

Doggy Styles 9 - The Dog Groomer (Bestiality, teen female/teen female, young)

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

Previous Chapter Summary - Claire dog-sat Sultan for the evening and Darlene, Candice and Duke stopped by for a visit.

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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Claire Davis gave a final look at Jack-Jack, the little terrier she had just finished grooming. The pretty, young, teenage placed a red bandana around his neck and admired her work. The small dog was standing on the grooming table, neatly washed, dried, and trimmed.

“Looking good, Jack-Jack!” Claire said. “And, you were such a good boy for Claire today. Good boys get very special treats, don’t they, Jack?” Claire then whispered in his ear. “Are you ready for your Bitch-Treat?”

“Rrrr-Ruff! Bark-bark!” The little dog wagged his tail violently; shaking his whole body with excitement.

Claire began to pet the dog with one hand while slowly letting her other hand drift closer and closer to his hairy, little, sheath. “Mmmm-mmmm,” Claire hummed, rubbing his cock-sleeve. “How about a ‘Bitch-Hand-Job’ for little Jack-Jack?” Claire asked, while stroking him. His thin, pink, lipstick sized dog-cock began protruding from its furry hiding place.

“Oh? Does that feel good?” Claire asked, smiling at the little dog’s enthusiasm. His cock grew hard and he began to hump Claire’s hand. “All good boys deserve a special ‘Bitch-Treat’ after they’re groomed, don’t they Jack-Jack?”

Jack agreed with Claire and arched his back as he fucked Claire’s closed fist furiously. It didn’t take him long, since poor little Jack-Jack hadn’t cum since the last time he was groomed by Claire. Soon, with a sharp sounding ‘yelp’ he squirted his sperm into Claire’s hand and all over the grooming table. Claire giggled as the little dog spermed, his tongue hanging out and his body quivering, thoroughly pleased. When he was finished, she picked him up and gave him a kiss. She scrunched up her face as the little dog licked her in appreciation. Claire placed him back in his cage, closed the door, and watched him lapping at his hard, little, dick.

As Claire was wiping up the sperm splatters, Mrs. Hill, the owner of the establishment, came into the room. She watched Claire toss away the tissue and then lick her fingers.

“You don’t have to do that, you know,” Mrs. Hill said.

“Oh, I don’t mind,” Claire responded, shrugging her shoulders. Claire was aware Mrs. Hill knew what she was cleaning up. “It teaches them to be still for me, and besides, I like doing it. People can Jack-n-Jill off whenever they want, but dogs can’t.”

“Yes, but some people pay for that type of service,” Mrs. Hill reminded her.

Claire sighed. “I know...”

“We can talk about this later. Now, you can get Jack-Jack back out of his cage. Mrs. Kramer is here to pick him up.”

Claire retrieved Jack-Jack from his cage and brought him out to the front desk. She handed the happy little dog to his owner.

“How handsome you look!” Mrs. Kramer said, lovingly taking her dog from Claire’s arms.

“Oh, Claire! My little Jackie-Jack is always so excited to see you! All I have to say is, ‘Want to go see Claire and get a bath?’ and he starts running around the house like crazy He can’t wait to get in the car. Why, he gets so excited his..., he...” Mrs. Kramer looked around, leaned towards Claire and whispered, “...he gets so excited his little wiener sticks out!” She giggled and her face turned bright red. Feeling something wet on her arm, she noticed Jack-Jack’s wiener was poking out a little bit right now. “He’s never liked being groomed before! Even the word made him hide behind the couch!” Mrs. Kramer kissed her dog and rubbed noses with him. “How do you do it, Claire?”

“Oh, dogs just like me, I guess,” Claire said, reaching out to pet Jack-Jack who licked her hand frantically in gratitude. She quickly processed Mrs. Kramer’s credit card and smiled at the older woman when she saw the huge tip added on top of the grooming charges. ‘Thank you,’ she mouthed silently.

“So long Jack-Jack! See you next week!” Claire yelled, as they walked out the door.

Claire looked at the clock. It was almost quitting time. She was tired and a bit horny. She had put in a full day’s work this week; grooming dogs, cleaning kennels, and learning to work with all the handsome dogs Mrs. Hill had in her facilities; the breeding kennels, the doggy-daycare/boarding kennels, and pet-spa (as they called the grooming area). Of course, she had also admired the various sized doggy-dicks and wondered what each of them would feel like in her mouth, hands, or pussy. She was looking forward to a nice, long, fuck from Duke tonight. She had already asked her mother, and her mother’s best friend Candice, not to wear him out before she got home.

Claire returned to the grooming station to clean up for the day. Just as she was finishing, the bell over the front door jingled. ‘Odd,’ she thought, ‘all of the dogs have been picked up for the day.’

