

Doggy Styles 13 – The Trainer’s Assistant (Bestiality, ff, teen female, young)

Chapter Summary – Claire helps her young friend find the perfect dog.

Previous Chapter Summary – Claire helped at the kennels and had a sleepover with her friends.

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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 lives. Don't ruin your, or other people's lives!

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Claire Davis answered the phone at Daisy Hill’s Kennels, Grooming, and Puppy Farm, while tying a scarf on her favorite little client, Jack-Jack.

With the phone cradled on her shoulder and Jack-Jack in her arms, she replied, “Yes, obedience classes are every Saturday, and new classes start next weekend.” She answered one more question before saying goodbye.

“Sorry, no time for a ‘Bitch-Hand-Job’ today, Jack-Jack! But I’ll make it up to you next time, OK?” Clarie whispered. She felt guilty denying poor little Jack-Jack, but things were so hectic around the kennels today, with Mrs. Hill on vacation and the dog-groomer calling in sick again.

Jack-Jack didn’t like being put back into his cage without his ‘Bitch-Hand-Job.’ Seeing how excited he suddenly became, with his little dick already poking out, Claire realized she had said those super special words out loud.

“Oops! Sorry, Jack-Jack! I guess, I’ll have to make time for you after all!”

She held little Jack-Jack with one arm and pumped some sterile lubricant into her free hand. She made the dog’s small cock nice and slick before forming an ‘O’ with fingers and thumb. Jack-Jack fucked her hand furiously before giving out a small ‘yelp’ and squirting his seed across the grooming station.

“Way to go, Jack-Jack!” Claire praised. She kissed Jack-Jack and put him in his cage before glancing at the clock above the front door.

“Almost closing time,” she sighed. It has been a long day. Claire began cleaning her station was nearly finished closing for the night, when the door banged open. Her friends Stephanie and Brenda walked in. They hung the keys to her van on a hook, and sat down with a heavy grunt and a sigh.

“Ooof! What a day!” Brenda said.

“Is anyone else here?” Stephanie asked.

“No,” Claire replied, “Just me and little Jack-Jack.”

“Can we use Mrs. Hill’s medical cot for a while?” Brenda asked.

“I guess so,” Claire replied. “But Mrs. Kramer is coming to pick up her dog soon.”

“We won’t be long,” Brenda said, walking towards the office door. “I’m gonna feed this dog-slut a gallon of cum before the rest of it drips down my legs. My shoes are starting to squish when I walk.”

“You’re the one who had to fuck half of the dogs, all you had to do was jack them or suck them off! She’s the reason we’re running late. She got knotted, like, a dozen times!” Stephanie said.

“Not a dozen!” Brenda protested. “Not even half that many! Claire’s going think I’m some kind of dog-dick-loving-fuck-slut!”

“Too late,” Claire smirked.

“I know you are, but what am I?” Stephanie added comically. “Wait, don’t answer that!”

“By the way, Claire - Mrs. Brown, the one with the cute Husky - she cancelled until further notice.”

“Oh?” Claire said, a little concerned. Keeping her client’s dogs ‘calm’ by relieving their sexual needs generated good income for her, not to mention how much fun she had doing it.

“But don’t worry,” Brenda reassured. “Her daughter came home from college. And, surprise! The dog’s not humping everything in sight anymore! It’s like a Hallmark movie miracle.”

“And,” Stephanie continued, “I already told you about mom and dad letting me have a dog from you and Mrs. Hill, but they wouldn’t spend that much money to get one for Tina too.”

“Aww, poor Tina.”

“Poor Tina? The little twerp did her crying routine this morning, and they caved. They still won’t spend the money, but they agreed to let Tina get a rescue from the dog pound. Think you could help her pick one out?”

“Oh! Of course! I’d love to help! Mrs. Hill works with a local shelter. I’ll call Tina to set something up. I’m sure we’ll find one she likes!” Claire said. This could be fun!

“And, I appreciate you guys helping me out this week. You can use the back room until Mrs. Kramer gets here and I have to lock-up.”

“Come on, slut, time to suck out the cream before it stains my jeans.” Brenda said, pulling Stephanie into the back room.

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“Whew, it’s good to be home, Duke!” Claire said. “I’m so tired!”

She was cuddling with Duke on her bed, just like she used to do after school.

