

# **Bitch TV**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Thanks to a special event to promote the all new, state-of-the-art pet adoption facility known as Paws Sanctuary the WSFX channel thirteen studio was bustling more than usual. Helming the event was everyone's favorite news anchor Nicole Dawson and as always she was dressed sexy enough to show off her stunning body while modest enough for the early evening news. What no one at home or in the studio knew was that she wearing nothing under her skirt – a fact that while none of anyone's business would soon become very important.

Everyone in their places, Nicole got the countdown to going live. "Good evening and welcome to a special live event promoting the Paws Sanctuary. I'm here with Manager Myra Clark and a selection of the many well-trained dogs you can find at the state-of-the-art animal sanctuary," she said, motioning with her left hand at the dozen or so dogs obediently sitting at the back of the stage. "Myra, why don't you tell us a little bit about Paws Sanctuary and what makes it so special."

"Thank you Nicole. First and foremost, Paws is a not for profit animal rescue sanctuary and adoption agency so we rely on your donations to keep the doors open. It is not unusual to have one or two dogs sitting in studio, but as you can see here I've brought with me twelve of the best trained dogs you'll find anywhere. And that is what makes Paws different from other facilities. Before any of our animals find a forever home they undergo weeks of rigorous obedience training to the point they will obey commands without hesitation. Thor, roll over." No sooner were the words out of her mouth than a beautiful tan and black cane corso slid his front paws forward until he was lying on his belly before rolling onto his back and then onto his belly. "Good boy. Sit pretty." The dog moved into a sitting position and then continued back until he was on his hind legs with his front paws hanging in front of him. "Good boy. Sit." Thor once again assumed a sitting position.

"Very impressive," Nicole said. "And all of your animals are so well behaved?"

"Not when we first get them, sadly, but we guarantee that before they leave our facility every single dog is as well behaved as the ones here with us on the stage."

"Can I pet one of them?"

"Of course."

Going to the back of the stage, Nicole bent down and started petting a small Yorkshire terrier between the ears. The dog responded by gently nudging her hand with his head. "I might adopt this one right here and now," she said as she scratched behind his left ear. And then all hell broke loose. Acting without command, Thor got up from his position slightly behind her and without warning attempted to mount. Everyone in the studio gasped. Caught completely off guard, Nicole went down. The movement coupled with the dog's shifting position to follow her down caused her skirt to push up over her hips exposing to her coworkers and the viewers that she was wearing nothing underneath. Head down, ass up her body froze. Before anyone could react Thor placed one well-aimed thrust. Finding his mark he slid in and went straight into overdrive as everyone in studio and a third of the city's half a million residence watched. "UHN...UHN...UHN...O-Oh god!" she grunted as she felt the dog's dick growing rapidly larger inside of her. "Make him...uuhhnnn...make him stop!"

News anchors. Producers. Stage hands. Technicians. All of them remained where they sat or stood, unable to move as they watched the bizarre scene play out in front of them. And none of them thought to shut down the broadcast. Myra, however, rushed to the humiliated news anchor's side and assessed the situation before letting out a nervous sigh. "I'm so sorry, Nicole,

but you've taken the knot and unless you can easily take something the size of a large orange or softball you're stuck until he's finished. Otherwise you risk serious injury to yourself and him."

As utterly humiliated and degraded as she was in that moment, Nicole's embarrassment was about to go through the stratosphere. She hated what was happening to her, she truly did. Her body on the other hand responded well to the large dog's huge cock. She tried stifling the moans but the occasional one slipped out. Thirty seconds became a minute. Then two. Thor shifted position. His knot pressed hard against her g-spot and in front of nearly two hundred thousand people she had the most intense orgasm of her life.

Nicole knew the second Thor's cock penetrated her career was over, but what she heard next told her she was going to have to find a deep, dark cave to hide in for the rest of her life. "OH SHIT!" station manager Russ Matthews exclaimed. "We're still on the air! Don't just stand there looking stupid. Shut it down!"

