

# *Doggy Style*

By Nadia Saran



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## **Part I: Friday**

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Alexandra has been my toy for several months now. She's an attractive 42-year-old real estate agent here in Mobile. She's recently divorced, but still business partners with her ex. I'm not sure how close they remain, but from what little I've heard, their relationship now is strictly professional, and equally cool to each other. But they're making good money, so I guess why lose it all over a little ill will?

I'm the first one she's ever played with. She came to me through the usual referral chain of "a friend of someone who knows someone." A man she'd briefly dated in the immediate depression after splitting up with her husband of 12 years. His brother is one of Sophie's teachers at Bishop State College, where my 18-year-old slave-girl Sophie is a student. He'd heard his brother talking about Sophie, the "cute little girl" who wears her elegant dog collar to class and openly admits that she's "a personal slave." He'd never spoken to Sophie about her choice to be my slave, thinking that in today's world a professor discussing anything of a sexual nature with a female student (despite both being adults) was likely to end with a firing and a lawsuit if he was lucky. Sadly it is, even when it's only concern for her well-being that leads to the chat. I wouldn't sue him, but there are too many out there who would just for sport. It would be a sudden and definitive end to his teaching career no matter how unfounded it was. So he never said anything to Sophie.

But apparently, he's mentioned her countless times with his brother. Probably a hundred others as well. From what I heard it went like this: Alexandra mentioned her fantasies to her date as something that consumed her intimate thoughts, and now that she was "free," something she was interested in exploring. He wasn't interested in anything more than light bondage. Not even dishing out a good spanking. One evening with his brother they got to talking and he told his brother that Alexandra was "very desperate" to meet someone like "the lady who your girl with the collar is with." He outright asked if he would be willing to ask Sophie for a wat for Alexandra to contact her "friend." It took some pushing but he asked Sophie and she told him what she tells everyone who asks her

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anything: she'd ask me if I wished it. Mostly to keep up good relations with Sophie's teachers I told her to go ahead, and she gave him an anonymous email for me. A few days later I got a short letter from Alexandra just asking if id' be willing to talk to her. Three weeks later she was naked on her knees in my playroom with a nice red bottom.

Since then I've played with her about once a month. Its' enough to relieve her tension and not put any pressure on her other life. Although I'm sure she'd be happy if someone offered her a collar, that's not as likely as she wishes.

Its' because of her. Alexandra craves what most call humiliation. She craves that feeling of being so wholly owned, controlled, and possessed by someone that she does things that would otherwise take a gun to her head. That's what arouses her, being made to feel worthless and insignificant, humbled, used, and meaningless. More arousing is being made to chose to do those things, not being forced to. Like having to lie still over my knees for her spanking instead of being tied down and spanked. It's' far more degrading to willing allow something.

But like everything else in life, subs become accustomed to the humiliation. They become desensitized to the effect of any act a little bit each time they do it. It's utterly humiliating to be stripped naked in the middle of a frat house party. The first time, but not so much after you've been naked in every frat house on campus. By then the frat boys all know every pimple on her bottom anyway. To keep Alexandra fully aroused I have to find a new way to humiliate her each time she comes to play. It doesn't have to be different, anything new, even just a more intense version of something she's already done. Anything to make her feel that freshness of the shame full force anew. It's not an issue for me. I love variety and want to do something fresh every time I play anyway. But it would be for some, maybe even many, who have more specific and defined interests. I just enjoy watching my toys squirm hard. Preferably from being as uncomfortable as possible while they're toyed with.

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It's 5:00 Friday, and I've invented a sin. I've decided that Alexandra's last daily email to me wasn't sufficiently polite. I imagine she knows it's an invented sin, just a pretext for the summons that came with it. A summons that allowed her exactly 30 minutes to be at my door. It's a good 20 minutes from her office, too, so it's barely enough time for her to get here, park, and get up to my fourth-floor apartment. Which I intended. I want her to scramble to get here on time. She likes that.

She's on time, making here by all of three minutes. That's about what I expected. I have Sophie get the door and let her in. Immediately as Alexandra is coming through the door, Sophie tells her "my Mistress is very disappointed in you!" Then Sophie pushes her against the wall, at the empty place where subs always go and tells her to hand over everything she has. Sophie holds her hand out, and soon Alexandra's purse and clothes are in Sophie's hands. Sophie leaves her there and goes off to lock Alexandra's things in the file cabinet in the playroom. I have the only key to it, so Alexandra won't be getting them back until I decided to give them to her.

I leave Alexandra to wait for several minutes while I make a show of ignoring her. Then I have Sophie fetch a training collar. Once Sophie brings me the collar, I send her on another errand.

Alexandra is a pretty woman. She's about average height at 5'6", and light for a middle-aged woman at 142 pounds. She has short blond hair, down to her shoulders, that was pulled back into a ponytail before Sophie took even the elastic from her. Blue eyes. A wide mouth with full pink lips. She has an unmarred flat stomach and nicely, but lightly, bronze-tanned skin, and a decent hourglass curve to her waist. All that's over lean shapely legs.

And a very ample pair of 38-D breasts. Despite their size, they're still nicely rounded even as they hang back against her chest from their size. Inside modest tan lines, they're milky white. And they're topped with a delicious pair of wide nipples with tips that are more squared off

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than rounded. Those are a deep shape of pink, surrounded by wide rings that contrast and stand out nicely against the light whiteness of her mounds around them. Plus they have a good firmness to them, like a hard, but wet, sponge might in my hands.

And all that's over a nice triangle of moderately dense black curls at her hips. Curls that are long and tangly, especially in the center, but properly trimmed into neat lines inside the crease of her thigh. The fur goes down to cover a somewhat puffy, but narrow, pussy mound with long, narrow lips that don't come close to meeting fully. Instead, they leave a long moist line of pinkness for her deep-pink inner folds to poke into, but not quite beyond, almost as if inviting something into her.

She's standing along my wall, waiting patiently, as I finally turn my attention to her. I walk up and immediately order her to lift her hair. Once she bares her neck for me, I lock the pastel pink training collar around it. "On your paws, bitch!" I snap.

Alexandra drops down to her hands and knees. She picks her head up to look straight ahead. It pokes her rounded, full bottom up nicely, her cheeks both taut and spongy.

I spank one of them with my hand. "That email you sent last night wasn't just impolite, it was downright bitchy! So you want to be a bitch, do you?" I spank her other cheek. "Then fine, you can be a bitch! You'll be my bitch!" I spank the first cheek again, leaving a second light red handprint on it. "And you'd best be a good bitch!" Her second cheek gets its second spanking. "Or I'll get the rolled-up newspaper and beat you like a red-tailed step-poodle!" My friend Colette is always teasing her kids that she'll beat them like red-headed step-kids. I stole her line!

I open the front door to my apartment. I'm on the forth, the top, floor. This floor is always deserted. About half of the tenants are companies, not people, who lease the apartments then loan them out to visiting executives. Companies like Airbus. Those apartments are always empty from Friday afternoon to Monday afternoon. Most of the rest are



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older folks who don't come and go so much. They live here for the amenities the building provides such as the gym, the pool, and the maid service, almost like a hotel would. I'm only of only three tenants on this floor the super calls his "yuppie tenants." People who work and have lives. Younger people. The second and third floors are almost all "yuppie tenants." But the rent drops a few dollars with each floor up. Each floor further from the amenities in the basement. I'm only closer to the sun deck on the roof, and I take advantage of that! To me, it means the halls up here are always empty, at least over the extended weekend. The chances of seeing anyone in them are low. It's the reason I picked this floor.

There's no one in the hall. It's still quiet and empty. I grab my purse and leave. And I'm still holding Alexandra's leash. It leaves her little choice but to crawl along behind me on all four. Naked. With her ample breasts hanging straight down under her and jiggling with every step of her "paws." Steps that have her rounded bare bottom wiggling as well. Her head turns as she nervously scans what of the halls she can see, praying that no one is going to see her being walked like a dog. In semi-public.

I turn her to the right, leading her away from the main elevator up to this floor. At the far end of the hall, there's a service elevator that she doesn't know about. I always just assumed it was really there as part of some fire code that insisted on several ways off this floor. The stairs are at the opposite end of the hall, and the main elevator, the one that goes to the lobby, is in the center. Like most every building along Dauphin street, the ground floor is all businesses, clubs, cafes, bars, a few what-not shops. In the center, there's a tiny lobby for the building that's not much more than a doorman, a desk, and an elevator.

The service elevator is set up about the same. But it doesn't look like a freight elevator. It looks like just an average elevator, which is to say not as elegant as the main, but more typical. I walk Alexandra into it and press the button for the ground floor. The elevator goes down. It

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doesn't stop. It never does. No one ever uses it, except for delivery guys and maintenance, and they so won't be here on a Friday evening! It stops at the street level, and the rear door opens. I lead Alexandra out into a small lobby. Very small, maybe eight feet square, windowless, plain, and with nothing but a set of double steel doors at the end.

I walk Alexandra to the doors, pushing them open. They open into the alley behind the building, which is every bit of a New York City alleyway. It's narrow. It's lined with dumpsters. The city doesn't bother cleaning it like the streets – I guess the tourists don't check our alleys out! It's used mostly for deliveries to the businesses on the ground floor. And occasionally for late-night dog walking by a couple of my pet-owning neighbors.

As soon as we're out of the doors, Alexandra's "paws" are almost at the wooden ramp. It's just a couple of 2x12 that I got at Home Depot, but it makes a nice ramp. They lead up to the rear of the U-Haul van I rented just for this. I drive a Mazda convertible, and I love it, but it has one drawback: there's no backseat and no room for big "things." Sophie stands beside the open back doors of the van. That was the errand I sent her on: to fetch the van and have it waiting when I got Alexandra down here.

I use the leash to guide Alexandra to the bottom of the ramp. I swat her bottom with my hand while pulling her leash forward to nudge her to crawl up the ramp. She crawls quickly. I guess the naked bitch is eager to get off the street before anyone sees her.

As she gets to the top of the ramp, there's a large dog kennel waiting for her with its door open. I unclip her leash as her head passes through the doorway, then swat her bottom again to urge her into the kennel. It's big enough for her to kneel in it on all fours, but it doesn't leave her much extra room to move around in it. A few inches on all sides. I close the door and lock it with a padlock. Sophie and I each take one of the boards and slide them up into the van alongside the cage. Then

we shut the back doors.

