



Woman's Best Friend
By
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WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

An Erotic Novel

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All characters portrayed in sexual situations are at least 18 years old.

Chapter 1

Ambrose grit his teeth as he stood under the cold water, waiting for his erection to finally die down. The tall, muscled Doberman Pinscher canomorph was breathing hard from the two previous orgasms he'd had, painting the wall of the shower white with his seed, even as the frigid water blasted down onto his back. Unlike a normal, four-legged canine's cum, Ambrose's semen wasn't watery at all. Instead, it was very thick, rich with sperm and the vital juices needed to propel them along to the ova of a receptive female. What his semen did have in common with a canine's, though, was the sheer amount of it. Each extended orgasm, starting from the moment his knot formed until the moment it subsided, had him spurting cum like a firehose.

"Made for breeding," growled Ambrose, turning now to face the water, letting it soak down his front. He looked down at his throbbingly erect penis, and could almost swear he saw steam rising from the pink length. "Blast my designers."

After two intense orgasms, the dobiemorph was feeling a bit meditative, despite his continued erection, letting his mind wander in thought, and letting one hand wander downward, cupping his large, heavy balls. They felt swollen, even after the prior discharges of cum, and Ambrose ran his fingers over the prominent veins that fed rich heartblood to his testicles. He was a made creature, all right. His penis, when erect, looked like a human's, except it didn't have a foreskin. That was the purpose of his sheath, after all. The color of the long, reasonably thick shaft was a uniform pink color, much like the glans of a human's cock. And when he came, the base of the dobiemorph's shaft would swell up into a mid-sized knot, about the size of a golf ball, which acted to keep all his cum inside of a female. His balls were large, heavy, the testicles looking almost too big for the scrotal sac when Ambrose was fully aroused. Besides this, a quick look over his body confirmed what Ambrose felt: he was a young, healthy, athletic and virile canomorph male. He was a melding of human and canine genes, specially tailored for the desires of his owners.

"Made to...serve," grunted Ambrose, getting close once more, the stroking of his balls, even under the cold water, the last touch that started him on the final climb of orgasm. "Made...too...human!"

This last was a guttural grunt as Ambrose came once more, a jet of thick spunk splattering against the far wall.

That was the problem of course: Ambrose, like most canomorphs, was just a little bit too human. When you were dealing with somebody like Diane Lords on a daily basis – or, worse yet, her daughter Mercy – if you were capable of feeling

anything akin to physical attraction to a human female, you were doomed before you even began.

While capable of five or six more orgasms, thanks to the attention of his creators to his breeding apparatus, as a full five minutes passed, and his knot began to subside, Ambrose found that he was starting to get control of himself once more. Enough, at least, that he was able to will his penis back into its sheath, tensing his belly muscles, making his trim six-pack ripple, and then working the inner muscles controlling the extension of his penis, sucking the thick pink shaft back into his sheath almost instantly.

In only a matter of minutes after this, Ambrose had dried himself off with his fur blower, and then dressed himself to immaculate perfection. Now sporting slacks and jacket and cummerbund, with a vest and bow-tie topping off the uniform, the dobiemorph was dressed for the part of house butler and general dogservant to perfection. A glance at his small room's wall clock told him it was 5:30 in the morning, and he was running right on time.

At 6:30, after completing the preparations for the day, Ambrose ascended the stairs of the sprawling Lords mansion, and was soon knocking on the door to Diane Lords' room, a large tray balanced in his other hand. Three quick, soft knocks, and then he pushed the door open, stepping inside.

"Mmm – it's that time, isn't it, Rose?" said a soft, sultry voice in the dim lighting of the room, even as a sleek figure began to stir in the tangled sheets of the bed. "Time to get up, to face the new day. Beat the system and win some bread."

"Yes Ma'am," replied Ambrose dutifully, setting the tray on its portable table over his mistress' lap as she propped herself up on the pillows. With an expert flourish, Ambrose removed the silver cover, presenting his mistress with breakfast and the morning mail, including her financial journal. He needed no light in the darkness, his eyes quite light sensitive, though he didn't have quite as much color perception as a human did. "The weather report indicates that today and the entirety of next week should have beautiful weather. Sun and cool breezes from off the ocean."

"Perfect for my daughter and her little friends," sighed Diane Lords as she pushed the covers aside, unashamed of her nudity beneath the sheets as she began to tuck into breakfast. "And with me going to Belgium, too. Well, at least I'll be able to enjoy next weekend, if the weather holds."

"It should, Ma'am," replied Ambrose, carefully not looking in Diane's direction as he opened the shades, letting the bright sun of the beachside villa flood into the bedroom. That done, he then turned, looking down at the floor like a good and submissive dog, gritting his teeth lightly to keep from noticing the enticing

smell of the female he was serving, to try and keep his male instincts from making a fool of him. “Your bags are packed and by the door, and your driver should be here in an hour and a half – you should have plenty of time for your morning routine. Is there anything that you wish me to do further, Ma’am?”

Why Ambrose didn’t look at his mistress was only partially due to his impeccable training as a dogservant. The other part (and it was a significant part) of his reason for looking down at his large, bare paws was because it was considered expressly obscene in the eyes of the law and accepted morality to even consider what his impulses told him he should do to (and, knowing her, probably with) his mistress. There was little questioning why the poor dobiemorph was suffering so, of course. Diane Lords, having only just entered her middle thirties, had the body of a woman ten years her junior. No, that was not really a good description of someone like Diane Lords: very few people had a body like hers at any age. Even just rising from sleep, the bedclothes tangled about her as she ate breakfast, her long, flowing blonde hair cascaded down her shoulders like a golden waterfall in an effect that hairstylists sometimes had to work for hours to achieve in models. Without makeup, Miss Lords had a smooth, unblemished face, her blue eyes bold and yet sweet, giving her an air of command while doing nothing to detract from her many and obvious feminine charms, her cheeks fair, her lips full with an ever-so-slight pout.

