

Dream Girl 2

Crimson Rose

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I had been living in the small Nevada town of Spring Creek for about six months and working at the Dreamers Brother just as long when my life took another unexpected turn. Thanks to the generosity of my first and up until two months ago only client Kyle who paid me a very large sum of money to impregnate and train me as his sex slave I was able to buy a house, pay for college which I would be starting soon and have a nice cushion for when I had to take time off when I gave birth in about seven months.

In my short time in the small town I had made a few friends – mostly other prostitutes working at the brothel which seemed to be the job of choice for the eighteen to forty year old women, and only one real enemy. My neighbor Simon is a seventy-nine year old pervert in every sense of the word. Frequenting the brothel on a nightly basis he liked to bring women home to play with him and his four-legged friends. Most of us refused outright and I did everything in my power to get him arrested, or at the very least have the dogs removed from his possession, but he held a lot of clout and for reasons I could not figure out no one wanted to cross him.

My other neighbors are a married couple named Emily and Derrick. Like me, she worked at Dreamers while he owned one of the most popular bars in town. Unlike me, however, she had been to Simon's home. And while she may have claimed not to have liked what she did there, she had been back no fewer than nine times in the last two months. The last time being three days ago when I saw her butt naked cutting across my back yard – her inner thighs wet with what I could only assume was canine semen. It always gave me the willies to think about suck a young and beautiful woman engaging in such perversions, but she was an adult capable of making her own decisions and if that was what she wanted to do with her time then who was I to argue?

It was Sunday. I was lying naked in the back yard soaking up the mid-morning sun half asleep from being so relaxed when I heard a commotion that made me growl in frustration and sit up to take a look around. Turning, I saw Emily once again cutting through my yard in the buff only this time she had company in the form of a doberman, husky and Saint Bernard. She looked down at me and then changed course. The next thing I know she's on her knees in front of me panting.

"Oh god, April, you've got to help me!"

"What in the hell's going on? Why are you being chased by dogs?" No sooner were the words out of my mouth then the husky skidded to a stop and jumped on her from behind – his front paws landing on her shoulders. As she fell forward he slid back and I watched in mouth-gaped shock as the beast humped wildly. "Jesus fucking Christ! You are not going to have sex with a damn dog in my back yard."

"I can't help it. Oh god, April, I've been at it for nearly four hours. Please, I can't take anymore."

"Then get up and put some..."

"Uuhhnnn! Oh god! H-He's in me," she grunted.

My eyes went along their bodies and I saw his hindquarters rapidly hunching. I wanted to throw up, but nothing would come out. The Saint Bernard and doberman moved closer and started sniffing at me. I shoved them away, but that only seemed to make them think I was playing and they came back for more. "Get the hell away from me you stupid fucking animals!"

"Uhn...uhn...p-please help me," Emily panted. "Get...uhn...please get him off of me."

"How do you expect me to do that?" I asked, my knowledge of such things limited at best.

“Get on all fours behind me. Tell me if you see his knot.”

“His what?”

“Just get behind me and I’ll explain.”

Not thinking straight, I crawled behind my neighbor and watched as the dog’s cock slammed in and out of her pussy in hard, fast thrusts. “That is so fucking gross.”

“D-D-Do you see the big bulge at the base of his cock?”

“Yes.”

“I need you to grab it to keep it from going in again. I feel him getting bigger, April. If he goes in again he’ll get stuck!”

“There’s no way in hell I’m...Uhnmph!” I choked as a weight landed on my back. Freaking out, I froze. The doberman started humping. His cock jabbed all over the place and I paused long enough to breathe a sigh of relief that he didn’t get it in. That moment of stillness was all he needed, however, and the next thing I knew I was being fucked like a jackhammer. I pushed back in an attempt to make him dismount, but that only served to drive him deeper as he continued growing larger and larger by the thrust. “Uhn...uhn...uhn...o-oh my fucking god! H-How do I make him stop?”

“You don’t,” I heard Simon say from behind. “Glad you finally decided to join the ranks of the lucky bitches that have been taken by my studs.”

“FUCK YOU! Get him off of me right god damn now or so help me I’ll...uuuhhnnnn!” mid-sentence the dog’s knot glanced off my g-spot sending me into one hell of an intense orgasm I had no control or power to stop. My moans startled him and his front paws dug deep into my back and sides as he struggled to maintain the mount. After a few moments of scratching the hell out of me, he hopped down, but his cock remained firmly locked in my pussy. His movements caused several more orgasms and then we were ass to ass. I tried pulling away from him. Seeing movement from my right, I looked up to see Simon pointing his cell phone at me and I knew he was recording the degrading act.

