

# **Bitches of Canine Run**

**Alexis Alexandra**

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“So, how’s the new job treating you?” Emersyn huffed as she kept pace with her best friend as they took their nightly through Cumberset Part.

“It’s... interesting,” Brooklyn replied. “I’m just glad they settled on afternoon shifts so we can still enjoy these runs together.”

“You and me...oh, come on, you’ve got to be kidding me!” Emersyn said as she came to a stop at a TRAIL CLOSED sign preventing them taking Haskell Run several hundred feet ahead.

“It’s no big deal. We can just circle back and take Oak Hill Train instead.

“We could, but Canine Run is way closer and comes out almost exactly where Haskell Run does where Oak Hill is a least half a mile from the parking lot.

“No!”

“Um, what?”

“There’s no way in hell I’m taking Canine Run and that’s final!”

“What the fuck, Brooklyn? We used to jog it all the time so what’s wrong taking it now?”

“That was in broad daylight. Things are... look, let’s just take Oak Hill and be done with it.”

“Canine run is literally parallel to Haskell. I’m not adding another two miles because you’re suddenly afraid of the dark or whatever.”

“I took that trail at night once before and I’ll never do it again. We can take Oak Hill or call it a night.”

“Well, since I drove, we’re taking Canine Run.”

“God damn it, Emersyn! For once in your life trust that I have your best interest at heart!”

“Then tell me what has you so damn spooked.”

“I... I can’t.”

“And I’m supposed to trust you? I thought we were best friends? What happened to never having secrets from each other?”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t. If you want to go, then go, but I’m not going anywhere near that trail again as long as I live.”

“Dramatic much?” Emersyn said, rolling her eyes at her best friend’s sudden change in behavior.”

“Fine, finish your jog, but don’t say I didn’t warn you. I’ll give you an hour and if I don’t see you by then I’ll be at home.”

“Okay, what the actual fuck? If I’m going to go in there and die you better tell me!”

“I’m not dead am I? I can’t say anything more, Emersyn so come back or go ahead, the choice is yours.” And with that, Brooklyn turned around and jogged back in the direction of the parking lot.

Looking from her best friend, to the trails ahead, back to her best friend, then to the trail, Emersyn shook her head and set out to finish her jog on Canine Run – named for how many hikers and runners took their dogs with them on the nearly five mile mostly flat trail. Lit for nighttime runs like every other trail at Cumberset Park, she had no trouble seeing her way down the especially wide path. Rounding the first corner a quarter mile in, she saw a petite blonde woman walking a doberman coming her direction, but as she drew closer she could tell something was off. While she looked exhausted, her pretty face was a mask of horror and shame. Slowing, she stopped a dozen or so feet back. “Is everything okay?”

“Huh? W-What? Oh, I, um... I have to go,” the woman stammered.

“I don’t mean to pry, but you don’t look okay. Is there anything I can do to help? Someone you’d like me to call?”

“I... I just...” dropping to her knees, the woman burst into tears. The leash falling from her grip, the doberman hopped around her several times before cautiously approaching the newcomer.

Knowing better than to move, Emersyn slowly offered her right hand, palm side up for the dog to sniff. “What’s their name?”

“B-Boomer.”

“And you are?”

“C-Chloe.”

Slowly walking up to the distraught woman, Emersyn knelt. “I’m Emersyn. Can you tell me what’s wrong? Did something happen back there?” No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then Emersyn was enveloped in the woman’s arms and a face buried in her shoulder. Hugging her back, Emersyn did her best to comfort Chloe in what appeared to be an incredibly difficult situation. “I want to help, but I can only do that if you tell me what happened. Did someone attack you?”

Slipping backward, Chloe pulled Emersyn with her. Landing on top of the upset woman, Emersyn attempted to untangle herself when she felt something pressing into her crotch. Head snapping back, she saw Boomer sniffing. Using a foot to shoo him away, she tried to get up again only to feel her shorts being tugged down. “W-What are you doinmph!” she grunted as a weight landed on her back. Feeling the warm breath in her ear and the wildly thrusting sheath jabbing all over the place, Emersyn momentarily froze. “Get off me you crazy bitch! Your dog is... uhn... God damn it! Make him stop!”

“If you want him to stop them just push back,” Chloe said, the tears and feigned horror replaced with undisguised pleasure. “You better hurry before he gets it in. Go on, push back. Just make sure you’re lined up with his sheath so the pressure scares him away.”

The words making perfect sense in her panic-addled brain, Emersyn lined up with the trusting sheath and then shoved back hard. And in the moment time stood still as she realized just how gullible she had been. Sliding from its furry sheath, Boomer’s cock penetrated her hard. And once he was in, his humping went from fast to Mach 20.

“Oops, guess you were too slow,” Chloe grinned. “That’s okay, you be a good bitch for Boomer and he’ll make you feel all kinds of pleasure,” she said as she pulled Emersyn down for a kiss. “Don’t resist him.”