Her body, of course, was slim and supple, firm and lightly athletic, with not a bit of cellulite on the trim, smooth curves that were ever-so-easy on the eyes. It didn’t take a trained eye to spot a woman whose every slight move cried out sex and need, as though demanding that all men around her pay attention. Diane Lords had raw animal magnetism right alongside of a body that just wouldn’t quit, and a commanding air that could rule men and women with equal ease. Resisting her desires was a battle of ultimate will for any man.

This, of course, was Diane Lords’ appearance before she dressed and put on her day’s makeup. Once she did that, Ambrose found himself as much a prey to the woman’s intense seductive powers as any male, her ability to command total and complete. And what made it almost unbearable was that Miss Lords didn’t even do it deliberately, for all the time she spent making herself look pretty. It just came naturally for her, as easy as breathing. It was what she did, the skill around which she based everything else that she was, and she was very good at it.

It was this power of seduction that had eventually led Diane Lords (originally Diane James-Davies) to overwhelm the senses of Martin Lords, the aging heir to Lords Confectionary, a massive candy firm with roots in Europe, but great holdings in the United States as well. When Martin Lords had died four years ago, that left his wife in charge, for she was careful never to have been a mere

trophy wife. Diane had quickly risen to the occasion with masterful skill, taking full command of the business and bringing in record sales, and she was known far and wide as the world's most gorgeous CEO, as well as its most successful single mother.

But this past history had little to do with the truly horrid (and torrid) thoughts that Ambrose was forced to suppress, pushing them aside as illegal as well as immoral. His personal session in the shower helped some as he felt the sweat starting to build between the toes on his large paws, and he flexed them unconsciously while he waited for his mistress to reply.

"Oh, I think that will do for now, Rose," said Diane in that voice of hers, a voice that caused the much-tempted dobiemorph's heart to start up a bouncing pitter-patter. "You'll get Mercy up soon, won't you? Make sure she doesn't miss her last day of class before Spring Break?"

"Of course, Ma'am," replied Ambrose, his stubby docked tail wagging as he bowed, making Diane smile as she saw it wiggling as it poked out of the back of his perfectly-pressed slacks. "I'll be taking her breakfast now. With your leave." Ambrose was out the door as quickly as decorum allowed, and soon leaned against the wall by the bedroom, his sharply-pointed ears perked as he listened to the soft clink of silverware and fine china as his mistress had her breakfast.

Taking a long, cooling breath and then letting it out, the dobiemorph nodded in satisfaction as he started off back down the stairs to fetch the second breakfast tray of the day. He'd kept himself under control, and not even a bulge had shown while he was talking with his mistress. The Doberman decided that this was a sign of a good day ahead as he ascended the stairs once more, another silver-covered tray in hand. Of course, that still left the biggest hurdle of the day: Mercy Lords, Diane's daughter.

Chapter 2

Reaching the door at the end of the hall at precisely 6:50 am, Ambrose's large pawhand once more lifted and gave three quick, short, soft knocks, being careful to knock only on a part of the door that was not covered by one of the many posters and signs that adorned it, before he pushed the door open and stepped into the room of his mistress' daughter. The sight that greeted him, unfortunately, was quite enough to ruin almost all of the poor dobiemorph's prior efforts at self-control.

As Ambrose's jaw dropped, despite himself, his eyes were brought immediately to the smooth young creature before him, lovely in her youth. Even a quick glance at her revealed that she had all of the beauty of her mother, just waiting to come into full bloom as she matured. There was the same shoulder-length, flowing blonde hair, the same expressive, limpid deep blue eyes, the same flawless skin. But the captivating beauty Mercy had inherited was tempered somewhat by two factors. The first and most obvious was her youth, for she had a slightly awkward adolescent skinniness about her, similar to that of a filly before it has had the chance to fill out into a mare's mature strength and beauty. The second, subtler feature that made Mercy's beauty different was a note of softness, of kindness, of gentleness and a caring, loving soul that her mother did not possess. This, in turn, was tempered by a spirit of youthful mischief and eager energy, largely learned from her friends at school, which made it quite hard to avoid looking at Mercy and admiring the view, for she was approachable. Dianne Lords was a creature that one worshipped. Mercy Lords was one that you loved.

Admiring the view was exactly what Ambrose was doing at that moment, for it seemed that Mercy had gotten up a bit earlier than normal, and had been undressing for her morning shower as he had entered. The panties she wore to bed now down around her knees as the smooth young teen bent over to remove them, the staring dobiemorph was treated to the sight of the smoothest, most perfectly heart-shaped little bum he had ever seen, presented to him like a gift. Mercy had heard Ambrose's knock, of course, and was turning even as the dogservant was struggling to regain control of his senses. Her wide blue eyes met Ambrose's brown ones, her face showing momentary surprise at being caught in such a compromising situation. And then her sweet face broke into a smile like a ray of sunshine, and she pushed her panties down and stepped out of them, quite unconcerned at being naked in the presence of Ambrose, and picked up the towel resting on her bed.

“Good morning, Rose,” the bright and smiling teen greeted her loyal dogservant, protector, mentor, and friend of many years. “How are you today? Sleep well?”

“Yes, Miss Mercy,” Ambrose got out, his voice slightly husky as he did his best to keep his eyes fixed on his young mistress’ face, and not at the perfect, uplifted bare breasts turned towards him, their candy pink nipples looking sweeter than anything he knew; or, worse yet, lower still, to the neatly-trimmed mound below her trim young belly, and the achingly tempting little indentation that hinted at secret, untouched treasures not intended for a brute dogmorph’s perverse lusts. “I was about to ask you the same. Also, it’s a beautiful day outside, and the weather report says that it will probably remain so for the week of Spring Break.”

“Oh goodie!” exclaimed Mercy as she, heedless of her nudity, rushed forward to hug the dobiemorph around his broad, powerful chest, even as he raised her breakfast tray to keep it from being knocked over. “That’s wonderful – I was so hoping the weather would be good for when my friends get here.”

