

Doggy Styles 6 - Sultan's Reward (Bestiality, Ff, Exhib, young)

Summary - Claire has trouble training Sultan

Previous Chapter Summary - Claire and her mother shared something very special.

Hope you enjoy! If so, let me know!

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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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It was graduation day at Mrs. Hill's obedience class. Claire Davis waited nervously with her handsome German Shepard, Duke. She watched the other owners walking their dogs while Mrs. Hill shouted out instructions: "Heel! Stop! Sit! Stay! Lay-down!"

Claire's turn was next. She reached down and scratched Duke behind the ears. He looked up at his master and panted, his big pink tongue hanging out of mouth. His white teeth glistened as he smiled happily at her and wagged his tail. Then, at Claire's command, Duke quickly got up and waited at her side. Claire led Duke around the ring, repeating Mrs. Hill's instructions. After a few agonizing moments, it was over, and Claire took a long, shaking, breath. "Whew!"

"You did great, Duke! Good boy!" Claire said, praising Duke.

To Claire's surprise, Mrs. Hill awarded Duke the first-placed ribbon. Claire was so proud! The other owners congratulated her, agreeing with Mrs. Hill's decision. They deserved it.

"You and Duke have really done well, Congratulations!" Mrs. Hill said to Claire, after the other owners had left. "You really have a way with animals." She patted Claire's shoulder awkwardly and then petted Duke. She seemed more comfortable with animals than humans. "Come back to the office, I have something for you."

Claire and Duke followed Mrs. Hill to her office. "First place ribbons sometimes come with an award. Just for special dogs and their owners, like you and Duke." She presented Claire with a nail-grinder for Duke's toenails. "I usually try to give a small prize to someone I feel has really excelled in my class. This makes a dog's nails much smoother so they won't scratch you so badly," Mrs. Hill said, smiling.

"Thanks! Duke really scratched me up the first time we...", Claire started to say. "I mean..."

Mrs. Hill smiled knowingly, and didn't let Claire finish her sentence. "Well, now he won't scratch you so badly," she said. She then showed Claire how to use the device. Duke's toe-nails were soon smooth and perfectly rounded.

"Duke did very well out there," Mrs. Hill said. "How is the 'other' training going? Duke's little problem we talked about? He seems so well behaved now," she teased, watching Claire face bloom a little bit pink from embarrassment.

"Duke never puts his nose where it doesn't belong now," Claire said proudly. "Unless you ask him to."

"Oh, I see," Mrs. Hill said. She slyly winked at Claire and said, "I'd like see what other tricks you have taught him sometime." She smiled at their private joke.

"Duke!" Claire said, determined to show her teacher how well Duke had learned his lessons. She pushed out her crotch and said, "Duke! Sniff-the-Bitch!"

Duke immediately shoved his nose under Claire's short skirt and sniffed repeatedly at her sex.

"Oh, my," Mrs. Hill said. "I didn't mean for you to... Oh, never mind," Mrs. Hill decided. She knew her and Claire were kindred spirits when it came to canine love. "What else does he know?" Mrs. Hill was very curious now, wondering what other tricks Claire had taught him.

"He knows lots of tricks!" Claire said proudly. "He can Lick-the-Bitch and Fuck-the-Bitch, and..."

"Bark!" Duke interrupted. He had become excited, hearing his special commands.

"No, Duke, not now, boy!" Claire said. "We can play later. I promise. Sit!"

Duke sat, his long, pink, penis now poking out from his sheath.

Claire continued. She whispered into Mrs. Hill's ear while keeping an eye on Duke, "He knows Bitch-Hand-Job and Bitch-Blow-Job, too!"

"Uh, that's very nice, Claire," Mrs. Hill said. "You two have been busy!" Now Mrs. Hill was blushing.

"Yeah, like I said, he don't try to sniff anyone's pussy unless I tell him to. And he doesn't try to hump everybody's legs since I've been jacking him off and stuff, like you said."

