

Buster's New Mates

By: Victoria Brynn

~ ~ ~

Buster's New Mates

By Victoria Brynn

This story is Copyright© 2014 by **Victoria Brynn**. All rights reserved.

Buster's New Mates is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

Chapter 1

Breeding Brenda

~ ~ ~

And so wraps up the second worst trip of my life, I thought as I pulled into my driveway after a long drive from the airport. The absolute worst trip happened when I was twelve. I had begged my parents since the age of about five to take me to Disney World and for my twelfth birthday they finally relented and we took a two week family vacation that became known as the weeks of hell. Dad's motorhome breaking down twice on the way down should have been a sign of things to come, but any mention of turning back resulted in me going into a fit until I got my way. Oh...what little I knew back then.

We arrived at the hotel late in the evening and instead of ordering room service, dad wanted to go out for dinner. Cue two cases of food poisoning and a trip to the local hospital to have our stomachs pumped. Except they don't really pump stomachs anymore. No, now they give you something called ipecac. For those of you unfortunate enough to have never sampled the exquisite taste of ipecac – imagine if you will a fish that has been left to rot in the heat of the desert sun for about three days, stuffed with feces, and then marinated overnight in raw sewage. That delightful dish doesn't even come close to describing the taste of ipecac. Suffice it to say, dad and I were sick for three days while mom played nurse and maid.

But the fun didn't end there. Oh no, when the Yates do something, we go all out for it. As dad and I recovered from food poisoning, mom took it upon herself to prolong the amazing time we were all having by catching some sort of bug that had her bedridden for five days. While we could all hear the laughter and music from beyond the hotel, we were stuck inside for the first eight days of our planned ten days at Disney World. I vowed then that I would never again go on a family vacation. And to this day I haven't.

And that brings me to worst trip number two. If there's one thing worse than a bad family vacation it's a bad business trip. It started on a six hour plane trip where I was sat next to a woman whose voice was so squeaky high that it made Fran Drescher sound like Barry White. And she talked, and talked, and talked. The more I tried to ignore her the more intent she was on talking to the point, I confess, that I was envisioning ways to silence her for good.

I work for an advertising firm that makes in excess of one hundred million dollars profit per year so you'd think they could spring for a descent hotel room for their employees on these mandatory business trips. But no, instead of the Ritz, or even the Marriott, we were put up in a bug infested motel an hour's drive from where our function was to be held.

I could go on for hours about all the things that went horribly wrong, but I think you all get the picture. I was home now and I vowed to never again take a business trip. As I pulled into the driveway I noticed the living room light on. No surprise there. I asked my friend Kate to watch the place for me and told her to leave a light on at all times to make it look like someone was home.

I opened the front door and was almost bowled over by Buster – my three year old black lab. "What are you doing home, Buster?" I asked as I rubbed his head and sides. He was supposed to be at Kate's until tomorrow, but I was glad to see him none the less. I showered him with attention and then decided that I needed a shower myself.

∞ ∞ ∞

I saw there were six missed messages on the answering machine and decided to check them after my shower and a decent meal. I walked down the short hallway leading from the living room to the rest of the house on my way to my bedroom. Buster followed on my heels as if afraid I was going to leave him again. He followed me into the bedroom and plopped down next to the bed as I stripped out of my business suit, bra, and panties.

Despite being tired, I was feeling incredibly horny. I chalked it up to spending two weeks without sex of any kind and now that I was home and butt naked I was really feeling the need to relieve some of the pent up frustration. I opened the closet door and moved three small boxes and opened a fourth. Inside was another smaller box containing all of my toys. I bent down to rummage through the box when I felt a fat, slightly rough tongue swipe along my exposed slit. "WHAT THE FUCK!" I shrieked, turning back to see Buster standing behind me, his tongue poised to attack again. He shoved his nose into my pussy and started sniffing profusely as I stared at him in stunned silence. In the three years I've had him, he'd never done anything like this before and I was at a complete loss.

Buster took my inaction as permission to go into action and his fat tongue licked me again from clit to asshole. I finally came to my senses and pushed him away. He sauntered over to the bed and plopped down once again, never taking his big brown eyes off of me as I went back to searching for what toy struck me as needing used.

I pushed the massive purple Kink Kong dildo Kate got me last year as a gag gift to the side and grabbed my Icicle – an eight inch blue and clear glass wonder that tickled my g-spot with every thrust. And the raised blue nubs made for an even more amazing time. I was already moist so I didn't bother with any lube. I rarely used it anyways outside of anal play and I wasn't in the mood for that right now.

Not wanting to mess the bed and worry about finding clean sheets, I got down on the floor in my favorite position – head down, ass up, and rubbed the head of the dildo along my slit before slowly easing it in. "Ahhhh fuck," I moaned as the raised blue nubs hit my slit and pushed deeper. Sadly this was the only dick I had been getting for months now, but at least it was enough to satisfy me in the short term.

