

Doggy Styles 5 – Sharing Duke (Bestiality, Female, teen female, young, exhib)

Chapter Summary – Claire and Duke find some new friends.

Previous Chapter Summary – Duke got lucky.

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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, or other people's lives!

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“Mom!” Claire Davis yelled, her hand on the front doorknob. “I’m leaving now!”

“OK, honey, have fun!” Darlene said, walking into the room.

“I don’t know how much fun it will be,” Claire said. “Mrs. Norris’s dog is terrible on a leash! If he can pull her around, I can imagine what he will do to me. Probably drag me along behind him.”

“Well, that’s why she’s paying you to train him. And hopefully, you can teach him to stop shoving that big nose of his into everyone’s crotch! Sultan is even worse than Duke used to be.”

Darlene smiled at her daughter. “You’ll do fine, Claire. You have a real special bond with dogs.” she said. “You know how proud I am of you. I keep telling all my friends how well you trained Duke and soon, you’ll have more dogs than you can handle!”

“Thanks, mom,” Claire said, walking out the door while faking a smile. She did not share her mother’s confidence.

Claire had a lot on her mind as she walked to Mrs. Norris’s house. She wasn’t sure how well she could train Sultan without using her secret weapon – her sweet-smelling, pussy.

She couldn’t just walk up to Mrs. Norris and say, “Excuse me Mrs. Norris, I’ll just take off my panties now and teach Sultan that only well behaved dogs get to sniff and lick my pussy. Then, I’ll come back every day after school to jack him off to keep him from humping your leg, unless you don’t mind if I give him a blow-job instead. Would that be OK, Mrs. Norris? You wouldn’t mind if I suck your dog’s cock, would you?”

Claire took a deep breath and sighed before knocking on Mrs. Norris's door. She immediately heard loud, deep-throated, barking. Mrs. Norris opened the door while trying to keep her body between Claire and her huge Great Dane, Sultan.

"Hi, Claire," she said. "Come on in!" Mrs. Norris struggled to hold Sultan back who seemed desperate to investigate the new, sweet-smelling human.

"Get down, Sultan!" Mrs. Norris said, still struggling to hold onto her dog's collar. Claire walked up to Sultan and let him sniff her hand. He immediately began licking it with his long, pink, tongue.

"He seems friendly," Claire said, petting the big, black, Great Dane. Sultan suddenly shoved his nose under Claire's skirt, deep into Claire's crotch, and began to sniff her pussy. The force of his snout hitting her cunt almost took her breath away.

"OMG! Sultan, stop that!" Mrs. Norris said. "I'm so sorry, Claire," she said tugging and pulling Sultan away. "It's like I told you on the phone, he's friendly all right, but all too friendly around us girls! Your mom said you trained your dog Duke not to do that, do you think you can handle Sultan?"

Sultan raised up on his hind legs, tugging against his collar, wanting to return to Claire, Claire glanced at his large cock sheath and didn't know if her tight pussy could handle him at all.

"Um, I don't know, Mrs. Norris" Claire said. "He's pretty big." She pulled her eyes away from his cock and low-hanging balls. "I mean, he's a lot bigger than Duke, and he probably weighs more than I do."

"Yes, he's a handful alright," Tori said, taking Claire's hand and leading her to the couch. "Let's sit down so Sultan can get to know you without knocking you down. Just keep your legs closed, OK?" she smiled. "And, please call me Tori, Claire."

The two sat on the couch. Claire petted and played with Sultan but kept her legs clamped tightly together. Sultan was very unruly, jumping on the couch, sniffing her and licking her face. Sultan would need a lot of training, Claire realized, and she said so. "He's very rambunctious," Claire said. "He's going to need a lot of training. Much more than Duke. And, I got to spend a lot of time with Duke after school and we had obedience training every Saturday."

Tori continued. "All I can ask is that you do your best. If you can get him to walk on a leash without pulling me up and down the sidewalk that would be a big improvement."

"OK, Mrs. Norris. I mean, Tori," Claire said. The two discussed Claire's pay (a lot more than Claire expected), and decided that Claire would walk Sultan every day after school, and Tori would even pay for Claire's time to take Sultan to Mrs. Hill's obedience classes starting next Saturday, since Duke's graduation was this weekend.