As Mercy got so very close to Ambrose, her smooth young body rubbing against his (thankfully clothed) chest and stomach, the muscular dobiemorph frowned as he noted a slight alteration in Mercy’s scent. It was subtle right then, but it was something that caught his attention, nibbling at his more primitive canine instincts. But he didn’t have time to dwell on that. Right now he had duties to perform.

“We have an hour before I take you to school, Miss Mercy,” said Ambrose, moving the tray to one hand so that he could reach down and pat his young mistress on her back, rubbing the smooth pink skin gently. “And then a mere half day for you at school, and I will pick you and your friends up for your big vacation together. Your mother has to leave for Belgium, I am afraid, but I am here, and everything has been arranged, so there should be no lack of fun activities or protections of your safety. I shall pick you and your three friends up at the usual place, by the small quaking aspen grove. Shall I bring the full limo, or a smaller car?”

“Oh, the limo,” said Mercy, grinning up at Ambrose as she broke the hug, and then started towards the shower, towel under her arm, her trim young hips swaying as she walked, making a most enticing view for the flustered dobiemorph. “I want us to have a fun ride back here. Besides, it’s the best car for carrying all four of us comfortably.” She looked over her shoulder at the tall, powerful male standing, tray in hand, at the door to her room, and giggled.

“Come on – you can help me get in a quick shower, we’ll get dressed, and then I’ll have breakfast. ‘kay?”

“Of course, Miss Mercy,” said Ambrose, bowing obediently, carefully keeping his eyes away from places of temptation on his young mistress’ naked body,

before he moved, setting the tray on her bed, and then straightened, standing in the middle of the room. Taking a deep breath, the powerfully-built male closed his eyes to help calm himself, and began to remove his clothing.

With the big dog's eyes closed, Mercy was able to turn and watch as Ambrose began to get undressed. She had to suppress a giggle as she noticed the gradually-diminishing bulge in the front of his slacks, and realized that he probably thought that her interest in having him shower with her was purely innocent. He had good reason to believe this, of course.

Diane Lords wasn't a bad person, for all her many flaws of inner character, but try as she might, she'd never developed a knack for mothering. Diane's realization that she needed someone who could take care of her growing daughter was the main reason why she'd bought Ambrose many years back. Ambrose was top-ranked in all aspects of domestic dogservice, and knew how to take care of human babies as well as he could raise a canomorph pup. Since he was also a champion breeder, having sired a great many pups even at his then relatively young age, and taken part in raising most of them, he quickly proved himself indispensable to Diane in raising and taking care of her growing daughter, while at the same time doing his best to make sure that mother and daughter never lost their love for each other, even though it was strained at times.

Bathing Mercy was something that Ambrose had begun right after he took over the task of bringing her up. As she grew older, he had made a few intimations that perhaps it was improper that he continue to keep up this habit from earlier days, but neither Diane nor Mercy (especially Mercy) seemed to see anything wrong with this practice, even as Mercy entered her ripening teenaged years and began to awaken to her sexuality, and so Ambrose's brief, not terribly strenuous objections were ignored.

Watching Ambrose undress, Mercy felt herself breathing a bit faster, her cheeks growing lightly flushed as more and more sleek black-and-brown fur was bared to her eager young eyes. She'd had a crush on him almost as soon as she'd figured out what boys were, and the feelings hadn't done anything but grow stronger over the years, with the strong, virile dobiemorph playing an active role in many of her teenaged nighttime fantasies. Mercy was no stranger to erotic fantasies, her burgeoning teenaged hormones having led her to discover computers and the Internet a while back. From there, it was only a matter of time before she discovered a wide variety of erotic literature that she often browsed whenever she had an opportunity. But what she knew quite a lot about in fantasy, she was largely unacquainted with in reality, except for her interactions with Ambrose, and what she'd heard from locker room gossip with her friends.

It was true, also, that Ambrose was easy on the eyes, his body firm, trim, and smoothly-muscled. He moved with a light, lithe grace, not musclebound at all, even though he was very muscular, and very, very strong. It took some effort for Mercy to keep from giggling as his slacks slid down his legs, showing off the flash of brown fur right beneath his tail, and his cute, tight butt. But when the now-naked canomorph turned to look at his young mistress, she was smiling pleasantly, her expression as innocent as could be, her eyes never going below his waist.

“I will get the water running,” said the big male, moving past Mercy with a polite nod, which she returned, never knowing that as he passed, her eyes were on the heavy, aching full-looking sac dangling between his legs, and the sheath that always seemed to be swollen to bursting whenever she saw it. Briefly, Mercy wondered if it was painful for poor Ambrose to have such swollen boybits, but she was too embarrassed to ask, and soon saw steam rising from the extra large bathtub and shower, her eyes rising to meet her faithful dogservant’s. “Coming,” said the teen brightly without being called, pretending that she hadn’t been caught checking out her dogservant companion’s butt, and hurrying to the shower. Hanging up her towel on a ring nearby, she stepped into the massive tub and pulled the shower curtain shut, closing the pair of them into their own small world.

Ambrose took slow, even breaths as he watched Mercy step beneath the water, her tiny hands moving over her body as she wet herself down until her skin glistened and her flowing blonde tresses were soaked through. Keeping his mind focused with every bit of will that he possessed, the dogservant picked up the bottle of liquid soap and squirted a generous amount onto his hands, and then over Mercy’s shoulders. Leaning in close, the large canomorph began to rub his powerful, gentle hands over the sweet teen’s body. Mercy sighed, smiling contentedly as she felt those wonderful, talented hands moving over her skin, working into her underlying muscles, soaping her up and rubbing her down at the same time. In fact, if she wasn’t so awake, she’d almost certainly have fallen asleep from the soothing touch of her faithful companion and dogservant.

His mind now settled into the routine, Ambrose found himself able to safely move his hands over his young mistress’ budding breasts, each now a decent palmful. He smiled slightly as he heard her relaxed sigh when he took pains to massage the connective tissues that held her breasts up, paying careful, loving attention to the entire breast, though with a more vigorous speed than he would have used with a lover. This was a rubdown and nothing more, he reminded himself as his hands slid down Mercy’s belly, cleaning out her navel with a quick motion of a single blunt clawtip. There was no sense in taking chances.

