

# Walk in the Park

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*Written and Edited by PgFalcon*

My name is Rachael, and I'm the world's stupidest woman. Let me tell you why.

When I was in college, I had a really bad sex addiction, but more importantly, I was an alcoholic. I would go to frat parties, get wasted, and wake up to some stranger, or sometimes multiple strangers, and the night's happenings would rush to my head. I have to say I must've gotten some kind of kick from it, because I did it again and again. I loved sex.

One day, however, I would regret for the rest of my life, and would cause me to go stone sober from that point on. I got invited to a frat party, I always do, but little did I know what was planned for me. At the party, I quickly guzzled down all the beers and bad wines that were given to me, and boy did I get a lot. Soon I was weaving from place to place, which is really unlike me. Normally when I get drunk, I just get really giddy. This time, the world seemed to be spinning and tilting all around me. The last thing I remember before I pass out is the smiling face of some guy.

I wake up the next morning lying in the dirt, naked. I try to sit up, but my arms are cuffed behind my back so it's very hard to get any leverage. I have a gag in my mouth pulled tightly around my head, and it's wet with my drool. I finally get standing up, and am surprised when I don't feel my head throb. I was expecting a horrible headache after all that beer, but I start to realize that there might not have been just beer in those drinks. I could have been drinking roofies all along. I start to head down the dirt trail I'm lying in, but before I go ten feet I'm yanked back by a chain, which is attached to my hand cuffs. I start crying, I'm completely exposed out in public, and I'm chained to a tree. I try to brush the dirt off my side and bottom, but can't reach hardly any of it. On top of it all, it's just a little nippy out, so my entire body is tight with goose pimples, and I can feel my nipples sticking straight out into the air. I feel the chill especially on the parts of my body not accustomed to wind, like my breasts and between my legs. I sit back down, and try to curl up into a ball.

I wait for hours, and I've resolved myself to death, when I hear someone coming. I look up just in time to see a big college boy walking his German Sheppard. He stops, stunned, and looks at me, and I look back at him trying to plead with him with my eyes. The guy, however, obviously isn't going to save me, or at least not yet. With lust in his eyes, he walks over to me, looking me up and down. I start crying again, but it has no effect on him. He coldly eyes me, and I can see him getting a boner already through his jeans. He reaches over to me on the ground, and grabs my perk breast, and holds it, then grabs the other. His hands are warm. He starts squeezing my breasts, then tweaking my nipples in between, hurting them but stimulating me. He tweaks them harder and harder, groping me then pulling on my nipples, then groping me some more, and there's nothing I can do to stop him.

"Hey bitch, you're gonna be my bitch today. How does that sound?" he pulls hard on my nipples, making me cry out a little against the gag. I start shaking my head in disbelief, this isn't going to be like when I'm drunk. At least then I was willing, I had had a few drinks, and I had known before hand what I was going

to do. This, this is completely different. For this I'm stone sober and it's almost certainly going to be rape.

"What, you don't want to be my bitch?" I shake my head no again. "Well, that's too bad, because you're my bitch, and bitches don't get to have any say. I want to hear you say that you want to be fucked." I scream through my gag, and kick out at him. It's a feeble attempt to hurt him, since I'm still sitting on the ground, but it still enrages him.

"I'm gonna hear you say it, one way or another bitch," and he shoves me backward onto the ground. I flail and twist, but he grabs my thighs and holds me on my back. I sit up, but he doesn't stop me. I can't touch him, my arms arm behind my back. He was only worried about my legs and now he has them trapped.

He drops his head down, and forces my legs apart with great strength, I can't even begin to stop him, and then he licks me. His hot tongue and breath slide up my neatly trimmed slit over and over again, and my body betrays me. I feel blood rushing to my pussy, and my lips down there begin to swell, slowly parting my slit open as he keeps licking, not going any further than my lips. My pussy starts to steam, and I feel my juices start to slick me up down there. When my folds start to show, he suddenly delves into me with his tongue, splitting my lips and making me gasp in shock. My pussy is starting to become sloppy, and slobber is dripping down into my ass crack. My mound is poofing out, and before long I'm arching into him with ecstasy. I hate myself, and cry while I do it, but it feels so good that I can't stop myself. Then, when I start really feeling it, he stops.

"Tell me you want to be fucked." My creaming pussy is stung by a sudden rush of cold air, and I feel the build up of pleasure leave me. He takes his hands off my thighs, then ungags me.

"Never." I tell him coldly. He squints at me, then shoves me back onto my back, and this time I stay there. I feel like I've run a marathon. Using his thumbs, the man opens my pussy wide to the air, exposing my insides to his greedy face, and he resumes blowing me. I scream in fury and ecstasy, unable to control myself, as he again slowly sends me skyward against my best attempts to resist. I'm soon back where I left off, but before I get much farther he stops again, and I cry out in frustration. I need to cum now so badly.

"Now?" he asks.

"I said never."