“I’ve missed this, Duke,” she sighed. Things had changed so much for Claire since she first teased Duke so long ago. She laid on the bed, rubbing and petting Duke while he laid happily against her. Claire told him all about her long hard day, the dogs at work, and the antics of her close friends.

“Brenda and Stephanie are such dog sluts, Duke!” she giggled. “When Steph gets her new dog, they are going to try to take a dog-cock in both their pussies and asses at the same time! You should see them practicing with Brenda’s dog Basil and a big ol’ doggy-dildo. It’s so funny!”

Claire petted Duke while she chatted with him. She ran her hand over his body and itched those special spots on his back, at the base of his tail, and his hindquarters. Her hand slowly moved lower, towards his soft belly and hairy sheath.

“I’ve missed you, Duke,” she said. “It used to be just you and me, but now, with Mom and Candice, and my friends, and my job..., we rarely have time alone anymore.”

She was determined to make it up to him. She kissed him and gently stroked his sheath. He soon got hard. Claire knew every inch of his cock, and was determined to make him feel very special tonight.

“Mmmmm, mmmmm, I’ve missed you,” Claire said, remembering how she used to drive him crazy with lust before they fucked. How she used to tease him with her naked body throughout the house while she slyly admired his rock-hard cock.

She wanted to taste him.

“Let me suck you,” she said. “Bitch-blow-job, Duke.”

Duke rolled over and presented himself.

“You are so well trained, Duke,” she praised. Then she licked his hard, gnarly shaft while gently cupping his heavy balls. She recalled the first time they made love, in this very room. “It seems so long ago...,” she mused. Claire remembered trying to be quiet while Duke’s incessant tongue drove her wild with passion. And then, the thrill of having actually having intercourse with Duke; the depravity, the intense arousal, the glorious orgasms. The muffled moans and soft whines in the darkness.

Claire toyed with Duke's cock for a long while, licking every bump and vein. She worked her lips up and down his shaft and mouthed him gently, kissing and sucking his flesh. She finally took his rod into her mouth and made love to his cock. Eventually, she pulled her mouth from his engorged cock and gently kissed his tip.

"Lick my boobies for me, Duke," she moaned, offering her breasts to him. Duke's long, wet tongue slowly lapped at her breasts. She felt his tongue sliding over her nipples repeatedly, making them hard and stiff. She massaged her tits while Duke licked them clean.

Her pussy was soaked with her fresh, teenage, secretions. She was ready. "I want to watch your eyes when you cum in me," Claire said. She laid on her back and spread her legs. The bed was low enough, and he was tall enough. She guided him to the floor and then between her legs.

"Up boy!" Claire said, patting her tender thighs. "Time to Fuck-the-Bitch."

Duke jumped up, his fur tickling her legs. Claire scooted lower and then she guided him into her pussy, looking into his eyes. She felt his pointed tip spreading her lips. She felt his thick shaft sliding into her cunt. She felt him enter her fully and she began to grind against him.

"Give me that delicious dick, boy. Fuck-the-Bitch-Slow."

Duke slid his experienced cock in and out of Claire's tight cunt.

She kissed his snout. He licked her face and open mouth. Then Duke began to fuck his favorite bitch.

"Rrrr-owwwlllll," Duke grunted, expressing his enjoyment.

"Mmmmmm, I like it too, Duke," Claire said. She began rocking her body slowly, matching his rhythm, their bodies becoming one. They continued to fuck, enjoying each other's bodies and staring into each other's eyes.

This is how her daddy wanted to fuck her. Face-to-face. All the boys at school too. They want to be between her legs on a Friday night after a football game, rutting her, and filling her with their seed.

"It's all for you, Duke," Claire said. "I might have other lovers, but you are my first and my favorite." Claire whispered to her hairy lover; the male who took her virginity.

Claire felt his knot growing and closed her eyes, reveling in the feeling of having her cunt spread open again and again. When she felt it getting rock-hard and banging against her pussy lips almost painfully, she urged him to fuck her faster, opening her pussy for his expanding cock. She wanted to tie with him.

"Fuck me, Duke! Fuck-the-Bitch-Fast!"

Their eyes met. They both pushed their hips together at the same time and she felt the glorious pain of her pussy being stretched to its limit. Then, Claire felt the expanding knot pop inside of her. She clamped down and captured it with her juicy pussy.