“It won’t be a problem for you to be alone with Sultan after school will it? I don’t get home till almost 6:00 PM. You’re out of school, at what time? Three?”

“Well, by the time I get home, change my clothes and let Duke out, I could be here around four,” Claire calculated. That would give her almost two hours alone with Sultan and time enough to give Duke a quick hand-job or a blow-job.

“Uh, what about your husband?” Claire asked.

“Oh, your mother didn’t tell you that I’m divorced?” Tori said. “I bought Sultan for protection and to keep me company since my husband left. I think I’ve had enough of men for a while.”

“I know what you mean,” Claire said. “Some guys are just ass-holes, pardon my language. That’s why I love dogs so much more than boys.” She quickly added, “I mean, dogs are so nice and they don’t break your heart, you know?”

Claire then thought to herself, ‘And, they don’t tell everyone what a dirty, little, slut you are.’

“Exactly!” Tori said.

With everything settled, Claire quickly instructed Mrs. Norris how to correct Sultan whenever he tried to sniff her crotch. Claire stood up and called Sultan over. When he shoved his nose firmly into her pussy (which was already getting damp, just thinking about being able to play with Sultan and his big cock), Claire corrected him by blocking his access with a raised knee, told him “No!” and pulled his head away, denying him of a close-up snort of her female essence. Then, she tried to make him sit.

“The best thing to do when company comes over is to make him sit and stay, so he won’t get a chance to act rude in front of your guests.”

“Oh, Claire! You know so much about dogs! And you’re so young, too!” Tori said. “But, what can we do about..., that?” Tori pointed to Sultan. He was still sitting down with Claire’s help, but the tip of his long, pink, dick was sticking out.

“Uh, well..., he is a male dog, and it’s going to happen,” Claire said. “You can put him away when company comes, or..., you can have him fixed..,” Claire added softly.

“Oh, no! I can’t do that! The dog-breeder told me Sultan wouldn’t be as good a protector for me if I did that! Besides, I could never hurt my poor, big, baby!” she said, hugging Sultan tightly.

“I know how you feel,” Claire said. “I’ll see what I can do with his..., ah..., problem,” she added. “I learned a couple of tricks from Mrs. Hill at her obedience school. She owns the kennel just outside of town.”

“That’s where I got Sultan from!” Tori squealed. “She was so nice to me.”

“Yes, she’s very nice,” Claire said. “She really loves dogs too,” she added.

“Yes, I could tell,” Tori said.

“Well, I better get started,” Claire said. “If you show me where you keep his leash, I’ll take him in the backyard first, to make sure he can’t get away from me. Then, I’ll try to take him for a walk.”

“Sounds great!” Tori showed Claire where Sultan’s leash was kept, his food, water, and his dog crate. Tori was so happy to know Sultan would be let out of his cage earlier every day and getting some exercise too. Finally, she handed Claire a spare house key.

Claire took Sultan in the back yard and tried to walk him around on his leash like Mrs. Hill taught her, making him stay at her side, and then starting, stopping, and making him sit.

“I can see you’re going to need a lot of work, Sultan!” Claire said to him as he kept trying to pull away from her. Finally, after Sultan began to behave, Claire gripped the leash tightly, wrapped it around her wrist for extra support, and walked Sultan through the gate. She was determined to get him under her control.

Claire walked him down the sidewalk, having to correct him constantly. Whenever he pulled ahead of her, she admired his big, black, balls swaying ponderously back and forth. She wondered how much cum was stored in them, but only let her mind wander for a moment before making him heel once again. After a half-hour of his bad behavior, she took him to the park, led him into the woods. Claire took him to a little used path she was very familiar with. She had walked Duke down this secluded path on quite a few occasions, mostly on weekends, when her mom and dad were home.

Claire led Sultan into a small clearing where a single park bench stood and made Sultan sit down in front of her.

“Listen, Sultan,” Claire began. “Here’s how it is going to be. If you are a good boy, you get a sniff of my pussy, and maybe even more. If you are bad, no pussy for you! Understand?”

