch. His cock was thick. His knot grew thicker. Claire felt its hardness repeatedly entering her, until she knew it was time and clamped down upon it. She held it in place. Her tight pussy captured him completely.

Earl yelped with surprise. His toes scrabbled on the hard concreted as he strove to drive his puppy-maker deeper and deeper into his bitch. His balls began to tingle each time they slapped Claire's ass. He whined with joy as his cock throbbed, his knot expanded, and he knew he was now fully tied with his bitch. He began to shoot into Claire, his body quivering. He pumped his potent sperm into her, pushing Claire against the wall.

She felt his hot cream and imagined it filling up her uterus. She pulled down her blouse and let her soft, pale breasts bounce in the cool air. She pinched her nipples until they hurt. She began to shake as her orgasm washed over her body. Her pussy spasmed, squeezing the fat doggy-dick tighter and tighter.

“Oh! Earl! What a cock! Do it, baby! Do it. Fill me up with your hot cum! Get it all out, lover! Fuck me! Fuck me! Ah-eeeeee-iiiiii!”

Claire came over and over again. Her pussy stuffed full of thick dog cock. She was filled to the brim with warm, thick, dog sperm. Earl's huge knot kept all of their sexual fluids locked inside of her. She could feel her bloated pussy expanding as Earl emptied a year's worth of sperm inside of her. There was so much, she felt it slosh inside of her.

She came down from her orgasmic high, feeling Earl hot breath on her as he panted in her ear.

“Mmmm-mmm, Earl,” Claire sighed. “I wish you were my dog, we could fuck like this every day. Duke wouldn't mind. He gets enough pussy.”

Earl smiled happily. He drooled on Claire's shoulder.

“Did you like that boy? Did you like fucking Claire's tight, little pussy? That's called 'Fuck-the-Bitch.' You need to remember it boy, so we can do it again sometime. Do you feel better now, Earl? I bet you feel better. Now that your big 'ol doggy-balls are emptied. Huh boy? Mmmm-mmm, Fuck-the-Bitch...”

Claire knew she was going to be late for work today. But, it was worth it. She breathed out a long sigh of contentment and began to hum a happy little tune as she waited for Earl's knot to shrink.

Before long, Earl began to get restless. His hind legs were tired from standing up for so long. “Just wait a minute, Earl,” Claire said, noticing his agitation. “You just keep resting on me a little while longer.”

But, Earl didn't want to wait. With a lurch, he hopped off of Claire's back.

"Earl! Unnghh!" Claire grunted as his huge knot tugged against her tight hole. He almost pulled her to the floor. With a quick hop, he turned around, bending his still-swollen dick backwards until he was tied with Claire butt to butt. He started to walk away, but Claire squeezed him with her pussy, hard. "You stay, Earl! Stay right there!"

Claire felt his hard knot tugging against her hole. They weren't getting untied anytime soon. 'Oh, why do I let my pussy do all the thinking?' Claire asked herself. In a less than a second, she answered her own question. 'Because it feels so good!'

Just then, she hear voices coming down the path. Startled, she trembled as she tucked away her breasts. She stared at the sounds.

'Oh god, oh god, oh god!'

The sounds got closer.

'Please keep walking, please keep walking, please keep walking!'

To her horror, Claire saw a family of four walking down the trail. Her trail! They were coming towards her. Would they see the shelter was occupied, and take the path to the right? Or would they take the path to the left, to the wide open rear of the shelter? If so, there would be nowhere to hide.

Claire noticed a little boy taking a step on the trail to her hiding place.

"Oh Shit!"

Claire tugged against Earl's huge knot, willing to get smaller.

"Unnnnhhhh!" Claire grunted, as softly as she could. She slowly pulled away from Earl.

"Ow, ow, ow!" The pain was too much. It brought a tear to her eye. It was not coming out. No way in hell. Not unless she ripped her poor pussy wide open.

'What to do, what to do, what to do?'

"Mom, Dad! Let's go play in that fort over there!"

Claire had to do something, and do it fast!

"Hi!" Claire said loudly. She waved her hand in greeting.

"Oh, somebody's in it right now, Tommy," his mother said.

"Yeah, I kind'a want to be alone right now," Claire said. "If you don't mind."



Hearing the voices, Earl wanted to see what was going on. He tugged, pulling Claire away from the wall.

“Unngh!” Claire exclaimed, as the knot suddenly tugged against her pussy, threatening to rip her little cunny open.

“Are you OK?” the woman asked.

“Uh, mmm, I’m fine,” Claire stuttered.

“Bark! Bark!”

“Hey, she’s got a dog! Can I pet your dog, lady?” The boy headed straight towards her, running swiftly.

