

K9 Slave: Dominating Dori

Crimson Rose

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Entering the lobby of the Emerson Animal Clinic, I approached the counter where a pixie-haired blonde sat looking up at the clock as if she could not wait for that minute hand to hit twelve. “Hi, I’m...”

“Sorry, we’re closing in three minutes,” the woman cut me off. “Whatever’s wrong with your pet, it’ll have to wait until tomorrow.”

“Excuse me? First of all, I’m not bringing my pet in and with that attitude I’m glad for it. Second, I was going to ask for Halie because I’m starting work here tonight, but if you’re any indication of the type of place this is I want no...” A back door opened and a slender brunette wearing a knee-length black skirt – her blouse covered by the white lab coat she wore, stepped out.

“Hey Kelly, make sure you...oh, hey there. I’m really sorry but we’re not open all night tonight. We’re having some work done so we had to close early.”

“My name is Dori and I’m supposed to be starting tonight. But your receptionist’s attitude has me second-guessing that decision.”

“What have you done this time, Kelly? How many times do I have to tell you to keep the rude, condescending bullshit at the door? Please accept my apologies. The closer it gets to the end of her shift, the antsier she gets.” Turning her attention back to the receptionist, she scowled. “This is the fourth complaint this week regarding your attitude. One more and you’re fired.”

Face turning red at the rebuke, Kelly rolled her chair back, got to her feet and walked out the front door purse in hand – not bothering to lock it behind her.

“I really am sorry about her. Anyways, I’m Doctor Halie Emerson and the job is still yours if you want it.”

“Yeah, I need it so I’ll take it. What sort of clinic is this anyways? Were those horses I saw out back?”

“It’s more of an animal rescue farm, but we do have an on-site veterinary hospital which is what you’re in now.”

“Emerson? Does that mean...”

“My grandparents founded the place back in the forties, my parents took over in the seventies and I’m the third generation alongside my sister Felicity and brother Dwight. But I’m more than just one-third owner. I’m also a veterinarian and I work here fifty hours a week. Now that that’s all out of the way, are you squeamish at all?”

“Not really, but I’m not a vet or anything so I don’t think you want me operating on the animals.”

“No, no nothing like that. But there is one department we desperately need help in and it’s the first place we’re going. If you can handle this particular job I’ll not only be forever grateful, but I’ll double your salary on the spot.”

“Really?”

“Absolutely.”

“Not to sound skeptical or anything, but can I get that in writing?”

“Sure, right after you see what the job is. Like many others you might just decide it’s not what you’re looking to spend forty hours a week doing.”

“For seventy grand a year I don’t think I’ll be complaining much.”

“We’ll see.”

“So, why a veterinary hospital?” Halie asked as she led me through the door she emerged from only moments before. Going down a long beige hall, we turned left, went thirty or so feet and went right. At the end of a short corridor she opened a door and motioned me in.

The room was massive with dog cages lining the left, right and back walls, tables and some sort of benches in the center and cabinets and a sink along the same wall we entered. There was a normal-sized door in the right wall and a set of tall double doors in the back.

“Seems fine so far.”

“That’s because none of the animals are here yet.” Walking over to a phone hanging on the wall to our left, she picked it up, dialed a three digit number and after a moment started talking. “Hi, Brenda, this is Doctor Emerson. Would you please bring Duke to the collection room for me? Thank you.” Hanging up, she gave me a smile. “In a few minutes we’ll see just how not squeamish you are.”

“Collection room? What do you collect in here?”

“Semen.”

“Ummm...”

“Sure you’ve got the stomach for this kind of work, Dori?”

“How exactly do you collect semen?”

“Manually. And tonight you’ll be trying your hand at it, pun definitely intended.”

“Wait, you want me to jerk a dog off?”

“Not in any sexual sort of way, unless you’re into that sort of thing,” she said giving me a wink. “But manual stimulation is the best method for collecting our samples.”

“Is this really the job you want me to do here or is this some sort of messed up hazing ritual?”

“I can assure you this is the job we most need you for. Give it a try and like I said, I’ll double your salary to seventy grand a year. If it’s not something you think you can do for the entirety of your shift then we’ll place you elsewhere at the normal rate. Sound fair?”

“Sounds gross. Do you do it?”

“I have. Not to boast or anything, but I’m the best vet this place has right now so my time as a collector is limited. That being said, if you take the job you’ll be working alongside my sister Felicity as she’s the only collector we have at the moment.”

The door to the right opened and a petite brunette wearing scrubs entered leading a mastiff. The two of them walked over to us and the dog immediately started sniffing at me. And not just my hands. His nose went under my skirt and I jumped back just as it touched my panties.

“I think he likes you,” Halie slimed. “I’ll leave you with Brenda. She’ll show you the best methods and what it is you’ll need to collect for the purest sample. If you think you can do it she’ll get you set up with a few dogs and I’ll take care of the paperwork. Good luck.”

