

Running of the Dogs

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Running of the Dogs

Copyright© 2020 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story 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 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Everything finally in place for the big event, Mistress Selina typed a command into her computer and Masters, Mistresses, submissives, slaves and bare-necks all across the Domination Farm stopped what they were doing as the small LEDs along the sides of the bracer they wore on their right forearm lit up, indicating they had entered lockdown mode – a method those in charge used to prevent those owing debt to the Farm from just walking away without paying. On top of the powerful magnetic clasp fastening it tight, they would now deliver an electrical current strong enough to floor a horse.

The employees of the Domination Farm knew what was about to happen and while most of them were not happy, they offered no resistance. The nearly five thousand patrons, however, were completely clueless. Arguments broke out all across the Farm as angry submissives, slaves and bare-necks demanded to know why they were suddenly under lockdown. Employees, Masters and Mistresses attempted to explain by showing they too were under the same restrictions when the crackling of an intercom echoed across the resort.

“Attention every. May I have your attention please? I know you’re all wondering what the hell is going on right now and I fully understand your demand for answers but let me start by asking you to remain calm while I explain.”

It was about this time a naked young woman with piercing green eyes and long jet black hair braided down to her ass entered the Domination Farm for the first time. Three feet down Domination Drive she felt a slight tingling in her right forearm as the bracer went into lockdown mode and as she looked down to see the lights turn red, Mistress Selina continued.

“To not only celebrate our acceptance of all things fetish and prove to the world that this is a place where any and everything can happen, the Domination Farm is proud to announce the first annual Running of the dogs! What the hell does that mean, I hear you ask? It means that for the next twenty-four hours each and every one of you will participate in the kinkiest perversion permitted. The rules are simple. First, anyone wearing clothes or toys that block their holes are required to remove them right now and they may not put them back on or in until the event has concluded.”

Her mind working quickly, Amanda put dogs and the Domination Farm together and immediately knew this was an event she did not want any part of. Turning, she took two steps towards the doors she was just entered through when an arm wrapped around her waist and pulled her back. “What the?” Let go of me!”

“My apologies,” the man holding her replied. “But you don’t want to leave.”

“The hell I don’t. There’s no way in hell I’m having sex with dogs!”

“Your bracer is in lockdown mode. If you attempt to leave you’ll be shocked to shit.”

“Rule two,” Mistress Selina went on “At the conclusion of this announcement one hundred and fifty dogs will be released. If one approaches you are to get on all fours and let it take you. Once you have been mated you will swipe your chip on the sensor on the dog’s collar to indicate which dog made you his bitch. Afterwards, you will go to the body modification building where you will receive the mark of completion for this event. Remember, we have cameras everywhere so we’ll know if you’re lying or not. Rule three: if you are caught hiding or refuse to let the dogs have sex with you then you will immediately be registered a Farm slave and taken to the Animal Training Barn and your bracer will remain in lockdown mode until fully trained.”

“They can’t force us to have sex with animals!” Amanda exclaimed. “YOU HEAR ME? She shouted at the tops of her lungs. “You turn my fucking bracer off right god damn now or so help me...” A not so gentle zap reminded her who was in charge and as she lay on the ground considering running her mouth some more, Mistress Selina continued.

“I know what you’re all thinking, but you’re wrong. According to section thirty-one, paragraph cee, you gave permission to participate in all Farmwide events without exception the second you signed the rules required to gain entry into the Domination Farm so toss your inhibitions out the proverbial window and get ready for the ride of a lifetime. And just so that everyone knows, no one is immune. Masters and Mistresses, employees and guests. Each and every one of you will be fucked by a dog.

“Which brings me to rule four. Unless required to perform your job you will remain on all fours until taken and marked. Rule five: once you have been marked your bracer will return to normal and you will be free to leave the Domination farm or go on with your time here however you desire. And finally, you have three minutes to remove any clothes or toys blocking access you your pussies and assholes. After that you’ll be shocked every minute until you are in compliance. Time starts...now!”

No sooner did the intercom fall silent then doors all over the Domination farm flew open and a hundred and fifty specially trained dogs of various large breeds ran out in search of a bitch to claim. To everyone’s surprise the Masters and Mistresses were the first to remove their clothes and get on all fours. Standing less than a dozen feet inside the entrance, Amanda breathed a sigh of relief as a St. Bernard ran by but gasped when a huge black and brown mastiff pushed his large snout between her legs. The man who had been holding her let go and dropped to all fours when a German Shepard attempted to mount him from behind.

