

Bitch of Dogwood Park 2

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My Mistress giving me a full month to let the brand she put on my right hip to mark me as one of the many Dogwood Bitches – the demeaning term she preferred to call her prostitutes, I spent my time learning everything I could about the lifestyle through internet research and practice at her very skilled hand. Most days I was joined by my best friend Samantha who completely embraced her submissiveness, and on rarer occasions my parents and Cousin Fiona – all of whom showed their continued support for me by living the lifestyle. At first I thought they were just playing along to make me happy, but the longer I watched the more I was convinced I was wrong. The deciding factor? Two weeks after coming out, my best friend, cousin and parents allowed Mistress Victoria to give them the same brand she had given me.

My month reprieve from prostitution over, I left the house an hour early for my morning run so that I would have time to return home and shower before heading to my real job as a bank teller. Wearing my customary spandex mini shorts and matching sports bra, I jogged along my normal route and a mile in cut through Dogwood Park – one of the seediest locations in the city made favored home to prostitution and other unsavory groups. The police had attempted many times to clean the place up, but with more than fifteen hundred acres to scatter, no headway was ever accomplished and after several years of trying they simply gave up in the hopes the problem would take care of itself.

Continuing to jog past the parking lot where my life of prostitution and submission began with losing my virginity, I took the western path across a wide open field and into a forest of pines, oaks, maples and birch. It was the first time I had ever gone so far in to meet my morning clients and I was equal parts scared and excited to see what my Mistress had planned for me. Several hundred feet in and I rounded a corner to the left went another couple of hundred feet, took the right path at the fork and quickly came to a stop in a small, completely isolated field.

While men were standing all over the place in various states of undress, it was the three naked and hooded women tightly secured to stockades that drew my attention and I could only assume the fourth empty one was for me. Looking around for my Mistress, or Madam Victoria as she was known in the Park, I spotted several familiar faces in the crowd including many regulars that patroned the bank I worked at as well as its manger, my boss Mr. Monroe. We locked eyes and while my expression was one of surprise his was a mask of terror that suddenly drained all life from his face.

Wading through a sea of groping hands, I walked towards my boss and he slowly backed away as if I were a tiger and the prey. “Fancy meeting you here Sir.”

“I-I can say the same thing about you, Megan.”

“Guess this means I’m fired, huh?”

“You kidding me? You have job security for as long as you want it but if you tell a soul you saw me here I’ll make sure you never work in banking again.”

“Thanks Mr. Monroe. I hope you get in early and I’m not talking about work.” Giving him a wink I spotted Madam Victoria off to the right talking to a shirtless black man with a doberman sitting at his side and approached.

“Ah, Megan, you’re finally here,” she said. “Hurry up and take your clothes off and get on the stockade.”

“Yes Mistress.”

The hoods covering their heads making it impossible to confirm identity, they were each branded Dogwood Bitches. Bra and shorts on the grass, I left my shoes and socks on and then

placed myself on the stockade as commanded. A moment later and I was tightly locked in place and Mistress was putting a deprivation hood over my head that made it impossible to see, hear or speak. The body acts in strange ways when senses were lost and mine was no different. Unable to tell what was going on around me, I jumped when a pair of hands grabbed my hips despite knowing I was there to be fucked by whomever paid to use me.

A cockhead teased my clit. Hands alternated spanking my ass at varying levels of intensity so I never knew what was coming next and then something slapped across my shoulders causing me to jerk hard against the bonds holding me tight. Not out of pain, but shock at not seeing it coming. The wide spread told me it was a flogger and the thuddier, less stingy impact told me it was most likely made from elk leather. Mistress' favorite.

The cock continued teasing my clit while the flogger turned my back into a roadmap of welts. Completely turned on, I tried trusting my hips back in an attempt to fuck myself but the stockade permitted very little in the way of movement and so I was left increasingly frustrated which, thanks to the deprivation hood I was unable to voice. Then it just stopped. No more teasing, no more flogging. Something cool pushed into my vulva and then an impossibly long and fat tongue licked from throbbing clit to asshole. A weight landed on my back. I felt fur and knew I was about to be taken by an animal.

The dog's cock jabbed all over the place for several seconds as I did everything in my very limited power to prevent him from penetrating. Unfortunately, the stockade permitted little in the way of movement and the dog was incredibly persistent. Resigned to the fact that I would be taken by a dog whether I wanted to or not, I exhaled through my nose and stopped moving. It took several more attempts, but the dog's dick slid in and after a dozen or so tentative thrusts he fucked me harder and faster than any man ever could. And to my surprise, I felt him growing inside of me.

Disgusted. Humiliated. Enraged that my Mistress would do this to me, I told myself that I was out the second she unlocked the stockade and would do everything in my power to ruin her life but the longer he fucked me, the more turned on I got until after maybe two or three minutes I was squirting like a fountain and all thoughts turned to the amazing cock pounding in and out of me like a jackhammer.

It may have lasted only a few minutes, but the dog was by no means done. Shoving in hard, the thick base of his cock went in and stayed. A surprise given that I had been fisted a good hundred times by friends, Mistress and far too many clients, but there was no denying he was stuck as tight in me as I was to the stockade and he showed no interest in pulling out any time soon as he filled me with the largest, hottest load of semen I had ever been filled with.

Blind, deaf and mute, time ceased to have any meaning. I could have been there ten minutes or three hours. At some point the first dog finally shrank enough to pull out and after licking me somewhat clean walked off to I don't know where only to be replaced a short time later by another. And a third after that and I started wondering where the hell all the dogs were coming from and if the other three women were doing them as well. When the fourth dog mounted me I felt a hand guiding him into my asshole before moving away.