Chances, though, were exactly what were about to happen, as Ambrose knelt in the large tub, Mercy facing away from him, leaning over slightly to rest her hands on the tile wall. He needed to kneel to run his hands over her perfect rump and lovely legs, and went to work with a will, his large paws kneading and massaging the smooth, supple skin and equally smooth, supple musculature beneath, while Mercy rested her head on the tile of the shower and gave a soft moan of contentment, wriggling her hips slowly from side to side. It was at that moment, just as Ambrose was working on his young mistress' inner thighs, that the scent he'd picked up from before hit him again, and this time in full force. He couldn't get away from it where he was kneeling, since his incredibly sensitive canine nose was almost stuck right in the source of the exquisite scent. The primitive instincts buried deep within Ambrose's psyche knew that scent instantly, and it was only a matter of moments later before Ambrose's conscious mind recognized it as well. It was the scent of a ripe, unbred young female in heat.

Of course, as she was growing up, Ambrose had been around Mercy during her periods of ovulation, when she was at her most fertile. He'd learned to deal with them as they came, and knew her schedule better than she did herself. At first, as she was in her early years, he'd been able to dismiss her fertile periods as 'false heats,' when her body hadn't sorted itself out yet. As she'd developed, he began thinking of her like he would Diane Lords: a mistress to be obeyed, rather than a female to be bred, and his instincts seemed to have accepted this, knowing that there was a harsh penalty for trying to make it with the alpha female when you weren't the alpha male. But three things had changed since Ambrose had developed his inner systems to control his urges.

The first of these changes was that Diane had moved to the villa two years after the death of Martin Lords, and since the smaller house didn't need as large a staff, she'd kept only Ambrose to assist her. According to his primitive instincts, this made him the only male around, and thus the only candidate for the 'alpha male' position, making his struggle to keep himself in a subordinate role a little more difficult every day.

The second change, and the most obvious, was that Mercy had grown up quite a bit over the years, and every year that passed made her just that more fertile, and made her womb that much more able to bear healthy offspring to term.

Ambrose's healthy offspring, if he didn't keep his raging instincts in check.

The last change was the one that had caught Ambrose totally off guard at this moment. At the start of her Senior school year, Mercy had paired up with her best friends at highschool, and joined the girls volleyball team. While Ambrose knew about this, and had attended every game (besides getting Diane to attend as

many as possible), he had forgotten that females in close proximity tend to change their ovulation schedule to match that of the women around them. Proximity, say, of the same closeness as found between four best friends in the same locker room on a regular basis.

So it was that, before he had any chance to control himself, the healthy, virile canomorph's cock was erect, standing proudly at full mast, ready for action, eager to be sunk into the sweet, needy female that required his services to soothe the desperate ache in her belly. An instant later, however, Ambrose's rational self came back into control, and he grit his teeth, trying to will his penis back into its sheath, tensing his muscles desperately, using every exercise of his inner muscles he could think of to try and lose the prominent, throbbing erection standing upright between his legs. These efforts, sadly, failed miserably. The one silver lining to this very bad situation, though, was that Mercy was only on the starting end of her ovulation. She wasn't at her peak ripeness yet, and so Ambrose was able to reason his instincts down, telling them to wait, even though he had no intention of ever giving them satisfaction in the way that they craved.

"Is everything all right, Rose?" asked Mercy, her deep blue eyes opening as she looked over her shoulder at her friend and companion, curious as to why he'd stopped.

"Everything is under control, Miss Mercy," replied Ambrose, keeping his voice steady and even despite all the powerful forces within him demanding that they be let loose. "I merely lost myself in the drum of the warm water for a moment."

"Falling asleep too, huh?" giggled Mercy, straightening up, and then pulling the shower curtain open, stepping outside as she grabbed her towel. "You finish up your shower quick, okay? I should be dressed by the time you're out."

"Of course, Miss Mercy," said Ambrose, sighing in relief that Mercy hadn't seemed to see anything as he pulled the shower curtain shut once more, watching the lithe silhouette of his naked mistress drying herself through the thin plastic. It was, after all, a part of their morning routine – he would exercise in the morning, then get dressed to serve Diane and Mercy, then shower his sweat off with Mercy before getting her off to school. And, though Mercy didn't know it, the moment she left the room, most of his short shower time was spent cumming, again and again and again, as he desperately worked off the primal desires his instincts were demanding he satisfy.

Chapter 3

The day, as it turned out, actually went along with incredible smoothness, and not a single thing went wrong after the dangerous near-miss of the morning. Ambrose made certain that the driver from the local airport (a friendly though high-strung female greyhound canomorph of his acquaintance) made it on time, and carried Diane's bags to the waiting car personally so that she could be chauffeured to her waiting private jet in record time. Not long afterward, he took Mercy to the exclusive, upper-crust highschool she attended, and made certain she was safely in the presence of her three best friends before he took off for the villa once more. He knew how trying it could be among so many young and often cruel people, and did not want his beloved young mistress to have to go through the day without the protection of her little 'pack.' The obedience school he'd been raised in shortly after he was decanted wasn't that different, really, but he trusted that Mercy would be all right now that she had some dear and loyal friends.

This trust seemed to be merited, for when noontime rolled around, and Ambrose pulled up in the limo, the final chores around the house finished for the day, Mercy – wearing the blue shorts and striped t-shirt that he'd selected for her that day – and her friends were waiting, and the bouncy, giggly, gossipy mass of lovely girlflesh that piled into the back partition of the limo seemed anything but troubled by the day's events.

"The day went well, Miss Mercy?" asked Ambrose as he held the door open for the girls, his young mistress the last to get in.

"Oh, it was just great!" exclaimed Mercy, impulsively giving Ambrose another hug before she slid into the limo. "I'll tell you all about it on the way back."