Of course, Sultan did not understand a word Claire said. However, when Claire took off her panties, he began to get excited. His sensitive nose could smell her sweet, musky, odor even better now!

Claire held her damp panties in front of Sultan’s nose, letting him have a good, long, sniff. “If you want this, you have to do what I tell you, Sultan.” She took her panties away.

“Sit!” With some effort, and with Claire’s guidance, Sultan sat down.

“Good boy!” Claire said, and as a reward, let him sniff her panties again. After a few repetitions, Sultan was sitting quickly at her command. He was rarely was given the opportunity to smell a

female's odor - for long anyway - so he had learned to quickly shove his nose right into a woman's crotch to satisfy his canine curiosity.

"OK, let's try something else," Claire said. She then began to walk with him, taking him in a wide circle within the clearing, correcting him when he misbehaved, and praising him and letting him sniff her panties when he was good.

Claire was getting horny, and so was Sultan. His cock was exposed and the color was changing from light pink to a soft red. Claire had watched it grow with every sniff of her panties.

"What a big cock you have, Sultan," Claire said. She decided to play with it, even though she would be taking a calculated risk doing so in public. But, she had a job to do, and she was going to do it!

"Sultan, sit!" Claire said. "Good boy, here you go!"

"Sniff!"

"Sultan, I'm going to jack you off so you won't try to hump your mother for a while. And if you're a good boy, I can do this all the time. Got it?"

Sultan didn't understand, but when Claire slid her hand under his belly and rubbed his sheath, he grew excited. He liked this new human!

"Bitch-Hand-Job," Claire whispered into his ear, while she glanced up and down the path nervously.

Claire felt his cock growing in her hand. "Bitch-hand-job," she repeated. Soon, Sultan's cock was engorged with blood. She was amazed at how thick it felt in her small hands.

"Poor baby, I bet you haven't cum for ages!" Claire said. She began to stroke him up and down, felling her pussy get wetter and wetter as she jacked-off Sultan's huge cock. "Bitch-Hand-Jobs are for good boys, Sultan," she told him. "Are you going to be a good boy for Claire?"

Sultan licked her face, whined, and then stood up on all four legs. He lapped at Claire's face with gratitude.

Claire paused a moment to take a good, long, look at Sultan's cock. It was much longer and fatter than Duke's cock. The tip was wider and not as pointed. Sultan's cock was almost the same thickness the whole length of his shaft, except for the tip and the tapered base, just before his growing knot. She didn't know if she could take such a big thing into her little pussy. But, it look so tasty and pretty, all red, purple and pulsing with desire. She knew it would stretch her pussy out almost painfully. She couldn't wait to fuck him.

Sultan began to squirt his pre-cum and Claire quickly caught some in her palm using one hand while she stroked him with the other. She brought the hand to her mouth and gave it a quick slurp. "Mmmm," she moaned, before catching more pre-cum and stroking Sultan's fat doggy-dick once again.

Claire admired Sultan's smooth coat, long legs, and handsome face. And, he was so big! 'Big as a small horse,' she thought. 'No, a cow!' Claire giggled. With Sultan's large size and her stroking actions, she felt like she was milking a cow. All she needed was a stool and a bucket!

Claire captured more of Sultan's slippery discharge and began jacking him off with both hands. With one hand sliding above the other, she moved them in unison from his base to his pointed, squirting, cock-head, and then back down to his swollen knot, pausing a moment to massage it. And what a knot it was! It felt like a baseball in her small hands. Claire then teased it with one hand while she stroked him with the other.

Sultan began to hump his body and curl his tail, so Claire stroked him faster. She really wanted to get on her knees and take his fat cock into her mouth but knew she would then have to explain to Tori how her skirt got dirty and how she ended up with dog-sperm splattered all over her blouse.

Sultan began to get restless. He was squirting pre-cum faster now. Claire felt his cock pulsing and twitching in her hands and whispered for a final time, "Bitch-Hand-Jobs are for good boys, Sultan!"

Claire felt Sultan's cock swelling in her hands. Then, he came. Claire felt his cock pulse and from the corner of her eye, watched Sultan first squirt of doggy-cum land at least three feet in front of him, splattering onto the ground.