“Hi, Claire!” a pretty girl called from the opened door. She had long black hair, bright green eyes, and very large breasts. She was carrying a small white and tan dog with her.

Claire was surprised to see her new friend Brenda, from Mrs. Hill’s obedience class.

“Oh! Hi Brenda!” Claire said. “What are you doing here? And, I remember this handsome boy! What’s his name?”

As Claire reached out to pet the energetic little dog, a shiatzu, Brenda spoke. “Oh, this is Baron. Say hello to Claire, Baron.”

The little dog lapped at Clare’s hand and when she leaned in to rub noses, Baron began licking her face.

“Great! He likes you!” Brenda said. “Since you work here now, I thought I’d let you groom him!”

“Ah..., but..., we are closing now,” Claire said. She apologized to Brenda with a shrug of her shoulders and a sad, pouty, face.

“Oh, I know that!” Brenda said. She quickly began to prattle on until she was nearly out of breath. “I mean, I’d like you to start grooming him..., from now on. We go to that other place..., well, we used to, but I know how much you love dogs, and Baron loves you already, so I thought I’d come over and see if you guys get along, and you do! So, what do you think?”

Claire giggled at Brenda’s contagious enthusiasm.

“Well, sure. I can start grooming Baron,” Claire said. “And, I’ll take real good care of him too!”

“Great!” Brenda said.

“Just a second,” Claire said and walked into the back room. She soon returned with small bow and placed in on Baron’s head, to keep the long hair out of his eyes. “There!” she said.

“Oh, he looks so cute!” Brenda said. “Thank you!” Then she added suddenly. “Hey, you wanna come over for a while?”

“To your house?”

“Yeah! You know, to get to know each other better. Since you are going to be grooming my dog and stuff. And I think you are pretty cool.”

Claire thought of Duke's big doggy-dick waiting for her at home. But, she didn't want to miss the opportunity to hang out with her new friend.

"Well, I guess so," Claire said. "I think you are really cool too. I guess can come over for a little while, but I do have plans for tonight."

"Oh, a date?" Brenda asked.

"Ah, no. Well, kinda." Claire blushed. "Just hanging out with my dog Duke. I've been neglecting him lately, first with final exams, and now working all the time."

"Oh! I understand," Brenda smiled. "We won't keep your date waiting long!" She smiled. Claire shyly smiled back.

Claire decided she really liked Brenda. She was a bit of a ditz, but was a lot of fun. Plus, she was really, cute, flirty and sexy. Claire felt happy just being around her. Her enthusiasm, unbridled joy, and her subtle, sexual, demeanor was contagious.

Brenda waited while Claire said goodbye to Mrs. Hill. Then, the two walked out, with Claire pausing to flip over the open/closed sign and lock the door behind her.

"Hey!" Brenda said, noticing the ring of keys in Claire's hand. "Would it be OK to give me and Stephanie a tour of the place sometime? We want to see the kennels and maybe check out the dogs for sale. I almost have my mom and dad convinced to let me have another one, you know, for poor Baron to play with while I'm at school!" She gave Claire a sly wink.

"Sure!" Claire said. "I'll ask first, but I'm sure Mrs. Hill won't mind."

Brenda whispered, as if she was telling Claire a secret or didn't want little Baron to hear. "Mom and dad don't know it yet, but I'm getting a big dog this time. A real big one!"

Claire smiled. She liked big dogs too, but probably not for the same reasons as Brenda.

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Claire followed Brenda to her home. It was located in an upscale neighborhood not very far from where Claire lived. The house had plush carpets, expensive furniture, and high-end decorations. Brenda put her dog Baron outside, gave Claire a quick tour, and then led Claire to her bedroom.

"Wow," Claire said, stepping into Brenda's room. "That's a lot pink!"

Brenda's room had pink curtains, bedding and soft, pink paint on the walls. Even the carpet was a shade of pink. At least the furniture was a different color, Claire thought, glancing at the white desk, bed and dresser.

"I like pink," Brenda said. "A lot."

“I can tell,” Claire replied, before focusing on Brenda’s wall decorations. Besides a few boy-band posters, there were many pictures of dogs scattered about. They all seemed to be male dogs, Claire noticed. Very curious, she thought.

“You like dogs too, I see,” Claire prompted.

“No, I *love* dogs!” Brenda said. “Hey, you know, I’m really sorry Stephanie and I embarrassed you when we laughed at your dog Sultan. It was just because we had never seen such a huge dog-cock before. You have to admit, it was a little funny, the way he walked around with that big, purple dick sticking out.”

“Yeah,” Claire. “It’s OK. I would have laughed too.”

“What made him get so horny?” Brenda asked. She seemed very serious all of a sudden.