Her mind whirled.

“Not right now, please!” Claire tried to compose herself. She reached behind and felt her cold, naked ass and Earl’s hairy tail. She quickly dropped her skirt over their attached genitals, hoping it was enough, but knowing it wasn’t.

The little boy ran into the shelter. “Wow, that’s a pretty dog!” he said, petting Earl.

Mortified, Claire turned around to look at the boy, hoping he was too young to know what was happening.

“Come on, Tommy,” his mother shouted. “Leave the lady alone.”

“I’m sorry, Miss,” the father said. “I’ll come get him.”

“No!” Claire said. “I mean, it’s OK.”

“No problem at all,” the man said, “Come on, Tommy.” The man walked around the corner to the entrance of the shelter. He stopped. He looked at Claire. He looked at Earl.

“Now, run to your mother, Tommy,” he said. Then in a low voice. “Right now.”

“Awww! I wanted to play with the nice doggy!” The boy turned and left.

“Are you OK, Miss?” the man whispered, as he thought, ‘Was this a wild dog? Was she raped by this animal or ...?’

Claire felt humiliated. Being caught tied to a dog!

Earl tried to greet the man. He pulled away from Claire, more determined this time. Claire was forced to move with him, or risk having her pussy torn. She hopped backwards. The tugging on her pussy intensified.

“Oh my,” the man said. This dog was friendly. This was no accident.

Claire couldn't help it. She felt herself getting aroused.

‘OH GAWD!’

Her pussy began to quiver. Earl tugged again. Exquisite pain shook her pussy and her lips spread wider. Her clitoris swelled. The knot tickled it as she became more and more stretched out. She could cum right now, she realized. No, she was going to cum. Right now!

Unable to control herself, Claire plunged her fingers into her snatch and began rubbing furiously. Her fingers danced over her clit. She bit her lip. “Hnnnngghh! Hnnngh!” she cried. She felt the dog's fat knot against her probing fingers. She was feeling so raunchy! So depraved! It was exhilarating!

The man watched, astounded. With an unnoticed glance towards his wife, he squatted down to better take in the sights and sounds before him.

Earl thought his actions were an invitation. He began wagging his tale. Each wiggle sent tremors through Claire's body.

“Oh, fuck!” Claire hissed. She felt the first wave of orgasm roll over her. “Unnnngghhh!”

She worked her tired pussy faster and harder!

Squish, squish. Slap! Slap! The man hoped his family could not hear.

“Unnnnhhhh,” Claire moaned. “Ahhhh, ahhh, ahhhh!”

The knot tugged against her, putting even more pressure on her tight entrance. Earl's knot was shrinking. ‘Oh no! It could come out! Please no!’ Her pussy felt stretched to the limit. It caused another massive wave to crash over her. She clamped her pussy around the softening lump of dog-flesh.

“Nnnngghh!”

Claire looked up, hoping beyond hope that the man was somehow not staring at her debasing herself - not watching her cream all over a fat, doggy-dick. She met the man's wide eyes with her own. She looked away, ashamed. Her pussy shuddered once again.

“Unnnngghhh!”

It was no use. With a final tug, Earl pulled his huge knot out of Claire's pussy. As it stretched her wide, another orgasmic tremble enveloped her. What a glorious feeling as her cunt stretched to its max and then released. The intense feeling made her weak in the knees and she fell against the

opening for support. What felt like a gallon of dog cum gushed out of her poor, suddenly empty, gaping and abused pussy.

Earl's cock swayed back and forth. It was still red and swollen and now it was dripping obscenely. The man stared at the huge dog cock with its fat knot and wondered how it had ever fit inside of the young girl.

"Oh god! I'm so sorry," Claire mumbled, hiding her bright-red face as the last orgasmic tremors faded. She was still slowly twiddling her clit, knowing her red, dripping pussy was now totally to the man's gaze.

"No, I'm sorry to interrupt," the man said. He stood up, petted Earl, winked at Claire.

"Michael? Aren't you coming?" a shrill voice shouted.

The man smiled at Claire and Earl. "Thank you, that was amazing. I wish I could stay, but..." He turned and walked away.

"What took so long?" his wife asked.

"I was just petting her dog," the man said. "He's very friendly."

"Dad, why were they touching butts?"

"What is he talking about?" the mother asked.

The dad just shrugged. "I have no idea," he replied. "Just a girl and her dog," He then added. "Hey honey, do you like dogs?"

"I love dogs, why?" she asked.

"Oh nothing," the man said. "I was just thinking how nice it would be to have a dog in the house. You know, for the kids. And since you love dogs..."