Sophie drives. I never allow her to drive my car – it's too much fun drive! But this van is more utilitarian, so I avail myself of slave's services as a chauffeur. And think that she'd look very adorable in a slutty chauffeur's uniform. I make a mental note to get one for future occasions. Alexandra kneels in her cage, definitely wondering what I'm up to, what humiliations, uses, and abuses she has coming. Sophie eases out of the alley and follows the next street (they're all one way downtown) down to Water Street. In a few moments, she's up on I-10 heading east towards Baldwin County, and Florida.

My friend Nikolai, a Dom who lives in Pensacola has invited me over to his house for a little weekend. I've only been to his house a few times now, but it's never failed to be amusing. He has a few acres on the outskirts of town, all of which are ringed with a dense layer of bushes for privacy. Behind his house, there's his dungeon, the size of a small barn. But there's also a large shed that he's turned into a kennel and uses to keep three very large dogs. Monday I'd asked if I might borrow a cage in his kennel for a few hours some time. He laughed as he asked me if "my bitch is bi- or quad -rupal." I said "bi." He told me he was having friends over this weekend, would I care to come as well and "bring my pet?" I couldn't resist the offer.

It's a long drive, about an hour, to his house. Alexandra spends all of it bouncing against the sides of her cage, kneeling on all fours, and utterly ignored. It gives her plenty of time to conjure up ideas of what might in store for her, none of which I'd bet come close to her soon-to-be reality.

When we arrive at Nikolai's house one of his slaves, a 30-ish Russian woman called "Pizda," which I'm sure is Russian for something derogatory is waiting for us. She waves us to drive along a mulched path over to the kennel. She greets me politely, offering Sophie only a little wink, then eagerly helps Sophie get the back of the van open and the

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ramp set up so that I don't have to do anything but stand there.

I open the cage. Alexandra's bottom is to me, and there's no chance of her turning around in that cage. There's barely room for her to turn her head. Dogs don't really understand English, they're just able to learn a few basic commands. Last time Alexandra was over to my apartment, I used her as my pet for a few hours. She was a good doggy, and learned all of her commands, like sit, stay, and roll over. There's no command for "back out of the cage." But the mound of her pussy is just puffy enough that her lips are a hair beyond her thighs. I grab hold of the fur on those lips and pull sharply as I tell her "come, bitch!"

Alexandra very quickly backs out of the cage. I keep pulling, and she keeps backing up, right onto and down the ramp. As soon as she's kneeling in the grass, I reach down and clip the leash to her collar. Then I stroke her side and tell her "good bitch. Yes, my little bitch is being such a good little bitch, isn't she?"

Holding the leash, I lead Alexandra to a patch of grass beside the kennel. It's surrounded by a short fence, no more than 18" tall. I'd guess it's about 40x40 feet, ringed off with a square path of mulch. There are little signs announcing it's "doggy walk." Dog's can't read, but I'll bet you anything Alexandra read them as I walked her past them! I walk her around the little square of very well-manicured grass a couple of laps.

Alexandra spends all of the time very nervously looking around to see if anyone can see her. She crawls, keeping pace with me, her bottom wiggling and her pendulous breasts jiggling. I guide her around the few dog piles we see in the walk. Needless to say, Alexandra doesn't "use" the dog walk. That's OK. I don't think dogs know that command. I think dogs just understand that the grass is where to potty, not their cages where they'll have to lie in it.

I lead Alexandra back out of the walk, over by the van. Before I get there, "Pizda" has the door to the kennel open for us. It's a wide door, handy for walking a two- or four-legged dog through. I walk Alexandra

in.

The kennel could be straight out of some SPCA shelter. The floor is bare smooth concrete. The walls are paneled with some kind of plastic, waterproof sheets, like maybe you'd see in a shower or a locker room. Along the wall to my right, there are five cages, all large. To my left, there's a grooming table, complete with a ramp for the dogs to walk up instead of having to be lifted up. There's a cabinet. There's a shelf with cans and bags of dog food. There's even a spigot for water. And a hose I assume is for washing everything down. Straight ahead there's even an assortment of dog toys for the pups to play with!

Nikolai's dogs are in three of the cages. Every other one. His dogs are huge, some kind of mastiffs I've been told. He swears they're exceptionally well trained, too. I hope so. These pups could do some serious damage! I pity anyone breaking in here, I know Nikolai wouldn't hesitate to turn the dogs loose and let the police collect whatever bones they didn't have time to gnaw away.

As Alexandra crawls into the kennel, the dogs start furiously sniffing. Then yapping excitedly at her. Alexandra turns her head, watching the eager big dogs sniffing at her instead of where I'm leading her. She tries to inch over to her left, putting as much space as she can between herself and the kennels.

Nikolai has two males and a female. I spot the female in the first cage. She's the white one, which is how I can tell which one she is. The other two are a gray-brown-black shade. They have black collars. The white girl has a glowing pink collar, brighter than Alexandra's. I keep Alexandra moving past her.

I stop Alexandra in front of the fourth cage. I swing its door wide open. I grab a hold of Alexandra's hair and pull her head around to face the cage. Unclipping the leash, I give her bare bottom a good swat with my hand. She freezes, hesitating for an instant. I swat her again, a bit harder, and leave a very bright and angry handprint on her bottom. It's

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hard enough that she winces and sucks a noisy crisp breath in. Then she obediently crawls into the cage.

This cage is a bit larger than mine. It's maybe three and a half feet tall and about four feet wide and about five feet long. It's not a store-bought cage. His cages are very similar, but they're built-in and custom. The only real difference is the floor. His cages are built right up using the cement floor of the kennel as their floor. Plus they're made of a heavier steel mesh to control powerful dogs. They look sturdy enough that I doubt Alexandra is capable of forcing her way out of it.

"Pizda" gets me two large bowls, filling one halfway with water. She sets that one in the cage for me. Then she very humbly asks if "my bitch prefers dry or canned bitch chow." I opt for dry. She gets a bag of Kibbles-n-Bits and fills the bowl about 1/3 of the way full with the food. She sets that in the cage as well.

In the cage, Alexandra turns around, moving her head towards the door. I shut the door and lock in with a padlock. On either side of her, the two males dog eagerly sniff her through the mesh. Alexandra stays exactly in the center, as far from her kennel mates as she can possibly get. She cringes in, trying to make herself smaller to put a little more distance between her and those pups.

"Now you be a very good little bitch for me, bitch!" I taunt. We leave, shutting the kennel door behind us. Sophie and "Pizda" already have the ramp back in the van, they did that while I walked Alexandra. Sophie moves the can back to the front and parks it. She grabs my purse and our bag and follows us as "Pizda" leads us in.

Nikolai welcomes us. He summons "Mudak," his "house slave." She's another Russian woman, as all three of his slaves are. She's young, as in around 18, or so she looks. She's very pretty, slightly tall at I'd guess around 5' 8" but lean and curvy with smallish, but very rounded and pert, breasts with wide dark pink-purple nipples that are always sticking straight out eagerly. Shaven pubes. Fiery red hair hanging to the

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bottoms of her shoulders in tight curly locks. Brilliant greens eyes. A very tight, rounded, and small bottom.

"Mudak" is also always naked. As his house slave, she's never permitted to set even a toe beyond the doors, not even on the patio or deck. Inside only. She's never permitted any kind of clothing, just the peach-colored collar locked around her neck and the shiny dog tag on it. No matter who is in His house. Friends, guests, business associates, the pizza boy, the plumber, it doesn't matter. No clothes for her. And absolutely no attempts to hide away, or to cover or hide any of her delicious body. She's on display.

She shows us back to the guest suite and humbly offers to do whatever we wish. Unpack, fetch us a refreshment, massage my feet, absolutely anything what-so-ever that I may fancy. She says that Nikolai has told her that I am guest, I am to be obeyed, and she is available to me for whatever use I might have for her, her body, or any part of her body. "Thank you, Mudak. You're dismissed for now." I tell her, and she leaves.

Sophie unpacks our bag, putting everything in its place in the dresser, the closet, and the attached private bath. I lie on the bed while Sophie does that until she comes and kneels and tells me that she's done.

That evening we dine with Nikolai. Mudak is the waitress. I have Sophie for my dinner companion. Nikolai has "Shlyukha," his "personal slave" as his. I don't see "Pizda," but I assume she's in the kitchen cooking or something.

Over dinner, I ask, and Nikolai tells me that "Mudak" is Russian for asshole. He named her that because of her tiny, and very cute, asshole. Which she hates being used, and utterly despises the fact that using it results in some rather intense orgasms for her. "Pizda" is Russian for "cunt," a name he gave her because "her pussy is really all she has going for her in this world." Which is a bit of an understatement. She looks around 30, but she's definitely attractive, albeit with a slightly

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“stick-ish” figure. “Shlyukha,” he tells me, can mean whore, slut, tramp, or anything along those lines. He called her that because she's his personal whore and a very slutty one at that.

Shlyukha is a pretty one, too. She's a natural platinum blond, slightly on the petite side, and shapely. I'd guess she's around 25 or 26, with green eyes and a very wide smile. Tonight she's wearing a slutty version of a business suit. It's a very short and slightly tight micro skirt in crimson red, fringed with frilly mauve lace. It's tight enough to hug her hips and bottom, flaunting both. Up top, there's a mauve silk blouse, fringed with mauve lace, and a very immodest neckline. And a minimalist crimson blazer, also lace-fringed. She has crimson shoes with spiky high-heels. I make a mental note that Sophie would look adorable in a suit like that, and I wonder if they have them in pastel green. I'm going to find out. Pizda, I assume, is still in the skimpy version of an especially slutty maid's uniform she always seems to be wearing. Even when he sends her out on errands, which I'm sure is a plus. I can't imagine any guy wouldn't let her jump ahead of him in the checkout line. Maybe just to get to ogle her bottom in the sight micro skirt of it.

Knowing my penchant for cameras, I ask him if he has any “around.” He laughs as he tells me the place has enough cameras to make the FSB (the new acronym for the KGB of his homeland) jealous. But he has none in the guest suite and will promise that there will be no recordings on me or Sophie. And he promises me a copy of the recordings of Alexandra, which he assures me will not be released. Deleted if I want. I tell him to keep a copy for his entertainment if he wants, I don't care. Alexandra would, but I don't. I only care that they don't make out where someone who knows Alexandra might stumble upon them.

He's planning a “Dom(me) Cocktail Party” for tomorrow evening. Then he's planning a barbecue and get together for Sunday afternoon on his deck. For that he's invited the guests from the cocktail party, plus several of his business “associates,” and a couple of his neighbors. All of



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whom he assures me know well what kind of entertainment goes on here, and know even better how to keep their mouths shut. None will be offended by whatever they might see, although most of the newcomers would prefer not to join in. He swears that no one will ever hear of Alex's stay in his kennel from anyone on his end. I trust him on that. He's always meant what he said. He tells me to make myself at home here, enjoy the amenities of his house. I sincerely hope, and assume, that includes the hot tub on his back deck.