“Rrrrrrr-oooo,” Duke responded. He began driving into Claire’s small body, impaling her on his long, hard, cock and going deeper and deeper. His knot had expanded beyond the point of return, but he never stopped pounding her juicy, tight, cunt.

“Ohhhhh! Yes! Fuck that pussy, boy! Fuck me!” she said loudly. It was nice not having to stifle their love-making any longer. They could make as much noise as they wanted. So, what if her parents heard her? It was actually kind of hot.

Her twat began to quiver as she stared into Duke’s eyes. He was smiling and gazing into the distance. His tongue hung out. A string of drool dripped off and fell on her shoulder. He was ready to cum.

Claire kept whispering to Duke, encouraging him, and letting him know how much she loved him and his long, hard, cock. “You are such a good boy, Duke. You fuck me so good!”

Claire felt her clitoris begin to tingle as his hairy belly rubbed against it. She felt the tingles spread to her pussy and then to her thighs.

“Nnnnnghhhhh! Oh! Yes! Ahhhhhh! It’s coming..., it’s coming, lover!” The tingles intensified. “It’s a BIG one! Oh! Ahhhhh! Fuuuuuuck meeee-eeee, Duuuuuuke!”

The world exploded and Claire saw stars behind her tightly closed eyes as her orgasm erupted, wracking her body with electricity.

They came together, as long-time lovers do. Claire stared into his soul when she felt him spurting inside of her, sending his potent doggy-cum into her womb. He grunted as he came, and Claire rocked her hips and squeezed her pussy, trying to milk his exploding cock, as her pussy spasmed around his driving shaft.

“Yes! Give me your cum, Duke! Fill me up! I want it all!”

She felt the warmth spreading inside of her. She felt the wetness growing. She came a final time, humping her cunt into his body and feeling his knot locked tightly inside of her, hitting her in all the right places.

In the soft afterglow of their orgasms, they held on to each other, cuddling and listening to each other’s soft breaths, with Duke’s large, hairy body keeping the chill from Claire’s naked body.

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Claire shuffled into the kitchen the next morning, mumbling a ‘good morning’ to her mother.

“It sounded like you and Duke had a nice time last night.”

“Sorry if I was too loud.”

“No worries. Your dad and I made love listening to you and Duke. It was pretty hot. We came at the same time you guys did.” She added, “The first time, anyway.”

Claire blushed. Duke gave her three orgasms last night.

“You slept late. No work this morning?” her mother asked, while sipping her coffee.

“No. Mrs. Hill got home yesterday. She gave me a couple of days off. I’m going to the dog shelter with Tina, Stephanie’s little sister, to pick out a dog for her. Then I’ll probably hang out with my friends for a while.”

“Sounds nice. You need a break. You’ve been working so hard lately.”

Claire poured herself a cup of coffee, adding a generous pour of sweetened creamer.

“Oh! You got a letter from that college you applied to,” her mother said.

“Yeah, I opened it last night. They accepted me and offered me small scholarship.”

“Nice! I’m so proud of you! Have you decided what you are going to do?”

“No. Not yet,” Claire said softly. “I want to go to college, but I’m making so much money working for Mrs. Hill. And, I don’t want to leave you and dad.” She added softly, “And Duke.”

“Well, do what you think is best, Dear.” Her mother smiled. “Dad and I will support you, whatever you decide. There is always the local college. I know it doesn’t have all the animal classes you are looking for, but it would give you more time to decide what you want to do with your life. And, you could still live with us, or on campus.”

“Thanks, mom. There is a lot to think about.”

Claire was lost in thought. ‘Go away to school or stay home? Take a year off and travel with the money she’s saved? Or, keep working for Mrs. Hill?’ She knew her mom and dad wanted her to get an education, and she’s been leaning towards becoming a veterinarian, but there were other ways to help animals as well.

“HMMMMMMMM. What to do?” she mused.

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Claire parked her van in front of Stephanie and Tina’s house. They were expecting her and met on the sidewalk.

“How do you like the new logo?” she asked her friends, proudly displaying the side of the van.

“Claire’s Doggy Styles – Mobile Dog Grooming, Daycare Transport, Training, and Other Services. Call 555-1212”

“I love it!” Stephanie squealed.

“It’s really neat! Is that Duke’s face? It is! I recognize his tongue and those eyes!” Tina enthused.