-----

"Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Hill," Claire said, closing the door behind her. "I really got tied up this morning."

Claire hoped her pussy would stop leaking long enough to wash herself clean in the bathroom. Her panties were soaked! She was sure she reeked of dog cum and pussy juice and thought she felt some dripping down her leg again. She squeezed her thighs together.

"No problem, Claire," Mrs. Hill replied. "Oh! By the way, you only have four dogs to groom today. Mrs. Smith called to cancel."

"Oh, OK," Claire said, keeping her distance so her odor wouldn't waft over to her boss.

“Are you still walking dogs in the morning? Is that why you’re late?” Mrs. Hill asked.

“Yeah. Walking them and jacking them off and stuff, so they don’t hump their owner’s legs all the time,” Claire said. “Earl caused me some trouble at the park. He was a real pain in the twat today.” She giggled.

Mrs. Hill raised an eyebrow. “I see,” she said.

Claire quickly continued. “I think I’m getting too many dogs, Mrs. Hill. I do some in the mornings and some in the afternoons, and I’m getting calls to take on more. But, I don’t know if I can. What, with working here and trying to train Candice’s new dog, all at the same time.”

“And, where do you do this ‘stuff’ that you do?” Mrs. Hill asked.

“At the park, usually,” Claire said. “I almost got caught once.” It was the truth. She almost was caught once, and was definitely caught this morning, but she wasn’t going to admit it. “And, I take them to my house after work, if my dad’s not home.”

“And if he’s home?”

“Well, the park, if I can find a quiet place. Or the alley behind the drug store...,”

“Oh, Claire,” Mrs. Hill said. “You’re doing too much, and you’re going to get caught sooner or later,” Mrs. Hill said. “Can I ask how much you charge for this special dog service?”

Claire told her.

“Oh, honey, that isn’t near enough for all you do. Not to mention the risk to your reputation!”

Claire added, “But it’s not all about the money, it’s about helping the poor dogs too.”

“Sure, I get it. I felt the same way when I was your age.” Mrs. Hill looked very thoughtful for a while. The room grew quiet. Claire squeezed her legs tighter. Mrs. Hill thought she smelled something vaguely familiar.

Claire was about to excuse herself to run to the restroom when Mrs. Hill stopped her. “OK, I have it all figured out, Claire. Here’s what you are going to do;

“One, no more dog-sex in public.”

“But...”

“Two, tell your clients they have to pay for formal dog training here at my shop, because you’re getting too many clients to manage. They can like it or lump it. Oh, and you can keep all the money, just do it on your own time.

“But...”

“Three, use the building you rent for your ‘special services,’ from now on. There’s no telling what might happen to you out in public. Why, you could get raped, or blackmailed or...”

“But...”

“Four, you can use my old van to haul your dogs. You’ll have to get your own insurance, of course. I had it outfitted as a portable grooming station, but that idea never took off. You can try to make a go of it, if you want. I’ll even sell it to you if you decide you like. It runs good, it just needs a little of cleaning and maybe a tune up. What do you think?”

“Oh, Mrs. Hill!” Claire said. “I love you!” Claire ran over and hugged her benefactor.

Mrs. Hill hugged the young girl awkwardly, and immediately recognized the odd smell she had noticed earlier.

“We can go take a look at the van after you freshen up a little, OK?”

-----

Saturday was bright and beautiful. It was mid-day, and Mrs. Hill was at her desk finishing some paperwork when Claire walked in.

“I finished with the kennels, Mrs. Hill. If it’s OK, I’m going to pick up my dogs and bring them back for their weekly leash training, and stuff.”

“OK, Claire. I’ll be leaving soon myself.”

“Oh, and remember you said it would be OK if I showed my friends around today?”

“Of course I remember. That’s the reason I’m leaving early. You guys have fun doing ‘stuff,’ and take good care of my dogs.”

“Oh, we will!” Claire said, before thanking Mrs. Hill once again.

Claire quickly made her way out the door and walked to the large van, admiring the newly washed vehicle. The tattered logos on the sides of the van would have to be replaced, Claire decided. “Mrs. Hill’s Mobile Pet Grooming” was a bit dowdy. She would have to think of something much better. Something trendy and hip.

After picking up her four-legged clients, she took them back to her building and began leash training them - using a pair of her old, damp, smelly panties as motivation. When they all had a turn, she put the dogs in some of the many cages she had in her building.

Knowing she still had some time to wait, she decided to check on one of her pet projects.

“Hello King, you naughty boy, you,” Claire said loudly, trying to be heard over all the other dogs barking as they competed for her attention. She walked up to King’s cage and let him sniff her pussy-scented fingers through the fence. “You like that, don’t ya, boy?” Claire said. She opened the gate and stepped inside.