That, of course, was exactly what Mercy did for a good part of the ride back to the seaside villa, with additional assistance and commentary by her three young friends, their voices coming to him through the speaker at the base of the glass divider between the passenger and driver sides of the limo. Ambrose took this time to divide his attention between watching the empty, quiet road ahead of him, listening and responding appropriately to the words of the girls behind him, and taking note of who it was that he would be dealing with for the holiday.

Instantly apparent, and perhaps the most demanding of attention of all Mercy's friends, was Rianne. Rianne was a freckle-faced carrot-top, her short, bright red hair done up in two quick, sporty braids held in place by rubber bands, and she seemed quite unashamed of wearing a pair of yellow cotton gym shorts and a baby blue babydoll t-shirt. Of the four girls in the backseat of the limo, Rianne

was the most athletic, her constant activity leading to her having an almost boyish frame, coltish without quite being skinny, though it was a close one. She was a genuine tomboy, as a matter of fact, upfront and very forward about what she felt and thought. Ambrose couldn't help but notice that, despite her tomboyishness, Rianne's clothes weren't especially boyish, as the shorts ended only a third of the way down her thighs, while her t-shirt didn't quite cover her navel, leaving a small swathe of tanned, toned teenaged tummy bare, and clung to her slim, pert body in ways that were not at all unpleasant. It was while looking at this almost scandalous bit of clothing that Ambrose suddenly realized, judging from the rather small size of Rianne's pack, that what she was wearing now was probably the only thing she would be wearing for the entire holiday. A moment after making this realization, the redhead's eyes met his in the rearview mirror in a rather accusing manner, Rianne's eyebrow cocking slightly, as though to say "Ah hah – I caught you, and I know what you were thinking."

Hastily moving his attention along, the next girl on which Ambrose's eyes fell was Lyra. Bubbly, blonde, and bouncy were the descriptors that came immediately to mind when Ambrose considered the perky teen, who was looking everywhere with those almost aqua-colored eyes of hers, but never quite focusing on anything except her friends for very long,. Her daisy dukes shirt and tight denim shorts showed off her lovely, fast-developing assets in the most effective and casual way possible, making her look flirty without even really needing to try. Lyra's wavy, slightly crinkly hair was actually a lighter shade than Mercy's golden tresses, bleached more by the sun than any chemicals, and had a few little streaks of dyed pink running through it, though these were mostly hidden in the long twin braids hanging down her shoulders to the small of her back. Of all the girls in the backseat, Lyra was the most energetic and upbeat, and while she did indeed give a slight degree of truth to the jokes about blondes, she was as nice a person as anyone could care to meet, outgoing and very friendly to everyone, and eager to try new things out. Lyra was the one who had convinced her three friends to try out for volleyball, and who was often the leader behind their various activities, providing the energy that got the others motivated after one of them had found something that seemed interesting.

That thought, of course, led Ambrose's eyes to fall onto Dottie. Until she'd met Mercy, Rianne, and Lyra, Dottie had been the lonely, pudgy, nerdy girl sitting in the back of all her classes, just trying to survive each day at school without more than the normal amount of hazing. After she'd started hanging out with Mercy and her friends, getting involved in all their activities had soon helped her shed most of those awkward pounds, and some work with her friends had actually convinced her to start wearing contacts instead of the thick glasses she'd been

wearing before, letting people see her beautiful hazel eyes and her cute, slightly pouting face without obstruction. Dottie was able to attend the highschool with the others mainly because of her brains: she was incredibly smart, and was obviously destined for great things, if she could just make it through highschool. But that meant that she often couldn't afford the nice things that other girls in the exclusive highschool could, and her suffering at the hands of the many cliques at the highschool before Mercy and company had saved her had been terrible indeed. The lingering effects of that suffering could be seen in the conservative, uplifted bun on the top of her head, in which she kept her beautiful auburn hair, in the simple pair of loose jeans and light felt jacket she was wearing over a plain white t-shirt that hid the shape of her body from easy view, and in her quiet behavior, letting the others do most of the talking. But when she did talk, the other girls listened, because they knew that Dottie, brain that she was, was almost always right, and her ideas were almost always excellent, giving sensible guidance to the energy of the others.

Finishing his assessment of the situation he'd be facing over Spring Break, Ambrose nodded confidently to himself as he turned his attention back to the road. Of course he could handle four teenaged girls for a week without any serious mishaps. After all, what could possibly go wrong?

Chapter 4

“What a day,” sighed Rianne, standing and taking a long moment to stretch upwards, her scanty t-shirt riding up her lithe, toned body far more than was properly decent. “Thank goodness it’s over! A whole week of just hanging out at Mercy’s house should be just what we need to unwind, huh, Dottie?”

Rianne often directed her statements to Dottie, simply because she loved the startled, deer-in-the-headlights look that they always elicited from the nerdy teen. Dottie responded with a mumbled reply and an uncertain shrug, which Rianne, being who she was, took as all the answer she needed.

“I think so too. Just what we needed, especially to get away from scowling Mrs. Hackett and that perv, Mister Ames. You know, I saw him checking out the cheerleaders yesterday. He was under the bleachers with a minicam. What a sicko!”

“That’s no surprise,” chimed in Lyra as the girls started to walk towards the house, Ambrose watching and listening for a short while, leaning on the driver’s door as he idly (and mostly unconsciously) admired the view of four attractive, healthy teens ascending the short stone stair to the villa. “I just know he’s the one who set up that hidden camera in the showers. I mean, who else coulda done it?”

“Just be glad none of us have to take his physics class,” laughed Mercy as she pulled open the door to the house. “C’mon, lets see what Rose made us for lunch, and then we can figure out what we’ll do next.”