“Other Services, Claire?” Stephanie smirked. “And what might those be? Doggy-BJs? Knotting-Practice?”

“Oh, Steph,” she rolled her eyes. “The customers don’t care how I get their dogs to stop humping everyone’s leg.” Claire then furrowed her brows. “Though I think some of the small-time breeders my dad knows are starting to suspect something.”

“Hey! A new business idea! You can train people how to jack-off their own dogs!”

“Hmm. Yeah, I could. But that would undermine my profits.”

“I was kidding!”

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Claire and Tina walked into the local animal shelter. It was a small place, not too far from Mrs. Hill’s place.

“Can I help you?” the lady behind the counter asked, looking up from her computer.

“Yes! We are looking to adopt a dog for my little friend here,” Claire said, her arm around Tina.

“Of course! We’ll need her parent’s permission, of course.”

“Of course.”

“The dogs are back there,” she said waving her arm at the long, large, window behind her. Claire saw the rows of cages on the other side of the wall. “Take your time. You can get into the cages with them, but only open one cage door at a time, please.”

Claire and Tina peered through the glass window at the dogs, smiled at each other, then walked through the door. The dogs began barking immediately.

“So, you want a medium size dog with a long tongue and a nice sized dick,” Claire whispered, taking Tina by the hand and leading her to the kennels.

“Yeah! Smaller than Duke’s, but not too small! With a really, really, long tongue!”

“Got it!” Claire said. “Are your fingers still nice and juicy?”

Tina slipped her hand into her elastic shorts and fingered her wet kitty. “Yep! All juicy!”

Claire did the same, making sure she wasn’t being observed before digging her fingers deep inside, under her tight yoga pants. She gripped the wet panties in her pocket with her other hand.

“Remember, we have three criteria; eagerness, tongue-length, and cock-size.”

“Got it!” Tina echoed.

The young girls walked around the cages, reading the tags and examining the dogs. One was very eager, licking Tina’s fingers enthusiastically while she giggled non-stop. Claire, however, noticed something disconcerting. She left Tina and went back to the front desk.

“Yes?” the lady queried?

“Uh..., I noticed the dogs..., well the male dogs..., are missing their..., uh..., testicles.”

“Yes, that’s standard procedure for rescue animals.”

“Oh.” Claire was very disappointed for Tina and she felt sad for the dogs too.

“Don’t you have any that aren’t fixed?” Claire asked.

“Sorry, hun. We’re not allowed to release animals to people unless they’ve been spayed or neutered. Unless, you’re a breeder, of course.”

“My dad’s a breeder!” Claire exclaimed. “And, I work for Daisy Hill’s Puppy Farm! Does that count?”

“OMG! You must be Claire!” the lady exclaimed. “Daisy has told me all about you!”

“You know Daisy? I mean Mrs. Hill?” Claire stammered.

“Oh, we go back years and years! I’m Roxan! Roxan Brown! Surely Daisy has mentioned me!”

Claire was sure Mrs. Hill never mentioned her by name, though she did say she had a few friends that loved dogs as much as Claire does, and in the same ‘special’ way she and her friends did.

However, Roxan didn’t wait for her reply.

“I started this rescue the same time Daisy started her place! Right after college! We were roommates! We had so much in common! We both loved dogs, – really, really, loved dogs, if you know what I mean.” Roxan winked at Claire. “I even keep a watch for any dogs I think Daisy might want for her breeding program.” She winked again.

“Come on, follow me to the back. We have more dogs there!”

Claire and Roxan walked through the kennels and retrieved Tina.

“Come on Tina, there are more dogs in the back room,” Claire informed her.

“Good!” Tina exclaimed. “These dogs like to lick my fingers, but they’re not very enthusiastic. Most of ‘em aren’t even getting boners, so I can’t tell how big their penises are!”

“Tina!” Claire gasped. “What did I tell you in the van?”

Tina furrowed her brow in thought. “You mean when we were getting out pussies nice and juicy?” She thought some more. “Oh yeah! About not talking about doggy dicks and stuff in front of people. But this lady is OK. She was watching doggy porn when we came in.” Her voice lowered. “I saw it reflected on the window. It was hot!”

“Ha, ha, ha!” Roxan said. “Busted! I’ll have to be more careful!”

“Roxan, this is Tina. We are trying to find her a dog.”