“Sit!” Claire demanded. King immediately sat on his haunches.

“Good boy!” Claire praised, and gave him a dog-treat. “It’s nice to see you haven’t forgotten how to behave.”

Claire had been working with King for a couple of weeks now. He was one of Mrs. Hill’s breeding stock, but he had been showing signs of aggression. Claire had taken it upon herself to tame him, using all of her special techniques. It had been very hard at first, but he was finally coming around.

Claire had King perform some basic tricks for her, praising him and giving him a treat, or letting him sniff her sex when he obeyed, and correcting him when he disobeyed. She glanced down at his penis, and as expected, he was becoming aroused.

“You’ve been a good boy, King. You know good boys get Bitch-Treats, don’t you?”

“Ruff!” King replied. “Ruff, ruff!” His tongue lolled out happily and he licked Claire’s hands and fingers.

“How ‘bout a Bitch-Hand-Job, King?” Claire asked, as she plopped down upon the cold floor. King became very excited and danced around her, sniffing and licking her face. He knew good things happen when this nice smelling girl sits next to him.

Claire giggled and wrestled with him a moment before reaching for his pink, pointed, cock. She rubbed his hairy sheath, feeling his shaft grow thicker. King stood still, allowing the girl to stroke him. Claire spoke softly to him as she held his sex in her hands.

“Are you a horny boy, King? Do you need Claire to help you empty those big ‘ol balls?” She continued to stroke him until he was fully hard.

King’s cock was very thick and not overly long. ‘Perfect for a good fucking,’ Claire thought, as she felt the first splashes of pre-cum land on her bare knees. She admired his cock for a moment. It was growing darker; changing from a pretty pink to an angry red and purple color. His dark veins were prominent and his pointed cock-head was flared and thick before his shaft thinned and then grew bulbous and fat in the middle, all the way down his cock until it thinned once again just before his ever growing knot. King’s ball were dark, hairy and heavy.

Claire couldn’t resist and leaned in to take his cock into her mouth. “Bitch-Blow-Job” she muttered, “Mmmm, mmmm,” she moaned. “You have a tasty cock, King.”

Claire decided to get him off using her mouth. She bobbed her head and stroked him gently, swallowing all the juices he was spraying into the back of her mouth.

Just then, over the whining of the other jealous dogs, Claire heard a horn honking. “Oh, fuck! I forgot about Brenda and Stephanie!” She stood up, wiped her mouth and smoothed her dress. “I’m sorry, King!” she said. It hurt her to leave the poor animal like this. “I’ll come back as soon as I can, OK boy?”

King whined. It was not OK. He was confused. He stared at her shapely ass as she locked the gate and walked away.

-----

“Hi Claire!” Brenda said excitedly, jumping out of her car. “You remember my friend Stephanie, right?”

“Of course! Hey Stephanie!” Claire gave Stephanie a hug.

“Brenda told me all about your dog, Duke.” Stephanie said. “I hope I get to meet him sometime.”

“Of course you will!” Claire said.

Claire turned to hug Brenda and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, but Brenda held her tight and gave Claire an open mouthed kiss. The two kissed for a long moment. They separated with a slurp.

“Hey! You have doggy-dick breath!” Brenda exclaimed. “You started without us! No fair!”

“She works in a kennel, for heaven’s sake, Brenda,” Stephanie laughed. “You’d be sucking and fucking dogs all day long, if you worked here. You are such a slut.”

“Yep, you’re right!” Brenda said. “On both counts.”

Brenda turned to Claire. “So, you going to show us around, or what?”

“Follow me,” Claire said. She led her friends to the front door and unlocked it. The girls stepped inside.

“Here’s my grooming station,” Claire said. She showed them the sink, table, and the cages where the dogs waited for their owners to pick them up. “Down the hall are some offices and storage areas. Oh, and Mrs. Hill has a whole bunch of books on dogs, and their care and breeding them and stuff, come on and I’ll--

“Hey, I don’t want to be rude,” Brenda said.

“Yes you do,” quipped Stephanie.

“But, we really came to see the dogs,” Brenda said. “I told my mom I might pick one out today.”

Claire laughed. "Of course! I should have known you wanted to see the dogs first! How silly of me!" She turned and said, "Follow me, bitches!"

Brenda barked. Stephanie joined in.

Opening the kennel doors, they were greeted with an excited cacophony of dog's barking. Claire led them around the kennels while they oohed and aahed over all the pretty dogs. Claire noticed both of her friends checking out the dog's junk when they stopped at each cage.