"Well, I only explained how professional dog breeders..., Oh forget it." Mrs. Hill dropped all pretenses. Since they shared a special love for the furry, loving, animals, she didn't need to pretend any longer.

"And your mother?" Mrs. Hill asked. "No more threats about having him castrated?"

“Oh no!” Claire said. “Mom loves Duke now!” She giggled. She was so excited to be able to talk to someone about dogs, dog training, and dog-sex!

“I caught them tied together the other day - it was so funny! And, gosh! Mom was so embarrassed! But, I could tell she really liked it, you know? Especially after I had heard her begging for Duke’s big dick! Ha! Ha! Ha!

“Anyway, I showed mom all of his other tricks. Now, she takes care of him after school when I’m training Sultan. She can’t wait to meet Sultan when he’s trained. She asks me about him almost every day!” Claire made her voice sound higher, mocking her mother. ““How’s Sultan’s training coming along?” ‘When are you bringing him over to see me?’ She’s acting really, really, slutty lately.”

Then, Claire remembered something. “Hey, maybe you can help me with Sultan?”

“Well, I don’t know...” Mrs. Hill began. This young girl was talking as if training dogs for sex was the most natural thing in the world! Did she really want get involved with such a girl? And, it seemed Claire had no filter between her brain and her mouth when it came to ‘puppy-love,’ as Mrs. Hill liked to call it.

“So, like I’m having trouble with Sultan. I go to Tori’s house every day after school, I mean Mrs. Norris’s house, and...”

“That Sultan? The Great-Dane? Mrs. Norris purchased him from me. Yes, he’s very unruly and very difficult to train. I was happy to find him a good home.”

“Well, Tori is paying me to train him. But he’s worse than Duke ever was! Shoving his nose up every girl’s twat and humping things.” Claire added, her mind jumping from one thought to another, “Oh, we’re attending your obedience school class next week! It will be fun!” She then got around to Sultan’s training. She continued, “But, I don’t know if he’s stupid, or not able to remember his lessons, or what’s wrong with him? He seems to do very well when I’m with him, but the next time, it’s like he’s forgotten everything I’ve taught him!”

“Oh? How so?”

“Well, I taught him all the basic commands, sit, stay and stuff, and then Sniff-the-Bitch, and Lick-the-Bitch, you know? Oh, he really loves Bitch-Hand-Job!” Claire said enthusiastically, making long jerking-off motions with her hand. “But then the next day, he’s shoving his nose in my twat again! Without permission! He knows better than that! Why is he forgetting everything so soon?”

“Well, he’s always been difficulty to train. He is very, ah, how shall I say it?”

“Horny?” Claire asked.

“Yes,” Mrs. Hill said. “And he’s still immature, remember. But, he always was very, very, eager, if you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, he’s eager for the beaver all right. His big ol’ doggy-dick is always wanting attention! And, it’s huge!” Claire held out her hands to show Mrs. Hill how big Sultan’s cock was.

Mrs. Hill nervously cleared her throat, recalling Sultan’s swollen dick from the brief time he had spent at her kennels. Her mind wondered for a bit. She smiled. Then, thinking about Claire’s problem, she mentally ran down the list of reasons why Sultan might be having problems learning. She considered one possibility and pondered on it. ‘No. Maybe? No. Well, probably. Yes. That must be it,’ she decided.

Mrs. Hill said, “Did you ever consider he was relearning his bad habits from someone else?”

“From someone else?” Claire repeated. “But from who? Oh, you mean Tori!” Claire exclaimed.

“Well, I’m not accusing her of anything, of course,” Mrs. Hill said nervously, “But sometimes an owner can mistakenly undo years of..,”

“Oh!” Claire exclaimed, interrupting. “So, you mean while I’m teaching him not to sniff and lick pussy until I tell him to, Tori is letting him, or making him, lick her pussy?”

Mrs. Hill only raised her eyebrow and studied Claire countenance. She could see the young girl’s mind whirling in thought.