"Do it, Sultan! Squirt your sweet-stuff, boy!" Oh, how she wished he was unloading into her mouth or cunt. Squirt after squirt erupted from his cock as he whined with pleasure. Claire watched breathlessly as the thin, potent, ejaculate pumped from his cock and landed on the ground. 'Such a waste of cum,' she thought.

Claire let him finish, stroking him softly until he was done.

Sultan sat down to clean his cock while Claire licked his sperm from her hands. "Mmm, Sultan," she said. "You taste good! I hope you liked your Bitch-Hand-Job!" Claire gave Sultan a kiss and Sultan licked her face with his wide, wet tongue.

After resting a few moments, Claire wiped her leaking pussy with her panties and led Sultan back home, praising him when he behaved and then letting him sniff her wet, sweet-smelling, panties, held tightly in her fist. When he misbehaved, she corrected him, holding her panties away from him and saying, "No!" Sultan was soon walking next to Claire and not tugging on his

leash at all. He did not want to displease the sexy-smelling, young, human who had been so nice to him.

Smiling triumphantly, Claire let him back to Mrs. Norris's house.

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Darlene Davis paced the living room. "No, I can't go shopping with you right now, Candice," she said, speaking on the phone with her best friend. "I have to wait for Claire to get home."

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"Oh, Claire is meeting with Tori today. Remember I told you how good Claire is with dogs, and how she trained Duke? Well, Tori hired her to train that big monster Sultan."

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"Teaching him to walk on a leash for starters, and maybe train him not to try to fuck every woman that comes over – you know how he's always shoving his nose up your twat or trying to hump your leg?"

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"What did you say? Oh, you're so bad, Candy! Tori would never do that! She would never have sex with her dog!" Darlene paused. "Would she? Hee Hee!"

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"What? He does it to everyone because he's so used to having his nose up Tori's nasty cunt?" Darlene said. "Just because you caught Sultan's nose up her skirt that one time doesn't mean anything. Duke does that all the time! Well, until Claire trained him, that is."

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"But, Tori said she got a big dog for protection. I'm sure it's not because he has a big cock, Candice, you are talking crazy! No woman would ever have sex with her dog!"

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"Well on the internet, but they get paid for that kind of stuff! I mean, I've seen the videos. Well, I don't mean I watched them, not for long anyway. I thought it was a little gross. A dog and all.

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Well, sure, it looked like they enjoyed it, and I'll admit it was hot, but a dog? Really? Not in real-life."

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“No! I would never let a dog lick my pussy! Of course not! OMG! Why would you even ask..., Wait, did you?”

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“Why don’t you answer me, Candy?”

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“No, I never had a dog growing up, mom was allergic. What are you implying?”

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“OMG! You did! You let your little dog lick your kitty! How gross! And to think I’ve been licking the same pussy as a dog! I don’t know you any longer, Candice! What else did you do with your dog?”

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“I’m not sure I believe you now, knowing what a perverted dog slut you are! We’re going out for drinks this weekend, then I’m going to eat your pussy until you tell me everything!”

Darlene began to get horny sat down in the large chair. She smoothly slid her hand into her panties to play with herself as she often did when she gossiped with Candice.

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“Well, yeah, everyone knows Tori’s a tramp, but having sex with her dog? Could you just imagine that bitch getting it on with her dog?”

Duke’s ears perked up. He was half asleep but he was positive he heard the ‘Bitch’ word. The word Claire uses when they did nice things together. He listened closely. He had never played with the taller, nice-smelling, human before. She never let him.

Darlene began to image Sultan licking Tori’s pussy. She thought of her cute friend Tori lying on her back, her legs spread wide, and Sultan’s big head between her thighs, lapping at her cunt with his big, long, tongue. It made Darlene shiver. For some reason, she found herself getting even more aroused. It was so perverted, so deprived, and so fucking hot!

“Can you just imagine that big fucking dog going down on Tori’s pussy and licking that bitch’s twat?”