“Oh, who knows?” Claire demurred. “Maybe a dog in heat somewhere close, or maybe he was just horny. Dogs get that way. Guys too, I’ve heard.”

“I saw him sniffing your pus..., I mean sniffing at your crotch,” Brenda said.

Claire tuned red. “Well, they do that sometimes. They like to smell butts and pussies and smelly things. I’m trying to train him not to do stuff like that though.”

“Yeah, my dog is always wanting to sniff my pussy. Sometimes he gets a boner.” Brenda giggled.

“Yeah, mine too,” Claire said. “Not that I let him or anything,” she quickly added. “But boys will be boys, and male dogs are just like boys too. Sometimes they get boners for no reason at all.”

They looked at each other for a long moment. Claire was trying to stay reserved. She knew Brenda loved dogs, and she had joked about Sultan and his big dick before, like she was interested in dog-dicks, but Claire had to be careful and not admit anything. That could get her a horrible reputation at school. ‘Claire the dog-fucker,’ or worse, would be her new nick-name. And, she was sure to find ‘Claire Davis sucks dog cock’ written on the walls in all the school’s bathrooms.

“Hey, speaking of dog boners, check this out,” Brenda said. She walked Claire over to her desk. A large corkboard was on the wall above it, covered with notes and trinkets and pictures of her friends and even more pictures of dogs. Brenda reached over and with a quick flick of a practiced finger, moved a dog picture it out of the way. Behind it was another one, a picture of a German Shepard. ‘It looks just like Duke,’ Claire thought. It was sitting on its haunches with its large, fully erect, purple and red cock jutting out from the top of two, big, hairy, balls.

She giggled, excited to have shocked Claire. “Look at the size of his dick!” Brenda whispered. She then looked at Claire expectantly, waiting for her reaction.

“It’s a real nice one,” Claire said truthfully. “I mean, yes, it’s a big one.” She blushed, and quickly tried to change the subject, but caught Brenda smiling at her. “He reminds me of my dog Duke. He’s a Shepard too.”

“Does he have a big dick like that one?” Brenda asked in a hushed tone. Claire noticed Brenda casually rubbing her pussy through her pants, as if she had a sudden itch.

It was Claire’s turn to smile. “Oh, yeah,” she said. “Duke used to drive my mom crazy when he’d walk around the house with his big ol’ doggy-dick sticking out, all fat and hard and swollen up like that.” Claire confirmed Brenda’s question once again, almost as if she was proud. “Yeah, Duke’s got a pretty big dick.”

“Oooooohhh!” Brenda breathed. “How lucky!”

Claire paused. She wasn’t sure if Brenda meant lucky for Duke, or lucky for her. She looked at Brenda quizzically.

Brenda just smiled. “Hey, wanna see some more?”

“Uh,” Claire was stunned. “Ahhhh...,” she stalled, wondering where this situation was heading. Then, looking at her sexy friend, and with her curiosity piqued, she replied, “Sure. Why not? You got more?”

“Lots!” Brenda said. She turned on her computer and followed a path to a well-hidden file. She opened it up and an image appeared. It was of another dog with boner. She began to clicking on the pictures while making a comment on each one. They were all of lager sized dogs sporting huge erections.

“This one is nice,” Brenda said, pointing at a dog’s engorged penis. “Look how long and thick it is!” There was no hiding her enthusiasm.

“Check out the knot on this guy,” Brenda said. “Can you imagine?”

‘Imagine what?’ Claire wondered. ‘No, it couldn’t be. Brenda wasn’t... Was she?’

“And look! You can see this one’s squirting a little bit,” Brenda said. “Let me zoom in on it. See? It’s not cum. Its just pre-cum. Dogs squirt theirs, but guys just ooze it out... So I’ve heard, anyway,” she added.

“Recognize this one?” Brenda asked, pausing on a close-up image of a huge cock. It was a sharp picture of the dog’s erection, but the legs were slightly blurry, as if the dog was moving.

“That’s Sultan!” Claire exclaimed, recognizing his cock.

“Hope you don’t mind. I just *had* to have it for my collection. I took it that day when..., you know..., I hope you don’t mind.”

“Uh, no, not at all,” Claire said. She recalled the obedience training session when Sultan embarrassed her by having a huge erection in front of everyone. Since that day, she made sure to relieve him before class (if Tory, his once master, now his slutty-dog-bitch, hadn’t drained his balls already at least once that day).

“Most of these are from the internet, but I have some of Baron too,” Brenda admitted. “And a dog I met at the park, and my cousin’s...” She suddenly looked at Claire, realizing she may have shared her private, and very kinky, personal information.