Ambrose had, actually, prepared several sorts of sandwiches for the girls before he’d headed off to pick them up, complete with fresh-squeezed juice (he didn’t believe in soda: too much sugar and caffeine) in the fridge, some salad fixings, and crisp rice squares he’d whipped up just before heading out, letting them cool on the counter. He took a bit of pride in remembering just what each of his four charges for this week of break liked most, preparing the meal accordingly, and adding a few extra possibilities just in case some of those tastes had changed (not an uncommon thing in developing teens, after all). Though he had his weaknesses, Ambrose was an incredible dogservant, so much so that Dianne and Mercy often took perfection on his part for granted. Feeling the glow of satisfaction from knowing that he’d served the needs of his mistress and her friends, Ambrose slid easily into the limo and slammed the door, starting the car once more, aiming it towards the extra-large garage designed to house it. It would take him a good twenty minutes to get the long limo parked properly before making the hike back to the house, but he didn’t concern himself with

that. After all, what trouble could four teens get into in a mere twenty minutes?

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While Ambrose was parking the limo, Mercy and her friends were doing their best to answer the question the dobiemorph had naively posed. Or rather, one of the four was doing so, though nobody else was aware of it just yet.

“Where did Ri go?” asked Dottie, who’d been rummaging in the fridge for an apple when the redhead had slipped off, her well-dressed salad sitting unattended on the counter.

“She’s gone to the bathroom,” said Lyra between mouthfuls of turkey-on-wheat.

“She said she preferred the one upstairs, in Mercy’s room. Totally weird, huh?”

“Yeah,” said Dottie, as she frowned thoughtfully, but then shrugged, letting the matter go. “So, what were you thinking we’d be doing today, Mercy? I mean, it’s your house; what you say goes, right?”

Mercy seemed to have been thinking on that very question, for she quickly swallowed the bite of salad in her mouth, and had her reply ready in a matter of moments.

“It’s a perfect, beautiful day outside,” she said, stating the obvious. “We’re fresh out of school, and we all need something to cool off, right?” Taking note of Lyra and Dottie’s nods of agreement, Mercy continued. “I think we should start this break off with a splash and get into our swimsuits. The beach behind the villa’s not going to get any more perfect, after all.”

“Best idea I’ve heard all day,” said Rianne, returning to the kitchen from wherever she’d been, setting a pack of playing cards she’d found somewhere in the house on the kitchen counter and picking up her salad. “We can start off with two-on-two beach volleyball until an hour’s passed, and then we can go swimming. Hey! Don’t you have that raft anchored out in the bay, Mer? We can swim out to that and hang out for hours, even work on our tans. Maybe even get your dogboy to bring us dinner.”

“Rose isn’t a dogboy,” said Mercy, looking a bit hurt.

“Oh really?” challenged Rianne with a teasing grin. “Then what is he? I mean, he comes when he’s called, fetches and carries, and he’d do anything you or any of us asked him to do. And I do mean anything. Sounds like a dogboy to me.”

“Well,” Mercy began, trying to find some sort of reply to Rianne’s perfect reasoning, for the honey-haired teen knew that everything her carrot-topped friend had said was completely true. “Maybe you’re right. But I just don’t like you calling him that. I mean, he’s the one who raised me for almost all of my life. I don’t know what Mom and I’d have done without him. He’s...well, he means so much to us. It’s like he’s the man of the house, I guess.” She blushed at that last statement, self-conscious at the connotations and what her friends might

think.

“Wow,” giggled the spacey Lyra, breaking the moment of silence that had followed Mercy’s heartfelt statement. “Sounds like you really like your doggie, huh, Mercy?” But then her teasing grin softened, and she reached over from where she was now sitting on the counter to pat her friend on the shoulder. “Aw, it’s okay. I mean, I’ve known Rose for almost three years now, and I think he’s a real sweetie.”

“A real hotdog, you mean,” added Rianne with a leering grin, which was met with a round of giggles from Mercy and Lyra, and a full-out blush from Dottie, quite scandalized at her friend’s forwardness. “I mean, really, he’s quite the stud-puppy, isn’t he? That’s what all those awards your mom keeps from those shows and breeding competitions mean, don’t they?” The redhead got a naughty glint in her green eyes as she drove her point home. “Hot, hung, knows how to please girls, and he’s got the trophies to prove it.”

“Oh, Ri!” exclaimed Dottie, covering her mouth with her hands, her entire face a bright pink, her large hazel eyes wide and horrified at the scandalous things coming out of her friend’s mouth. “You shouldn’t say things like that. It’s so... so...indecent.” The nerdy teen’s eyes lowered in embarrassment as she said this last, adding it on rather lamely, fearful of being thought a prude by her friends. Her fears were alleviated as Rianne patted Dottie on the shoulder before stroking her hand down the other girl’s arm, laughing good-naturedly.

“Aw, you know I’m just kidding around, Dot,” Rianne said, obviously unashamed of what she’d said, but not minding Dottie’s statement either.

The tension in the room now relaxed (despite the seeds of thought that had been strategically planted), the girls began to chatter away on other, more innocent subjects. This was the scene that Ambrose encountered when he entered the kitchen from the out-of-doors, his stub tail wagging happily as he saw and heard that everything was well.

“I’ve got swimsuits ready for you all in the changing house outside, by the beach,” said the tall, handsome dobiemorph as he looked around at the girls, enjoying the scent of their food, and grateful he’d eaten before picking them up from school. “Just in case you want to do some swimming. That moored raft out back should be nice and smooth on top, too, if you want to hang out there for a bit and do some deeper swimming. It’s a perfect day, and the hills on either side of Mistress Lords’ private bay are keeping the breezes down to a nice, gentle stream. Just enough to keep you cool. Still, don’t forget to put on suntan oil: no sense in taking chances, after all.”

“Oh, Rose, you’re perfect,” said Mercy, moving up as Ambrose walked past her on his way into the kitchen and giving him a big hug from behind. “That’s

exactly what we were going to do after lunch.” She blinked, thinking for a moment (and not releasing her hug-hold from the increasingly embarrassed dobiemorph). “Well, after we do some volleyball, that is. You know, to pass the time while we wait to go in the water.”

“Um, of course,” said Ambrose, nodding and smiling as best as he could, even as he fought to control himself, knowing that the most beautiful (and achingly fertile) female in the house was so very close to him, her teenaged breasts rubbing against his back through the thinner fabric of his summerwear jacket. “I’ll go and set up the net and a few beach umbrellas while you four get changed.”