"Look at the set of balls on this one!" Brenda exclaimed.

"That one's getting a boner!" Stephanie squealed. "Do you want to play with me, doggy?" she asked.

"If you want to see them get boners," Claire advised, "Take off your panties and let them sniff 'em. Or let them sniff your pussy, if you want."

"Oh! I want!" Brenda said. "Anything to give them a boner. Besides, how would I know what dog I want if I don't check out his dick first?"

Stephanie and Claire stripped off their panties, while Brenda had to shimmy out of her blue jeans before she could remove hers. She walked to the nearest cage, naked from the waist down.

"Do you like pussy?" Brenda asked, shoving her cunt into the fence. The dog began to lap at her pussy, snaking out his tongue through the opening. Brenda enjoyed it a moment before she had an idea. "Hey, can we let them out of their cages and play with their cocks and stuff?"

"Yep," Claire replied with a sly smile. "But not here. And 'surprise!' I have some dogs ready for us."

"All right!" Brenda exclaimed.

"You're the best, Claire!" Stephanie gushed.

Claire led her two friends out the back door, but first stopped to put a leash on King to take him out of his cage. "He's the reason I had doggy-dick breath," Claire explained. "We didn't get to finish."

"Aww, poor guy," Brenda said sadly. She didn't even bother to put her pants or panties back on before making the short walk to the small building Claire rents from Mrs. Hill.

"Wow," Stephanie said when she walked into the overly large room. "Pretty cool, you have all this and you're still in high school!"

"Well, I only rent this place from Mrs. Hill." Claire blushed.



“Are these the dogs?” Brenda asked. She ran over the cages holding three gorgeous canines.

“They are so handsome!” Stephanie said.

“These two are clients,” Claire explained, putting King into an empty cage. “I’m teaching them how to walk on a leash and not hump their masters and their guests.”

“How do you do that?” Brenda asked. “Stop them from humping, I mean.”

“Training mostly,” Claire said. “And it helps a lot if they get to blow their loads once or twice a week.” She smiled. “That’s where you guys come in.”

“What?” Stephanie said. “Us?” She could not believe what she heard.

“We get to help?” Brenda asked excitedly.

“If you don’t mind,” Claire said with straight face, knowing she was making their slutty doggy-dreams come true.

“Fuck no! We don’t mind!”

“Then take off your clothes,” Claire said. “Things are going to get messy.”

Stephanie and Brenda squealed and jumped up and down, their firm young breasts bouncing. All three teens quickly stripped, their nipples hardening in the cool air. Claire strutted over to a cage and opened the door.

“Do you remember this handsome guy?” Claire asked.

“OMG!” Brenda said. “It’s the dog you had during the training! The dog with the huge cock!”

“I thought you might want to see it up close,” Claire said. “I borrowed him from his slutty mother. She owed me one.”

“Brenda, Stephanie, this big boy is Sultan.” Claire made Sultan sit, putting his large cock and heavy balls on display.

“Hi Sultan!”

“Can we pet him?”

“Of course,” Claire said. “Pet him. Stoke his cock. Suck his dick. Whatever you want.”

“Yippie!”

Stephanie began to pet Sultan, who promptly put his huge nose into her crotch. He began to lick.

“Oh, GAWD!” Stephanie exclaimed. “What a big fucking tongue!”

Brenda sat down next to Sultan and began to pet him. She quickly started rubbing his cock through its furry covering. She was delighted when his pink dog-dick began to extrude.

“He’s getting a boner!” Brenda exclaimed.

“I wanna see!” said Stephanie. She sat down on the other side of Sultan. Stephanie and Brenda shared a giddy glance, with Sultan’s cock growing between them.

“Let me know if you need my help with anything,” Claire said. Sultan’s head was between her legs lapping at her cunt, sending delicious tingling feelings throughout her pussy. He was driving his tongue deep, trying to get the stale dog cum and pussy-juice from Claire’s tight cunt.

Brenda and Stephanie didn’t answer. They were focused on Sultan’s cock. Both of them had a lot of experience with doggy-dick, but their little dog’s cocks were nothing like this.

“Damn, look at it!” Brenda said. Sultan’s cock has grown in her hands until it was dark-red, thick, and wet.

“This is so hot,” Stephanie said. She was fingering Sultan’s knot, watching it grow thicker and thicker, until it was as big and red as an apple. She watched her friend open her mouth and put the wet dog-cock into her mouth.

“Mmmm,mmm” Brenda moaned. She licked and slurped on Sultan’s shaft. His pre-cum began to squirt into her mouth. “It’s so fucking big!” she murmured. “Tastes..., (slurp)..., so good!”