Snapped back to reality, everyone went into full gear to shut the broadcast off, but that did little for Nicole who had spent the last five or so minutes being fucked by a dog on live television. To the disappointment of many viewers the channel went dark. But not for long. Seizing the opportunity to enact a bit of revenge against the woman that spurned his advances, technician Ace Morgan quietly and secretly put everything back into broadcast mode while making it appear they were still offline.

Minutes passed. Nicole had three more stage-wetting orgasms. After maybe fifteen minutes Thor gave one more hard push and she yelped as the tapered tip and several inches of his thick cock pushed past her cervix. The purpose of the knot in canine mating is to ensure the stud's semen remains in the bitch for as long as possible to maximize impregnation. That was not a problem when it came to bitches of a human variety, but even if Nicole had not taken the knot none of his load would have leaked out thanks to him depositing it so deeply. Panting heavily, Nicole kept her beet red face buried in her arms for another twenty-three minutes before Thor's dick shrank enough for him to easily pull free. With it came a huge gush of pussy juices.

Unable to move, Nicole remained in position long enough for a sleek, muscular doberman to mount. Like Thor, he quickly found a hole. Unfortunately for her, however, it was not her pussy. Claws digging into her sides, she yelped in pain as she lost her anal virginity to a dog while now more than half the city watched – some on absolute horror but unable to turn away and others with cock in hand or fingers in pussies masturbating to the hottest thing they had ever seen. As the dick grew inside of her Nicole tried to pull away but it was too late. The knot had already swollen. She was stuck being his bitch until he finished using her.

To prevent another dog from taking advantage of the situation, the rest of them were leashed and lead out of the studio along with everyone except Myra who remained at Nicole's side offering words of sympathy and apology. "T-This...uhn...this is...the most...uhn...uhn...I've never been fucked up the ass before," Nicole unknowingly confessed to half the city.

"I am so sorry. I don't know what came over them. Nothing like this has ever happened before. I know it's all kinds of fucked up, but on the bright side at least Thor gave you several very intense orgasms. Does that mean you like it?"

The only sounds to come from Nicole for the next minute were grunts and moans as her ass slowly came to accept the rapidly thrusting cock. "I want to say no, but I'd be lying," she admitted to a quarter of a million people. "I don't want to like it. I really don't, but...UUHHNNN!" another orgasm tore through the news anchor's trembling body. "Sweet fucking Jesus! I've never been screwed so god damn well in my life!" she panted.

“You know, you’ve already been taking in the pussy and ass so why not make it a trifecta and suck one off?”

“Sure, why not?” Nicole sarcastically replied.

“Really?”

It’s not as if my life could get any worse so I might as well let them all take me however they like, right?”

“Um, right.” Myra got to her feet and a moment later led an English mastiff over to the kneeling news anchor. Guiding him over her body, she reached back and wrapped her fingers around his furry sheath. It did not take long for his red rocket to appear and then disappear into Nicole’s open mouth. “God damn!” Myra exclaimed. “I can’t believe you actually did it! You’re really sucking a dog’s cock.”

Nicole could not believe it herself, but the damage had long been done. She had sucked her fair share of dicks and had experienced the occasional face-fuck in her time but nothing prepared the beautiful twenty six year old news anchor for the jackhammering of a dog’s dick or the immense size of an English mastiff as he slammed down her throat. Her mouth opened as wide as possible but even that was barely enough to take his foot long, nearly two and a half inch thick pole. She tried pulling away before he choked her to death, but taken from both ends she had no choice but to accept it.

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Entering the studio to get the last of the dogs, weatherwoman Amber Skye stopped dead in her tracks as she took in her colleague not only getting fucked by a doberman but apparently sucking a mastiff off as well. “Holy shit, Nicole, are you seriously sucking a dog off?” she said as she approached to get a better view. Barely able to believe her own eyes, she squatted down next to the news anchor and tilted her head. Sure enough she watched as Titan’s massive cock slammed in and out of Nicole’s throat. Amber let her eyes drift up to where Myra stood. “Why aren’t you stopping him?”

