

Ryder's Harem

Crimson Rose

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Sitting down on the couch with her laptop, Jenna logged into her email account. Nestled between an email for a penis pump that promised to add inches and an urgent notification from a Nigerian Prince in desperate need of her bank account information was an email from her friend and fellow veterinarian Vivian. Opening it, she read the single line of text. *I hope you enjoy this as much as I do.* Attached was a video file. Clicking it, she opened the file and then sat back and watched in horror as it showed a stunning, busty brunette butt naked on all fours with a massive mastiff cock pounding her from behind. Disgusted, she shut it off and immediately dialed Vivian's number.

Off for the weekend, Vivian was lounging in her back yard soaking up the sun when her phone rang. Prating it was not work calling her in on some emergency, she picked it up and breathed a sigh of relief. "Hey Jenna, what's up?"

"Don't what's up me you pervert!" Jenna angrily replied. "When I tell Nate what you sent me you can kiss your job goodbye!"

"WHOA! What the hell are you talking about? I never sent you anything. And I don't know who you think you're talking to but I'm the furthest thing from a pervert that exists."

"Says the woman that said she hopes I like the bestiality video she sent just as much as she did."

"Oh hell no! I don't know what kind of sick game you're..."

"Me? You're the one that sent the fucking video and I have the email to prove it."

"Bullshit! Explain how I can send an email when I don't even know what yours is."

"Well, if you didn't send it then someone with access to your email account did."

"Unless it was hacked no one has access to my account."

"Right. Hold on, I just got another email from you with another video."

"I'm out on my back deck right now and the nearest computer is in my office. What's the video of?"

"I'm not opening it."

"Just open it and see what it is."

Against her better judgement Jenna opened the file. A moment later she was once again staring at the same stunning brunette but this time she was being fucked by a doberman while sucking another off. "It...it's..."

"What is it?"

"It's the same woman as before but this time she's...oh god that's disgusting..."

"What's she doing Jenna?"

"She's getting screwed by a doberman while sucking another off. And it's your email address."

"Wait, how do you even have my email address?"

"I'm the receptionist remember? I have everyone's email address. But in case there's any doubt both emails came from Vivian underscore Scott underscore ninety-five at Gmail dot com."

"That's my email address but I swear to god I'm not the one sending you those emails."

"Then who? The email they were sent to it only known to two people in the world, well, three counting you."

"I don't know your god damn email address!"

"I made this email address specifically for work and the only other person that knows it is Brittany," Jenna said referring to the new receptionist the company hired about a month ago.

“Um, actually, if it’s a work email then everyone that’s part of the company mailing list has it,” Vivian replied.

“They might have it but they wouldn’t have your login information.”

“Unless the account was hacked. Are you still watching the video?”

“Good god no! I’m going to have to burn my fucking laptop now or else people are going to think I’m the pervert.”

“Or, you know, you could just delete the files.”

“Yeah, like that actually gets rid of it. Anyways, I now have two emails from you containing bestiality and seeing as how we work at an animal hospital it is my responsibility to inform Nate.”

“Before you do anything rash that we’ll both regret will you at least let me come over so we can talk about it?”

“What’s there to talk about Vivian? You sent the files and I’m not going to let you attempt to weasel your way out of it.”

“So, you’re just going to ruin my entire life over something I didn’t do? Some friend you are. All I’m asking is for you to give me a chance to prove the videos didn’t come from me before you get me fired from the only job I’ve ever loved.”

“Fine, you can come by my place but you had better have one hell of an explanation.”

“I’ll be there in half an hour.” Hanging up, Vivian ran into the house and up to her bedroom where she changed out of her skimpy bikini and into a far less comfortable tee shirt and pair of shorts. Grabbing her keys and purse she got in her car and peeled out of the driveway.

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In the thirty-seven minutes between hanging up and hearing a car pull in her driveway Jenna received three more video files – two showing the same woman having sex with dogs and the third showing her jerking off a stallion. She heard a car door slam shut and then feet stomping up onto the front porch which caused her own doberman Ryder to jump to attention and start barking. She opened the door and let Vivian in while telling her pet to hush. “I got three more videos since we talked.”

“I left immediately so it couldn’t have been me!”

“It’s going to take more than that to convince me,” Jenna huffed “so I’d get to it if I were you.”

“Honestly, if my word isn’t enough then I thought I’d stay here with you without my laptop or access to a computer of any kind. That way if you keep getting emails you’ll know they didn’t come from me.”

“And if I don’t get anymore?”

“They still didn’t come from me, but I honestly don’t know what I can do to convince you otherwise. Please, Jenna, you have to believe me. I became a vet because I love animals but not in that way. Can you show me the emails?”

“You want to watch the videos?”

“No, I want to see the email address and whatever what written with them. Or is that too much to ask?”

“No, that’s fine.” Sitting back on the couch Jenna logged back into her email account to see five new emails from the woman now standing less than five feet from her. “Um, I just got five more.”

“What the actual fuck? Show me!”

“Sit down and take a look.” Clicking on one, she left the attachment alone as they both read: *Here’s another to get the juices flowing. I bet you can’t take your eyes off those huge canine cocks. Or do you prefer the pussy stretching monstrosity that is a horse cock? Speak up so I know what turns you on.* “That’s actually the longest one so far,” Jenna said. “The others were just one line.”

“Open the video.”

“Hell no! I’ve seen enough of that for a lifetime.”

“I want to see who the woman is.”

“What’s that going to prove?”

“Well, first of all, I’m sitting right next to you so I hope that prove I’m not the one sending them, and I want to see the woman because I think I might know who it is.”

“I am not opening any more of that garbage on my computer.”

“I need to know if I’m right, Jenna. Come on, I just need to see her face to confirm my suspicion.”

“Who do you think it is?”

“Let me see the woman’s face and I’ll tell you.”

“Fine,” Jenna grumbled. She clicked the attachment. The video opened and they both watched the same gorgeous woman, this time sitting in a chair with a black lab fucking her missionary style.

“Pause it!” Vivian shouted. “I know that woman.”

“You do? How? Who is she?”

“Her name is Ellie Maxwell and she owns the Paws and Relax pet salon but before that she worked at the Happy Paws Clinic. She got caught having sex with the dogs and was immediately fired.”

“She should’ve been put in jail!”

“Everyone that knew about it thought the same but as it turns out we live in one a few states where bestiality is actually legal.”

“Um, what?”

“Trust me, I had the same reaction so I looked it up online and sure enough there are no laws against bestiality in West Virginia. If you don’t believe me then by all means Google it. What I don’t understand is how she hacked my email account and why she sent videos of herself to you. I mean, you didn’t even work there when she did.”

“Which begs the question how she got my information.”

“Please tell me you believe me.”

“I want to, Vivian, I really do, but what proof do I have that she is who you claim her to be?”

Vivian thought about it for a long moment before she finally remembered a picture she had posted to her facebook and twitter accounts. “I can prove it!” Will you allow me to log into my twitter account?”

“Go ahead, but I’ll be watching,” Jenna said as she slid her laptop over.

“Thank you.” A beat later Vivian was logged into her account. Pouring through the hundreds of pictures she had uploaded in the past five years, she came to the one she was looking for. “HERE! See,” she said pointing to a photo taken in front of the Happy Paws Clinic. “This was taken about three months before she was fired and as you can see by the names listed along the bottom her name is Ellie Maxwell.”