After waiting a long moment, Stephanie whined, “Come on Brenda, let me suck it too!” With a long, wet, slobbery slurp, Brenda pulled her mouth off her prize, and offered it to Stephanie, who winced as a thin stream squirted her in the eye. Stephanie opened her mouth, and paused before taking the large shaft into her small mouth.

“Suck it, slut,” Brenda breathed. “Suck his big dog-cock.” Brenda grabbed the back of Stephanie’s head and forced Sultan’s long, fat cock into her throat.

“Mmmphh!” Stephanie grunted in feigned protest. She was soon taking Sultan’s cock deeper and deeper, all on her own.

The two took turns sucking Sultan’s cock. It wiggled and swayed between them, spraying the floor, their hands, arms and faces. While one sucked his cock, the other used a hand to caress his shaft and balls, while the other hand was kept free to finger their slick pussy.

“Aw, fuck,” Brenda said. “Watching you suck that fat thing is so hot!”

“Mmm-mmmm,” Stephanie agreed. The two girls slurped, gulped and gagged on Sultan’s massive dog-cock. They moaned out loud and sighed in happiness as they waited for their turn.

With the scent of hot, wet twat in his face, two warm mouths sucking his cock, and two slick hands caressing his shaft, Sultan finally gave out a shrill whine and began to hump his cock forwards and backwards. Then, his balls twitched and he began to shoot his cum. The first blast erupted in Brenda's mouth, spattering against the back of throat. In surprise, she tried to swallow it before announcing, "He's coming!" and offered his spurting cock to her friend, who received a face-full of dog-sperm. It oozed and dripped onto her body before she could get her mouth around the massive, swaying object.

Stephanie let the animal use her mouth, licking and sucking the thrusting rod when she could. She received two mouthfuls of sweet cum before offering it back to Brenda. Brenda opened her mouth in front of Sultan's cock and directed the erupting discharge onto her tongue, then her face and breasts, before pointing it at Stephanie, drenching her as well, until the firehose began to slow to a trickle and Sultan was spent.

The two took turns gratefully cleaning Sultan's cock before eventually abandoning his softening shaft to turn their attention to each other. They ran their hands up and down each other's bodies, smearing dog cum all over themselves, while kissing and licking each other's faces.

Claire took Sultan away and placed him in his cage to rest. "Ready for more?" she asked.

Without waiting for an answer, she removed Earl from his cage. "This is Earl," she announced. "He doesn't have a lot of experience, but he as a nice, thick cock.

"I'll take him!" Stephanie said quickly. Brenda gave her an evil, jealous look. Claire let him loose as Stephanie called him over. He began to sniff her body before licking her face. Stephanie got on all fours and wiggled her ass in invitation. She was ready to get fucked. Earl began lapping at her soaking wet cunt.

"This is Prince," Claire said. "I'm training him for a friend of mine. He's got a really big cock, though not as big as Sultan's. He's a very eager-beaver pussy-pounder, aren't you Prince?"

"Oooohhhh!" Brenda exclaimed. "He's all mine! In your face, bitch!" she teased Stephanie. "I got a beaver-pounding, uh..., eager..., pussy-hound?"

Claire let Prince loose when Brenda excitedly called him over. Claire then took King out of his cage.

"Come on boy, I owe you one," Claire said. "Can you give Claire a good, hard fucking?" She petted King who promptly shoved his nose into Claire's pussy. "Mmm, mmmm. Good boy, King. Lick-the-Bitch."

She looked over at her new friends. Earl was trying to mount Stephanie, and Prince was feasting on Brenda's sweet pussy.

Stephanie grew impatient. She flipped her long blonde hair backwards and pleaded to her friends. “Ohhh, he can’t find my hole!” she wined. “Somebody help him!”

“Coming!” Claire said.

“No, I got it, Claire,” Brenda said. She got up off the floor and walked to Stephanie. Prince followed her, lapping at her tasty pussy and ass-crack from behind. She bent over her friend and her friend’s newest lover, helping them, while giving Prince better access to her pussy at the same time.

“Oooh,” Brenda moaned as Prince intensified his licking. She ran her hands below Earl and found his thrusting shaft. She guided it into Stephanie’s wet cunt.

Earl slammed his shaft into the tight, young teenager.

“Unnggghhh!” Stephanie cried as the thick hunk of dog flesh filled her little pussy. “Oh fuck! It’s huge! Oh, Brenda! Oh Claire! Oh Earl! Yeah! Do it Earl! Fuck me!”

Earl curled his back, drove his cock deeper, and began to hump the pretty girl as fast as he could.