“Do you think it’s weird?” Brenda asked. She was wringing her hands and she hung her head down. “It’s OK if you think it’s weird..., I mean..., I knew you love dogs too..., and I thought..., I mean I know it’s really weird to be look at all of these dog dicks..., I..., It’s just that guys are so stupid, and dogs are so nice, and their cocks are kinda interesting, right? The way they are pointed and they get all hard and wet, and how their knot..., Oh shit..., You must think I’m a pervert for liking dog-dick - I mean *looking* at pictures of dog-dick. Oh, god! Just please don’t tell—“

Claire placed a single finger on Brenda’s lips to stop from talking and to ease her embarrassment. Claire leaned in to Brenda’s ear. She could smell the fresh scent of her hair and perfume. She could also smell her arousal; the sweet odor of wet, teenage pussy.

“It’s OK. I like dog-dick, too.” Claire whispered. Her cheek brushed against Brenda’s. She stayed motionless, their bodies close and barely touching. Claire could feel Brenda’s hair against face.

Brenda quickly turned her head and kissed Claire passionately on the lips. After her initial shock, Claire kissed her back with matching enthusiasm. Brenda began running her hands up and down Claire’s body, squeezing her tight and gripping both ass-cheeks. She suddenly pulled away.

“I knew it!” Brenda said triumphantly! “Stephanie didn’t believe me, but I saw the way you looked at Sultan!”

“So..., you and Stephanie...” Claire began.

“Yeah, we look at dog stuff on the internet and then make out. We’ve been doing it for ages! Sometimes, we let Baron play with us,” Brenda said. “Well..., we always let him play with us,” she added, deciding not to lie to her new friend. “It started out as joke, for laughs, you know?”

“That’s hot,” Claire said, imaging her two sexy young friends playing with Brenda’s little dog. “You and Stephanie and Baron. Wow.”

Brenda kissed her again. The sexual tension in the room had been rising, and now it reached a feverish height. They both knew they had found a soul-mate; a horny, kinky, slutty soul-mate.

There was nothing left to hide. Now, they could freely enjoy their shared, undeniable, animalistic urges.

Claire watched Brenda kick off her shoes, and she did the same. Then Brenda began to remove Claire's shirt and Claire raised her arms so Brenda could pull the shirt over her head. As Claire removed her bra, Brenda began removing her clothes. Claire looked over to see Brenda shimmying out of her tight jeans. She paused to admire Brenda's large, yet firm, teenage breasts swaying before her.

The two girls were soon naked and stood for a moment looking each other over. They were both young, gorgeous, and horny. Brenda rubbed her pussy and squeezed her breast. The soft flesh of her large bosom overflowed her small hand. She licked her lips and moved towards Claire, first embracing her, then kissing her, and finally pushing her back towards the bed. Claire felt the mattress against her thighs and fell softly backwards, with Brenda quickly following.

Brenda seemed to notice Claire's inexperience and took the initiative. As the two kissed, Brenda positioned herself between Claire's legs and gently played with her taut nipples.

"Tell me about it," Brenda breathed heavily. "Tell me everything. Do you play with your dog's dick?"

"Uh-huh," Claire moaned in the affirmative, her reply muffled by Brenda's soft, aggressive lips.

"Is it big?" Brenda asked. "You said it was big." She began to suck Claire's nipples. Her hand drifted towards Claire's pussy.

"Yeah," Claire confirmed. "It's big." She closed her eyes and took a long, deep breath. Her pussy gushed. "And fat," she added. "It's so big and fat."

"Oh, fuck...," Brenda said. "Tell me more about your dog. Don't leave anything out. Tell me what you guys do together."

"Mmmm," Claire moaned, as Brenda scratched her sparse pussy hairs and then ran her finger up and down her slit.

"Uhhghh," Claire moan, as Brenda found her honey-hole and spread her slippery juices over Claire's pussy lips. "Duke likes to sniff my pussy. I'll get naked and walk around the house for a while, until we're both turned on, and his dick gets hard - oh, he gets so hard - and then I let him lick my pussy."

"I bet his tongue feels good," Brenda said. She sucked and gently nibbled on Claire's nipple.

"Oh, yes-ssss," Claire said, sucking in some air when Brenda found her special spot. "His tongue feels so good. So warm and wet." Claire felt Brenda sliding her body downwards. Brenda kissed

Claire's belly, tickling her with her lips before she travelled lower. Brenda then pressed her face into Claire's pussy, inhaling her intoxicating scent.

Claire knew Brenda wanted to hear more. She felt Brenda's tongue flicking around her clit.

"Then, I'll stroke Duke's cock for a while," Claire said, and heard Brenda utter a low moan. "Sometimes, I'll just jack him off."