I spread my legs wider apart so I could slam the dildo in deeper, shoving the toy in so hard and fast my hand banged against my engorged clit and the juices started flowing even more. All of my concentration was on bringing myself to orgasm so I wasn't paying Buster and mind. However, he was watching me intently and when a series of small orgasms hit, he moved from his spot next to the bed and disappeared. I only assumed he left the room, but oh was I wrong.

I pulled the dildo from my pussy to lick it as I love to do while orgasming and I felt a weight land heavily on my back and something dig into my hips. I felt the cock jabbing at me in an attempt to gain purchase and wiggled my ass to get away.

"NO BUSTER!" I screeched. "Get off of me! BAD! Bad Buster!" I said while still trying to dislodge him from my back. Thanks to my wiggling behind he wasn't able to penetrate me, but I knew that's what he wanted. And deep down I wish he were a man with that kind of power and energy. In my attempt to make him dismount I pushed back at him. That, apparently, was the wrong move.

I pushed back as my ass wiggled a little to the right. His constant humping, determined to line up, hit the spot and everything froze as his cock plowed into me. He gave several really fast, short thrusts to test the waters so to speak and then dug his claws into my hips and sides as he fucked me full force. His cock, long and thin going in, grew quickly inside of me as he took me for a bitch in heat. And I suppose with the smell of sex permeating the air that's what I was.

All sense left my head as he jackhammered into me like nothing I've ever felt before. With every thrust forward he used his paws to pull me back so that I was taking all of him. "OH GOD BUSTER!" I half protested, half moaned. "Stop...stop fucking me you silly dog! What in the hells gotten...into you?" I was finding it hard to concentrate with his ever expanding cock now pressing firmly against my g-spot and the tip hitting my cervix.

The feelings of humiliation and disgust were slowly replaced with pleasure as he sort of rested on my back while making short, quick thrust into me, making sure his cock never pulled out. Not that it could. It felt as if I had a baseball shoved in me and I started to worry that something was wrong with him.

I suppose a multitude of factors went into my quick acceptance of Buster's cock, but first and foremost was the fact it was the first real cock I'd felt in months and it was AMAZING! I mean...REALLY...FUCKING...AMAZING! I've never felt anything like it in my life. I've been screwed by my fair share of men, but none even came close to giving me the orgasms Buster was at that moment. And no human cock ever rubbed my g-spot like Buster's cock either.

The second contributing factor to my descent into puppy love I blamed on all of my pent up sexual frustrations that seemed to melt away at Buster's skillful ministrations. But I had to wonder where he learned to do this. He had seen me naked a million times in the three years we've been together and not once had he even so much as put his nose near my crotch. And now, out of the blue he mounts me like a skilled lover and takes me as his own.

"Kate," I moaned as I felt the first blasts of doggy sperm painting the walls of my pussy. "It has to be Kate. Did Kate teach you to do this, Buster?" I moaned.

"Arf," Buster barked as if in response to my question. It wasn't foolproof confirmation, but I had to admit the timing of his bark was very well timed.

As he continued to fill be to overflowing with his semen, buster tried to pull his cock out of me and I quickly realized we were stuck together. He had swollen up so much that he was now unable to pull free. And yet he yanked nonetheless. I tried to prevent him from moving as it was causing me no small amount of discomfort, but he was getting agitated. "AHGH!" I wailed as he popped free from my clenching pussy. A torrent of his and my fluids gushed out of me like a waterfall, running down my legs to the carpeted floor below. I instinctively clapped a hand over my pussy and turned to scold Buster for hurting me.

And then I saw it. For the first time in my life I saw a dog's cock fully erect in all its bizarre glory. It was unlike anything I had ever seen before and my jaw dropped at the sight of it. Long, with a pointed tip, it grew thicker by the inch then tapered a bit before ending in a huge bulge easily the size of a tennis ball, if not larger. There was a few more inches of shaft beyond that bulge, and then it disappeared into his furry sheath.

"No wonder you were having trouble pulling out!" I gasped. "That fucking thing is huge!" And I knew in that moment that I would let him fuck me with it again and again. I knew as sure as my name is Brenda Yates that I was his bitch ripe for the taking anytime he desired me. *The damage was done*, I rationalized my behavior in my newly perverted mind. *He fucked me of his own accord and I loved it, so why the hell not let him do it again?*

"Good boy, Buster," I purred as I rubbed his head and sides as he attempted to lick himself clean. "You're such a good boy aren't you? You want to fuck me again? You want to mount me like a good little bitch?" I said slowly transitioning into that annoying voice adults use while talking to their pets. And I was ready for it again. Talking to him in such a manner, offering myself to him so freely, was getting the juices flowing anew and I made a mental note to find out the truth from Kate.