He puts his head back down into my crotch, this time digging out my clit from under the little fold of flesh at the top of my slit with his tongue. He starts swirling his tongue around my clit, giving it all sorts of attentions, and after only a few seconds sticks his finger up into me, and finger fucks me at the same time. I start screaming, but in a good way, and soon surpass the previous levels that he had stopped me at. I'm just about to cum when he stops again, suddenly and mercilessly, and I cry and kick in frustration, trying to reach my pussy with my own hands, but he won't even let me roll over.

"Please, please..." I beg.

"Please what?" he asks, fairly singing.

“Please... Please fuck me.”

“Now that wasn’t so hard was it bitch? Still, you didn’t do what I asked when I asked it. I’ll expect better in the future, so I think I need to punish you don’t I?”

“No! Please just fuck me and let me go!”

“Oh, don’t worry, I’ll fuck you. I’ll fuck you good. But first, I have a surprise for you. Here Bruce.”

The German Sheppard, which had been waiting dutifully for his master, jumps over to him, and the man strokes and pets his dog’s big body roughly, the dog’s tongue rolling out and panting. Bruce’s tail wags happily. The man then guides the dog’s head down to my pussy, and smelling my juices Bruce immediately starts licking me. I start to try and flip over, but before I can the man’s strong arms hold me in place again, and the dog’s hot tongue has its way with me. After the initial shock is gone, I’m back in the throes of sexual ecstasy; the dog is sending me over the edge like no one else ever has! His long, slobbery tongue slips into my slit and slides up to my clit all in one, fast lick, as he laps at my juices. His tongue is rough for all the saliva, and before I even realize it I’m arching myself into his muzzle screaming “YES! Oh, God YES!” Bruce, unsatisfied with the juices covering my slit, starts to delve his tongue into the source of my creamy goodness, and his tongue starts lapping into my love hole. At first he only just barely enters me with his tongue, but he quickly starts pressing deeper and deeper, lapping at the sweet juices that are flowing freely. I look down at myself, still trying to press my pussy up against his muzzle, begging him to go deeper, when I see that his penis has started sliding out of its furry sheath. I drop my ass to the dirt, and that turns out to be a big mistake. For one, he stops lapping at me, and for two, he seems to have lost interest in just licking me, and now wants to mate me. The man is now standing at a distance, smiling, and with indescribable horror I see that he has a digital camera and is snapping pictures. I have little time to care about that though, because Bruce starts walking on top of me, his dick swinging back and forth under his soft, warm belly.

I push away from him, and try to stand up, but he just keeps advancing and I fall back down on my ass hard. I try to stand again, and get halfway up when I trip on a root. I spin unconsciously, wanting to fall on my hands and knees, but instead slam into dirt face first, my breasts hitting the ground painfully. I try to get up, but Bruce is on top of me and try’s to hump at my raised butt. I realize the target I present to him, and immediately drop to the ground. I am rewarded by a low growl, and the feel of teeth sunk into the back of my neck. He doesn’t draw blood, but I can feel the power in those jaws and appreciate that he could easily crush my neck.

“Don’t fight it bitch, just take it. You’ll learn one way or another, and I think Bruce is the dog to teach you, don’t you? No better way to learn to be a bitch than to be a dog’s bitch, eh? I’d stick that pretty little bum in the air again if you know what’s good for you, hell, I’ll help you.”

The man walks up in front of me, and grabs me under the armpits, holding me up. Bruce growls again, a little louder this time, and bites down a little. I gasp in pain, and immediately comply. I am entirely Bruce’s bitch now. I get to my knees, trembling, and immediately the pressure on my neck lessens, and Bruce, after checking to make sure I wasn’t going to move, resumes humping at me, his prick now huge. He slides up under my belly, his red hot dick reaching up to my belly button, and he grips me tight with his front legs. As he humps at me, I feel precum from his dick smearing all over my belly, and he does this for a good ten seconds without any sign of stopping. Then, as if he realized his mistake, Bruce pulls his prick back slowly, and keeps going until his pointed head makes contact with my spread and waiting

pussy. He lunges, and slides right up into me, ripping me open. He's incredible, he's huge, and it hurts like hell. It's nearly as bad as when my virginity was taken, and he starts pounding me with ferocity. He has huge balls, and they slap soundly against my belly as they swing back and forth.

"Oh. Ugh. My. Ugh. God. Ugh. When. Ugh. Has. Ugh. He. Ugh. Oh God!" My poor pussy, which had been starving for sex for the past hour, now clenches tight on Bruce's thick doggy dick. I scream in primal ecstasy, screaming to the heavens about how good Bruce is, and how much I love him, and all sorts of naughty things I normally say when I orgasm, and this was a hell of an orgasm. Bruce doesn't even pause, and rams right through my screaming and spasming.