“Hi, Roxan!” Tina said. “Yeah! I’m getting a dog! Claire is training a dog for my sister! And my mom and dad said I could have one too! I cried until they said yes! But they said I had to get a rescue, and not one of Claire’s ‘special’ dogs – they cost too much and besides, it would be a good thing to rescue a dog!”

Tina hardly took a breath. “I want a dog with a long, long, tongue to lick way up my puss, and he has to have a really nice dick! Not as big as Duke’s dick - he’s Clare’s dog. Have you ever met Duke? He’s got such a big dick! Oh, and my dog has to be ‘eager’ right Claire? That’s how you know if they like to fuck and lick pussies and stuff. Right Claire? Right? I’m right, aren’t I? That’s why we got our pussies and fingers all juicy, to find the ‘eager ones’”.

“Uh...,” Claire said. “Yes, you are right, Tina. Roxan, can we see the dogs now? Please?”

Laughing all the way, Roxan took them into the back room. There were a few dogs there who were still intact and not ready to be brought up front for public adoptions.

“I’ll leave you two girls alone,” Roxan said.

It didn’t take long for Claire and Tina to pick out a dog. After eliminating two larger ones, the first animal they petted sniffed their fingers, began licking them, and his long, pink, cock immediately began to poke out. When Tina saw his tongue wrap around her wrist and saw his cock turn hard and purple, she knew she found her first, long-term, lover.

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“Can I fuck him now, Claire?” Tina asked when they returned to the van. “My pussy is so juicy; I don’t think I can wait any longer.”

“Oh, Tina...,” Claire sighed, looking at the excited dog, who was currently in a cage for transport. “He’s not trained yet, and he’s young, so he may not know how to fuck.”

“So what? I’m young, and I know how to fuck. Can we at least try, Claire? Pretty please?”

Claire thought about it. She had a proven method for teaching dogs, perfected over months and months of training. Surely, she could correct any small, learned, misbehavior.

“I guess we could try. Just don’t expect too much.”

“I won’t! I just want his dick to be my first.”

Claire’s eyes twinkled. “Duke was my first, too.”

Claire removed her top, exposing her large breasts. “OK, you are going to be my assistant trainer for today.”

“Yay!” Tina squealed.

“Dogs learn by watching other dogs, so you and I are going to act like a couple of dogs in heat. Can you pretend to be a dog?” Claire asked.

“Bark!” Tina said.

“Your dog will stay there for now, and will watch and learn.” Claire removed her yoga pants, leaving her naked except for her white socks and pink tennis shoes. She had used this technique often, letting the young dogs learn by watching her with a more experienced animal.

“Have you thought of a name for him yet?” Claire asked, as she opened a drawer next to the washing station.

“Lance!” Tina said. She had removed her top, shorts, and panties and was rubbing her bald, little, slit. “His name is Sir Lancelot. We learned about King Arthur in school last year. I’m queen Guinevere, and Sir Lancelot will rescue me and become my lover!”

“Nice!” Claire said.

“Did you know a lance is another name for a penis?” Tina smiled devilishly. “Me and my friend Sarah made a joke about it! Sir Lance-A-Lot! That means he fucks a lot, get it? And, he’s going to be fucking me lots and lots!”

“I get it. Funny! OK. Now watch and learn, Sir Lancelot. Let him smell your fingers while I get ready.”

Tina walked to the cage and let Lance sniff and lick her fingers through the metal bars. She dug into her cunt with both hands and giggled as he cleaned them.

Meanwhile, Claire positioned the adjustable grooming bench to a comfortable height and grabbed the small mattress and pillow from the corner.

“Your slutty sister’s idea,” Claire said, placing the thin mattress on the bench. “And Brenda, of course.”

“Of course,” Tina echoed.

“Come here, Tina.” Claire patted the corner of the table. “Let’s first teach Lance how to Lick-the-Bitch.”

Tina sat on the table. Her juicy, zippered, crack shining in dappled light from the sun-roof.

Claire got on all fours and looked at Tina’s pussy, then to Tina’s face and back again.

“Woof!” Claire barked.

Tina giggled. She looked at Claire and spread open her pussy for her. Claire glimpsed the tender, pink, wetness.

“Well, doggy. What are you waiting for?” Tina asked. “I’m really horny! Don’t make me wait, doggy!”

“Woof!” Claire barked again, then whispered. “Give me a command. Tell me to Lick-the-Bitch.”