“First things first,” Brenda said to me. “Go to the sink and wash your hands. When you’re done, bring over some wet paper towels and dry ones so that we can clean his sheath before we begin.”

Trembling, my mind incapable of comprehending why I was still in the room, I went to the sink, thoroughly washed my hands and brought back the requested paper towels. Holding them out for her to take, she smiled and shook her head at me and I knew before the words ever left her lips what she was going to say next.

“Go ahead and kneel and I’ll instruct you on the best method of cleaning him.”

“Me? I thought you were going to do it?”

“What’s the point? I already know how. You, on the other hand need to learn if you’re going to spend the next eight hours doing it. Now kneel and let me guide you or tell me now that you can’t handle it so we can stop wasting time.” As my knees unlocked and I dropped to my knees on the floor, her smile broadened. “Good. This part is crucial. You’ll want to clean his entire sheath to make sure there’s no discharge present. Be gentle. If you squeeze too tight he’ll let you know with a growl. When you’re done pat him dry and we’ll move on to step number two.”

I looked at the furry sheath hanging between his legs and my heart skipped a beat. “You can do this, Dori,” I said mostly to myself, but that did not stop Brenda from replying.

“Yes, yes you can. I know it seems like a fucked up, taboo thing to do, but believe me, there are more men and women out there collecting animal semen than most people realize. That’s it,” she said as the paper towel in my right hand touched his sheath. “Make sure to clean it thoroughly and try not to stroke back and forth at this stage or his dick will pop out before you’re finished.”

Repeating her words in my head that I was far from the first woman to ever collect semen from an animal, I spent about a minute washing Duke’s sheath and then drying it off. And while his entire red rocket was not showing yet, the tip was and it made my entire body flush hot as the sun to know I was the cause of it.

“Okay, now this is the very important part. You’ll want to strip out of your clothing. All of it. I’d suggest putting them on one of the table far from the action unless you want them covered in pre-cum.”

“Really?”

“Really. If you don’t believe me then by all means remained dressed, but don’t come complaining to me afterwards.”

“If that’s the case then why aren’t you taking your clothes off?”

“I’m not going to be the one jerking him off. While you’re undressing I’ll explain what’s going to happen and what you need to look for. Obviously his dick is going to get huge. Duke here is a mastiff and they have some of the biggest dicks of the canine kingdom. While you’re jerking him off make damn sure to keep your nails away from his cock. And for the future you’ll want to keep them trimmed completely to minimize the risk of injuring him. He’s going to shoot a lot of pre-cum. And I do mean a *lot*. But pay attention. When it turns milky that’s when you want to start collecting as that’s his semen. With me so far?”

“Yeah,” I nervously answered as I shimmied out of my skirt and placed it on a table with my blouse. Unhooking my bra, the straps sliding down my arms I saw her staring and stopped.

“Don’t stop on my account. Anyways, while he’s cumming you’ll want to hold his dick around the knot to simulate a tie. If you don’t he’ll get all confused and try dismounting. In this case, dismounting meaning he’ll stop fucking your hand.”

“Knot? Tie?”

“Best way to learn is to experience it first-hand. Now that you’re naked, first let me say you are incredibly sexy, and second, get on all fours and crawl over to him as if you were a bitch in heat. It’ll help him relax and get in the mood. That’s it. Now crawl over to him. When you are next to him brush against his side as if to greet him. Rub and push against him.”

I have no idea why I was listening to anything she was saying, but never the less I crawled over to the huge animal and pressed against his left side. He nudged me back and nudged him. For a few moments it was nudging match and then he started walking around me. At a caution from Brenda not to make any sudden moves, I remained as still as possible even

when his cold wet nose touched my pussy and ass. He was so much bigger than me kneeling that he did not so much mount me as walk right over me. Again I remained motionless. That is until I felt the tip of his cock jabbing around in an attempt to penetrate me. As it found its mark I jerked forward and looked back at Brenda, eyes wide as dinner plates.

“What the fucking fuck? He just tried fucking me!”

“That’s the point, Dori. You wanted to know what the knot and tie was and this is the best way to learn. Besides, think of it this way: if you can let him mount and fuck you, you’ll have no problems collecting their semen.”

“But I don’t want...UHN!” I grunted as his dick once again found a hole. Unfortunately, this time it was my asshole and as I pulled away to prevent more of it going in, he lurched forward and slammed into my pussy. “Uhn...uhn...h-holy fuck! He...he’s...”

“I’d say he’s fucking you,” Brenda giggled. “Make sure to push back to take the whole thing. You’ve got to take his knot to understand how amazing it is. I can see you’re about to pull off of his cock and I think that’s unwise. The damage is done, sweetie. No matter what you do you’ll forever be a dog fucker so you might as well let him continue and take the higher paying job. And just between you and me, this is one of the best perks that come with it.”