I don't have anything planned for Alexandra tonight. Instead, my idea is to leave her there, in the kennel, cage in between those two rather affectionate male dogs. Just like a dog. She's not getting any real food, just the kibbles from the kennel. They're not actually kibbles, though. Nikolai has one of his slaves to make it special for two-legged guests in his kennel. Which makes me think his kennel is no stranger to stray bitches. It's real food, mostly chicken and turkey, mixed with vegetables and grains into a paste, then dried out to look like dog food. He says it tastes like dog food, too. I'm taking his word for that. Then again, good dog food is pretty much the same thing, albeit with the "reject parts" of the chickens in it as opposed to real meat, like breasts. He's got the look right, though. If I hadn't known she was getting the special dog food, I would have thought it was real. I know Alexandra has to think it's real kibbles and bits!

I suspect Alexandra is cringing in her cage right now as she wonders just how long I plan to leave her in there shirking away from the randy male Mastiffs. And wondering what those Mastiffs might be thinking of doing with her should they get to her. Eating her? Playing with her? Making her their bitch instead of my bitch? They're large and strong enough to do any of it, especially if unguarded. But I'm assured they will do anything more than lick and play with her unless told to. I imagine by now Alexandra is starting to feel hungry, too. I can't imagine that she's eaten since what would have been a quick lunch. I'd bet she's starting to eye those kibbles wondering both how safe they are to eat, and

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how bad they will taste. I'm even more confident that by now her bladder is urging her to find a toilet, something there isn't in her cage or anywhere in the kennel. I bet she's wondering just how I'm going to expect her to relieve herself, too. I know her well enough to know what imagine she's conjuring up in her head. And trying to reassure herself that they're not going to happen to her. Which is why I'm leaving her alone in the kennel. I don't have to torture her. Her mind is doing it for me! And there is no way that Alexandra isn't absolutely humiliated to be living in a real kennel with real dogs, treated exactly as the pups are. Even if she does think it's only for a few hours. I'd bet she hasn't considered that I might not take her home tonight.

Which I don't. I wait until 9:00, which also the time for the dog's nightly walking. Pizda walks the dogs, as she does every night, one at a time. I follow her out to the kennel, staying out of sight as she walks Bruno, the first dog. As she returning to the kennel she stops and asks me if she "may be allowed to walk my bitch for me, or if I wish to walk it myself." How polite. I tell her to go ahead, I meant what I said when I told her that "tits," the name I've made up for her while she's in the kennel on account of her pendulous breasts that can't be missed, is to be treated exactly as the dogs are. Not a single concession to her true species. Pizda grins and says "Gladly, Ma'am, as you wish."

A minute later she has Alexandra on the leash and is walking her out of the kennel. Bright floodlights illuminate the grassy patch. I stand in the edge of their glow, where I know Alexandra will see me, leaning against the wall of the kennel and watching Alexandra as Pizda walks her.

Alexandra gets the exact same walk Bruno just had. Five laps around the grassy area with Pizda on the mulched path but keeping Alexandra in the grass. Which means the same strip of grass Bruno just availed himself of. Alexandra does know that, but I guess she suspects it might be the case. She keeps her eyes down, carefully watching every cautious step she takes.

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I watch closely as Alexandra makes the laps around the walk. Her questioning eyes constantly scan the area, both searching for any clue of the future and nervously searching for witnesses to this embarrassment. She finds neither. I can tell she's searching for the van, thinking that by now, well after sunset, it's late enough that this evening is over and I'll be taking her back now. She won't see it. She sees nothing, just the dog walk, Pizda walking her, and me leaning there.

On her last round logic finally wins out. Or more likely an already-straining bladder. She has to know that if I don't take her back now, she'll be in that cage for some indeterminate length of time. Maybe just a few minutes while I bring the van up. But, unthinkable! overnight. She stops. Alexandra spreads her knees and feet as wide as she possibly can stretch them, then raises her shoulder up as high as possible while keeping her hands on the grass. It gets her back about halfway between flat and up. But not so far up that her pussy isn't still poking as much back as it is downwards. It's as close to the grass as she's going to get herself. She pees. It's a powerful stream, more gushing than flowing from her pussy.

And she's still forward far enough that her pussy is so plainly visible from the back, letting everyone see exactly what she's doing in full detail. Even from where I'm standing I have a perfect view. I can clearly see her furry lips and the golden jet gushing out from between them, a little closer to her pubes than her bottom. Alexandra looks forward, her back to us, and pretends that no one is seeing her pee while being walked like a dog. I'm taking a couple of pictures of it for my scrapbook. Or as I call it her "shamebook."

Alexandra doesn't get any tissue. What dog does? Instead, once she's done, she's ignored until she lifts her bottom back up. Then Pizda starts her walking again, Alexandra trying very hard to keep her knees spread for the first few steps, which makes for a funny little crawl. Pizda walks her the rest of the lap, then back towards the kennel.

I meet Alexandra at the kneel door. Pizda stops her there for me. I

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reach down and stroke her side softly, saying "that's good little bitch, tits! You're such a good little bitch, yes you are!" I pet her for about fifteen seconds, then stand back up. That was long enough for me. It was enough to see that the fur on her lips is damp. Right now, Alexandra has to be feeling that and thinking about what she's damp with. I've already seen that her pussy is sopping wet as well. Pizda walks her back into the kennel, and a minute later she's out with Vlad, the other Mastiff for his walk.

I head back to the guest suite where I allow Sophie to tenderly undress me. I put my robe on, but decide that Sophie doesn't need one. She obediently follows me to the back deck, not caring a bit that I've marched her through the house naked.

Quickly I'm in the hot tub. Sophie is as well, sitting behind me and gently rubbing my shoulders while I soak in the water. After maybe two long minutes of that, Pizda comes up and asks "may this slave please be allowed the privilege of massaging your feet for you now, Ma'am?" What girl could resist that? Pizda's clothes are off and she's in the tub, my feet atop her thighs and she very tenderly massages them. I'm in heaven.

I decide right that moment that since Pizda has been offered to me, and her hands are so skilled, there's no reason I shouldn't avail myself of her sweetness. Besides, Sophie deserves a little treat for being such a good slave. And this is turning into more of a vacation for us than a party! I don't dismiss Pizda.

I have her follow us to the suite, not telling her to get her clothes. She follows. I decide on Sophie's reward coming first. I tie Sophie's hands to the corners of the headboard and her ankles to the footboard, splaying her out wide. Face down. I have Pizda give Sophie a little back massage, both a treat to Sophie and for me to assess her skill. She's as good as I thought she would be. I tell her to "eat pussy." Pizda doesn't hesitate to put her tongue down to Sophie's pussy, even "butt up" which buries her nose on Sophie's asshole. In a few seconds, Sophie is

## Doggy Style

screeching very sweet and erotic cries as she squirms hard against those ropes. I tell Sophie to cum whenever. I check my email. Sophie squirms on. She screams through three orgasms that Pizda gives her without even a fraction of a second's break between. Pizda's tongue just endlessly licking Sophie. And Sophie squirming and squealing loud and so erotically. The show is the first part of my evening.

Once I can see that Sophie really can't stand any more licking, I tell Pizda to stop, and I untie Sophie. Then I give Sophie a couple of minutes to get herself together. I pass that time with Pizda on her knees massaging my feet a little more. She is just so good at this!

I take Sophie's place on the bed and have both Pizda and Sophie massage me. I treat myself to a full hour-long massage with warming oil. And then I have Pizda massage my shoulders while I send Sophie to leisurely lick my pussy. After I've cum three times and I'm cummed out, I have Sophie return to massaging me, telling her to do my legs and bottom while Pizda gets my back. "When I'm done, slave, dismiss this skank, and go to bed." Sophie happily says yes, knowing that by "done" I mean when I'm asleep. I just love to drift off to sleep with sweet hands tenderly massaging me! What girl wouldn't???

## **Part II: Saturday**

## Doggy Style

My Saturday morning starts with a leisurely breakfast served on the back deck by Pizda. As I've come to expect, the food here is excellent. As good as my own, or Sophie's, near-gourmet cooking. Clearly, Nikolai knows how to take care of his guests.

Alexandra's Saturday morning starts at 9:00 am, twelve hours after her nightly walk. I'm sure those were twelve rather uncomfortable hours for her. She spent them in her cage, in the kennel, between Bruno and Vlad. I'm sure she slept some, but likely not much. Concrete is just as cold as it is hard to sleep on. While that might not bother someone from a true slum, like in Mumbai, Alexandra is the kind of woman who's always had a nice bed to sleep in. I'm sure she felt a little humiliated having to sleep on bare concrete. Naked. Without even a sheet. And that's not to mention that she was in a cramped cage. Surrounded by equally caged dogs. Just as if she were a poodle at the pound!

Pizda seems to be the designated dog minder. She's kind of the one Nikolai has to do the odd chores. It seems that Shlyukha is there to be his personal assistant and whore. And Mudak is for taking care of the house in the sluttiest way possible. I'm sure both get their fair share of more invasive use as well. Pizda certainly didn't seem to mind being given to me for whatever I might fancy doing with her.

At 9:00 Pizda goes to the kennel and changes the food and water in all four of the occupied cages. I follow her out, which she seems to expect, to keep an eye on my bitch, not on her. I can see Pizda is very well trained, a slave who has served Nikolai for some time. I can see that Alexandra finally gave in and ate her kibble like a good doggy. Or more likely, like a starving bitch. I hope she liked it. It's all she's getting while she's here. Maybe she can guess that when she sees Pizda refill the bowl. Maybe she's still optimistically hopeful for release from this torment soon.

Her torment hasn't even begun yet! I have this all planned out so that every time that cage door opens, there's a new, and slightly deeper, humiliation awaiting Alex. I'm sure she'll just love her weekend in the

kennel!

I allow Pizda to walk her. This time Pizda starts at the other end of the line of cages, walking Olga, the white bitch, first. Then Vlad. Then Tits get her walk.

Last night I figured she'd pee, as she ended up doing. A girl can only hold herself so long, and by the time she got that nightly walk, it had been several hours since she'd had a chance to. This morning, I figure nature will force a slightly worse humiliation on her. After all, she has been a bitch for 17 hours now, and who knows how long before that since she's seen a people's room!

I know I predicted right the instant I see the look on Alex's face as Pizda walks her out of the kennel and over to the dog walk. Someone cleaned it up between last night and this morning, but unfortunately for Alex, she's the third puppy to get walked this morning. Olga and Vlad weren't nearly as shy about using the yard. Mastiffs just have no shame!