"Oh! I can just imagine feeling it in my hands! Do you suck it?" Brenda sharply, her wonton desires overwhelming her. "Do you suck his fat dog-cock?" Brenda spat. "I would. I'd put that big, hard, dog-shaft into my mouth and lick it all over, then I'd suck that mother-fucking dog-dick!"

"Yesss," Claire hissed, as Brenda pushed two fingers into her lubricated cunt. "I suck his cock. I love sucking his cock, and he loves having his cock sucked. I suck him and..., ahhhh..., and I stroke his cock..., ohhhhh..., I suck him and stroke him..., until..., until..." Could she admit it? Could she admit she makes her dog cum? Dare she tell Brenda she loves to watch him squirt and taste his cum?

"Until what?" Brenda demanded. "Until what? Oh! Until he cums? Oh, GOD! You suck his big, fat, cock until he comes down your FUCKING THROAT!" She plunged her fingers into Claire's pussy faster and faster.

"Unngh! Yeah. I suck him. I suck him until he comes..., uhhhhh..., oh, he cums so much," Claire said. "So much sweet cum!" She felt the little tingles beginning to emanate from her pussy. Her orgasm was approaching. She took a deep breath as it began. "I let him..., I let Duke squirt in my mouth, on my face and on my whole body. My tits, my pussy, everywhere!" Just remembering it made Claire cum. She could almost smell her dog's ejaculate. She could taste it on her tongue. She rubbed the imaginary sperm all over her breasts. Her pussy gushed as she orgasmed.

"Oh shit! I want to be covered in dog cum! Two dogs, no, three dogs! All covering me with their cum."

Claire imagined the scene as another orgasmic wave took her. She saw herself walking into the kennel and opening the cages. "Ahhh! Ohhhh! Cuummmmmiinng," Claire nearly shouted.

"Do you fuck Duke?" Brenda asked. "I bet you fuck him and his big, fat, fucking dog cock. No, I KNOW you fuck him!"

"Oh, god yes, he fucks me." Claire said. Brenda worked on her clit with her tongue and finger-fuck her furiously. "He fucks me with his, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, BIG, FAT, FUCKING, DOG COCK!" She felt so nasty, admitting she was a dog's slut. But, it felt liberating to talk about it

with someone, especially someone her own age. She felt her body catch on fire and she began to shake.

Claire's belly heaved as her orgasm consumed her. Brenda was relentless. "His knot, oh god..., his FUCKING KNOT! It fills... Oh! Oh! Oh...! It stretches and fills my pussy up go fucking good! And then, he cums and cums and cums! So much fucking dog cum!" Another wave crashed over her.

Claire's thighs trembled and she squeezed Brenda's face. Her body was wracked with intense sexual release. She twitched and wiggled in ecstasy until the fantastic electrical feelings slowly faded. She breathed heavily.

Brenda got up on her knees and Claire squeezed her thighs together. Brenda wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and Claire hear a muffled slurp.

"Fuck! That was hot!" Brenda said. "You gotta do me now, I'm so fucking wet!" As proof, Brenda cupped her pussy, and using three fingers, scooped up some wetness and showed Claire her dripping, glistening fingers before offering them to Claire.

Claire tasted the sweet juices. "Mmmmmm," she moaned, sucking on Brenda's fingers.

"You gotta do me now!" Brenda said. "I just have to feel a hard dog-dick inside of me. Here use this!" She reached into her bedside table and pulled out a dildo. It was shaped like a dog-cock, pointed and thick, with a large knot at the end.

"Where did you—"

"Internet."

"Duke's a little bigger than that," Claire said. She reached for the fake phallus, wrapping her fingers around it. "Well, he's a lot bigger, actually."

"Ohhhh! I want to meet him!" Brenda said.

Claire slyly smiled at Brenda. "Do you want the real thing instead of this?" Claire asked, tossing the doggy-dildo on the bed. "Right now?"

"Now? Duke? Your dog? I can fuck him? Right now?" Brenda's eyes widened. Her dreams of getting fucked and stuffed by a huge dog cock was about to come true! And, Claire said Duke was bigger than her dildo!"

Claire was feeling sexually satisfied and generous. Though she had been looking forward to some alone time with Duke, she wanted Brenda to know what a great lover Duke was. Besides, she could have Duke anytime, and she would have many other opportunities now that she was working at the kennels full-time.

“Yeah, right now. You’ll love Duke’s dick.”

“OMG! I LOVE YOU!” Brenda leapt off the bed and hugged Claire tightly before smothering her face with tiny kisses.

Then, Brenda cocked her head. She heard a distant bark and a high pitched whine. “Oh, shit! I forgot Baron! I left him outside!”

Brenda ran from the room naked, her breasts bouncing and her shapely ass wiggling. Claire smiled and began to dress.