“Have you ever tried stopping a two hundred pound dog from fucking his bitch? Not that Miss Dawson is a bitch, but, well, you know what I mean,” Myra answered. “But maybe with your help we can give her some reprieve.” Seizing the weatherwoman’s opportune position, Myra walked over and knelt beside her. And then in one swift action she placed a hand on the back of Amber’s head at the same time she pulled the enormous cock from Nicole’s mouth. It happened so fast Amber had no time to react before a foot of canine cock was forced down her throat. “And now the two of you have something in common,” Myra said as she held Amber by the ears to prevent her from stopping.

Ten seconds. Twenty. Thirty. A full minute passed before Myra let go. It took Amber another two minutes before she realized she was no longer being held but by then the damage had been done and a quarter of a million people around the city watched as she willingly let the mastiff face-fuck her. Just as she started to pull back she felt the weight of a rottweiler land on her back. While she wore a skirt, it had a harder time moving up over her hips than Nicole’s and she had the added protection of a pair of panties even if they were mostly lace. “OH GOD NO!” she screeched as she felt him trying to find a way past the flimsy garment. “Don’t just stand there! Make him stop!”

“I’ll try,” Myra said “but if he growls and snaps at me you’re on your own.”

“I thought your dogs were so well-trained!”

*They are,* Myra thought as she walked over to the kneeling weatherwoman. *They’re trained to do just this thing.* Squatting down, she grabbed the dog’s dick in one hand and pushed

Amber's panties aside with the other. Amber opened her mouth to protest but it was filled with mastiff cock. Half a second later her pussy was filled. And exactly eleven seconds after that half the city watched as she experienced her first canine-induced orgasm. "Let's make that two things you have in common with Miss Dawson," Myra said as she stood back and watched.

Meanwhile, out in the parking lot station manager Russ Matthews received a phone call from his best friend James informing him that not only was the station still on the air but his weatherwoman was inside having sex with dogs alongside the news anchor. Beyond pissed off, Russ stormed into the building and up to the Channel thirteen studio where sure enough he saw his two employees on all fours with Myra standing a dozen feet away. "What in the hell is going on in here? Who told you to put us back on the air? Amber! What in the hell are you doing? I sent you in here to get the last of the dogs not have sex with them! And you," he said, turning his wrath on Myra. "I don't know what in the hell kind of facility you're running but you have my word it'll be shut down by the end of the god damn day!"

"I'm sorry, Sir, but I don't know what got into the dogs. They've never done anything like this in their lives and certainly didn't receive such training from us. And for you to insinuate...FUCK YOU! I'd be more worried about your own business being shut down than mine. And if you're going to be pissed at anyone it should be them because they're the ones that are letting the dogs fuck them, not me." Just then Amber and Nicole had simultaneous orgasms. "And apparently loving it. When they're finished I'll take my dogs and go and if the station really is up and running like you claim then I think they've been punished enough. And for the record, I work at an animal rescue sanctuary. I don't know the first thing about putting this place back on the air so find someone else to blame."

Forty minutes later, Myra was loading the last of her dogs into cages in the back of the Paws Sanctuary van, leaving Nicole and Amber lying naked and panting on the studio floor with their boss looking down at them. "Just so you know, everything the two of you did until I came in was broadcast across the city," Russ said, the disappointment in his voice as obvious as the tent in his pants. "I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to terminate both of you right here and now."

"We're under contract," Nicole countered. "Fire me and I'll sue. Besides, you saw the dog take me of its own accord and there was nothing I could do to stop him."

"N-Not me," Amber exhaled. "That fucking bitch forced me to do it!"

"That's not true Sir," Nicole countered. "Yes, the dog mounted but she made no move to stop him just as she did nothing to prevent the mastiff from face-fucking her."

"I don't care who's at fault!" Russ snapped. "The two of you have shamed this station and I don't know if it will ever recover."

"Really?" Nicole said as she sat up in a kneeling position. "What about us? Our lives are ruined. "We'll never be able to find jobs again." Getting to her feet, she pulled her skirt down, ignoring the copious amounts of pussy juices and canine semen drying on her legs. "You'll be hearing from my lawyer." And with that she stormed out of the station.