Alexandra is looking around desperately. I'm sure desperate to see the van or any sign that her torment might be soon over. And equally desperate not to see anyone. There's just Sophie and I. Me in my place leaning against the kennel, and Sophie beside me holding my third cup of morning coffee. She keeps looking around desperately. And I notice keeping her thighs close together as she makes the first four laps.

By now she knows she gets five laps, and then back to her cage. This is her last. If she doesn't use the yard now, she might not have another chance for a while. So she picks her place. A place where her back is to everyone so she can look ahead at the trees and pretend no one is seeing this. She squats back, opening her legs wide, just as she did last night. She pees again, another good hard gushing pee.

When her stream finally dies away, Alexandra stays there, squatting back. Pizda waits patiently for Alexandra to get back up before leading her on. Alexandra squats there.



## Doggy Style

After a very long minute, I see the new humiliation for her. And I can say it's a first for me, which is a truly rare thing after my years of playing. I've lost count of how many I've seen do this, both male and female. But I've never been treated to such a direct view of the action. They've always been sitting on a toilet, like a human, when they've done it.

But now I watch in very too-disgusting detail as Alexandra's asshole starts to pucker out and back. Then her ring of muscle slowly loosens up and stretches open. When it's nice and wide, around wide enough to accommodate an average man's cock, I see the dark brown turn start poking out. And I get to see it slowly emerge from her gaping deep-purple ring, until finally, it falls to the grass below her, leaving a little mess stuck to her crack around the muscle.

I can't resist tormenting Alex. I shatter her delusion that no one is going to see her poop in the grass like a dog. I walk the few steps to where she's squatting, reach down and pet her shoulder. I feel her flinch hard as she feels me touch her. "That's my good little bitch, Tits! Yes, you are! That's such a good bitch, go potty in the yard! I'll bet you're even housebroken, aren't you, Tits! You take you little doggy time! We don't want any accidents in your cage, do we, Tits!" She cringes a little more with every word. And she stops. Nothing will make her do anymore while I'm petting her.

Once I stop petting her, she stays where she is. I figured she would. She has to be far fuller than the little mess she's left so far, and if she stops now, she knows she'll just have to repeat this humiliation again on her next walk. So she stays squatting there.

After a minute or so I'm treated to the sight of another turd emerging from between her rounded globes. And I make a close-up video of her and it. A video that shows everything, including the growing "bitch pile" under her. She takes a few minutes but ends up making a decently large pile. About the same as Olga. And she pees

## Doggy Style

again, a little, once she's done.

She still gets nothing to clean herself up. After all, who wipes their dog's bottom for the pup? I don't of anyone! And now, Alexandra is my dog, and she's going to be every bit of a dog. I'll let her enjoy the little extra dash to the morning's humiliation.

Pizda walks her back into the kennel, pausing for me to again tell Alexandra she's been a good bitch. I asked Pizda to pause to give me a chance to glance at Alex. So I can her nipples, which are as hard as rocks as they hang just above the short turf. And I can peek at her pussy. As I figured I would see, I see fur that's soaked with as much honey as pee. And a very glistening wet slit that looks to be ready to start dripping. I only imagine what her clit looks behind those lips, but it doesn't take any imagination to know it's aching for some attention by now.

Pizda walks Alexandra back to her cage.

A couple of hours later it's time for the dogs' training session of the day. It's the time, a couple of times a week, when Pizda takes the dogs out to practice their tricks just in case they should be called on to perform one of them. She tells me this is for their amusement tricks. He has an expert come in to teach them their guard dog tricks and make sure they don't forget them. I assume she means commands like "kill." Then again, these are 200+ pound Bull Mastiffs. What do they really need to know to be guard dogs? I would think 200 pounds of growling, snarling, dog rushing anyone would be plenty of deterrent! It would definitely deter me! I don't even want to imagine the fate of any burglar Nikolai turned those puppies loose on!

She offers to take Olga out first if I want to take Alexandra along with Olga for a "bitch training session." I like the idea. It's perfect for Alex. So she gets Olga out of her cage, and I get Alexandra out of hers, clipping the leash to her collar before more than Alexandra's head manages to emerge from the cage. I hold the leash tight as I walk Alexandra out of the kennel close behind Olga. Close enough that was

## Doggy Style

Alexandra a better bitch she'd be sniffing Olga's butt!

As I'm walking Alexandra out of the kennel, I get another look at her bottom. I can see the evidence that she didn't have toilet paper. I know she must feel it, too, even now dried in her crack. I'm sure that feeling is just heaping a little more on the pile of her humiliations so far, a constant reminder of her morning trip to the bathroom/lawn.

Pizda brings out some dog toys. There's a stick for fetch. There's a couple of huge dog bones, both looking well chewed on. There's a ball. There's a thick rope. There's even a Frisbee with plenty of bite marks on it. In other words, the usual stuff you'd have to play with your pet dog in your yard. I'm sure Alexandra sees them as Pizda sets them out. And I'm sure she imagines the degradation of playing with them.

She still looks around constantly and nervously. Even though only Sophie is to be seen, standing off to the side. I bet she doesn't even think about Sophie holding a phone. Every girl Sophie's age has a phone glued to her hand. Too bad for Alex. Sophie's only using that phone to make a video of this for Alex's shamebook!

We start with a game of fetch. Last time, the only time I had Alexandra be a bitch before, I play a tiny game of fetch with her in my living room. Just enough to teach her the "trick" for future use. I don't remember what I had at hand to use last time. But this time we have a real stick, straight off some tree. Very likely one of the trees on these acres.

Pizda holds the stick up in front of Olga's face. I have Alexandra kneeling beside Olga. I nudge her face around to make her watch Olga. "Olga. Fetch. Share." Olga gives the commands in Russian. She tosses the stick in a high arch. Olga tears off after it, catching it before it hits the ground. She takes her time walking back to us, the stick clamped in her drooling jaws. Obediently, she drops the stick in front of Alexandra's face and takes her place standing excitedly beside Alex.

## Doggy Style

I unclip Alexandra's leash. I pick up the stick and hold it in front of her face. The stick is well covered in Olga's slobber, so I hold it by the end. Then I give Alexandra the same commands, only in English, and toss the stick. Olga eagerly eyes it, her muscles tensed, and ready to pounce. But Olga stays almost in place. Alexandra unhappily starts crawling out to get the stick. She carries it back in her mouth, just as Olga did. And she very happily drops it in front of Olga.

We play on, each dog returning the stick to the other dog for it to be tossed again. It doesn't take long for Olga to start panting hard. But she's being far more energetic than Alex. It takes another toss or two for Alexandra to start showing that she's spending some energy as well.

Next, we play ball. Or rather the dogs do, scrambling to see which dog can get the ball Pizda rolls out. At first, Alexandra isn't very enthusiastic. Then I try swatting her bottom every time she lets Olga win. A good hard swat with my hand. That motivates Alexandra to actually play, and she starts getting the ball once in a while. Olga is most gracious, taking it from Alexandra's mouth only once! I decide to spank Alexandra for letting Olga be bitchier than my bitch. I spank her bottom a few times until my hand starts to sting from it. Alexandra yelps a little. Olga watches, and I think, smirks. Bitch.

Then it's a tug-of-war with the rope. And Frisbee.

Before taking the bitches back in again, we run them through their tricks a few times, like sit (which has Alexandra sitting up like a dog), beg (which has Alexandra kneeling up straight, sitting back on her heels, with her hands in front of her breasts hanging loosely at her wrists), and dead (which has Alexandra lying on her back, with her knees up straight and spread, and her hands held up).

While Alexandra is "dead" I take a moment to sweetly rub her stomach. Pizda does the same for Olga. Olga eats it up. Alexandra not so much so. But it lets me have a great glance at her pussy, which is definitely still sopping wet.

## Doggy Style

And then it's back to their cages while Pizda takes the males out for their playtime.

Then I relax until lunch, catching up on some of my studies while supervising Sophie as she does the same.

After lunch, at 1:00 the dogs get another walking. I suspect by now, despite her obvious embarrassment at it, Alexandra is starting to get used to peeing like a dog with this small audience. Or rather numb to the shame.

Then at 3:00 comes the dog's playtime. This is a little new. All four dogs get out together. Pizda starts by scattering the dog toys around the walk for the dogs to decide themselves who gets what. Then she starts with Bruno and puts a shock collar around his neck. It's like an electric fence. If the dog tries to cross the mulched path, he gets a nice hefty shock from the collar. She walks Bruno out, flipping a switch inside the kennel when she returns to turn the fence on.

I get Alex, next in line, out and buckle the shock collar around her neck too. I don't know if she knows what it is. I'm sure Bruno figured it out the hard way. Alexandra will, too. As I walk her out, Pizda flips the switch to disarm the fence while I walk Alexandra in.

I stay out there with Alex. Pizda brings Vlad, and then Olga, out. The three of them run around and eagerly enjoy their toys. Alexandra less so. She tries to just crawl around with a rubber chicken (apparently not the preferred toy of anyone else) in her mouth.

Bruno doesn't like that. Or maybe he likes Alex. Or maybe Pizda gave him some command I didn't hear. What I do know is that Bruno is all over Alex. He tries sniffing her butt first. With Alexandra still on all fours and trying to crawl. Alexandra screeches loudly as Bruno's wet nose finds her bare bottom. That encourages Bruno. He tries more. He's persistent, too. Finally, Alexandra tires and Bruno gets his sniff before Alexandra can squeal and turn her hips away.

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Bruno nudges her with his head. He licks her. He paws her.

Vlad comes out to join us and immediately decides that he needs his own sniff of Alex's butt. That gives Alexandra two eager dogs to deal with, and on all fours, she doesn't have hands. Plus dogs can walk far faster than she can crawl. The dogs are guaranteed winners. Vlad joins Bruno in nudging her and licking her and generally trying to get her to play like the bitch she is.

Olga must be jealous of Alexandra getting all of Bruno and Vlad's attention. She doesn't bother to sniff Alex's butt. She just comes up and takes that rubber chicken from Alex's mouth. Then Olga shakes her head triumphantly, which also slaps Alexandra in the face with the chicken. I'm sure Olga isn't intelligent enough to have planned it, but it's perfect! I can only imagine how humiliating that was for Alex! Bitch slapped with a rubber chicken by a bitch!

I scold Alexandra for letting Olga best her. Alexandra hurries to pick up Olga's discarded stuffed rabbit with her mouth. Bruno tries to take the rabbit almost as soon as it's in Alexandra's mouth. This time Alexandra hangs on and a tug-of-war starts between Alexandra and Bruno over the rabbit. Bruno wins, he's heavier and in far better shape, but at least Alexandra makes an effort this time! I know Sophie has an excellent video of it, too!