Mrs. Hill quickly changed the subject. “Hey, do you still want to work with me this summer, Claire?” With Claire’s already formidable knowledge, she would be a great addition to her business operations.

“Oh, I don’t know, I really want to! But, I have Sultan to train, and mom is telling everyone how good I am at training randy dogs - I’m already getting asked to take on more dogs, but I don’t know how, or when...,”

“Listen, I can help with that. I’ll make you a deal. You can rent the little out building on my property and do your training there. I only use it for storage now, and it will be perfect for you.” Mrs. Hill noticed Claire had become concerned when she mentioned charging her for the room

She took Claire’s hand. “Legally, I have to charge you something, Claire. It won’t be much, I promise,”

Claire brightened immediately and gave Mrs. Hill a hug.

“I’m sure you would appreciate a little privacy for your, uh, special training.” Mrs. Hill smiled, squeezing Claire and then letting her go. “And, I need help with the dog grooming as well as

some extra help in the kennels. It would be a great learning experience for you, since you love dogs as much as I do.”

“Wow! That sounds great!” Claire said. She would have her own place to train her dogs, and she knew she would learn all kinds of things from Mrs. Hill. She couldn’t wait for school to be let out for the summer!

The two briefly discussed Claire’s pay and the rent, and then Mrs. Hill showed Claire and Duke around the place. When Mrs. Hill showed Claire the kennels, and she saw all the pretty doggies in their large cages, mostly large breeds, she giggled in happiness. She looked them over and noticed how happy they were to see her too. Some of their pink doggy dicks were already poking out with excitement.

“Wow, I think I’m going to love working here!”

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Claire jingled her keys at the front door of Mrs. Norris’s house Monday afternoon. She could hear Sultan’s deep throated barking coming from the backroom before she even opened the door.

Claire “Hey boy! You ready to get out of there?”

Opening the cage, Claire petted Sultan as he jumped, twirled and happily tried to lick her face. He was so very happy to see her again! He tried to sniff Claire’s pussy, but Claire was ready and stopped him before he could get his nose into her crotch. She led him out and watched him race around the yard. Such a handsome, healthy, animal!

While Sultan was out. Claire removed her skirt and panties. She rubbed herself while she waited for Sultan, getting her pussy nice and wet. She let Sultan in, grabbed his collar, and led him to the living room.

“Sit!”

Sultan sat.

Claire positioned herself on the edge of the couch and spread her legs.

“Stay!”

Sultan whined. He could smell her sweet, wet, pussy.

Claire began to finger herself, making the whole room smell of hot, wet, cunt. She waved her slick fingers and hand, making sure Sultan received a good sniff of her sex. Sultan sniffed the air, got up and walked to Claire. He was going to feast on her sweet pussy!

“Sultan! No!”

Claire clamped her legs together. She got up from the couch and pulled Sultan back to his place.

“Sit! Stay!”

She returned to the couch and tried again. Sultan lasted a little longer this time, but his hardening penis led him towards Claire’s pussy again.

“Oh, what am I going to do with you, Sultan?” She tried three more times and gave up in frustration.

“Hmmm,” she thought, “Maybe he was too excited from being in his cage all day?” Claire put her skirt back on, wiped her pussy with her panties, and took Sultan on a nice, long walk. He did very well while practicing his leash training. He got a sniff of Claire’s wet panties when he was good and didn’t get to sniff her sweet odor when he was bad. He so wanted to be good!

Claire finally led him home after a long, long walk. She was tired, and hoped Sultan would be better behaved now.

Claire put Sultan in his place.

“Sit! Stay!”

She sat on the edge of the couch. She opened her legs. She fingered her pussy. Sultan’s cock grew hard but he waited. Claire was just about to let him sniff and lick her cunt when he got up and stalked over to once more.