Her friend soon returned holding her tiny dog in her arms. Baron was enthusiastically licking her face. Brenda set him on the bed and picked up her bra, intending to put it on.

“Looks like Baron’s has a little problem,” Claire giggled.

Brenda looked at her dog and saw his small, fully engorged cock.

“He smells my pussy,” Brenda said. “Our pussies, that is. It always makes him horny. And I usually... Well, I usually ‘take care’ of him when I get home, if you know what I mean” Brenda had used two fingers on each hand to make air quotes for emphasis.

“I know what you mean,” Claire said. “I know exactly what you mean. I ‘take care’ of my dog too. You go ahead and ‘take care’ of him, if you need to.”

“You don’t mind?” Brenda asked. “It won’t take but a minute.” Brenda climbed back on the bed and laid on her back, positioning her shoulders against two large, fluffy, pillows. She bent her knees and spread her legs. “Come on, boy!” Brenda said. She patted her juicy twat and slapped her thigh. “Come get some pussy, Baron!”

Baron ran up to Brenda’s cunt and gave it a quick sniff and a few staccato licks. “No time for that, Baron,” Brenda said. “Mamma needs some big doggy-dick for a change!” She reached down and helped Baron get positioned between her legs. He immediately began humping, trying to find his master’s pleasure-center. Brenda moved his body a bit and wiggled her ass until Baron found his mark. He quickly began to fuck her with well-practiced staccato motions.

Claire couldn’t help but laugh out loud at the scene before her. Brenda smiled up at her and laughed too.

“It’s quite a sight, isn’t it?” Brenda asked, as the dog frantically fucked his master’s pussy. She let the dog wrap his front legs around her arm for additional support as Baron did his best to breed with her.

“He such a sweet-heart, and he loves to lick my puss for me it’s the least I could do for him.”

“You go little guy!” Claire encouraged.

Baron humped and fucked and plunged his little dick into Brenda's pussy until his knot swelled and he began to spew his jizz into Brenda's cunt. When he was finished. Brenda petted him softly and picked him up to place him on the bed. His swollen red dick and knot hung below him. Baron immediately laid down, lifted a leg, and began licking himself.

Brenda wiped her pussy with her panties and tossed them in the hamper. Then, she put on a fresh pair and finished getting dressed.

"Let's go!" she said. She grabbed Claire by the hand, tugging her out of the room.

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"Brenda, this is Duke," Claire said proudly, closing the front of her home and introducing her lovers. "And Duke, this is Brenda. She's my new best friend."

Duke panted happily. He was so glad his master was home. She had been gone so long! And, he hadn't been able to breed with any of his bitches since yesterday morning. Duke's sensitive nose caught a whiff of sex. Its odor was fresh and still strong and warm in his nostrils. He sat down and whined a little. His cock began to poke out.

"Oh! He's so handsome and well behaved!" Brenda said. "And so big!" She squatted down and petted Duke before giving him a hug. Brenda stood up. "So, can we do it now?" she asked. She was still very horny and so very eager to feel a hot slab of dog-cock sliding in and out of her tight, teenage, pussy.

"Let Duke get to know you first," Claire teased. "Hold still." She waited until Brenda stood up straight and locked her arms to her side.

"Duke," Claire said softly. She pointed at Brenda crotch. "Sniff-the-Bitch!"

"What?" Brenda exclaimed. Duke immediately got up and shoved his nose into Brenda's groin, sniffing deeply of her essence. "Oh!" she gasped. Duke paused and sniffed again. Then gave a snort. He could smell her sweet, young, pussy but he could also smell the unmistakable odor of dog-sperm. His master had brought him another bitch for him to play with! She was obviously in heat, and he needed to breed her quickly before the other dog's sperm could impregnate her.

"He likes you!" Claire said, knowing Duke likes every pussy he's ever had the pleasure of sniffing. "Come on," she said, and led Brenda into her bedroom. The two quickly stripped with Duke watching. His cock was growing. Its pink tip slipped a few inches out of its protective sheath.

"So, do I get on all fours, or what?" Brenda asked.

"No, not yet Just relax, OK? We have to tease Duke a bit. He'll fuck you lots better that way."

“Oh! Sure!” Brenda said. “But let’s not wait too long!” She rubbed her pussy impatiently.

Claire turned on some music. “Follow me,” she said, and danced naked out of the room with Brenda dancing after her.

“Do this,” Claire said. She bent over and exposed her ass and pussy. Her dog watched. “Duke, Sniff-the-Bitch!” Duke sniffed her sweet cunt until Claire danced away.

Then, it was Brenda’s turn. She bent over and repeated the same command. Duke didn’t care who said it, he just wanted some pussy. He shoved his cold nose deeply into Brenda’s wet hole.