For twenty solid minutes, the dogs won't give Alexandra a moment's peace. They insist on the "new bitch" joining in the canine fun. Nikolai told me that he had the trained like this, to always "welcome" a newcomer to his kennel by insisting she plays with them. Whether it's a two or four-legged bitch he kennels. But seeing it, I realize how well trained those pups are. It's every bit of what I wanted for Alexandra's doggy weekend. Even the dogs are acting just like she's another dog!

Nikolai told me his dogs know another command. "Trakhat'sya." He told me what it means and that he's dogs would happily obey, were it given, which I'm welcome to do as often as I wish. If I wish.

## Doggy Style

I wasn't sure if I would. I was leaning slightly against it, thinking it might be too much. But seeing Bruno and Vlad, and the way they're all over Alex, plus the way Alexandra is cringing so uncomfortably, so shamed, at being a dog, I decide to see what happens. I can always have Pizda give the stop command.

Bruno is the larger, and more eager of the males. " Bruno. Trakhat'sya." I say firmly.

Bruno doesn't hesitate for an instant. He hurries around behind Alexandra and tries to climb on her to mount her from behind. Alexandra screams out a squeal and jumps forward. But she obediently stays on all fours. She tries to turn her hips away from Bruno. It doesn't deter Bruno a bit. He's faster and in a second he's more leaping back up on her from behind. Alexandra screams another squeal and slams her hips from side to side to dislodge him. She tries to hurry forward. Vlad must not like being left out of the fun. He comes at Alexandra from the side. She shirks from the huge dog, which gets her headed towards the side of the kennel.

It takes Bruno about two seconds to jump on Alexandra again. This time he gets up on her back. He immediately clamps his teeth snugly on the base of Alex's neck, right where it meets her shoulders. He doesn't bite her, but he gets a good clamp with his jaws. Alexandra shrieks and freezes, afraid that if she moves and squirms out from under Bruno, he'll clamp those jaws a little more into an actual bite. She's as still as a statue.

Alexandra kneels, still, trembling lightly. I see Bruno's cock jump to attention. Now I know why they call them bull mastiffs. Bruno is hung like a bull! He has got to be 10" long and close to, if not, a full two inches thick. I'm certain it is going to be the largest thing Alexandra has ever felt!

Bruno isn't shy. It looks like he doesn't care much about his bitch either. He shoves himself into her pussy. Alexandra cries out a strained screech but still stays there on her knees. Bruno starts pounding her hard.

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Alexandra screeches. There's a little strain in her voice, enough to tell me that she's stuffed to her limit and getting it hard. But very soon a hot erotic moan overtakes the strain. In a few seconds, Alexandra is moaning as loudly and eagerly as any porn star ever did. Her bottom starts squirming, no longer to get rid of Bruno, but just from the arousal building. Her screeches grow outright slutty.

Bruno pounds away as fast and as hard as he can. And he's pretty excited to get to fuck this tight-pussied bitch. I swear he's grinning the whole time.

Alexandra screeches, any strain gone from her voice, the most urgent moans. She starts shuddering under Bruno. She squirms more urgently. Bruno ignores her and pounds on. He cums quietly, without even a single bark. When he's done, he just lets Alexandra go and hops off of her.

By the frustrated groaning Alexandra makes, I gather Bruno was a little too quick for her. Then again, he was very quick. Two minutes would be overly generous for him. And here I thought men were bad! Dogs! As Bruno walks off to the side, I see the huge gob of his yellowish cum run out of Alex's pussy. I can see just as much of her honey slathered across her bottom and thighs, too.

I don't want to mean to Alex. I'm sure she's frustrated at not quite finishing. I wouldn't want her to suffer. So I tell Vlad to take a turn on her. He doesn't hesitate to jump right up on her. Unlike most human males, he doesn't seem to care that Bruno just got off of her either.

This time Alexandra just stays there, panting hard from the fucking she just got, even as Vlad hops up on her. He clamps his jaw on her neck the same way, and I'm quite happy to see that he's as well hung as Bruno. In a few seconds, Alexandra is screeching away again, this time all sweetness and a burning urgency to climax. Her hips wiggle furiously as Vlad starts thrusting into her with all of his canine power.



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This time it's Alexandra who cums first. And she cums with a loud screeching squeal. Her hips thrust hard enough that they almost manage to dislodge Vlad. He clamps her neck a bit harder and thrusts away. Apparently, he doesn't care if she's done, he's not. Alexandra screams. Sweet screams. Screams that tell everyone that her pussy is quickly getting too-sensitive after her climax, and Vlad is doing too much too-good to it. Now her head is up, her mouth hanging open as she sucks greedy breaths and moans out energetically.

Thankfully for Alex, Vlad doesn't take any longer than Bruno did. And leaves her just as messy when he hops off, licks his lips, and walks off. He leaves Alexandra kneeling there, panting desperately to catch her breath while her pussy runs with his cum. Just walks away and leaves her there. Men! It seems to apply to dogs, too! Pigs!

I clip the leash back on to Alexandra's collar. Alexandra doesn't seem to notice me. I stroke her head, letting my fingers run through her hair. "You are just such a slutty little bitch, aren't you Tits!" I coo to my pet. "Yes, you are such a slutty little bitch! Letting both of those big boys just make you their bitch!" I start walking her back towards the kennel now that Pizda has the fence off. Bruno comes over and butts her butt with his nose. Alexandra barely jumps. She's too busy panting from the unexpected furious fucking she just got. I walk her back to her cage. Pizda refills her water bowl and I lock her in. It gives me a glance of her eyes, wet with shame. I can only guess it's shame from being fucked by a couple of dogs. And more shame from liking it so much! The way she came, she'll never convince me she wasn't loving it.

I disappear while Pizda puts Bruno, Vlad, and Olga back in their cages. As far as I'm concerned those dogs served their purpose. For now Alexandra's sloppy, still dripping, pussy can remind her of her humiliating time "playing" with Bruno and Vlad.

That evening I again have Pizda walk Alexandra while I watch. And Alexandra has no choice but to leave another bitch pile in the yard.

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Nor does she have a choice about letting me glimpse her pussy and the gobs of dried sticky dog cum in her fur and on her thighs. And her slit, already glistening with fresh honey as her dirty bottom is marched back to her cage.

## **Part III: Sunday**

## Doggy Style

Saturday night's cocktail party was interesting. I met a few new Doms, friends of Nikolai, whom I hadn't met before. And this girl loves to network! I find the best toys that way! Plus I get the opportunity to make friends with those who actually understand what it's all about.

It was also tame, but I'd known it would be. It's a get-together, not a play scene. It's Nikolai's version of the coffee-and-gab sessions I have with my Domme friends in Mobile. Nonetheless, every one had his, or her, slave there to attend to his/her whims. Including me. I brought Sophie who was very well behaved. And much prettier than a few of the slaves.

Afterward, being tired, I went to sleep. But I left Sophie with instructions to wake me at 6:00 sharp, and to "think up a very sweet wake up for me."

Sophie outdid herself Sunday morning. When I woke, I had Sophie's tongue on my pussy, tenderly teasing me towards bliss. I had hands on my shoulders, so gently kneading them to relax me for Sophie's tongue. When I opened my eyes, I was looking straight up at the undersides of Mudak's pointy breasts at stiff nipples. And then there were hands on my feet, massaging them very skillfully, thanks to Pizda. I'd thought Sophie might fetch Pizda, knowing Nikolai had offered her to us. I just hadn't thought she'd even think of Mudak, who seems to be available for anything as well. But Sophie loves to go above and beyond to please me. And pleasure me.

It was such a sweet wake up! I would have lain there and drifted half awake if I could have. But it too good for that. I admit, Sophie made me moan like a porn star! As I neared my orgasm and my legs tensed, wanting to clamp on Sophie's head, Pizda's hands skillfully came up and massaged my legs, forcing them to stay relaxed. Leaving me to lie there with nothing to cope with the growing aching urgency in my pussy. I came four times before nothing kept me relaxed and my hips bucked and thrashed so wildly they dislodged Sophie's head from my pussy. That's

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always been her cue to stop. But as soon as I was done, still panting and drifting in bliss, Sophie asked politely to roll me over for a massage. I mumbled permission, and in seconds I was on my stomach with six hands working me over as tenderly as they were eager. I basked in the sweetness.

Then it was a lazy breakfast, served by Pizda, on the desk again. I thank Nikolai for the "loan" of Mudak to my slave this morning, and he grinned "she begged, I'm a sucker for a good begging." We laugh. I can be a sucker for a good begging as well, and Sophie can be utterly shameless in begging for something she wants.

That's when Nikolai tells me that he has a groomer coming this morning for his dogs. An actual groomer, apparently with a very good reputation who does the dogs "on-site" for a lot of the local dog shows. And she has a real dog grooming salon. Before I have the chance to ask if Alex needs to be out of the kennel for it, after all, many people and especially animal lovers, might be offended by a woman in a cage with the dogs, he tells me that his groomer "knows" about his occasional "kennel guests." And she doesn't mind one bit to groom a two-legged pet along with the four-legged ones. Plus she's paid for the morning, regardless of how many dogs she grooms, at her "special rate," which includes keeping her mouth shut about what she grooms. If I feel my bitch could use a good grooming, feel free to get it one.

I consider it. For about one second. It will have to be humiliating for Alex, a number of different ways. Not the least of which will be the groomer being a stranger and a new person to see her like a dog. And treat her like a dog. Plus she could use a good bath after a day in the kennel! Wash some of Bruno and Vlad's mess off of her! I don't see a downside to it! So I accept his offer.

The groomer arrives a few minutes before nine. She's young, maybe in her mid-20s. She cute, with long curly brown hair, pulled back, ample breasts (C-cups?), and a shapely figure. She's also a complete

## Doggy Style

bimbo. But she's very professional when it comes to "her puppies," as she calls them. Today she's wearing a t-shirt advertising her business, Daisy-Duke denim shorts, and sandals. She's wheeling in a very professional looking cart, covered with ads for her business and dog shows she services, full of grooming supplies.

She tells me the usual routine for Nikolai's dogs is that she'll walk the puppy, then bring him or her in for a grooming. Grooming including a full flea bath, haircut and styling, blow-drying, teeth brushing, and a monthly check for worms. Afterward, the puppy goes back to his "house." She asks what I would like for my bitch. I tell her "she's a bitch, give her whatever Olga gets. Just like she is Olga." She asks if I have a hairstyle in mind for my bitch's coat. We settle on it being pulled back into a ponytail, but then styled up like atop a poodle's head. Her suggestion. I like it. I'm sure it will demeaning for Alex, which makes it perfect for Alex.