“I hope you like it as much as all those orgasms indicate because you’re going to be a bitch for my dogs from now on.”

“Go to hell!” Burying my face in my folded arms, I cried and orgasmed some more.

The sex itself might have been over in a matter of minutes, but the doberman remained locked in my pussy for nearly a half hour before shrinking enough for him to pull out. Semen poured out of me and I scrambled to my feet before the Saint Bernard had a chance to make his move, but my humiliation was far from over.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Simon asked. “You’re done with Harley, but unless you want me to show this movie all over town you’ll get on all fours and let Thor make you his bitch.”

“You’re a dog fucker now so you might as well get used to the idea,” Emily said as the husky licked her clean.

“I am not a god damn dog fucker!”

“He recorded you doing it, April, and he won’t hesitate to show the entire world. Besides, you had at least seven or eight orgasms so you can’t tell me it was all bad.”

“Only because that knot thing kept hitting my g-spot. I couldn’t help it.” Looking from the dogs to my neighbors, I weighed my options and acted accordingly. Confident I could outrun a seventy-nine year old man, I blitzed. Snatching the phone from his hand, I did not stop until I was in the house. He gave chase and made it further than expected, but the door was locked before he was halfway across the yard. I glared at him as he walked up to the glass door. He tried

opening it causing me to step back despite knowing it was locked. “Get the fuck off my property or I’ll have you arrested for trespassing.”

“Give me my phone back or I’ll have you arrested for theft.”

“You can have your phone just as soon as I delete what you just recorded,” I said scrolling through his phone. In a folder named April, I found dozens, perhaps hundreds of pictures of me sunbathing nude in my back yard. “You perverted son of a bitch! You know what, forget giving your phone back. You’ve been peeping on me for months and your ass is going to jail.”

“Good luck finding a judge to try your case, hooker,” he smirked.

“Just because I work in a brothel doesn’t give you the right to take pictures of me in the privacy of my own home and yard. You might’ve gotten away with your damn dogs fucking women, but I won’t stop until you’re behind bars. Now get the fuck off my property.”

I saw the anger growing by the second and it finally boiled over. Grabbing the handle, he yanked at the door and then started pounding his fists against it. “Give me my phone or so help me I’ll bust this door open and take it!”

“That sounds like a threat. This is a stand your ground state so I’m telling you one more time to get off my property or I’ll go get my gun and I will shoot you,” I said with an icy coldness that made him stop mid-swing. I actually did not own a gun, but plenty of the Dreamers – as the women working at the brothel of the same name were called, did so it sounded like a plausible threat. “You have to the count of five. One. Two. Three. Four. F…”

I was just about to say five when he gave the door one final yank. The lock held, but his persistence did not. Turning, he stomped his way across my yard towards his. With a whistle the dogs followed leaving Emily sitting alone on the grass. After a minute or so she got up and walked over to me.

“You know he’s never going to give up, right?”

“And you know I have his phone which has pictures and video of me taken without permission, right?”

“You don’t understand who he is. No judge in town will see a case involving him so you might as well give up now.”

“Fuck that shit and fuck you for dragging me into his perversions. I blame myself for getting in a position for the dog to fuck me, but it’s your fault they were in my yard in the first place. Was that the plan? Did the two of you wait until I was naked and exposed to set the dogs on me?”

“I don’t know what…”

“Save it. I’ll tell you the same thing I told him. Get off my property before I shoot you for trespassing. And don’t ever cut across my property again or talk to me for that matter.”

“I’m so sorry, April, but he paid me a lot of money to bring the dogs over to fuck you. Come on, you can’t stand there and tell me you didn’t like it after having so many orgasms. I know it’s humiliating and degrading the first time, believe me, I know what you’re going through, but it’s actually some of the best sex you’ll ever have and once the guilt and shame fade you’ll be begging for more.”

“Get the hell off my property you twisted fucking bitch.”

“Fine, I’ll go, but remember, you’ve been fucked by a dog as well now so you’re every bit the bitch I am and I’ll make damn sure everyone at work knows it.” Shaking her head at me, she turned and walked away.

Ashamed. Pissed off. Guilty. Humiliated. Degraded. Those are just a few of the horrible things I was feeling. Unfortunately, I knew everyone was right. Simon was so well connected he was virtually untouchable for anything short of a serious felony. Add to that the fact I was a prostitute and proving he did not have consent would have quickly turned into a he said, she said shit show I had no chance in hell of winning.

Pacing between kitchen and living room, I weighed my options and unfortunately they were not promising. Unfortunately for him, I was not one to give up without a fight and while I started deleting every folder containing pictures and videos of me and maybe fourteen or fifteen other women from his phone and the inserted storage card, a plan was forming in my mind.