Having said all that he needed to say, Ambrose then did his best to quickly but gracefully disentangle himself from Mercy’s arms, before he headed towards the back door of the kitchen and out onto the back patio of the house, then down the stairs heading down to the beach.

“He’s so cute,” Lyra beamed, giggling. “I think you made him all embarrassed, Mercy. I mean, that little tail of his was wiggling up a storm when you hugged him, but I swear, the way his ears turned down like that...that’s how our doggies at home blush. That was so fun to watch.”

“I know something else that’d be fun to watch,” threw in Rianne, as casual as could be, even as she set down her empty salad dish. “Come on, I’ll bet this will work great. But you all have to be extra quiet, okay?”

The others, done with lunch by now anyway, agreed mostly out of curiosity, since Rianne refused to share any more information about her idea. Her three friends could sense, somehow, that whatever she was planning was naughty, but at the same time none of them could stand the idea of not finding out what it was.

There was a sense of eager anticipation about the girls as they made their way down the paved slope leading down to the private beach that belonged to the property Diane Lords had bought along with the villa. As they reached the bottom of that slope, the girls could see Ambrose putting the keys to the beach changing room in his pocket, having just finished unlocking the place, before he stepped inside, shutting the door behind him, and then using the deadbolt to lock it shut, so as to prevent intrusion.

“I thought so,” gloated Rianne as she hurried around the brick changing room to the far side, where there was a small, frosted-glass window high on the wall of the building. “If your puppy’s gonna do anything on the beach, he has to change out of his monkeysuit.”

“B-but what does that-?” began Mercy, before her sweet blue eyes widened in surprise and shock as Rianne searched around for a moment, and then pushed a

nearby mid-sized rock over to just beneath the frosted window. “Wait, you really shouldn’t. I mean, it’s violating his privacy.”

“That’s not all I’d like to violate,” mumbled Rianne under her breath (causing both Mercy and Dottie to flush hotly, while Lyra’s cheeks flushed for a very different reason) as she climbed on top of the rock, and pushed against the frosted glass. Grinning in triumph, Rianne discovered what she’d hoped: the little window wasn’t latched, and soon was opened as wide as possible, while she peered over the sill, her green eyes eager and watchful. “Mmm,” she said after a few minutes. “That’s what I was hoping to see.”

None of the girls dared to say a word as Rianne licked her lips, her breathing coming a bit faster, her freckled cheeks rosy as she shifted her weight on the rock, pressing her legs a bit tighter together. But, for all her tender teenaged years, Rianne knew the value of keeping her ‘team’ happy, and she turned, grinning down at Lyra, stepping down, and then motioning the perky blonde up. As Lyra stood on the rock, she peered over the sill, and her greenish blue eyes almost bugged out of her head at what she saw. There was the sleek black-and-brown dobiemorph Ambrose, without a stitch of clothing covering his fur. He was grumbling something under his breath as he worked at the combination to one of the lockers, his clothes neatly folded on a bench nearby, a look of irritated concentration on his face as he tried to make the locker open, taking his time in doing so. The eager teen’s eyes slipped a bit lower, and she wet her lips at the sight of the plump-looking balls dangling between the male’s legs, heavy and full like overripe fruit, and then up a little bit, taking in the tight, hot curves of his firm, muscled bare bottom. Of course Lyra, like all the girls, knew that Ambrose was a champion breeder and showdog as well as a top-ranked dogservant. He’d been made with exquisite perfection, and his mistress, Diane Lords, loved to show him off when she could. But what Lyra had never seen showed off before, until now, on Ambrose, or any real-life male for that matter, were the parts of Ambrose that had made him so much of a champion breeder. Now she drank in the sight greedily, awakening more fully to what she’d only heard spoken of in sex ed classes and dirty locker room conversations.

“Dottie’s turn,” whispered Rianne, patting Lyra on her jeans-clad butt, and the wavy-haired blonde reluctantly gave up her place even as Dottie, chewing her lower lip with nervousness, gave in to peer pressure despite all she’d been taught about morality, and got up on the rock for her own little peek.

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Ambrose really hated combination locks. He’d never been able to get them to work right, actually, no matter how long he’d worked at them. It was the one part of going to different towns for dog shows that he didn’t like, and so he almost

always made sure to bring everything he needed in a duffel bag, which he left in the care of Mistress Diane for safekeeping when he didn't need it for changing. Finally, after several futile minutes of fumbling, Ambrose resorted to giving the locker a kick of frustration. This, as it turned out, seemed to be all that was needed, for the metal door popped open easily after that. Blinking in surprise, Ambrose shrugged and reached in, only to discover that his locker room violence had caused the pair of bikini briefs that served as his swimsuit (Dianne had insisted) to drop to the floor. Bending over, and then getting onto all fours to retrieve them, the dobiemorph was utterly unaware of the eager teenaged eyes watching him as he put on a sexy, albeit unwitting, show, just before the set of eyes watching him changed for the last time.

His swimsuit retrieved, Ambrose took his time stepping into the flexible bit of cloth. He always felt a bit exposed when he wore the navy blue bikini briefs his mistress had bought for him, but she liked seeing him in them, and he so liked to please her. It was a bit of a pain, though, since Ambrose had to spend a few moments adjusting his dangly bits so that they fit properly into the tight bit of cloth, but he soon prevailed, and let the waistband of the Speedos snap against his trim waist. Still smiling to himself proudly, Ambrose reached into the same locker and pulled out a sealed plastic bag, setting it on the bench next to his clothes, before he picked up those clothes and hung them in the locker, closing it, but not too tightly. The beleaguered canomorph didn't want to have to go through the stress of unlocking it all over again, after all.

Walking to the door of the changing room, Ambrose blinked in surprise once again as a knock sounded on the door just before he could open it. Shrugging, he unlocked and then pulled open the door, smiling happily as he saw it was Mercy and her friends, his tail wagging as it hung over the waistband of his swimming trunks.