“Oh! Right! OK, doggy. Lick-the-Bitch! Lick my pussy, right now too, doggy!”

Claire didn’t bother correcting Tina. She was as inexperienced as Lancelot. Later, she would remind her young trainee that she had to be careful using words like ‘Lick my pussy’ instead of the code-commands. Otherwise, the dog could act inappropriately at an inopportune time.

“Woof!” Claire barked again. She panted like a dog and immediately began to lap at Tina’s offered slit.

“Oh! Claire!” Tina said, surprised by the sudden attack and the spreading arousal emanating from her wet crack. “I mean, Oh! Doggie! Lick me, doggy. Lick-the-Bitch!”

Claire feasted on Tina’s fresh-tasting pussy. She stuck out her tongue like a dog would, extending it as far as she could, the lapped Tina’s cunt from the bottom to the top.

Tina began to moan. She laid back on the table and wiggled her hips, pressing her slippery cunt into Claire’s face.

“Oh! Oh! Oh, Claire! Oh, doggy! Oh, god!” Tina began to hump her tiny kitty into Claire’s face.

“Tell me I’m a good dog,” Claire said quietly. Her voice muffled by Tina’s genitals and thighs.

“Oh, good doggy! What a good doggy you are, Claire!” Tina said.

“Tell me to Lick-the-Bitch until you cum,” Claire said.

“Oh, doggy! Lick-the-Bitch! Lick-the-Bitch until I cum, doggy!” Tina said, then she squealed as Claire attacked her little, stiff, clit.

“Aaaaaaaa-iiiiiii-eeeeee!” Tina’s high-pitched scream echoed in the large van. “I’m cumming, doggy! Oh my god! I’m cumming!”

Tina’s tight, little, pussy exploded and her body shook. She grabbed Claire by the hair and ground her cunt into Claire’s licking, sucking, slurping mouth.

“Oh, doggy! Lick-the-Bitch! Lick-the-Bitch! Lick-the-Bitch!”

Tina’s small body fell limp onto the mattress. Claire gave her sweet pussy a final lick and slurped her juices, wiping her face with the back of her hand as Tina recovered.

“Are you ready to teach him to Fuck-the-Bitch?” Claire asked, holding the strap-on dildo and harness she had retrieved earlier. “This time, you’re going to be the dog.”

“I’m ready. I mean, ‘Bark, bark!’” Tina exclaimed.

Claire helped Tina attach the harness and dildo onto her thin frame. Claire got on the rubber floor of the van and wiggled her ass. “Are you ready, doggy? Are you ready to Fuck-the-Bitch?”

“Bark! Woof! Woof!”

Tina crawled around on all fours, her dildo floppy obscenely beneath her. “Bark!”

Lance barked in his cage. He could smell the girl’s odoriferous pussies and the scent was driving him crazy. He turned his body to lick at his excited, protruding, cock.

“Lick-the-Bitch, first doggy!”

Tina lapped at Claire’s ass-crack.

“Oh, good boy!”

“Bark! Bark!”

“Now, Fuck-the-Bitch, boy! Fuck-the-Bitch!”

Tina clumsily attempted to place the dildo against Claire's wet slit, missing the mark. "Let me help you doggy," Claire said, positioning the tip against her slippery hole. "There! Fuck-the-Bitch, boy! Fuck-the-Bitch!"

Tina howled and slammed the dildo into Claire, surprising her with her ferocity. Tina began to fuck her friend fast, awkward, and deep, but soon found her rhythm.

"That's it doggy! Fuck-the-Bitch!"

Even though Tina was not experienced using the strap-on, she had watched her sister Stephanie, and her friends - both Claire and Brenda - get fucked by Duke and Brenda's dog. She imitated the actions, gripping Claire's waist and humping her quickly and repeating, all while panting like a dog.

"Pant, pant, pant..., Arrrooooww!" Tina cried.

Claire was close. She had been horny all morning. First, snuggling with Duke in her bed. Then fingering herself in the shower while planning her day. Then getting her pussy and panties nice and wet with Tina before they went into the shelter. And, finally, seeing all the horny dogs and then licking Tina's fresh, young, pussy.

