

# **Officer Bitch**

**Lindsey Greene**

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Pulling her cruiser to a stop at the closed wrought iron gate, Officer Heather Malone rolled down the window and hit the intercom button. While waiting for a reply, she stared ahead at the vast manicured lawn and perfectly paved driveway leading up to the mansion that were the Brentwood Estates – thinking how great it must feel to be able to afford such luxuries.

“How may I help you today officer?” A woman asked through the intercom.

“I’m here to talk to Ms. Alyssa Brentwood”

“You’re talking to her. I ask again, how can I help you officer?”

“Can you open the gate?”

“Can you tell me what business you have here? I can’t recall the last time I broke the law.”

“I am here investigating reports of animal abuse.”

The intercom went dead and the large gate swung open. By the time Officer Malone parked her car, a tall, busty woman wearing a form-fitting silver and purple dress, her long black hair back in a braid was standing on the front porch looking more than a little peeved. “What’s this nonsense about animal abuse? I run a very safe, clean and friendly kennels here and I’ll be damned if I’ll let anyone say otherwise!”

“Calm down ma’am. We’ve gotten several calls in the last few days reporting that you’ve been seriously neglecting your animals and it is my duty to look into those claims. If you’ll allow me to see your kennels and the state of the animals I’m sure this can be cleared up in no time at all.”

“You have two options officer. You can see the kennels here and now if you agree to follow my every instruction to the letter, or you can get the hell off my property and come back when you’ve got a search warrant.”

“Look, I want to drag this through the system about as much as you do, so what are your instructions?”

“You’ll follow them to the letter without bitching about it? I’m sorry, but I have very strict guidelines for entering the kennels and I will not break them for anything short of a search warrant.”

“Fine.”

“Then please follow me.”

Opening the front door, Alyssa motioned her guest inside and then closed the door behind them. “What is your name, officer?”

“My name is Officer Heather Malone.”

“Heather. That’s a pretty name, for a pretty woman,” Alyssa said, making no attempt to hide the fact that she was checking the young officer up and down. “Been on the force long?” she asked, leading the way through the house.

“Three years. Are the kennels in the basement?” Heather asked, suspicious she was being led into a trap.”

“No, they are out back, but you agreed to follow my instructions and they begin in the basement access.” Down the steps and to the right she stopped in front of a metal door. “The instructions are very simple. You will go through that door and take a shower. The soap is anti-bacterial and odorless so there’s no chance...”

“I’ll do no such thing.”

“Look, you can either follow the directions or you can leave. I care very much for my dogs and I will not risk you, or anyone else contaminating them with outside germs. So go in and take a shower, or get the hell off my property until you’ve got a search warrant.”

Knowing she was probably violating at least half a dozen laws, Heather let out a long sigh and pulled the shower room door open. Once it was closed, she looked around and then slowly stripped out of her clothes – one hand close to her pistol at all times. With her uniform on the shelf where it would remain dry, she quickly showered.

“Leave the uniform where it sits. There will be a gown in the next room. Put it on and then crawl through the doggy door and out into the kennels. Follow the track to the end and remain still and on all fours. I am not responsible for what happens if you spook them. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“What are the instructions?”

“Put on the gown in the next room, crawl through the doggy door and follow the track to the end where I will stay still and on all fours.”

“Perfect. And you are doing this willingly?”

“Yes,” Heather said, pulling the door open and stepping into the next room. Picking up the thin garment akin to a hospital gown, she put it on and dropped to her hands and knees – face flushed from embarrassment. Giving the room a final look, she crawled through the doggy door and out into a large courtyard lined by dog-filled metal kennels. Her heart pounding, she followed the track to its end and held still. “What now?” she asked, looking around at the spotless grounds and apparently well cared for dogs.

“You will lower your arms so that your hands and forearms are flat on the ground and then you will say: breeding time. That is the command to open the kennels so you can inspect the dogs up close and in person. Don’t worry, you have my word that they will not bite you. Whenever you’re ready.”