She starts with Bruno since he's in the first cage. It gives Alex a chance to watch Bruno's hour-long grooming while waiting in her cage with an eager bladder and very reluctant eyes.

It's a few minutes before ten when she gets to Alex. She's great, too. She could be better if she was into D/s! She treats Alex exactly like a dog. She opens the door to her cage and coaxes her out with sweet baby talk until Alex pokes her head out of the cage. Then she clips the lead, a very short stick with a clip on both ends and a handle on one, to Alex's collar. She keeps up the baby-doggy-talk as she marches Alex out to the grass for her morning walk.

The lead she's using gives Alex no room. It's not short as to strain her, but it does force her to stay right at the groomer's side. Which makes her stay very close to Livvie, the groomer, as Alex does her doggy business, something she has no choice about. Nor does Alex have a choice about Livvie telling her what a good doggy she is as she goes in that fake-excited baby-talk voice of hers. And petting her shoulders as

## Doggy Style

Alex is trying to do it. Bruno would love the attention from Livvie. Alex barely endures it.

I watch from a distance, Sophie getting the video of it all, letting Alex wonder who Livvie is and why I've allowed the dog groomer to walk her.

But as Livvie is leading Alex back into the kennel, I'm there. There's no way I'm going to miss Alex's grooming. Nor will Sophie, who follows right behind with my phone to record it. Livvie walks Alex back into the kennel, then guides her around to the ramp. I see the sudden tension in the leash and the collar pulling hard on Alex's neck as Alex tries to crawl back into her cage and Livvie leads her to the grooming table. One little choke from her taunt collar is enough. Alex, looking very unhappily resigned to it, crawls up the ramp.

As I enter the kennel, Livvie introduces herself to me as Nikolai's groomer, pretending we haven't met. It's for Alex to hear. She tells me that she usually comes next weekend, but this month she had to reschedule since the AKC dog show is next weekend and she'll be there doing cocker spaniels and poodles. Which, she says, are very demanding breeds.

I tell her how to groom Tits, and she cackles how adorable she'll look! Then she gets out a bottle of so clearly labeled flea shampoo. Professional grade, too. I see Alex look at it, and seeing the label, wince.

Livvie clips the free end of the lead to the table. It's barely long enough to allow Alex's neck any movement, instead holding her in place. Or at least her top half. She sprays Alex with the cold water, hosing her down and getting her soaked. Then she squirts a bunch of the shampoo into Alex's hair. It lets me get a good whiff of it, and it smells like dog shampoo complete with the strong medicinal aroma of the flea killer.

Livvie starts massaging the shampoo very sweetly into Alex's longish, freely hanging, blond tresses. She baby-talks to Alex while she

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does it. Then she asks me, "what breed is Tits? I haven't seen one quite like it before!"

"Oh, Tits is a Northern Skank," I tell her. "You can tell by the yellow coat..." I point at her blond hair, "but the northern skank has a black fur..." I point at Alex's pussy, "unlike the southern skank which has yellow fur. The breed is kind of rare because skanks, in general, are just so messy!" I point again at Alex's pussy, "they tend to leave their sign just everywhere!"

Livvie can't help but giggle. "I can see! I guess either Bruno or Vlad just so totally adores her!"

"Both!" I say with a wide smirk, "skanks aren't known to be very particular either. You have to really watch them when they're in heat. They will breed with just anything that comes along! It's soo hard to keep them pure-bred!"

Livvie doesn't hesitate to get a big handful of the flea shampoo and go to work scrubbing Alex's bush once she's done with Alex's hair. And once Livvie has Alex's bush all sudsy with the soap, she squirts another liberal line of the soap along Alex's back and starts scrubbing the rest of Alex. She doesn't even flinch at washing Alex's spongy and ample breasts thoroughly, either. She even gets Alex's face and eyebrows. Then she hoses Alex off again.

The cold water makes Alex shiver hard throughout her bath. I'm sure she's grateful when Livvie brings out the blow dryer and dries her off with it. I'll bet it's the first time Alex has ever had her body and bottom dried with a dryer instead of a towel, too. But it leaves her hair and fur very soft and full of body, even if it does smell like flea killer. Apparently, that's considered a plus for dogs. She even pays special attention to Alex's dangling breasts, drying them fully and not shying away from touching them.

Then it's time for Alex's teeth brushing. That's definitely an



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experience for Alex, far more degrading than I'd thought it would be. Livvie uses a dog toothbrush. It's longer than a human one, and it's bristles are different, shaped more like a short V with the pointy end on the handle, the sides coming down around the teeth. And she has some liver-flavored dog toothpaste, which boasts on the tube that dogs of any breed will love it. The look on Alex's face tells me they forgot to test it on a skank. Skanks are a breed with far different tastes than the average dog.

She holds Alex's mouth open gently and firmly as she scrubs her teeth. She pulls Alex's cheeks out and every-which-way to bare her teeth for a better scrubbing, using her fingers. Once she's scrubbed every bit of them, she uses a small sprayer to hose Alex's mouth out, holding Alex's head downward so the water will run from her mouth, and holding Alex's mouth open wide to make sure it does. When it's over, she shows me how sparkly white Alex's teeth are, which lets me see the tears starting to well up in Alex's eyes. I grin. I love the idea of Alex being so humiliated!

I notice the cameras. Or some of them. Nikolai wasn't kidding when he said he cameras to catch everything. There's one in front of the table, filming Alex from the head. There's one at the side, getting a full-on side view of the grooming from the wall and Livvie on Alex's far side. There's one behind the table, getting a full-on view of Alex's butt. And there's one directly overhead aimed down at Alex's back. I doubt Alex has noticed any of them. I make a mental note to have Nikolai send me the home movies!

"Has Tits been de-wormed this month?" Livvie asks me, "in this heat, the worms are just so awful!"

"No, she's due," I answer.

"Oh, well, we'll just get that done while I'm here then!" Livvie sounds almost excited. As I'd asked her to do, and as she'd done with Bruno, she gets out a "worm kit," and lays everything out in front of Alex's head where she can see it. The kit includes a sample collector, a

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long plastic rod with a wide eyelet on its tip, a testing dish, like a Petrie dish for the sample, and two little syringes, both with thin little tubes like coffee swizzle sticks, instead of needles on their tips, that are pre-filled with something. One has a deep blue tinge to it, the other is clear. I know Alex watched Bruno get de-wormed. She eyes that long sample collector very nervously, knowing where it's about to go.

Livvie doesn't flinch at it, either. Maybe Alex isn't as bad to be looking at as a dog's butt. I've never looked at a dog's butt, so I'm not an expert on that. But Livvie very gently, and efficiently, parts Alex's cheeks to bare her tightly clenched dark ring. Alex's obvious unhappiness with this doesn't faze Livvie. She just presses the tip into Alex's bottom, and keeps it moving until about 2/3 of it is inside Alex's bottom, which in my professional opinion has it at the very depths of Alex's bowels. Alex squeals with discomfort as Livvie quickly twirls it around the back of Alex's rectum. Then Livvie pulls it back out. Despite Alex's recent walking, Livvie has gotten a good specimen for her worm check.

I am confident Alex doesn't have worms. Nikolai runs a very clean and healthy kennel, and women of Alex's standing just don't end up with worms. But Livvie doesn't care, she just goes on checking as if Alex was a dog coming for her first grooming. Livvie pronounces Alex to be worm-free, then squeezes Alex's mouth open. Livvie squirts the clear tube of liquid into the back of Alex's mouth, then holds Alex's jaw shut until she feels Alex swallow it. She tells me that's a worm preventative and will keep Alex healthy and worm free until next month. It is, it's not a fake for human-dogs, but she's assured me it's harmless for people and will take care of worms in people, too. They use the same medicine to de-worm dogs as they do people. Judging by the look on Alex's face, it must taste pretty bad. Too bad. A dog needs to be worm free!

Besides, it gave me a good reason to have something stuck up Alex's butt. I know that's uncomfortable for Alex in more ways than just physically, so I would never let a session go by without something invading Alex's backside!

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She does Alex's "claws," which means filing her finger and toenails down smooth.

And now it's time for Alex's new haircut! I've been waiting to see it. Livvie starts by putting a mirror under Alex's pubes so she can see them well. Then she uses clippers to trim Alex's fur, her bush, into a neat triangle, its line straight and crisp on the top and at the creases of her thighs. Livvie trims the fur on Alex's lips to a rounded point even with the top of Alex's lips. She leaves the fur only on Alex's lips, getting any strays hairs that are on anything else. She even gets the crack of Alex's butt for me. Then, once she's trimmed it up with clippers, she uses a straight razor to expertly smooth her skin silky around the fur. And takes her time gently brushing her fur out.

She starts by brushing out Alex's long hair, taking several minutes to get every tangle and knot out of it. Then she pulls it up into a ponytail at the top of Alex's head. Now the clippers come out. She clips off the hairs from Alex's neck, leaving it bare all the way up to the base of her head. She clips off a few unmanageable hairs around Alex's ears, too. And then she smooths that skin with her straight razor, still not leaving a single nick on Alex.

Starting at the rubber band tightly holding Alex's hair at the back of her head, Livvie starts braiding Alex's hair. She pulls the braid as tight as she possibly can. She stops about three inches up, leaving about half of Alex's hair unbraided, and secures the end of the braided part with another tight rubber band. She uses a curling iron to curl the remaining free hair into very small curls, then styles them to hang down, bouncy and free, over the "stick" of the braid standing straight up. It looks almost like a mushroom when she's done. And hairspray holds it in place.

Livvie smiles and asks if I like the look on my "girl." I giggle and tell her I love it! Then I take a picture of it, which I so intend to use to torture Alex.

Livvie unclips the lead from the table and walks Alex back to her

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cage. I watch. A minute later Livvie is walking Vlad out for his walk, and I follow. It's almost time for the barbecue to start! I can see that Nikolai already has the grill going, and smell the sweet hickory smoke coming up as a brisket or two basks in it.

By noon the barbecue is in full swing, not that Alex has a clue. The kennel is set back a bit, and it's fairly well sound-proofed to avoid any complaint of barking dogs. I'm sure she's bored out of her mind, kneeling in her cage, and waiting for her afternoon walk.

Nikolai serves it buffet style, everything is set out except the stuff on one of the grills. He has two going, one with meats and one with the rest, like corn on the cob.