“Uhn! Uhn! Ooohhhh God! He... uuhnnnn... your dog... uhn...p-please make him stop!”

“Sorry, babe, but once he’s in, he’s in to completion. Do you feel the base of his cock growing thicker and thicker?”

“Y-Yes!” Emersyn moaned in orgasm.

“Good bitch. That’s his know you feel pressing against your g-spot. It’s going to get bigger than a baseball so unless you can easily take a fist I’d relax and let him continue making you his bitch. Now kiss me!”

“I... uhn... I’m not b-bisexual!”

“I didn’t ask if you were bisexual. I said kiss me, bitch!”

Whether from the humiliating pleasure of Boomer's cock, or the force behind Chloe's words, Emersyn gave in and kissed the woman on the lips. A beat later she had her second orgasm as their tongues danced in each other's mouths.

"Mmmm... Chloe purred. "You like Boomer's cock don't you, bitch? Admit it! Tell me how much you love taking dog cock!"

"I... uhn... this is.... Uuhhnnn! Dear fucking God why does it feel so good? I... uhn... uhn... this is t-the m-m-most humiliating... mmmm... oh fuck I love it! I l-love taking dog cock!"

"That's a good bitch! Now relax and let him finish breeding you and we'll continue once he's done."

"O-Okay." Staring into Chloe's eyes, Emersyn lost herself to the pleasure. Leaning down, she kissed her on the lips and did not stop until Boomer pulled out more than twenty minutes later.

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Crawling off of Chloe – semen and pussy juiced leaking out of her in torrents, Emersyn moaned as Boomer's long, fat tongue licked from clit to asshole. "Ooohhhh God!"

"It's okay. Unless you want to walk around covered in dog jizz I'd let him lick you clean. Now be honest, did you really like him fucking you?"

"It was the most humiliating and degrading and grossest thing I've ever done in my life! I can't believe you forced me to have sex with your dog!"

"I did not such thing. You could've pulled off his cock at any time, but you let him fuck you and had multiple orgasms from it. You also admitted you loved it so no need to be embarrassed about it now," Chloe said as she fished something from her purse. Walking up to the kneeling bitch, she placed a silicone penis in her mouth and then buckled the straps of the gag behind Emersyn's head. Going back to her purse, she grabbed another object and then stepped behind the now squirming jogger. "I want the truth, Emersyn, did you love being Boomer's bitch? Do you lick his fat tongue getting you off?"

Unable to speak with her mouth full of silicone cock, Emersyn nodded.

"I thought as much. Do you want him to fuck you up the ass?"

Pausing a moment, Emersyn nodded.

"Do you want to suck his doggy cock and drink all of his delicious cum?"

Emersyn nodded.

"Are you just telling me what you think I want to hear?"

Emersyn's head shook side to side.

"So, you genuinely want to be a bitch for dogs?"

Nodding emphatically, Emersyn gushed in orgasm causing Boomer to redouble his efforts to lick her clean.

"You're probably wondering why I gagged you. Honestly, given the situation I'm actually surprised you're still on all fours letting Boomer lick you. I guess you really do love it, huh?"

Moaning into the gag, Emersyn spread her legs and pushed back onto the dog's lapping tongue.

"I gagged you because this is going to hurt," Chloe said just before pressing the tip of a branding gun into Emersyn's right ass cheek

Orgasm squirting from her like a river through a busted dam, Emersyn lurched forward screaming into the penis gag filling her mouth preventing her wails of agony from echoing into

the night. Groaning and panting, she got to all fours and was immediately mounted. Feeling Boomer's dick poking all over the place, she felt a hand and then her ass was stuffed with rapidly growing canine cock. Adjusting her position to make herself more comfortable, she accepted her fate and pushed back to take every possible inch of the doberman's thrusting cock.

"I'm going to remove the gag and you're going to eat me out while he plows your ass. If you scream or make a fuss I'll brand you a hundred more times. Is that understood?"

With no choice but to play along, Emersyn nodded. Gag removed; she lowered her face between Chloe's legs where she saw the words: BITCH OF CANINE RUN branded into the sexy blonde's waxed mound. "Y-You're branded?"

"I am. I hope you like it because before this night is over you'll have the same."

"N-No I won't!"

"The cameras recording everything you did and will do say otherwise," Chloe said, pointing to the tree line. "Now eat my pussy, bitch."

The last of her resolve gone, Emersyn did as commanded in the hopes of just making it home alive.

"Mmmm... not bad for a straight woman. Don't worry, before you hit the end of the run you'll be a well-practiced muff diver."

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Kicking herself for not doing more to stop her best friend from jogging Canine Run, Brooklyn knew what was happening on that perverse trail and that it would be hours before she saw her again. Hand absent-mindedly going to her short-covered mound, she recalled the night she went for a lone jog and became a bitch in the process. *At least now I won't have to go to great lengths to hide my body from her*, she thought as she stared off into the forest where her best friend was, at that very moment being turned into a Bitch of Canine Run.