The dog slamming in and out of my ass, the hood was finally removed and I glared up at my Mistress before looking to my right at my mother Jenna, best friend Samantha and cousin Fiona in that order. "W-What...uhn...GOD DAMN YOU MISTRESS!"

"You've had eight orgasms. Your mother eleven, best friend six and Fiona there on the end had a whopping fourteen so don't bother saying you're not enjoying it," Madam Victoria

said with a smirk. Don't worry, he's the last and then the four of you are going to pleasure the thirty-seven men that have paid to see you earn that brand on your hips.

"W-What are you talking about Mistress?" I grunted. Looking back I saw the face of a Saint Bernard staring back at me. "Uhn. Why are they here?"

"I'd like an answer to that myself, my mother panted as a rottweiler fucked her up the ass.

"You refused to come here on your own so I had to get creative. Now no more talking or you'll be disciplined."

"Can the dogs fuck me again instead of the men?" Fiona purred.

"FIONA!" I exclaimed.

"What? Mistress is right. And you can't tell me you're not enjoying that fat dog cock making you its bitch. Please Mistress. Let me do all the dogs again."

"No can do. These men paid to gang bang all four of you and that's what they're going to do."

"Yes Mistress," Fiona said, her tone one of definite disappointment.

"Please let me go, Mistress. If I'm late one more time my boss is going to fire me.

"You've been at it for nearly two hours and you've got a few more to go so it looks like you'll be going job hunting tomorrow. Or you can go full time here."

Knowing she would keep us here as long as it took to completely break us if I said the wrong thing, I hung my head and remained silent as the Saint Bernard fucked me.

"It'll be okay," my mother said. "Just do whatever she says and we'll talk tonight."

I did not reply.

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The thirty-seven men spending hours fucking the four of us with the dogs jumping in where they could, me, my mother, best friend and cousin remained locked in the stockade for more than twelve long hours with only semen and piss to eat and drink. Exhausted, sick to our stomachs and reeking of sweat and urine we were eventually set free. All of us at the park without vehicles, we got dressed and walked back to my place in silence.

After taking showers and putting on clean clothes, we sat in the living room and barely looked at each other until I finally spoke up. "That fucking bitch crossed the line today and I for one am not going to stand for it."

"But we all liked it," Fiona replied "so where's the harm in what she did?"

"Seriously?" Samantha said with raised brow. "She forced us to have sex with animals!"

"And you liked it. Plus we were very well paid so it's not as if we did it for nothing."

"That's beside the point, Fiona," my mother sighed. "Today it's dogs. What will she make us do next? I'd go to the police if I wasn't so damn humiliated."

"I'm still going," I said. "You forget, she records and uploads everything to the internet. Do you think this is any different? It might be humiliating, but someone needs to come forward or there'll be no telling what she'll make us do next."

"You're forgetting one thing," Samantha said, shoulders slumping. "The police never go into that damn park so what good will it do to call them?"

"So we should do nothing?"

"That's not what I'm saying. But instead of going to the police who'll do nothing, why don't we get her back at her own game?"

"I'm listening."

“Fiona, you have two dogs I’m sure you’re even now thinking about fucking and I have one as well. Why don’t we invite her over and record her getting fucked by them?”

“Something tells me she probably already does it, but I can think of a few more things we can do to knock her down a peg or thirty as long as we’re all on board,” I said locking eyes with Fiona.”

“Why are you all looking at me?”

“Because you’re the one most likely to run your mouth to her,” mom answered. “This is serious, Fiona. I get it, you liked getting fucked by the dogs and if we’re all being honest we all feel the same, but that does not make up for the fact she not only tricked us into the park but forced us to have sex with multiple dogs. She needs to answer for that or we might as well lie down and let her walk all over us.”

“I’m not going to say anything to her.”

“If you do I’ll personally make your life a living hell,” Samantha said with an eerie calmness that made me shiver involuntarily.

“So, how are we going to do this?” I asked.

“I have no idea,” Fiona replied, but I have an idea how those of us now unemployed can make some money. And before you ask, no, I am not talking about continued prostitution or having sex with animals though I’m definitely going to continue doing that no matter what you say. Actually, I just figured out how we can get her on camera. Have some installed in the house like she has in hers. Not only will it catch everything we can use them for putting on webcam shows. Um, that’s my idea for making money by the way.”

“What about the dogs? Are they just going to fuck her or do they need to be trained first?” my mother asked as she shifted uncomfortably on the couch.

“No idea.”

“One way to find out,” Fiona grinned. “I can have them here in like twenty minutes.”

“Jesus! Haven’t you been fucked enough for one day?”

“It doesn’t have to be today,” she blushed. “And now that you said it I’m feeling suddenly exhausted. Can I use the spare room?”

“Be my guest. In fact, why don’t you all stay the night and we can pick this up in the morning?”

“You’ll get no arguments from me,” Samantha replied. But since you only have the one spare room I’ll share a bed with you.”

“Guess that leaves me with the couch,” mom sighed.

“You can sleep with me,” Fiona offered. “Um, I mean share the bed.”

“The couch is fine.”

Shrugging, Fiona got up and walked out of the room. After getting some blankets and pillows for my mother, Samantha and I left her alone and retired to my bedroom where we stripped naked and climbed under the covers. Normally, we would have spent the night pleasuring each other but that night we were out as soon as our heads hit the pillows.