There must be around fifty people here. Maybe 35 of them, which includes Doms, Dommes and their attendant slaves, I've seen before. The others, around 15 people, are clearly "vanilla." none have a slave with them, and all eye the rest of us with some curiosity. I have Sophie in one of her slutty slave outfits, the stretchy all-lace dresses that barely ride atop any of her skin and hide nothing with matching lace boots and fingerless gloves. The tight lace dress on her rounded bottom draws more than a few male eyes. But all of the slaves here, male or female, are dressed similarly in slutty outfits. And collars. And all are always very humble and polite to all and smiling away.

I thought it might turn into two groups, the dominants all huddled together and the vanilla neighbors all sticking to themselves. It really doesn't. Most of his neighbors, or at the ones who came, must have been here before enough to get over their shock at the lifestyle. Now, most are merely curious about it, which has them socializing with the rest of us.

I meet everyone. I make it a point to. I just never know where a new toy or a good business deal might come from. But it's a couple down the block who seems to spend the most time talking to me. Like Nikolai they're middle-aged. I don't ask, but I'd put him around 40 and her around 35. They tell me they live a few houses down.

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He obviously likes Sophie. His eyes constantly checking her out tells me that much. She seems more interested in the lifestyle, curious, but not out of a desire, more just to learn about it. Which is fine with me. We talk for a little while and tell them all about Sophie. She asks mostly about how I take care of Sophie. His questions slowly lean towards a more private area. Before it near the point I'd shut him down, his wife tells him "their bedroom life isn't any of your business!"

She asks what brought me here from Mobile or if I came just for the cookout. I don't hesitate to tell her that I'm spending the weekend here. That Nikolai has so nicely offered me the use of his kennel to better train a new bitch. They both think I mean a four-legged dog, an understandable assumption. She asks if I'm into dogs, and he asks what kind of dog I have. Sophie bursts into a very girly giggling fit.

"Tits is a northern skank," I tell them both with a very straight face.

"Oh my God!" She blurts out with genuine shock and surprise. "You mean... not a real dog?"

Sophie giggles away. She still has so much of that teenager in her! But she is only 19, and just barely at that.

"I guess that depends on how you define a dog, doesn't it? Although I'd say no, not a dog, just a bitch. But she is on all fours, and she is in the kennel with the dogs, and she is getting treated just like Bruno, Vlad and Olga are. I even had her groomed with them this morning! She's been a very good and obedient little pet, too!"

It takes them a minute to get over their surprise. "You mean she's living in the kennels, with those huge dogs?" The wife asks.

"Yes, she is. Think of it as a game. I know when I say games, most people think of something like 'the naughty nurse.' But this is the same thing. She's my pet doggy for the weekend, and she acts just like a dog would. So I treat her just like a dog. For her, it's incredibly arousing to be

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treated like that. Come morning, she'll be insatiable!"

"Is she pretty?" He asks. His wife glares at him. "I mean, I just can't imagine a woman wanting to be a dog, and I'd figure a pretty woman would have so much better options for a relationship."

*Nice save*, I think. "She's pretty enough." I tell him, "in fact, it's time for her afternoon walk now." I point towards the kennels where Pizda is just bringing Olga out for her walk. "She'll be third in the line for her walk. And yes, she gets walked like a dog, too. And no, she doesn't have any other opportunity to relieve herself like a human. She's my dog for the weekend!"

Soon Pizda is bringing Vlad out for his walk, which attracts only a very little attention. Most of the neighbors have seen Vlad plenty of times.

The wife says she's getting another drink. Before she can even start to stand, I tell Sophie to fetch it. A moment later Sophie is on her knees, offering the woman the drink atop her upturned palms. She looks just a hair uneasy at the display but doesn't hesitate to take it and thank Sophie.

I'm already picturing the cringe Alex is going to make as she emerges from the kennel and sees the party in full swing. I don't doubt most of the guests will watch her walked. I doubt Alex will use the lawn this walk unless her bladder gives her no choice. There's no way she'd degrade herself that much further if she has a choice about it, and I'm sure suffering until tonight's walk is a better choice in her mind.

Pizda takes Vlad back in. I decide there's no reason not to, Alex won't mind the extra dash of humiliation. I ask, "would you care to walk Tits?"

She looks surprised. OK, more shocked to the core. But she doesn't look too offended by the request. He stutters for a second before turning to his wife, "what do you think, hon, want to try it? It will make for one heck of a story!" She stutters herself, not giving a clear answer,

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which also means not declining. I stand. He follows me. She follows him, rising as well. Sophie gets the phone out to record everything.

They follow me over to the kennel. We're about five seconds from the kennel, maybe 20 feet when Pizda leads Alex out. Alex is holding her head up to see where she's going. She freezes in place as her eyes catch the audience. The party in full swing, everyone in little groups talking and eating happily from plates of food that to look delicious to her after all those kibbles.

We cross to where Pizda is getting Alex moving again. Alex's head hangs down, staring at the grass and trying not to have to see everyone watching her. I swat Alex's bottom and tell her "you know better than to sniff the ground here, Tits." But her head down makes the poodle top on her head stand straight up. Pizda stops Alex at us.

The wife glares at the naked Alex with her poodle haircut. The husband glares at Alex, his eyes definitely noticing her very nice breasts jiggling under her chest, and her rounded bottom. I'm sure he's noticing the fluffy fur on her pussy mound as well, it stands out behind her thighs enough that it can't be missed.

Pizda offers me the leash, and I take it. I hold the leash out to the couple. "Go ahead, Tits doesn't bite!"

He hesitantly takes the leash. "Just walk her around?"

"Yep. She gets five laps around the grass to do her doggy business, just like Olga and Vlad got. I'd stick to the mulched path, the dogs know to avoid that, and take a leisurely stroll around. Tits will stop when she sniffs out a place appropriate for her."

He takes her leash and starts walking her. Alex looks mortified. But at the first tug of the collar around her neck, she follows the man as he ambles down the path. Now with Alex crawling alongside him, her breasts bouncing under her and her bottom wiggling away. The poodle top on her head is the steadiest part of her!

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Slowly the crowd notices the new dog being walked. And eyes steadily turn her way. By the end of Alex's first lap, almost everyone is watching her humiliating walking. Alex tries to look anywhere but at her audience, but sometimes she doesn't have a choice. After the second lap, He pauses and offers the leash to his wife. She takes over and, with all of her neighbors watching the show, takes Alex for a walk. As I figured, Alex decides to suffer instead of peeing before the audience.

After her five laps, the wife brings Alex back over to me. I take the leash and ask if they'd like to pet her. He looks eager. His wife kneels down beside Alex, lightly strokes her side being careful to avoid anything intimate, and says "you're a good doggy, Tits." Sophie snaps a picture. Then he takes his turn, and his hand roams a bit more, stroking not just her side, but teasing her breasts and bottom as well. He tells her she's a "pretty puppy." And Sophie gets a picture of it.

I can't resist one last show. I ask Pizda, very quietly, to get a stick. She smirks wide and hurries to get it. "Tits is a very good doggy. She even knows some tricks!" I say proudly. I hold the stick in front of Alex's face as I unclip her leash. "Tits, fetch!" I give the command loudly for everyone to hear. I toss the stick and give Alex a little swat on her bottom.

Alex crawls off after it. I didn't throw it too far, and she quickly gets to it. Everyone watches as she leans her head down and picks it up with her teeth. Then she carries it back to me and drops it at my feet. The crowd laughs as it breaks into a round of applause.

"Tits, beg!" I snap. Alex shirks so hard it's visible. She rises up to sit over her heels and holds her hands up flopping in front of her breasts. It lets the crowd see her bush full-on, and I'm sure she knows it.

"Tits, play dead." Alex closes her eyes and obediently puts her hands back to the ground. Once on her hands and knees, she rolls to her back with her "paws" up in the air and her legs apart, letting everyone have a good look at her body.



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I have her get back up to her hands and knees. Then I offer the stick to the couple. He almost grabs it and tosses it for Alex just the way I did. She fetches on command. And repeats for the wife. Which gets another round of applause. And a few comments that I have a very well trained bitch.

I clip the leash back on her collar and have Pizda return her to her cage. I also make sure the couple sees Alex crawling into her cage, and then left there, locked in, as Pizda moves to walk Bruno.

As we walk back to the deck, Sophie hands me the phone. I check quickly to make sure she got proper pictures. She did. You can see all of Alex's nakedness and the person petting her. But Sophie had the camera slightly high and with an angle that shows no details of Alex's face. Just enough of a glimmer of white skin to see there's a face there, but not to make its features out. I ask the couple for a phone number, which he quickly rattles off, and send the pictures. His phone dings almost immediately. "A little souvenir," I tell them. He loves the pictures and sends them along to his wife.

We return to the table and I send Sophie to fetch a round of drinks for us and some grilled fries to nibble. Sophie humbly serves all before joining me. We're not there long before a few come over and compliment me on my bitch. All of them I know as Doms.

By 9:00, when Alex gets her nightly walk, the cookout is over. I'm sure Alex is glad for that, as she leaves quite the mess in the grass. Enough that I know she's been suffering to spare herself at least that humiliation. I know what she's going to be doing next time she's my puppy....

## **Part IV: Monday**

## Doggy Style

I'm up early Monday morning to get Alexandra from the kennel. I'll bet it's not a surprise for Alexandra either. She'd know I'd never keep her here so long as to screw up her business. I'll eagerly cut it close on her, but I'd never keep a toy from its job.

Pizda agrees to help me. Then again, Pizda would agree to whatever I asked, Nikolai has told her to, and she's definitely obedient. Sophie brings the van around to the kennel, and then the three of us enter the kennel. Despite the early hour, Alexandra isn't asleep. She's more lazily kneeling there, clearly bored to death, and clearly still shamed well past death.

Which doesn't mean I can't tease her a little more. I had something very special in mind! And I'm sure Alexandra will just cum to love being my puppy! I leash her as Alexandra crawls eagerly from her kennel.

Instead of leading her towards the door, and I'll bet she assumes the van, which is the way she tries to go, I snap her leash crisply and turn her back towards Bruno. Pizda opens Bruno's cage and he pokes his head just as eagerly. Another crisp snap of the leash gets Alexandra nose-to-nose with Bruno.

I tell him to "kiss his bitch goodbye." He knows the command "kiss." He very happily licks Alex's mouth. Alexandra cringes. Then I tell Alexandra to "give her boyfriend a goodbye kiss!" I quickly give her a firm swat on her bottom to remind her to be a good doggy. She licks Bruno's mouth. Bruno must be mischievous. He seems to anticipate her lick and opens his mouth. As she tries to lick it, he licks her tongue, making a perfect lover's kiss. I pull Alexandra back and Pizda locks Bruno in his cage.