Duke heard Darlene say the 'bitch' word again. Usually, the other female, human just spoke nonsense into the little black thing, for hours it seemed. But she never said anything important like, "Duke! Time to eat! Or Bitch-Blow-Job." But he definitely just heard her say something that sounded very much like 'Lick-the-Bitch.' He got up from the floor to investigate.

As he got closer, he could smell the human's sexual arousal. He wondered if she wanted to play with him like he did with Claire. He sat in front of Darlene and waited. He panted in anticipation, letting his long, wet, pink, tongue hang out of his handsome, hairy mouth.

Darlene looked at him quizzically for a moment and then went back to her conversation.

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"You think she begs for his cock? I'm sure she does! Tori the dog-slut! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" Darlene was getting even more turned on. She stood up and peeled her panties off with one hand, keeping the phone pressed to her ear with the other one. She spread her legs so she could get better access to her hot, wet, pussy. She noticed Duke salivating in front of her. Darlene glanced at his tongue. In her horny state of arousal, she could almost imagine it lapping at her pussy and licking her clit, like the women in those nasty movies.

"Ohhh," she sighed, dipping her fingers into her pussy.

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"No, I didn't say anything," Darlene said. "I was just thinking out loud. Can you picture Sultan's long, fat tongue licking that bitch?" Darlene stared at Duke's tongue, and wished it was in her hot cunt right now.

Duke definitely heard "Lick-the-Bitch" this time. It was close enough, he decided. The taller human female was definitely asking for his tongue inside her juicy slit. He stood up, stepped forward, and shoved his nose into Darlene's exposed pussy and began to lap at it enthusiastically. It tasted different than Claire's, but still delicious.

Darlene inhaled sharply as Duke's probing tongue took her by surprise. She had somehow been granted her wish. WTF? Her eyes widened in pleasure before she could scold Duke. She had never been prudish when it came to sex, and since Candy admitted to doing it with her dog, why not have a little fun with Duke? At least for a little while- just to know what it was like.

'Oh my, it felt good!' She opened her legs a little more and let Duke lick her steaming cunt. This was much better than fingering herself, and besides, she was sure Candy was jilling-off too. She laid back and relaxed, realizing she would be able to cum from Duke's slurping tongue. She looked forward to a nice, long, pussy licking.

"Slurp, slurp, slurp."

“Do you hear something, Candy?” Darlene asked nervously. She was afraid her friend could hear Duke eating her out.

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“Oh, nothing. I thought I heard something. It must be our connection,” Darlene said. “Now, where were we? Oh yeah, Tori the dog slut! Well, it makes sense she would fuck her dog. She hasn’t had any cock since her husband left her, as far as I know. And it’s no wonder he left! I caught her flirting with Doug at that party - the one when she got caught sucking off that guy in the bathroom? She’s a tramp! I told her if I caught her flirting with my husband again, she was going to get it, I said, ‘Listen bitch, you try that again and I’ll kick your ass.’”

Duke stopped. He was confused. He heard the ‘bitch’ word again, something that sounded like ‘lick’ and the word ‘ass.’ Did she want him to lick her other hole, like he did for Claire?

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“What? Hell yes, I’d kick the bitch’s ass!”

Duke barked. He couldn’t Lick-the-Bitch’s-Ass while she was sitting on it.

“Duke wants something, hang on!” Darlene pressed the mute button. “What’s the matter Duke, why did you stop licking my cunt?” It was really starting to feel good. She decided to get on the floor and plant her pussy right in front of Duke. She got on her knees and pushed her ass into Duke’s hairy face. Duke immediately began to lick her pussy and then her ass-hole.

“Oh, Duke!” Darlene moaned, feeling Duke’s tongue sliding deeper into her pussy and then lapping at her ass-hole. “OMG!” Darlene wished she had played with Duke like this a long time ago! She took herself off of mute, determined to cum in secret while talking to her slutty friend.

“I’m back, sorry!” Darlene said. “Duke was barking at a cat, I think he wants to eat some pussy, like Sultan does for Tori! Hee-hee!”

Duke did want to eat some pussy. He licked Darlene’s pussy and then he lapped at her ass-hole. He licked her pussy and tasted more delicious juices. He shoved his tongue deep into Darlene’s cunt.