“Sultan! No! Bad dog! No pussy for you today! No Lick-the-Bitch or Bitch-Hand-Job either!” She sadly led Sultan back in his cage. She regretted it nearly as much as he did. She had been looking forward a nice, long, pussy licking and also the thrill of seeing Sultan’s big, doggy-dick squirting his sweet, doggy-cum! But, Sultan had to learn his lesson!

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Claire quietly turned the doorknob after sliding in her key and unlocking Mrs. Norris’s front door. She had purposefully left behind her book bag from school to give herself an excuse to return to Tori’s home. Claire had to find out why Sultan had done so well last week but had forgotten everything over the weekend.

Claire sneaked into the entryway and listened for something besides her pounding heart.

“If Mrs. Norris has been messing up all my hard work training Sultan,” Claire thought, “I’ll..., I’ll...,” Well, she didn’t know what she would do, but she would be very angry!

She grabbed her book bag and tip-toed into the hallway. Listening carefully, she could hear Mrs. Norris talking to someone. Then, she heard Sultan whining. Claire walked down the hallway to Mrs. Norris’s bedroom.

“Come on Sultan! Eat mommy’s pussy boy! What’s wrong with you? You used to love to make your mommy cum!”

Tori was too occupied to notice Claire peering around the edge of the half-opened door. Sultan was sitting before Tori. His cock was hard. Claire could tell Sultan was clearly agitated and conflicted. He whined again. Tori was naked on the bed. Her legs spread wide. She was fingering her wet pussy, trying to entice Sultan to lick it. She fondled her large breasts in frustration.

Poor Sultan didn’t know what to do. The nice young girl had taught him not to sniff or lick until she said the special words. And, his master was teasing him with her sweet-tasting fuck-hole. He knew he might be punished if he disobeyed. The nice young girl might take away her pussy for a long, long time, like she did earlier today. He whined again.

“Oh, Sultan, you’ve been acting funny all weekend. Why? Why don’t you want to lick mommy’s pussy anymore?”

“Bang!” The bedroom door flew open. “Because I’ve been training him not to, like you’re paying me to do Tori!” Claire said loudly.

Tori jumped! She squealed! She tried to cover herself! She looked at Claire with surprise, fear, and slow realization, followed by absolute, utter, shame!

“How dare you torture this poor animal!” Claire said. She was very angry at Tori. All of her hard work was nearly ruined. And the suffering Tori was causing to her dog! Claire reached down to Sultan. “Hello Sultan,” she said softly, bending over and petting him. She squatted down and gave him a hug. “You’re a good boy!” She scratched his ears. “Yes, you are!” Sultan smiled at her and thumped his tail.

“Look at what you’re doing to him!” Claire continued. “I spend my whole afternoon teaching him not to shove his nose in everyone’s twat, and here you are, undoing all my hard work, and teasing the poor dog with your nasty-ass pussy!”

Claire had learned her lesson when it came to teasing dogs. She deeply regretted what she had done to poor Duke, week after week, teasing him and always denying him release. Her actions had almost caused Duke’s castration! She couldn’t tolerate anyone teasing a dog now.

“I’m..., I’m..., sorry, Claire!” Tori sobbed. How humiliating! Claire knew now why Sultan shoved his nose into every female’s cunt; it was because of her! She had made him do it!

“Have you ever pleased him?” Claire asked softly. “Have you jacked him off or sucked his cock or maybe fucked him?”

“No!” Tori said. “I would never do such a thing! He’s just a do—“

Claire didn't let her finish. "But it's OK for you? You hypocrite! Isn't it no fucking wonder Sultan tries to hump every warm-body he meets? You make him lick your pussy until he's so horny, it hurts! You're giving your dog a massive case of blue-balls! Can you blame him for sniffing and humping all the time?"

"I..., I..., I never... Oh, my poor baby!" Tori said, suddenly realizing how badly she had been treating her precious dog. "But, I'm so lonely!" she cried.

"And Sultan has been here for you. Every day, right? Licking your pussy until you cum! And then! Then! You just leave him, all crazy and horny!"