"When has he last had stud service? Never. He seems really happy with your cunt though, doesn't he? I think I'll let him have you as his own private bitch." I can hear the snick of the camera as the man takes picture after picture, then the flash as he turns that on as well. He takes close up pictures of my pussy full of his dog, he takes panorama pictures, holding out the camera while supporting me with his knees the whole time, he takes several of my face with the dog on my shoulders, my face contorted in pleasure and ecstasy and lust. Yes, lust, because even now another orgasm is building inside of me, and I moan like the whore that I've become for this dog. Bruce keeps pounding away at me with inhuman stamina, and the man keeps taking pictures, when I feel the dog start to hit a wall at the back of my love hole. He must still be getting bigger! His penis is shaped like an arrow, and starts jamming into my cervix, which I know must be what he's hitting. His head is hard, and starts bruising me in there, but he only pounds me even harder. Then, I feel the beginnings of the destruction of my cervix, and start crying at the pain and the significance of it. I'm a biology major, and I realize that this could cause permanent damage, and keep me from having kids, but Bruce keeps at it.

"Shut up and suck on this bitch," says the guy, and still supporting my shoulders on his knees he flings out his penis. He's got a raging boner, and completely and thoroughly cowed by him, I take it in my mouth. I suck him hard, and he grinds himself against my face, and all the time the dog makes slow progress against my cervix as Bruce grows bigger and bigger. He cums quickly and pulls out of my mouth.

Then, unexpectedly, my cervix gives way, and opens up like another inner vagina. The pain is gone, replaced by a dull ache deep inside of me, and he punches in and out of my womb. I feel myself fly over the edge again, and yet again clamp down hard on his cock, only further stimulating him and me as he energetically keeps fucking, panting and slobbering all over my back. It's then that I first feel it, a slight bulge forming at the base of his dick as he pulls in and out of me. Soon it's making an obscene popping noise as it reaches the size of a lime, but as it grows bigger it, all at once, is too big to pull back out of me, and keeps swelling inside of me.

"Ohhhhhhhh, no, pleeease." I moan, as I feel his knot swell, and press his dick deeper into my uterus. He's unable to draw back now, but Bruce still presses himself against me rhythmically and his penis throbs in time with the throbbing of my own. It starts to become painful. I've been around, and I've even been fisted before, but the knot now swells to the size of an apple inside of me, and I feel like it's stretching me in two, while at the same time sending me thrills of pleasure from my love hole. The knot keeps growing, and it feels like his dick is swelling too, and his dick goes a full two inches into my womb before the knot seems to level off, stopping at the size of an orange. He stops humping me, and presses himself as deep into me as he can go, and I feel his balls contract. His cum races down his shaft, then begins to empty straight into my womb.

“Oh my. Oh no.” I moan, resisting my one last orgasm, but the feeling of his cum filling me sends me over the edge. I’ve started to come to my senses now that the full impact of what I’ve done and what Bruce has done to me starts to register, and I start saying “no no no no,” over and over again as my womb swells and my orgasm hits me. My pussy ripples along his dick and knot, squeezing and milking the flowing cum from him as if my cunt was dying of thirst. The dog keeps cumming, the stream never fully stopping before another gush fills me. I can feel my belly starting to bulge as the endless stream of dog cum slowly stretches out my womb. Pressure starts to build up inside of me, but the dog doesn’t stop cumming. My orgasm stretches on, it won’t stop. With each fresh gush of cum I have a fresh cramp and my mind explodes. The pressure is becoming painful, and looking down at myself past my hanging breasts to see that my once perfectly flat belly is horribly distended as if I were pregnant. Slowly the stream of cum tapers off, and I sigh with relief, though still breathing heavily. The dog’s member stays inside of me for several minutes, our most intimate parts simply touching, when he finally starts to shrink.

At first only the knot moves, draining his blood back his body, but soon the rest of his penis starts to retreat with it as well. Surprisingly, Bruce stays calm, not moving as his penis makes it’s slow withdrawal, and when he slides out of my womb I’m shocked to find that my cervix closes tight behind him and the cum stays neatly in place. After an eternity, his knot shrinks back down into nothing, and only then does Bruce pull himself out of me. Bruce trots a short distance away, and starts licking his shrinking member clean, and the man roughly rolls me onto my back, then sits me up. He takes a key from his pocket.

“Found it hanging on a string just around the Bend,” says the man, smiling, and he unlocks the handcuffs. My hands free, I immediately touch my tummy, feeling the big bulge of dog cum held inside of me. I push on it, but it only squishes slightly and painfully, none of it leaking past my tightly closed cervix.

“I know where you live, I know who you are. I’m going to call you tomorrow, and if you don’t do exactly what I want you to do, then I’m going to spread these pictures all over the campus, and I’m going to send them to your parents. Do you understand?”

I do, and I nod my head, ashamed at myself for loving it so much, and even more ashamed that I want to have sex with Bruce again. Looking down, I see my stretched and open snatch slowly return to its former neat self. The man continues down the trail, but I know that isn’t the last I’ve seen of him or his dog.