“Eeek!” Brenda gasped and wiggled. She wondered why Duke didn’t lap at her dripping pussy.

“Now, start walking around and do it some more, Brenda,” Claire said. Brenda walked and shook her body to the music. Occasionally, she would pause, bend over, push out her ass like a wanton slut and say, “Sniff-the-Bitch!”

“Oh, this is fun!” Brenda said, as she jiggled her large breasts at Claire.

“Now, do it again,” Claire said. And, before Brenda could command him, Claire cried out, “Lick-the-Bitch, Duke!”

“Oh, fuck!” Brenda exclaimed as Duke began to lap at her exposed ass-crack, plunging his nose deeply under her cute butt to lap at her steaming, hot, pussy. She bent over lower, giving him more access, and when her knees felt weak, she stood up again and walked away. Duke kept trying to get at her sweet, teenage, twat, whenever he could reach it. She finally paused and turned around, putting her juicy twat right in front of his snout. “Lick me Duke!” she said. “Lick-the-Bitch!”

Duke began to lap at Brenda’s pussy. She squatted down a little and spread her lips with her fingers. “Oh gawd!” she cried, as his tongue snaked into her and slapped against her hooded clit. “His fucking tongue is huge, and he’s trying to shove it up my snatch!”

“Look at his dick,” Claire said, and smiled as Brenda glanced down and saw it. It was hard, purple and angry. She wanted it.

“Can I fuck him now?” Brenda begged.

“Sure, let’s go to my room,” Claire said, with Brenda following her, and Duke following even closer behind Brenda, sniffing and trying to lick her pussy the entire time.

“Up Duke!” Claire commanded, and Duke jumped on the bed. Claire and Brenda sat next to him.

“Do you want to touch it first? Claire asked.

“Fuck yeah!” Brenda said.

“Duke, Bitch-Hand-Job!” Duke immediately laid on his side, almost on his back. His swollen cock and cum filled balls were fully on display.

“How did you teach him to do that?” Brenda asked.

“Lots of practice,” Claire winked. She took Brenda’s hand and led it to Duke’s cock. “Just be gentle with it,” Claire cautioned. “Like this. He’s very sensitive.”

Claire showed her friend how to pleasure Duke with her hands. Brenda was beaming with joy as she stroked Duke’s massive cock.

“Do you want to taste it?” Claire said.

Brenda nodded fervently, her head bouncing up and down like a bobble-head doll.

“Duke, Bitch-Blow-Job!” Claire held the base of Duke’s cock and pointed his wet, hard, shaft towards Brenda.

Her friend moaned and bent down, mumbling “What other tricks does he know?” She opened her mouth and gave Duke’s cock a long, slow lick. She tasted his slime thoughtfully, then smiled and bent her head again, taking his cock-head into her mouth. “Mmmmm-mmmm!” Brenda hummed. She was only a little surprised when Duke began to squirt pre-cum into her mouth. It was so much more than she was used to, but just as flavorful.

The two teenagers took turns pleasuring Duke, with Claire giving tips on how best to suck-off a dog. “Sometimes, I just get on the ground and let him fuck my face,” Claire admitted. “He likes that.”

Brenda leaned over and kissed Claire. The two exchanged dog-flavored kisses. “Thank you, Claire. This is wonderful,” Brenda said, still stroking Duke’s cock.

“Oh, you can thank me later,” Claire said, grinning evilly. “Duke! Time to Fuck-the-Bitch!”

Duke jumped up, pulling his swollen member from Brenda’s hand. He danced on the bed.

“Bark!”

“Now, you can get on all fours, Brenda,” Claire said.

Brenda complied. She was shaking, both with fear and excitement. “Hold me, Claire!” she pleaded.

Claire held Brenda’s face close her bosom. She patted Brenda’s ass and repeated her command. Duke jumped up on Brenda’s back and began searching for her warm hole with his hard, pointed, dick.

“Shouldn’t we help him?” Brenda asked, feeling his cock poking her repeatedly.

“No, He’ll find it,” Claire said confidently. She heard Brenda’s sharp intake of breath and knew Duke had finally entered her.

Brenda’s eyes opened wide as the fat shaft filled her small hole. “Oh, yes!” she hissed. “Finally!”

Duke hunched his hips forward and impaled the young girl. Brenda’s eyes flew open and she sucked in a sharp, quick, breath. ‘Unnggghhh!’ Duke’s cock stretched her tight pussy and drove in deep. Deeper than she had ever felt in her entire, young, life.

Claire saw Duke wrapping his forearms around her friend. He was ready to furiously pound her tight fuck-hole. Before he could begin, Claire called out, “Duke, Fuck-the-Bitch-Slow!” He looked at his master. “Slow Duke!”