“Uhhhhhggggghhh! Ohhh!” Darlene said. What a tongue he had! The mother-fucker was trying to lick her uterus!

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“Oh, nothing! Leg cramp! Ow it hurts!” She put the phone back on mute. “Oh, Duke! Lick that pussy! Lick that ass!” Her husband didn’t like to eat her ass and wasn’t very good at licking

pussy either. She always had to go to Candy to get a good rim-job or a nice, long pussy-licking. Duke's tongue snaked into her hole and then prodded her ass.

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"Uh! Oh!" Darlene said, "I mean, Oh, yeah! I'd kick the bitch's ass, wouldn't you?" Encouraged by her repeated pronunciation of "Lick-the-Bitch's Ass!" Duke lapped harder and faster. His cock began sliding out of his sheath.

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"Of course I would! If she went after Doug again, I'd fuck that bitch up! Are you kidding me? Hell yes, I'd fuck that bitch up! She wouldn't know what hit her!"

Duke heard the magic words 'Up' and 'Fuck-the-Bitch.' He jumped on Darlene's back and began to probe for her pussy with his long, slimy, dog-dick.

"Unnng!" Darlene grunted, feeling Duke's weight on her back. She turned her head to see Duke's happy face against her shoulder as he searched for her warm, wet, hole.

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"Nothing! I got to go!" Darlene dropped the phone. "Duke, what the fuck are you doing?" She started to get up, lowering her ass a little. "You nasty dog, get off of me!"

With Darlene's ass now in position, Duke's cock found her slick pussy. He slammed his cock home.

"Uhhhhgghh!" Darlene grunted, feeling the dog's long, fat cock fully penetrating her pussy. Before she could think, Duke began to fuck her fast, driving his big cock in and out, again and again.

"No! Duke!" she cried, arching her back and raising her head in alarm. She was about to try to throw him off of her, when she felt his cock growing inside of her. He was much bigger than her husband. It was starting to feel good. She hadn't had a long, fat, cock inside of her since college. She felt her pussy stretching. Duke's cock was making her feel very good!

"Mmmm,mmm!" Darlene. She might as well enjoy it, she decided. She wiggled her ass back and forth for Duke, like she would for any other lover.

"Oh yeah, fuck me Duke!" Darlene moaned. "I never knew it could be this good! Oh Duke! You lovely, lovely dog! What a cock you have!"

Duke's fat dick grew to full hardness. His knot began to swell as it drove into Darlene's wet pussy again and again.

“Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me, Duke!” Darlene yelled, not needing to be quiet, knowing she was all alone in the house. It was feeling so good! It was so dirty! Now she knew why those nasty sluts on the internet fucked dogs. They didn’t need money to do it. Hell, she was loving it and doing it for free!

Duke’s cock fucked her like she had never been fucked before. Darlene slid a hand to her cunt and felt the fat cock fucking her wet cunt again and again. Duke’s balls slapped her clit. Darlene rubbed her pussy and then she started to come all over Duke’s fat doggy-dick. She felt something warm filling her pussy as the orgasmic tingles started emanating from her pussy.

‘Oh, gawd! He’s cumming inside of me!’ she thought. It sent her over the edge. It was so warm and there was so much of it! But, Duke wasn’t coming yet. He was only spraying his pre-cum. He would cum when he was fully locked with his new bitch; to keep his cum inside of her and ensure she was properly bred.

“Oh, oh, oh!” Darlene cried each time the knot drove inside of her. She creamed on his cock. Duke was driving his long shaft into places she had never felt before. He was so thick! She was so full of fat doggy-dick!

“Oh, fuck me Duke!” Darlene cried! “You’re making me cum! A fucking dog is making me his bitch! Do it! Make me your bitch, Duke! Make me cum, you nasty dog!”

The tingles spread to her thighs and she felt them deep inside her abdomen. Her orgasm exploded inside of her with an intensity she had never experienced before. This was even better than that threesome back in college! Her body shook as she came. “Fuuuuuckkkk meeeee, Duuuke!”