“Oh-hh-o-ohh-oh! He-eee’s fuu-uuu-uuck-k-king meee-eee-eeee!” Stephanie stuttered as the dog slammed his cock into her again and again. Her warm, wet pussy surrounded his hot flesh, her titties bounced and her body was on fire. “Soo-o-o gu-gu-gu-goo-oo-ood-d!”

Brenda couldn’t wait to experience Prince’s cock inside of her. She fell on her hands and knees nearly facing her friend Stephanie. “Come on boy! Fuck me! Fuck me right now!” Brenda just had to have his long, thick, fuck-stick inside of her.

“Fuck-the-Bitch, Prince!” Claire yelled to Prince.

“Yeeesss!” Brenda hissed. “Fuck-the-Bitch! Fuck-me, Prince. FUCK ME!” Brenda nearly screamed. She wanted it so bad.

Prince was young, but he knew that command. He jumped onto the black-haired beauty and jabbed his hard, pointed dick at her repeatedly. He knew he was close when his cock felt her wetness. Then, he found her hole.

“Ahhhh! Ahhh! He’s in me!” Brenda exclaimed. “HIS BIG, FUCKING, DOG-COCK IS INSIDE OF ME!” She squealed loudly, both in surprise at her little pussy suddenly, and almost painfully stretching, and also in pure sexual happiness. His cock filled her up and touched her in places she had never felt touched before.

Brenda glanced at Stephanie and found Stephanie looking back at her. Her friend’s head was being rocked back and forth and she was panting along with the large dog on top of her.

“Ooh, ooh, oh!” Stefanie panted as the thick dog-cock pounded her pussy.

Brenda gave out one long groan of pleasure. It started deep in her abdomen and continued until she was out of breath and had to suck in more air. “Oooooohhhh-aaaaahhhhhhhh-mmmmm-nngggghh!”

Filled with lust, Stephanie’s cunt gushed when she heard her friend’s guttural cry of ecstasy. She watched her friend being taken by the dominant animal. It was just how they had imagined it. Brenda’s large breasts were swaying heavily in time with Prince’s long, deep thrusts. Her eyes were vacant as she let her young body be used by this powerful dog and his huge, fat cock.

Feeling left out, Claire walked over to her friends. “Mind if we join you,” she asked. Hearing no reply and assuming their heads were bobbing at least partially in approval, she joined them on the floor. She slapped her ass to encourage King to mount her. Being used to breeding dog bitches, and having fucked Claire more than once, he quickly understood. He climbed onto his bitch, gripped her tight, and soon found her fuck-hole.

All three teenagers moaned and grunted with arousal and sexual gratitude. Their pussies felt alive and the thick, driving shafts in their tight pussies sent tingles throughout their bodies. Hairy dog balls, filled with cum, slapped their cunts and clitorises. They felt shockwaves emanating from their genitalia with each and every pounding.

They met each other’s eyes, sharing an intimate moment, knowing how special it was that they found each other. They smiled in turn, nodding, licking their lips and sighing with pleasure.

“Oh fuck! His knot! I feel his knot!” Stephanie suddenly exclaimed. She had forgotten about it. She paused to wallow in the wonderful feelings it gave her as the lump slid in, and out. “It’s getting bigger!” she cried. Each thrust drove her crazy with desire. “Oh shit! It’s too big! It’s fucking huge!” She felt the ball of hard flesh enter her over and over, growing larger and larger. “Uhh! I don’t think I can... wait..., maybe...” With a final thrust, and a satisfied grunt from the young teen, the growing lump went in and would not come out. “Yeeeeessss!” Stephanie grunted triumphantly. The fist-sized knob of flesh made the inside of her pussy expand with each growing surge of blood and with each pump of his powerful dog-sized prostate. Earl scrabbled his nails on the floor, trying to drive his cock deeper into his human-bitch.

“Nnnngggghhh!” Stephanie cried. Then, she felt the hot, potent dog sperm erupt inside of her. The strange feeling of the warm liquid splashing around in her insides made her cum. “Com-mmm-mmm-innng,” she moaned, as her body shook with pleasure. “Oooooohhhh, yeeeeesss!”

Brenda and Claire watched Stephanie with jealous, but loving desire, knowing their friend was experiencing her first orgasm caused by fucking a big, strong, animal. The two met each other’s eyes and smiled briefly before closing them again, knowing their own orgasms weren’t far behind.

Brenda felt Prince’s knot swelling. It was getting bigger. It grew large. She braced herself for what she knew was coming, and pushed back against her furry lover to help him tie with her. She wanted

it. She wanted to experience the thrilling joy, once again, of tying with her furry-lover. She pushed. He thrust. His knot entered her. Prince tightened his grip and she felt his knot quickly swelling, locking them together. Then, she too felt warm, potent ejaculate filling her pussy.