"Ohhhh, yeah doggy. Fuck-the-Bitch and make me cum!" Claire started pushing back against Tina, driving the fat dildo deeper and deeper into her teenage cunt. The tingle started deep inside of her and she let herself go, allowing the tingles to grow, thinking dirty thoughts, like wondering if Roxan knew what they were doing parked outside of her shelter and thinking about what the horny young dog Lance, was seeing, smelling and experiencing.

"Nnnnhhhggg!" Claire cried out. "I'm cumming!" Claire braced herself on one arm and started rubbing her clitty with her other hand. Faster and faster, she rubbed. Big circles quickly became smaller and tighter circles, until finally, she was flicking her clitty back and forth, smashing her slippery lips over the top of her swollen nub, over and over. "Aaaaahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhh! FUCK-THE-BITCH DOGGY!"

Claire's orgasm hit her hard. Her pussy contracted, quivered, and clenched. "Ohhhh! Ahhhh! Yesssss! Yessss!" She squeezed her breast as the last waves washed over her. She finally relaxed her tensed muscles and asked Tina to stop fucking her tired pussy. Tina pulled the large dildo out of Claire's cunt. Claire turned over, sat up, and looked at Tina. Tina was smiling broadly.

"Good doggy," Claire said, patting Tina on the head. Tina's smile expanded, showing off her shiny, white, teeth.

"Woof!" Tina said.

"Woof!" echoed Lance. "Woof! Woof!"

“Can I fuck him now?” Tina asked.

“Yes, little doggy, you and your handsome stud can fuck and make a lot of little puppies. Sit on the table while I get Lance.”

Tina stepped out of the harness, letting it fall to the floor. Claire walked over to Lance’s cage on wobbly legs and opened the door. She held onto Lance’s collar tightly and allowed him to smell her cunt.

“Oh, you want to Sniff-the-Bitch? Only good dogs get to Sniff-the-Bitch. Are you a good doggy like Tina over there? Why don’t you show Tina what a good, little, doggy, you can be?”

Claire led Lance over to Tina and held him a foot away from her steaming pussy.

“We can’t overwhelm with too much information, Tina. He’ll get confused. Let’s give him a taste of your pussy and then see if he can give you a nice little fuck, OK?”

“Woof!”

Claire let Lance get close to Tina and gave him a command. “Lance! Lick-the-Bitch!”

Lance had been waiting his whole life to feast on the source of all the wondrous, female, scents he had been smelling. He shoved his snout into Tina’s wet crack, inhaled, and began lapping like he was dying of thirst.

“Good boy! Lick-the-Bitch!” Claire praised.

“Ahhhhh! Ahhhh! His tongue, Claire! His tongue! It is so hot!” Tina spread her legs, allowing the dog better access. Lance tilted his head and snaked his tongue into the base of her pussy, found her honey-pit, and extended his tongue into her, trying to get all of her tasty juices.

“Ohhhh! Ohhh! His tongue, Claire! His tongue is so long!” Tina said, nearly repeating herself.

“Oh, I love you, Sir Lancelot! I love you!”

Claire smiled at the two young lovers and ran her finger through her slit. She examined Lance’s penis and saw it lengthening and hardening. It wouldn’t be long until it was fully hard. She knew from experience it was better to let the dog penetrate her before a full erection, or Tina would never be able to take his knot.

Claire pulled Lance away. He twisted his head, trying to escape from his collar. He wanted more pussy!

“Awww! Claire!” Tina cried. “What—”

“Lance! Time to Fuck-the-Bitch!” she said, handing Tina the pillow.

“Yay!” Tina squealed. She immediately fell to the floor on her hands and knees and wiggled her ass, gripping the pillow tightly. “Fuck-the-Bitch, Lance! Fuck-the-Bitch!”

Claire led Lance to Tina’s backside. He gave her a few licks and Claire admired his tongue. It was exceptionally long and she anticipated lots and lots of extensive, pleasurable, training with Lance. She shivered, imagining that tongue wiggling around up in her pussy and ass.

Lance’s instincts took over, and he hopped on Tina’s back and began humping motions. “Good boy! Fuck-the-Bitch!” Claire encouraged. She quickly squatted down, reached around Lance and guided his squirting, pointed, dick into Tina’s pussy, holding him steady.

“Are you ready, Tina? I’m going to let him go now.”

“Do it! Do it! I can’t wait any longer!”

Claire let go.

She watched Lance curl his ass and plunge his dick into Tina’s tight pussy.