“I’d stop fighting the inevitable and get on all fours before they shock you into compliance,” he said as he moved his ass around in an attempt to put off taking his first cock.

“This is complete bullshit! I never agreed to have sex with animals,” Amanda said as her stomach knotted painfully. But while she did not want to do it, she nevertheless got on all fours if only to save herself the pain of getting shocked to shit for a second time.

“I’m Josh, by the way, and this isn’t just my...UHN! H-Holy FUCK!” he gasped as the dog found his mark and busted his asshole wide open with his hard, fast pounding. “I...I’ve n-n-never...uhn...uhn...taken it up...the ass...uhn...before.”

“I’m Amanda and I’ve done anal but never with a freaking...” expecting to be mounted right off the bat, Amanda was taken by surprise when the massive beast instead ran his long, wide tongue from clit to asshole. “D-Dog.” Crawling forward to get away from the humiliation did no good as he had the scent and was not about to give it up so easily. Following her, the mastiff gave her half a dozen more licks before practically walking over her trembling body. Amanda lowered her head so that no one would see her beet red face. The dog’s hindquarters hunched wildly. The pointed tip glanced off her hooded clit. Then her inner left thigh. Her asshole. Rearing up to avoid him penetrating, she inadvertently put herself in position for him to take her pussy. He went in and again she pulled away. He followed. She moved. He followed. She attempted to get away again but this time the dog nipped the back of her neck. She stopped. Her legs spread and a moment later she was grunting and groaning as she had sex with a dog for the first time in her life.

All across the Domination Farm men, women, transsexuals, non-binaries and people of all sexual orientations and preferences reluctantly submitted to their canine Masters. But for every hundred that found the act initially repulsive there was one that eagerly accepted it. The

slightly chubby, very busty blonde wearing silvery latex thigh high boots, opera gloves and spanking skirt fifteen feet to Amanda's right was one such woman. Not content with just letting the dalmation fuck her, she started by stroking his furry sheath until his red rocket appeared. She then leaned in and sucked him into her mouth. Holding him behind the knot to prevent him fucking it behind her teeth – a mistake she made with her own black lab at home that resulted in a dislocated jaw for her and a sore cock for him, she bobbed her head back and forth as she gave the animal a sloppy blowjob.

While everyone inside the Domination Farm submitted to their canine Masters those out in the parking lot waiting in line to pay their fee heard the message and scattered as if they had just been told the place was on fire. Ninety-six people quickly dwindled to just seventeen but minutes later once again swelled to twenty-six as more patrons arrived to partake in everything the Domination Farm had to offer.

A freckle-faced redhead stepped into the surprisingly short line behind a brunette wearing a cupless cincher corset, spanking skirt and knee-high boots holding a fat butt plug in her left hand. "Um, excuse me," the redhead asked as she lightly tapped the woman in front of her on the shoulder.

"What's up? Oh, aren't you a cutie," the brunette smiled as she took in the pale-skinned woman.

"Thanks. What's going on? Why are so many people rushing to get out of here?"

"They just announced their first Farmwide event and I guess they didn't care for it. Their loss."

"Event? What event?"

"I'd tell you but I don't want to ruin the surprise. I'm Connie by the way. And you are?"

"Sasha."

"Pleasure to meet you Sasha. Would you like to have some fun while we wait?"

"What do you have in mind?"

"I'd suggest a sixty-nine but I don't think either of us wants to get dirty before entering the Farm so how about we take turns pleasuring each other? Say, we switch every time the line moves forward?"

"Sounds like fun." Yanking the plug from Connie's hand, Sasha knelt and sucked the petite's woman's large hooded clit into her mouth while reaching back and stuffing the plug in her ass. No soon had Connie's sphincter clamped shut around the stem just below the thickest part then she felt her asshole stretched right back open as it was tugged free.

"Mmmm...I like the way you think," Connie purred as she put a hand on the back of Sasha's head and pulled her in.

Meanwhile, inside the Domination Farm a hundred and twenty-six people were experiencing bestiality for the first time and a hundred and twenty-six people were almost immediately hooked on the dicks rapidly thrusting in and out of their pussies, assholes and in some cases mouths.