Wishing to only end the humiliation sooner rather than later, Heather lowered herself into position – the flimsy gown riding up over her hips exposing her naked ass. “Breeding time,” she said while looking to the kennels to her right. Before she could react, metal straps flew out of the ground and over her wrists and ankles before locking in place on the other side. The kennel doors opened and the dogs ran in her direction. All twenty-five of them.

“What in the hell is going on here!? Let me go right now or I’ll have you arrested for unlawful imprisonment of a police officer!”

“Remain calm or you’ll spook the dogs. Now, before they do what they do best I want you to loudly and clearly say your name followed by: I am here of my own free will and gladly participate in this breeding.”

“My name is Officer Heather Malone. I am here of my own free will and gladly participate in this breeding. There, have you humiliated me en...OH MY FUCKING GOD! What the...oh hell no! Get him off me!” she exclaimed as a St. Bernard named Zeus mounted her back – his pointy red cock jabbing around her pussy and asshole. Wiggling around in an attempt to make him stop, she inadvertently pushed back onto him. “Aaaahhhhh! He...he’s...uhn...uhn...”

“I’d say he’s fucking you silly,” Alyssa said from the basement viewing room. “Enjoy your breeding Officer Malone. Or should I call you Officer Bitch? Yeah, that does have a nice ring to it and is fitting considering your position. Don’t worry, there are twenty-five dogs and

they'll all want a go at your sexy ass so make yourself comfortable and prepare for a few hours of hard pounding.”

“Make him stop right god damned now and get these cuffs off of me!”

“No can do. You said you were here willingly and gladly participating in a breeding. You knew what you were getting into the minute you stepped into my house so stop feigning ignorance and enjoy Zeus’s big fat cock.”

“You’re out of your god damned mind! I never asked for this and I’ll see you imprisoned for f-force...uhn...forcing me to...to...oohhhh...aahhhh... uhn...uhhnnn.”

“Forcing you to what? Orgasm on Zeus’s big fat doggy cock? Say it. Tell me what he’s doing to you.”

“He...he’s m-making me...cuuummm!” Heather shouted as the large knot slammed into her pussy and stayed – growing larger by the second as she felt his cock throbbing inside of her. “Oh god I can feel him shooting in me! Please let me go. I swear I’ll never speak a word of this to anyone. I’ll tell my boss the reports were false and that you run a clean place with well treated animals!”

“You’d deny the rest of them the chance at having their way with you? That’s not fair. Unless you’re telling me you’ve found the dog for you and that you’d like to purchase him from me to fuck you silly every day. Is that what you want??”

“What? NO! I just want you to let me out of here si I can get back to my job and forget this place ever existed.”

“Are you sure? I mean, you did have two orgasms from his doggy cock pounding in and out of you. It is okay Officer Bitch, you can be honest with me. Do you want to buy Zeus so that you can be his fulltime bitch at home? Tell me the truth and I’ll set you free.”

“YES!” Heather shouted without thinking about it. “I want him to make me his fucking bitch! I want his big fat doggy cock filling my pussy every day! Now please let me out of here.”

“I will once the rest of them have had their way with you. After all, you should sample more than one to make sure you’re getting the right dog for you. That being said, I want to hear you say: When this is over please mark me as a doggy bitch so everyone knows what I truly am.”

“If I say it will you let me go?”

“Of course.”

“When this is over please mark me as a doggy bitch so everyone knows what I truly am.”

“It would be my pleasure just as soon as the remaining twenty-four dogs fuck you.”

“GOD DAMMIT! Let me out of here! I have a job to get back to and you’re really starting to piss me off! You’ll be lucky if you get life in prison when I’m done with you!”

“Now, now. No need to make idle threats. We both know that will never happen and you’ll never speak of what took place here to anyone. Think how quickly you’d lose your job once they found out you came here to willingly and gladly be bred by my dogs.”

“You’re breaking so many fucking...AHGH!” Heather grunted in pain as the baseball-sized knot was yanked from her overly stretched pussy sending a torrent of pussy juices and doggy semen gushing out to form a small puddle between her legs. No sooner had Zeus wondered off to lick himself clean then a Doberman named Blue walked over and swiped his long, raspy tongue along her pussy and asshole. With nowhere to go, she hung er head and quietly acquiesced.