And then Vlad gets his kiss.

When it's Olga's turn, Pizda brings the white-haired bitch all the way out of her cage and orders her to play dead. Olga doesn't question, just rolls over and lies there with her paws shamelessly up.

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"You didn't think I'd let you forget sweet little Olga, did you, Tits! As good of a friend as she's been to you. She taught you so much about being a good little bitch, didn't Olga. Since she didn't get to enjoy you like Bruno and Vlad, you'll give her a very special goodbye." I see Alexandra start to shirk away and stiffen up. Before she has a real chance to consider what I'm saying, I shove her poodle-topped head down, putting her lips right to Olga's doggy pussy.

"Eat Olga's neglected pussy! After all, you stole Bruno and Vlad's cocks from her this weekend!" I swat Alex's bottom hard, using the handle end of the leather leash as a whip. Alexandra makes a little yelp.

Then Alexandra so reluctantly puts her tongue to Olga's pussy. And just as hesitantly licks it. Immediately Alex's face scrunches up tight as she gets her taste of Olga. I don't even wonder what Olga tastes like. It wouldn't matter. It's dog. And Alexandra has to taste it. I whip her other cheek, leaving a little line on it, and tell Alexandra to get busy, Olga deserves a good eating!

Alexandra licks again, a little more eagerly. Then again. And again, slowly but steadily getting over her resistance to it and licking Olga a little nicer. I watch Alex's body, not her face. Her body won't lie to me. I can't see her nipples, her breasts are hanging flat on the floor, but I can see her pussy poking up. And as I watch, I see her honey start weeping from her slit. A good humiliation does it every time for Alex! Like lesbian sex with a dog. I'll bet her mind never even conjured this up. Not even after I gave her to the males yesterday.

Olga starts to squirm around a little. Her mouth hangs open, tongue lolling off to the side as she shamelessly pants. I haven't a clue if bitches can feel this or not. If they like it or not. Maybe it's just the idea of Alexandra paying attention to her that gets her tail wiggling slightly. I tap Alex's bottom and tell her to keep "Eating bitch pussy." Olga looks rather happy as she lies there.

I don't know how long to go on. I play it by ear instead, keeping

## Doggy Style

Alexandra at it until Alexandra has finally grown unreluctant and licks Olga eagerly. I'm about to tell Alexandra she can stop, when I see Olga's back legs suddenly kick! More like she's running on those legs. I guess that's canine squirming! Olga definitely looks happy! At least I think so.

I tell Alexandra to stop. She so gladly lifts her head up. I immediately command Alexandra to play dead, and she rolls onto her back, even as more revulsion floods her face as she guesses what's coming.

Pizda snaps for Olga to "quit being such a whore, bitch, get up and eat pussy!" Olga hops to her feet, and in a few seconds, her nose is buried in Alexandra's offered pussy. Unlike Alex, Olga isn't hesitant. Her tongue is right there, licking along Alexandra's slit, pressing into the slit, and licking across Alexandra's throbbing clit. And Olga licks rather eagerly. Maybe she likes the sweetness of a slutty pussy. Whatever. Nikolai has her very well trained. For Olga's sake, I hope he only gives her to females; a human man just wouldn't have the equipment she has to be used to with Bruno and Vlad around. I'd hate for us humans to disappoint Olga.

It only takes a few seconds for Alexandra to start squirming around. And a few more for it to turn downright funny to watch. Picture Alexandra lying on her back, trying to keep her paws up, and her hips wiggling hard. Just like Olga, Alexandra's mouth hangs wide agape as she sucks fast pants which she exhales with growing sensual moans.

Alexandra squirms harder and harder as the seconds tick off. She grows noisier at the same time. She's no longer able to keep her paws up too well, her arms and legs flopping around as Olga licks away.

Unlike Olga, Alexandra screams out loud as she cums, her hips suddenly squirming furiously. But just like Olga, Alex's "paws" are all over the place as she tries to hold them up as taught while riding through the waves of her orgasm.

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Olga doesn't care any more than the others did. She just keeps licking Alex's pussy as she was told to do. What an obedient bitch! Even as Olga gets tongue-fulls of Alex's honey, she just licks right on.

Alexandra squirms on, shrieking intense and erotic moans. Her hips wiggle fervently, her shoulders squirming just as eagerly as she lies there. Her squirms do nothing to discourage Olga, either. I listen as Alex's cries grow steadily more urgent again.

I let it go on, and in another two minutes, Alexandra screams her way into another hard orgasm. This time her hips snap crisply with their wiggles. And Olga doesn't mind a bit. Olga just keeps on licking Alex's sloppy wet pussy, licking honey away barely as fast as Alexandra weeps it.

As Alexandra lies there, she keeps screaming hot but strained moans. Moans that tell me her pussy is getting very over-sensitive, and that Olga is licking her very effectively on that aching nub. She squirms desperately while trying to behave and keep her paws up. It's all I can do not to laugh at her, and the grins on Sophie and Pizda's face tell me they're enjoying Alexandra's show just as much.

In a few more minutes, maybe three, Alexandra cums a third time. It's her suddenly violently crisp wiggles that tell me that she's came. Not her screeches. Those were as loud and gutturally hungry as they can get minutes ago! I can only imagine how sensitive her pussy must be now. How Olga's not-too-delicate tongue must be killing her nerves even as it arouses them beyond her experience.

I call Olga off, and Alexandra falls spent and limp. Pizda gets Olga, leaving me to focus on Alex. I don't let the bitch have a rest to enjoy her post-coital canine bliss. I grab her leg and pull her hard, rolling her on to her side. Then I whip her bottom hard with the leash and snap for her to get "UP!" It takes three swats of the whip, each searing a red welt onto her cheeks before Alexandra drags her rubbery body up to all fours.

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I nod. Pizda releases Vlad and quietly commands him to mount Alex. Vlad seems happy about it. He jumps right up. Alexandra barely catches herself before falling flat on her face, but she manages to stay up. IN about two seconds, Vlad's huge cock thrusts powerfully into her already over-stimulated pussy.

Alexandra screams. It's not a scream of real pain, but one of unbearable stimulation, so intense it hurts almost as good as it feels. Vlad takes her the only way he knows how: hard, urgent, fast, and strong. He pounds her throbbing pussy with all his canine eagerness to make a little litter of skank puppies.

Alexandra screams, her moans primal and erotic, but also strained hard. As if she's right at the limit of what her pussy can take. Which she likely is, with that huge cock fucking her so hard after three nice orgasms. She doesn't have a hope of stay still for it, even as Vlad does his best to still her with his grip on her neck. She squirms wildly. I'd bet she can't even feel Vlad's grip on her. From his cage, Bruno watches jealously, whining a little as Vlad gets the bitch.

Vlad is quick again. Dogs! As soon as he's done and getting off Alex, Pizda turns Bruno loose. She barely has the command out before the jealous Bruno is mounting Alex. And he doesn't seem to care that Alex's pussy is running with Vlad's cum. Pizda hurries Vlad back into his cage. He lies down, barely even watching as Bruno gets seconds on the bitch.

Bruno pounds just as furiously away at Alex's sloppy and tender pussy. Alexandra screeches and thrashes wildly under him. Her pussy drips as Bruno uses her. It only takes Alexandra another minute. I see it when her hips stop thrashing wildly and instead thrust just as eagerly up against Bruno's huge cock, impaling herself on it. That lasts a few seconds, then Alexandra starts trembling hard as her hips buck away against Bruno. Bruno loves it. He must, he cums almost immediately.

A few seconds later a happy Bruno is climbing off of Alex.

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Alexandra kneels, but barely, her entire body trembling. Her head hangs loose, her mouth open, sucking fast and hard panting breaths. Her pussy runs anew with Bruno's sticky yellow cum.

I don't give Alexandra any peace. I take her by the leash. "Tits, come!" and start making her crawl out of the kennel. She barely moves. She wobbles, even on all fours. And she leaves a trail of drips. I walk her out of the kennel and up the ramps into the van, where she's locked in the smaller cage. The cage that doesn't give her any room to get out of position on her paws. Pizda, Bruno put back in his cage, hurries out to help Sophie with the ramps.

Sophie drives us home. I relax, already planning out my day. Alexandra kneels, her limbs so rubbery that she bounces off the sides of the cage with Sophie's turns. When we get back, Sophie pulls into the alleyway, and I get Alexandra out of the van. I'd timed it so we'd be early enough there'd be a good chance of the alley being empty, and it is. As is the freight elevator up to my floor.

And mercifully for Alex, so is the hallway. By the time she's crawling naked and leashed down the hallway, the cum has dried to a stick coat covering all of her pussy and parts of her thighs and bottom. And with the yellow tint to it, it's very apparent to anyone who sees it. How slutty!

Inside the apartment, I leave Alexandra on her hands and knees just inside the door. I return for her in a minute and take the leash off of her. For the first time since Friday evening, I allow Alexandra up onto her feet, like a human! As she gets up, her legs are unsteady. Then again, her eyes are still dreamy, too, so it might not be from spending so long crawling.

I take her to the bathroom. There I allow her to use the toilet, like a human, but also with me closely watching her. Then I supervise her shower, making sure she washes herself completely with Sophie's cosmetics. In the shower, she finally gets to take the poodle top out of her



## Doggy Style

hair, too. Then I have her brush her teeth and put some makeup on, again using Sophie's makeup, not her own.

It takes about an hour to get Alexandra fully deskanked after her weekend. When I do, I take her back to the waiting spot, the blank place on the wall, and stand her there. I ignore her, leaving her waiting.

In about a minute Sophie is out to serve me a cup of much-needed coffee. About ten minutes later, she brings Alex's clothes out, straight from the dryer, neatly folded and perfumed.

I have Sophie get Alexandra dressed, and kick her out. It's around 8:30 when Alexandra leaves, giving her just enough time to get to work in the clothes she wore Friday. But looking and smelling nice! You'd never guess she just had a bi-sexual gang bang with three dogs!

I wait until 11:10 am. I picked the odd time because I know she has an appointment to show a house at 11:00 and I want her to be right in the middle of that. Then I text her a 30-second video clip of her screeching like a whore while Bruno fucks her. Hopefully, she's smart enough to have the volume off when she checks her messages.

That night I get Alex's email, telling me how this was the most humiliating experience of her life, and she was degraded far beneath a level she even imagined possible. And her pussy is still well sated. Oh, and that video trick was downright cruel! Reminding her of her humiliation while she was with a client!

Yep, she loved it. In a few more weeks, she'll be back and I'll some new humiliation for her to suffer through.