"I guess I..., Yes..." Tori wiped her tears and sobbed.

"No more!" Claire said, "If you're going to treat a dog like that, you're going to learn to be nicer to him It's not like he can jack himself off!"

"Whaaa?" Tori began.

"Spread your legs!" Claire demanded. "Now!"

"I can't... Are you serious?" Tori began. "No... Claire?" Tori was worried. While she loved to be dominated by a man with a big, thick cock, she wasn't used to being ordered around by a cute school girl!

"I said spread-em!" Claire said once more. She was about ready to open Mrs. Norris's legs for the poor dog herself.

"OK! But why are you...", Tori began. She slowly opened her legs. Her bald pussy glistened on the edge of the bed.

"Sultan!" Claire said. "Sniff-the-Bitch!" She pointed to Tori's odiferous, wet, cunt.

That was all the encouragement Sultan needed. He jumped up and put his nose into his master's wet pussy!

"Sultan? Claire?" Tori exclaimed. She felt Sultan's large nose snorting and sniffing against her pussy.

"Oh!"

"Now, Sultan! Lick-the-Bitch!"

Sultan obediently began slurping and lapping at his master's pussy.

"Oh my god!" Tori exclaimed.



“Get it, Sultan! Lick-the-Bitch!” Claire encouraged. “Good boy! Lick it! Lick that fucking bitch!”

Sultan slurped his tongue deep inside of Tori’s pussy. She felt it wiggling inside of her. “Oh, god, yes, baby!” Tori said, spreading her legs wider and grabbing her dog’s head, pulling him closer. “Yes! Lick your mommy! I’ve been missing this so much! Yes, do it, Oh, I’ve been a bitch to you, Sultan. Lick-your-Bitch, boy!” She had nearly forgotten about Claire as she closed her eyes and humped her tingling twat into her wonderful dog’s face.

Claire watched Sultan devouring Tori’s pussy. She knew exactly how Tori felt. Sultan was a very eager cunt-lapper.

“Nnnnnghhh!” Tori moaned. “Aaaaaahhhhh!” she cried.

Tori fell back upon the bed and groped her large, fat, breasts. “Sultan! Oh, Sultan!” she moaned. His tongue was slurping up and down her slit. He attacked her clitoris. He pushed his tongue inside of his master, trying to get every drop of her essence. Knowing Claire was watching her slutty behavior made it all the more nasty and depraved. Tori loved to exhibit herself, and this was her most wanton, uninhibited, sexual experience yet! How arousing! She felt the familiar tingles emanating from her cunt.

“Oh! God! You’re making mommy..., Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! YES!”

Tori felt her orgasm engulf her. Her thighs quivered and turned to jelly as she came. Her abdomen shook as a huge, orgasmic wave crashed over her. Another wave, and her pussy spasmed and her toes curled. Another wave, and her head rocked back and forth on the bed as Sultan continued his attack on her sopping wet cunt. “So goood!”

Finally, it was over.

“Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!” Tori sighed heavily, before turning on her side and clamping her legs together.

“Slurp, slurp, slurp!” was the only sound in the room. Sultan continued to lick his master, trying to get back into her pussy. He licked her ass, her thighs, her legs and her toes.

“Sultan! Sit!” Claire said. “Stay!” she turned her attention to Mrs. Norris once more.

“Tori, I’m going to show you how you can make it up to Sultan,” Claire said. “Sultan! Up!” Claire patted the bed.

“But, he’s not allowed on the...,” Tori took one look at Claire’s stern face and immediately shut-up. She was intimidated by this young girl, but strangely turned on by her as well. She was so demanding! Tori demurely covered her fat breast with her crossed arms and hands. She looked at Claire and absentmindedly played with her nipples, making them hard.

Sultan jumped on the bed and waited. He knew what happened to good boys after they'd Licked-the-Bitch. He was certain he had been a very good boy!