Duke drove his knot into Darlene one final time. She grunted as it spread her pussy-lips and settled snugly in her hole. Duke held her tight, spraying her full of dog-jizz and gripping her tight. His knot swelled, tying them together.

“What the fuck is that, Duke?” Darlene cried, feeling something growing inside of her cunt. It stretched her pussy and filled her up even more. She came again, babbling. “Fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!”

“I’m cumming again Duke! Fuck me and make me cum again! FUUUCK MEEEEEE! I- eeeeeee!” Darlene had never felt her cunt stuffed so full before! She came over and over, now with her face on the floor and rubbing her clit with her fingers, intent on coaxing out every last remnant of her fantastic orgasm. Wave after wave washed over her, getting smaller and smaller until at last she was finished.

“Ahhhhh,” she sighed. “That felt so damn good!”

Both Duke and Darlene panted on the floor together. “Whew! Duke!” she said. “We’re going to do this again!”

Darlene started to get up and realized Duke’s cock was somehow stuck inside of her. She tried to pull away.

“Owwww!” It wouldn’t budge. Whatever was inside of her was too big to come out. OMG! She was tied to him – just like Duke was tied to the female dog last weekend! There was no way to separate herself without ripping her pussy open, and she already had one episiotomy scar. What was she going to do now? She was stuck to a dog in her own living room!

Darlene remembered something her daddy said. What did he call it? ‘Knotted?’ Yes, that was it, like a knot on a piece of rope! But, the rope was a huge dog cock, and the knot was stuck inside of her cunt. She was knotted to a fucking dog! She would have to wait until his knot got smaller, like a guy’s cock wilts after they cum. It shouldn’t take long, she hoped. Her husband Doug usually shriveled-up in a matter of minutes. She wished she had stayed around after Duke was knotted with Princess last weekend. Then, she would have some idea how long she would be stuck like this.

Darlene sighed and accepted her fate.

“A real gentleman tries to keep his weight off his woman, Duke,” she said to the dog resting on her back. She put her forearms the floor and tried to make the best of the situation. Duke drooled on her neck. She wished she could reach one of the pillows on the couch, but it was too far away.

Suddenly, she heard keys jiggling in the front door lock! She tried to get away and hide, but Duke was trying to pull her in the opposite direction towards the door. She had to crawl along with him to keep her pussy from getting ruined. Then, the door opened! Was it Doug or Claire? She looked up, knowing she was caught. How humiliating! How embarrassing! Her life was over!

“Oh, Claire!” she cried. Her own daughter was now a witness to her depravity. She began to sob, drawing in huge gulps of air.

“Oh, honey!” she began. “Duke, he raped me!” Darlene said. “He was trying to sniff my pussy, and I pushed him away, but when I stood up, I fell, and he..., he..., raped me! It was horrible! Help me Claire!”

Claire walked into the room. She smiled at the sight before her. Duke tried to get closer to Claire, but he was weighed down with some extra baggage.

“You old, pussy-hound, Duke,” Claire giggled. She walked up to the pair and scratched Duke behind his ears and giggled some more.

“Don’t laugh, Claire,” her mother said. “Your stupid dog! Oh, get him off of me! It was horrible!”

“Mom,” Claire said. “I was outside the door for a long time. I heard you begging for Duke’s cock. Besides, he wouldn’t have done it if you didn’t ask him too; he’s too well trained.”

“Ask him? No, I never!” Well, she had wished for his tongue in her pussy, but she never asked Duke to lick it or fuck her.

“It felt really good, didn’t it, mom? It sounded like you came more than once.”

“What? No? I...,” she began to sob again.

“You are going to be tied for a good 15 to 20 minutes, unless you’re a lot looser than I am. And, it’s going to be messy when he pulls out. I’ll go get a towel. Wait right here.” Claire giggled again. “Well, I guess you’re not going anywhere, are you?” She laughed and then left the room.

“What?” Darlene yelled at her after daughter.

“Looser than you?”

“You mean my pussy?”

“Get a towel!”

“Are you...? Oh my god, you are! You’re fucking Duke too!”

“That’s where my towels have been going!”

Realization set in. Her daughter fucked the family dog. Her best friend probably fuck dogs. Tori was probably fucking her dog right now. And she just had the fucking of her life from a damn dog!