“He’s cumming!” Brenda howled. “I’m cumming! Unngh, unngh, unngh! Yes, yes, yes! YES! HE’S FILLING ME UP! CUM INSIDE OF ME! MAKE ME YOUR FUCKING BITCH! BREED ME! BREED ME, MOTHER-FUCKER! I WANT YOUR BABIES! GIVE ME YOUR DOGGY-SPERM! GIVE IT TO ME!”

Brenda continued to babble like a drunken whore. Her orgasm wracked her body. It felt so good! The dog continued to pound against her, slamming his heavy, bloated balls against her cunt again and again.

Prince wrapped his legs tighter around Brenda, gripping tighter as he emptied his balls and bred his bitch, sending his puppy-batter deep into her womb. Her body tremble with orgasmic waves. They consumed her wet, gushing pussy. She felt the electric sparks inside of her cunt. Her clitty throbbed and triggered jolts up and down her thighs and into her guts. She felt dizzy as she orgasmed again and again. Her entire universe centered around Prince’s pounding cock and her stretched, juicy pussy. Her eyes darkened, then, she fell limp, still impaled by the hard, thick, slab of hot dog-cock.

Claire felt the tingling from her ravaged cunt slowly expand, enlarge, and then quickly explode, sending one blissful wave after another throughout her body. She bit her lip as she came, watching as her friends tied and forever bonded with their lovers. She felt King’s knot swelling inside of her and came with soft, repeated grunts and moans, trying to be discrete, but also strangely craving attention.

“Mmmm,mmm! Ahhhh, ahhh! Mfffhh! Yes! Oh yes!” Her young pussy gushed, joining the doggy-cream already inside of her. Her body shivered and her thighs quaked. She came loudly, no longer caring if her friends thought of her as a nothing more than a dog-slut, a two-legged-bitch or a canine-cum-receptacle. The degrading thoughts excited her and she came again. She recalled her experience of being dog-fucked in front of a complete stranger at the part. The memory thrilled her and she groaned even louder, knowing it would gather her friend’s attention. Finally, the last waves crashed over her and softly floated away, leaving her spent and breathless.

Claire opened her eyes to see both Brenda and Stephanie looking at her with knowing smiles and thankful adoration. Their exhausted dogs were resting upon their backs with long pink tongues hanging from their panting, happy expressions.

All was quiet, except for the soft sexually satiated sighs and the heaving breathing of both dogs and teens.

Brenda broke the silence. She giggled. She looked at her friends. It was all so surreal. Each of them tied and stuffed with dog-dick, with their spent lovers lying on top of them.

Stephanie snorted at the absurdity of the situation. She giggled. Then Brenda joined in. Claire smiled and chuckled. Then, they all began to laugh out loud, with each jiggle of their abdomens reminding them of the long, hard dog-cocks still stuffed inside of their tight little pussies.

Brenda wiped tears of joy from her eyes.

Stephanie loudly sighed.

Claire smiled and took a long, deep breath.

“That was so intense,” Brenda said. “The best fuck ever.”

“I never knew it would be this good,” Stephanie said.

“What did I tell you,” Brenda replied.

“It was much better, being with you guys,” Claire admitted.

“Thank you, Claire,” Brenda said. “For doing this for us.”

“Oh, yes!” Stephanie cried. “Thank you, thank you! Oh, thank you!”

“Anytime,” Claire said.

“Anytime?” Brenda asked. Her face getting serious. “Well..., I want to be fucked like this every day. No, twice a day!”

“Me too!” Stephanie cried. “Can I? I mean, can we?”

“We’ll do anything,” Brenda promise.

“Yes, we will,” Stephanie agreed. “Anything. Pleeeeee-ease?”

“Well...,” Claire began, wondering how often they could actually get together like this. She looked around her big room and realized she could probably use some help relieving the dogs, especially if she decided to take on more clients. A couple of times a week, for sure, but...

Brenda watched Claire closely. Her friend was deep in thought, obviously contemplating their outrageous request. She finally blurted, “I was just teasing, Claire!” Brenda laughed. “But since were going to be stuck like this awhile, let’s talk about what kind of dog I should get.”

“I want a dog too” Stephanie cried. “And I don’t know about you, Brenda. But I was not teasing!”

© Copyright Undeniable Urges, 2021. Unauthorized use and/or duplication of this material without express and written permission from the author is strictly prohibited. Excerpts and links may be used, provided that full and clear credit is given to Undeniable Urges, with appropriate and specific direction to the original content.