"Listen, Tori," Claire said. "If you are going to have Sultan pleasure you, you have to pleasure him back; unless you want him humping all your guests and walking around with his fat cock hanging out. If you take care of him, he won't need to misbehave in front of everyone. Besides, it's only fair. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Claire," she said. "I understand."

"I taught him a few more tricks. But, make sure he doesn't try anything until you say the commands. Got it?"

"Yes, Claire."

Claire reached into her book-bag. "I wrote everything down for you, in case you forget," Claire pulled out a sheet of paper with written instructions and Sultan's commands on it. She set it on Tori's dresser.

"OK. It's Sultan's turn now. Sultan! Bitch-Hand-Job!"

"Bark!" Sultan laid down and rolled onto his back, exposing his large cock, big, black balls, and hairy sheath.

"Oh, my!" Tori exclaimed. She was surprised at his obedience and the closeness of his big, wet, cock.

"You jack him off like this," Claire said. She stroked Sultan's sheath, coaxing out his, long, pink cock even further. "Make sure he's nice and wet - use the pre-cum he squirts, and stroke him, but be gentle!" Claire demonstrated to Tori how to jack-off her dog.

"Now, you try it."

"Uh, like this?" Tori said, as she hesitantly stroked her dog. Sultan's long, wet tongue hung out as he panted happily.

"Yes, you're doing fine," Claire said. "You should always have a towel ready. He really comes a lot."

"Oh, he's getting harder!" Tori said, seemingly delighted. Sultan's cock was swelling up. It was getting a deep-red and purple color. His knot was growing.

"OK, let's try something else. You don't always need a towel, Tori," Claire smiled. "Sultan, Bitch-Blow-Job!"

Sultan stood up on his long legs. He maneuvered his sleek body and his thick cock closer to his master's face. He banged his hips into her shoulders, prodding her to take his cock into her mouth.

"What?" Tori began. "Oh, Claire, I don't know about this."

"Haven't you ever sucked cock before, Tori?"

"Um, yes. A lot of times." Tori really liked to suck cock. She thought she was very good at it too. "But, he's a dog!"

"Who deserves it more? A stranger you just met at a bar? Some guy at a party - blowing him in the bathroom? Or the one who loves you the most, your dog?"

Tori was shocked by Claire's words. She thought most people didn't know why her husband left her; because she was a cock-slut. She had sucked off guys she had just met in their cars, fucked young college boys two at a time, and was actually caught sucking some guy's dick at a party. Thinking back, it was at Darlene Davis's party; Claire's mother. Oh no! Claire must know she's nothing but a whore for cock! She couldn't deny it. And, it was true - Sultan had treated her better than any man she had ever met. He protected her, loved her, and pleased her. Besides, he was the best pussy-licker ever! She knew what she had to do. She realized she would do anything to keep her precious dog happy.

"Sultan, deserves it more," Tori admitted. She thought about the men in her life; her divorced husband, her ungrateful hook-ups, and her many long, walks-of-shame, when her dick-of-the-night wouldn't even offer to drive her home or call her a ride. She made a decision. She added, "Men are ass-holes."

"Yep!" Claire replied.

Tori positioned herself under Sultan's slim waist and looked at his throbbing cock. It was bigger than every dick she had ever sucked. It was hanging below Sultan's belly, glistening with pre-cum, and so very hard. It was waiting for her. It was waiting for her experienced mouth, lips, and tongue. She could pleasure him and make her dog feel as good as he made her feel. After all she had done to him, he deserved it.

"Hold still, Sultan. Mommy's going to suck your cock now," Tori said, before leaning over and taking her dog's huge dick into her mouth.

"Mmmmm-mmm!" Tori groaned. Sultan's cock was so long and thick; just how she liked it. He tasted different than a man, but she knew he was clean and free from disease. Oh, god! She realized she could play with Sultan's huge cock anytime she wanted to. She didn't have to go out to bars any longer to get her needs met. She could stay home and play with her loving pet all day if she wanted to. Plus, Sultan would keep all of her slutty secrets.