“Yup,” Claire said, returning to the room. “Duke’s my lover. After Tony, I’m finished with boys.” There was no sense in hiding it, Claire knew. Besides, now that she had Sultan and soon other dogs to play with, Duke was going to need another pussy to keep him satisfied.

She handed her mother the towel. “Here, hold this under your pussy and be ready when he pulls out. He really cums a lot!”

“I know,” her mother sniffed. It was strange, but she felt an odd sexual bond with her daughter now. “I can feel his cum inside of me,” Darlene said. The warm liquid sloshed around in her as she positioned the cloth under her.

With her mother still on the floor tied with Duke, Claire explained how it all began. From teasing Duke, then jacking him off, and finally, training him to lick her pussy, and finally, to fucking on

command, all innocently started to keep Duke sexually satisfied and safe from her mother's threat of cutting off his balls.

"So," Claire said. "All of this is kind of your fault, but don't worry, I won't tell dad," Claire said. She felt a little bit superior to her mother at this moment. After all, she had freedom to move around, but her mother was tied to a dog in their own living room. She was feeling generous.

"I'm sorry, Claire," her mother began. "And, thank you for what you did for Duke, and for our family. I wish I had known sooner. Damn, I didn't know it would feel so good!"

Then, Darlene grimaced. "Uh, oh, he's pulling out!"

Duke pulled away from Darlene and suddenly hopped off her back. His knot popped out with a grunt from Darlene and a flood of dog-sperm gushing out of her cunt.

"I'm going to have to buy more towels," Darlene said thoughtfully, staring at Duke's enormous cock and purple knot, as she held the towel against her leaking cunt. She sat down with the towel held tight. Then, she asked, "What other tricks have you taught Duke?"

"Duke!" Claire said, commanding his attention.

Duke stopped licking his cock and looked at his master. Claire lifted her skirt to show Duke and her mother her naked pussy.

"Duke, Sniff-the-Bitch!" Duke came over and put his nose into Claire's pussy. "I like to tease him until we both get really horny," Claire said.

Then, Claire then showed her mother all of the other tricks she had taught Duke.

"Oh, that's why he did it! I was talking to Candice on the phone and kept calling Tori a bitch! He must have thought..."

"Yeah, you have to be careful using the bitch words around Duke," Claire said.

"And, um, you have to 'relieve' Duke every day or so, so he won't try to hump everyone or expose his big disgusting cock to my guests?" Darlene asked her daughter.

"Yup," Claire said. "Sometimes twice a day. I like to fuck him after school, and I usually suck him off in my room at night before I go to bed. And, I think his big doggy-dick is cute!" Claire added.

"Well, I do too," her mother said, then added. "Now I do anyway."

The two were now sitting on the floor inspecting Duke's cock. Duke liked the extra attention.

“You know, I can help with Duke, if you want. I mean, it is my fault. And that knot of his, OMG does that feel good!” Darlene ran her finger tips over Duke’s swollen knot.

“Yeah, I love the knot too.” Claire said. “I like the way it stretches my puss. And now that I have to train Sultan after school every day, I would be great if you could help me take care of Duke. You know what I mean?” Claire asked, stroking Duke’s cock.

“Yes. I do,” Darlene said, blushing. “Yes. Thanks. I’d like that.”

“I don’t mind sharing Duke with you,” Claire said. “Then, I won’t feel like I’m cheating on him when I’m training Sultan.” They both stared at Duke’s growing dick as Claire absent mindedly stroked it.

“OMG mom,” Claire said. “That reminds me! You should see how big Sultan’s cock is! It’s huge!”

“I’d like to..., uh..., see it sometime. Maybe after you get him trained?”

“Yeah, that would be cool!” Claire said. She would love to see her mother get fucked by Sultan.

“And, um..., Claire?” her mother asked. “Would you mind if I borrowed Duke once in a while? I mean, off course, I’ll help you take care of Duke every day..., like we talked about..., but would it be alright if borrowed him for a night or two? I’d like to bring him over to visit my good friend Candice’s sometime. Maybe this weekend?”

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