“Aaaaaaaaaa-eeeeeee!” Tina squealed. “Oooooohhhh-aaaaaaa-aaaa-aaaah!”

“Are you OK,” Claire asked, ready to pull Lance away.

“Fine! I’m fine! He so much bigger than my toys, Claire!”

Claire relaxed and watch Lance fuck his mistress with jack-hammer like strokes. He was clumsy at first but quickly began driving his thickening, hardening, pointed shaft into his bitch’s cunt. His knot began swelling and he scrabbled on the rubberized floor, trying to drive it deeper and deeper.

“Fuck-the-Bitch, Lance! Fuck-the-Bitch!” Tina babbled. “Oh, it’s so good, Claire! His dick is driving me crazy! Ahhhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!”

Claire rubbed her pussy watching the scene before her. She wiped away a tear of happiness as she watched the two young lovers mate for the very first time.

Lance began to whine.

“Oh! His knot! I can feel his knot growing! It’s so big! So, fucking, big! It’s stretching my pussy so good!”

The dog’s knot soon swelled even larger, and he drove it in deep. Tina’s tight pussy immediately clamped down on and wouldn’t let it go. She felt it growing inside of her, filling her, and stretching her tight cunt.

Then, Tina felt a growing warmth inside of her belly. “Ahhh! He’s squirting inside of me! He’s cumming! He’s filling me up! I can feel his cum! So hot! It’s so hot! I’m cumming too! Oh, I’m cumming too, Claire!”

Tina felt the dog-cock expanding and filling her tight cunt. Lance kept fucking as he squirted his seed deep inside of her. His cock slide back and forth, just mere inches, but enough to move his knot inside her cavity, sending her over the edge.

Her cunt was swollen and inflamed. The knot pressed against her pussy-lips from the inside, exposing her clitoris to his swinging balls. His nut-sack bounced against her, sending huge jolts of pure joy to her brain. His cum sloshed around inside of her as he came, filling her belly with warm, slick, fluids.

“Ahhhhh! Ohhh!” she squealed as her orgasm shattered her tiny body.

“Eeeee! Eeeee! Aaaaaahhhh!” she panted. Her thighs quivered and her pussy contracted around her wonderful doggy’s still thrusting dick. Her body rocked against her lover’s cock, trying to push it even deeper. She felt his cock touch something way up inside of her, and her orgasm expanded into a lust-fueled explosion.

Wave after wave of orgasmic bliss washed over her. As one wave peaked, crashed, and ebbed, another took its place. Orgasms rocked her pussy, belly, thighs, and brains, making her dizzy and light-headed.

“Oh, Claire! Oh, Claire!” Tina yelled, before pressing her head against the pillow and passing out, while stars exploded behind her eyes.

Tina first became aware of Lance’s hard cock still locked inside of her. Then, she felt Claire softly stroking her hair. She opened her eyes and smiled at the older girl.

“Mmmmm...,” Tina sighed, stretching her small body. “Is it always like this, Claire?”

“Yes.” Claire said. “Always.”

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Claire noticed Mrs. Hill’s car parked in front of the kennels and took Tina and Sir Lancelot inside to meet her.

“Hi, Mrs. Hill! Thank goodness you are back! It’s been so hectic without you!”

The two hugged affectionally and kissed each other on the lips.

“Oh! This is my friend Tina and her new dog Sir Lancelot! We just came from your friend Roxan’s place.”

“Yes, I know. Roxana called me a little while ago. I take it you have another animal to train?”

“Yes, and Tina is going to help. She’s my new assistant!”

“I see. How nice.” She bent down and shook hands with Tina.

“And, she wants to learn how to become a groomer. Do you think there is a place for her here?”

“If she is anything like you, of course. Maybe we can start her off on Saturdays and see how she does. With school starting soon, we could use more help.”

“Great! Oh! I have an idea for dog breeding! Some women - and girls like Tina here - like smaller dogs with smaller cocks, but with big, long, tongues! What if we starting breeding some dogs for those special traits?”

“Oh, that’s a great idea Claire. It might be a bit of a niche market, but I definitely see possibilities. I’ve been focused on..., uh..., other parts of a dog’s anatomy, but that is a wonderful idea!

“Except...,” Mrs. Hill paused and looked at Claire with soft, melancholy eyes. “I’ve decided to retire. I’m selling the business and moving to Europe.”

“Whaaaaat?”

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