Claire watched Mrs. Norris sucking on Sultan's cock. She was pleased with herself. Now, she wouldn't have to be the only outlet for Sultan's immense sexual needs. It was obvious Tori loved her dog and would keep him satisfied from now on.

"There's one more trick we've been working on," Claire said. "Tori, get on your hands and knees."

Tori hesitated.

"Now!"

Tori pulled Sultan's long, thick, cock from her sucking, loving, lips. She knew what Claire going to make her do. OMG! Sultan was so big, but after all, she liked them big. She let go of her dog's cock. She looked at Sultan and then at Claire. She obediently got on her hands and knees and presented her ass for her dog and his trainer. Her pussy was wet and needed to be filled. She hadn't been fucked since her husband left. She shuddered thinking of Sultan's huge shaft penetrating her. She moaned with desire and anticipation.

"So, are you sure you never made love to Sultan before?" Claire asked, noticing her eagerness.

"No!" Tori said, seemingly offended, but then softened. "Well..., once when I was really drunk..., but he was too excited and just jumped around."

"Well, today's your lucky day!" Claire said, smacking Tori's round ass. "Sultan's not fully trained though. His cock is too big for me. But, I'm sure a whore like you won't have any trouble."

Claire smirked, then she smiled. She looked down at Mrs. Norris obediently on all fours. Tori's ass wiggled back and forth as she repeatedly turned her head around to look at Claire and Sultan.

Tori couldn't believe she was actually waiting for her dog to fuck her slutty cunt! She wanted to feel his huge, red, shaft penetrate her. She wiggled her ass on purpose this time, impatient for her dog's dick. She ran her fingers through her slick cunt, opening herself for him. She was ready to be fucked.

"Are you ready, Sultan?" Claire said. "Are you ready to Fuck-the-Bitch?"

"Bark!" Sultan was ready too.

Tori shuddered. Then, she closed her eyes and moaned.

Claire was happy for Sultan. He would finally be able to fuck a bitch like he was meant to. Up to now, all Claire could do with Sultan and his humongous cock was to use him as a doggy-dildo, lying on her side and letting him enter her tight, teenage, pussy only a few inches at a time. She had always held Sultan's cock firmly above the knot when she practiced this trick, knowing her

little pussy could not take all of his huge doggy-dick, let alone his immense, hard, knot. It was all she could to hold on to his slippery shaft while she trained him. She never got on her hands and knees, knowing he was too strong for her. She wasn't ready for his big dick; not yet, anyway. But now, Sultan would get to experience the act of breeding for the first time. And, who better to lose his virginity to than his selfish owner?

“Sultan! Up! Fuck-the-Bitch!” Claire said. She smacked Tori's ass again, producing a quick yelp from Tori.

Sultan's ear's perked up. He was hard and ready to thrust his cock into a warm, wet, cunt. The nice, young, girl always treated him well, but she never let him copulate with her fully. He longed to fuck a bitch and pump his potent seed deep inside of her. The room smelled of warm, wet, pussy. He looked at his master. She was waiting for him, offering her sex to him. He knew he would not be denied this time. No more sliding his engorged shaft against her rough, denim encased leg or her friends while he strained for relief, only to be denied again and again. He was finally going to fuck his bitch.

“Fuck-the-Bitch!” Claire slapped Tori's naked ass again, maybe harder than she should. “Up, Sultan, Fuck-the-Bitch!”

“Oh, Claire, I don't know...,” Tori looked back, recalling the huge size of her dog's cock.

Too late. Sultan jumped on his master's ass and began prodding her ass with his pointed cock, searching for her warm, wet, hole.

Claire saw that Sultan was too eager and inexperienced. She reached in and wrapped her hand around his long, thick, cock. Sultan paused, as he had been trained. Claire guided him towards his master's warm wetness. She slid his cock up and down Tori's juicy slit. Claire positioned Sultan's thick, swollen, cock against Mrs. Norris's entrance. She let him enter her an inch at a time. She held onto Sultan's cock for only a moment longer, stopping him from fully penetrating her, but letting him feel his master's heat engulfing the pointed tip of his cock. Then, she whispered into Sultan's ear;

“Fuck-the-Bitch!”