I felt his cock going deeper, growing longer and thicker with every hard, fast thrust of his hindquarters and my mind was reeling with disgust even as my pussy dripped with excitement. She was right. I did want to pull off of his cock. And she was right that no matter what I did to hide the fact, I would forever be a dog fucker even if I got up and went home that very moment.

The damage is done. Let him finish and you’ll make seventy grand a year, I thought as I pushed back onto him. I felt a much larger section of his cock slamming in and out and then it went in and stayed. Filling me completely, it pressed against my g-spot and that’s all she wrote. Lowering my head to the floor I writhed and moaned – his huge cock stuck tight in me.

“Congratulations and welcome to the family. So, did you feel that huge bulge going in?”

“Mm hmm.”

“That’s the knot. It’s designed to lock, or tie as it is commonly called, the male’s cock in the bitch’s pussy to maximize fertilization. Don’t worry, he can’t get you pregnant, but the knot brings no end to the pleasure as I’m certain you’re experiencing first-hand.”

“Uuhhnnn. H-How big is he going to get? It feels like he’s about to hit the back of my throat. And his...knot...is really starting to hurt.”

“He’ll be stuck a good ten or fifteen minutes. In the meantime I’ll go get the rest of the dogs that need their semen collected tonight and you can get started. Assuming you’re taking the job, that is.”

“I think it’s a little late to back out now.”

“That’s the spirit. So, how are you feeling?”

“Well-fucked and nowhere near as humiliated and devastated as I probably should. I don’t know if that’s a good or bad thing.”

“Maybe a little of both. I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“I thought Doctor Emerson said her sister was the only collector they had?”

“Full time, yes, but she won’t be here for another hour so it falls to me to show you the ropes. Oh, and no sudden moves or he may get scared and try yanking his knot out while fully swollen and that won’t feel very good for either of you. Just relax and let his knot get you off and I’ll be back.”

Un-fucking-believable! What in the holy hell was I thinking? I mentally berated myself while alone with a dog’s cock stuffed and stuck in my pussy. *Sure, you need a job, but resorting*

to sex with dogs to ensure one? What kind of sick fucking pervert am I? And now that I lied and said I wasn't humiliated they're probably going to expect me to do it all the damn time! Sensing my unease, Duke started shifting his weight around, driving his knot a little deeper – the tip of his tapered cockhead pressing hard against my cervix as he continued cumming inside of me. The sound of a door opening distracted me. Looking to my right, I saw Halie entering – her lips formed into a huge grin.

“I’m so happy you’ve decided to let Duke mount you, Dori. I saw the entire thing from my office and couldn’t be prouder of you. I’m going to make you a one-time offer. You now have three choices. One, you can take the normal job as offered. Two, you can take the collection position and make double the money. And third, you can take the collection position with mating and make one fifty a year. Before you answer, know that you will be required to let at least three dogs mate you three nights a week and three horses the other two.”

“H-Horses?”

“Trust me, there’s a reason I asked Brenda to bring Duke in. His cock is massive and his knot is bigger than my fist. You can easily handle a horse now. So, what’ll it be? One, two or three?”

“Does anyone else here get fucked like this?”

“I can’t discuss the job details of the other employees. This is a decision you must make for yourself.”

“Why would you pay me so much to have sex with animals?”

“Because as part of the contract you’ll have to sign we’ll sell the videos on the internet.”

“WHOA! What? You’re filming this? Going to sell it?”

“Everything that takes place in the collection rooms is recorded, but this will not be sold unless you agree to the mating clause.”

Suddenly, a hundred and fifty grand a year did not sound like much money for doing bestiality porn and in my stupidity words came out that I did not intend. “Make it three hundred and you have a deal.”

“Deal. I’ll draw up the paperwork and in the meantime, know that everything you do tonight – and by everything I mean getting fucked by as many dogs as possible for the next eight hours, will be recorded and streamed live to the internet. Welcome to the Emerson Rescue Farm.”

“Thanks, I think.”

“No, thank you, Dori. We’ve been trying to fill this position for months and you’re the first to make it this far. Now I have to ask, how are you feeling after taking your first dog? He is, your first, right?”

“Yes, he is definitely my first. And honestly, I don’t think the full weight of what I’ve done has hit me yet and I hope it never does. Um, Brenda said she was bringing me as many dogs as I can fuck in eight hours. I thought I only had to do three a night?”

“I think for tonight we’ll get you acclimated to breeding life here at the farm as you’ll be doing a whole lot more than just letting dogs fuck you. I’ll let her know she should give you the full treatment.”

“Full treatment? What does that mean?”

“You’ll see. And thank you again, Dori, you’re a life saver.”