Duke did his best to obey, though his instincts told him to quickly tie with this bitch, before other dogs might show up and try to interfere. But, he had learned that Claire wouldn’t let that happen. He trusted her completely and she always let him fill his bitches with his warm, potent seed. He could wait a little while. He enjoyed the tight pussy squeezing his shaft and trying coax the cum up from his balls.

“Oh, god, what a wonderful dog!” Brenda moaned.

“Yeah, I hear that a lot,” Claire said.

Brenda almost asked, ‘From who?’ but she was too preoccupied to think straight. The thick dog cock was plunging in and out of her tight love-canal, pushing and stretching her opening and vaginal walls. She swore Duke’s cock was getting bigger, and fatter. Yes. It was larger than before.

Then, Brenda she felt it. His knot. It was swelling with blood and primal lust. Duke was aching to tie with his new bitch. He looked at his master, as if he was pleading with her.

Claire said nothing for a long moment.

“I can feel his knot!” Brenda cried. “It’s getting bigger. Oh, fuck. It’s huge! It’s going to make me cum!”

Brenda felt her body rising to a sexual frenzy. It was so nasty, so hot, and so fucking good! Her pussy began to spasm around Duke’s fat, driving, dog-dick.

“Duke, Fuck-the-Bitch-Fast, now!” Claire said. “Fuck her Duke! Fuck-the-Bitch! Faster! Faster Duke!”

Duke appeared to be grinning as he picked up speed and thoroughly fucked his bitch, curling his hips, pulling her close, and driving his long, fat, cock and his quickly swelling knot into her.

“Nnnnaaaahhhh!” Brenda cried. “Ooooohhhhh god, oh god, ooooohhhhh god! Heeeee’s fuuuuu-ck-ck-fucking meee-eeee-eeee soooo goooooood-d-d!” she squealed.

Duke drove his knot into her one final time, stretching her once-tight hole and tied with his new bitch. He began to squirt his thick, potent dog sperm into her, filling her womb with his warm, thick, puppy-batter.

Brenda came over and over. She felt faint and her body lost all control as Duke continued his onslaught, pushing his cock deeper, blasting his dog-cream inside of her, and pumping more blood into his knot, locking Brenda’s pussy tightly, and keeping his sperm from escaping, to ensure his lineage.

“Oh god!” Brenda moaned as she came once again. “He’s still shooting! He’s filling me up! It’s so warm! There’s so much! I can’t take much more of his fucking knot!”

Claire tilted Brenda’s chin up and kissed her shaking body, holding her tight. She cupped Brenda’s swaying breasts and pinched her fat nipples.

“Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!” Brenda cried as her body was wracked with a few final, electric discharges. Her cunt was stuffed-full, her breath was haggard, and her body was exhausted.

Both Brenda and Duke panted heavily. Claire looked down at Brenda and smiled. Brenda took a deep shakey breath and let it out slowly. Then filled with emotions, she turned her head to kiss Duke, who was head was hanging on her shoulder. He licked her with tenderness and appreciation.

“Stephanie will never believe this!” Brenda said. “Oh, wow. This was better than I ever dreamed of. Wait till she tries it!” She looked at Claire with a slightly worried expression. “She can, right? You let her, I mean. With Duke...”

“Of course, we will. Won’t we Duke? You’re such a good boy, aren’t you?” Claire petted Duke who basked in her attention. Claire kissed him and Duke licked her face. Brenda turned her head, and all three loves shared a warm, wet, sloppy kiss.

“You’re going to be stuck like that for a while,” Claire said. “Wanna lick my pussy again? I’m pretty horny from watching you guys.”

“Yeah!” Brenda agreed. “I even think I could cum again with Duke’s fat cock stuffed inside of me. I’ve never felt so full. Maybe I can diddle myself while I lick you.”

“I have a better idea,” Claire said. She crawled under Brenda until her face was under her friend’s pussy and Duke’s balls were resting on her forehead. She tilted her head back and licked Dukes heavy sack before licking Brenda’s twat up and down, pressing her tongue into her hole and tasting Duke’s shaft. As she began licking Brenda’s swollen and abused pussy, she felt Brenda’s tongue on her own pussy.

‘This is so nice,’ Claire thought as she licked her Brenda’s pussy. She had found a new friend and lover who shared her ‘special’ love for canines and, she would soon be introducing Brenda’s friend Stephanie to dog-love. She was s sure Brenda would want her help choosing and training her new dog. And even better, she could look forward to another fun day at the kennels tomorrow.

Claire sighed. She was content. Although looking up at Brenda and Duke, she could see the edges of Duke’s engorged knot pulling against Brenda’s loosened hole. The knot was holding back a flood of female and dog secretions. She wished she had remembered to bring a towel.

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