Claire released Sultan's cock, feeling his knot slip past her fingers. He slammed into his master's warm, wet, cunt. He whined as he scrabbled on the bed, trying to drive his cock deeper and deeper into his newly found bitch. He drove his shaft repeatedly into her, harder and harder. He fucked his bitch, trying to tie with her and keep his potent sperm locked inside of her. He kept driving into her. His knot kept banging against the entrance to his master's loose, sloppy, cunt.

Claire knew Sultan's knot was not fully engorged yet. Nature seemed to somehow make sure bitches were fully tied during breeding. She watched Sultan slamming his cock into his mistress, knowing it wouldn't be long until the two of them were locked together indefinitely.

Tori was surprised at the ferociousness of Sultan's pounding. Her poor pussy was being bruised by his knot slamming against her.

"Nnnnnhhh!"

"Oh, Claire! Oh, Sultan! Oh, no!"

"Ahhh! Ouch!"

"Mmmm-mmm! Oh?"

"Wow!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"I'll see you tomorrow, Tori," Claire said. She paused to watch a moment and then walked out of the bedroom. She giggled, knowing that Tori would soon be knotted, and then she would be sexually and emotionally bonded with her handsome dog. It was a special moment for them and she knew the two of them should be left alone. Claire closed the door, feeling a little smug with herself. She knew another dog would be regularly rewarded by his bitch for his good-boy deeds. All because of her and her special training. She waited outside of the door a while longer, to listen to Tori's frenzied sexual cries.

Tori felt her pussy entrance loosing up from the relentless pounding. She felt Sultan's knot spread her tender pussy-lips, pushing deeper and deeper, with each thrust.

"Oh god! He's trying to get that fat thing inside of me!"

Sultan pushed against her, feeling her pussy giving way. His attack was relentless. He did it again and again. Further and further inside of her each time. His knot was almost half-way in!

Tori tried to get away. "Oh, Sultan! No! No!" Tori felt her entrance spreading wider. Any further resistance was futile. She tried to relax. "Oh god!" It was going to happen!

Sultan's knot slammed home.

"Aiiiiiiiiii!" Tori cried out as the huge ball finally spread apart her opening, pushing aside her once firm flesh.

Sultan howled. He held his bitch tighter, swelling his knot with blood, and making it grow and grow until it could no longer be removed. He was sure she would be impregnated now. Then, he began pumping into her furiously, driving his knot deeper and deeper, trying to get release and spray his potent seed inside of his plugged-up bitch.

"Oh god! Oh god! Oh god! Oh Sultan. Oh baby! Oh yes! Oh yes! Fuck your mommy! Fuck her! Fuck-the-Bitch! Fuck-the-Bitch!" Tori was babbling now. Her cunt was being hammered. Her

entire body was being dominated, used and abused. She loved it! She knew she would be fucking her beautiful, big-dicked lover every day!

Hearing Tori's frenzied exclamations and knowing exactly how she felt at that moment, Claire laughed, giggled, and then snorted loudly. She swung her book bag over her shoulder as she walked down the hallway to the front door. Claire laughed out loud, imagining Mrs. Norris's panicked face when she discovered how fully tied she would be with Sultan, and then wondering how long they would be connected together.

Claire could still hear Tori encouraging Sultan and moaning in ecstasy as she opened the front door. She could tell Tori was now orgasming on her dog's fat dick.

Claire nodded a greeting to a curious couple walking their dog, who were all looking at the source of the odd, primal sounds emanating from the house.

Claire heard Sultan whine with pleasure. It was that special, satisfied, sound she loved to hear. He was now filling his master with heavy spurts of his seed, filling up her womb. Claire closed the front door, locking it behind her and hummed a happy tune as she walked home.

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