"Oh, you're done eating already," he said, obviously pleased to see them. "Well, please, take your time getting dressed. I, um," his ears turned down sheepishly, "had a bit of trouble with a locker, so please don't shut it tight. If you didn't bring your own bathing suits, you'll find some in the plastic bag on the bench over there. I should have the volleyball net up by the time you come out, if all goes well."

"Of course, Rose," said Mercy, smiling sweetly at her companion and faithful dogservant, her face and that of her friends the very picture of girlish innocence. Or at least they would have been, if not for the lingering flush to their cheeks, and the faint hint of female arousal that Ambrose couldn't help but pick up as the four teenagers shuffled past him into the changing house, and Ambrose went off to get to work on the beach.

Chapter 5

Crime and Punishment weighed heavily on Ambrose's mind as he sat on the raised seat of his lifeguard's tower. It wasn't as big a tower as was found on some beaches, but that was mostly because it was a smaller beach, so a good five feet was all that was really needed for him to survey the beach without trouble. Of course, the reason that the dobiemorph was reading Dostoyevsky was to avoid surveying the beach too closely.

The reason for Ambrose's need for partial inattention was obvious, of course. Four giggling teenaged girls, each wearing nothing but a thin piece or two of swimwear as they bounced and jiggled cutely on the makeshift volleyball court he'd set up for them, raced back and forth as they set and spiked the big striped beach ball that he'd inflated for their fun only moments before the girls had come out of the changing room. Every so often, Ambrose would alternate his attention to the stopwatch dangling from the arm of the lifeguard seat, ensuring that the girls knew when an hour had passed, and they could go swimming. So fixed was Ambrose on not paying attention, that he only partially noted a pause in the game after the hour had almost expired, as the girls huddled together in conversation. An ear perked as Lyra left the group and walked over to his seat, and then he had to repress a slight shiver as she reached up and touched the bare fur of his thigh to get his attention.

"Rose?" began Lyra, blushing like a naughty schoolgirl caught passing notes, as Ambrose set down his book, giving her his undivided attention. "I, um, kinda forgot to put on a second layer of suntan lotion."

"Oh, of course, Miss Lyra," replied Ambrose with a friendly smile, reaching to the sack of swim supplies hanging from the side of the lifeguard seat, and pulling out a squeeze bottle of the creamy stuff. "Here you go."

"Well, you see, Ambrose, I sometimes have trouble reaching places," said Lyra, her cheeks flushing a bit more. "You know how it is. I've got really sensitive skin. If I miss a spot, especially after I've been playing in the sand like that, getting it all rubbed off, then I get all burned up and it hurts pretty bad. Could you, um, you know...?"

"Could I what, Miss Lyra?" asked Ambrose, no longer able to draw his attention away from paying full attention to the girl standing before him. "If you need something, you know that I am eager to serve in any way I can. That's what I was made for, after all. It's what makes me happy."

"Could you put the lotion on me, then?" Lyra managed to get out finally, her voice a cute, nervous little squeak as her whole face turned bright red in

embarrassment.

Ambrose blinked at this request, but, after a moment's hesitation, just nodded and slid gracefully from the seat down onto the sand, his large hind paws holding him up far better than human feet would. He didn't question why Lyra had chosen him instead of getting one of her friends to do this. He didn't pause to consider the ramifications of what she was asking. The tall, sleek-furred dobiemorph wasn't trained to question direct requests from humans he recognized as friends (to say nothing of how he reacted to commands from Mistress Lords). Of course, this also meant that he had to focus on something that made him most uncomfortable.

As Ambrose's attention was turned to the girls, he now noticed what they were wearing, *really* noticed, and how good they looked, his tail giving an involuntary wiggle as he considered his four teenaged charges. Dottie, being the sensible one, had of course brought her own simple, modest light blue one-piece from home, which she filled out nicely, the remnants of her days when she was unhealthily plump having left her with a figure that was well on its way to becoming womanly. It seemed that she'd forgotten that her swimsuit was from those days, though, for it was a bit loose on her. This made the suit a bit wrinkled, and had made Dottie forgo diving for the ball in their recent game, but Ambrose decided that it should serve just fine as long as she didn't do anything too strenuous. Rianne, who had picked out one of Diane Lords' backup swimsuits, had pulled on a green bikini which actually did a good job complementing her bright green eyes, if only she hadn't chosen one that was so very small. Ambrose had to work especially hard to overlook the fact that the swimsuit's bottom was a thong, showing off Rianne's pert, athletically-firm bare bum almost completely, including the dusting of freckles that reached even down there. Mercy was also wearing a bikini, one with a tropical floral print, but thankfully this was a normal one, though Ambrose had to watch himself whenever his young mistress showed off any amount of her perfect pink skin. Finally, Lyra was also wearing a bikini, white with pink polka-dots and side-tying knots on each hip of the bottoms, which did absolutely nothing to conceal her perky, bouncy young body, save the delicious details that were left to Ambrose's imagination.

"We'll be swimming out to the raft," Rianne called out from the shore as she heard the timer on the stopwatch beeping with the end of their hour's wait, even as Lyra was already lying face-down on one of the beach towels the girls had laid out before starting their game. "Lyra can join us once you're all done, Rose, okay?"

"Of course," replied Ambrose, his eyes briefly passing over the girls as they

splashed into the water before he turned off the alarm on the stopwatch. His jaw tightened a bit as he noted the flash of well-tanned pink from Rianne's bared bum, before he knelt on the sand next to the beach towel. Running his eyes along Lyra's smooth, fair-skinned back, he began squirting out a liberal dose of suntan lotion onto his big handpaws, letting it warm a bit before he reached down and started to gently rub against Lyra's shoulders.

"Mmm, that feels nice," said Lyra, smiling happily as she closed her eyes, relaxing on the beach towel. "You give massages much, Rose?"

"Whenever my mistresses ask it of me," the dobiemorph answered truthfully, lies not really a part of his way of thinking. "Mistress Dianne likes a good rub-down after her evening swim, either in the pool or in the ocean. It helps her to cool down and to keep her body from tensing up too much."

"Really?" said Lyra with a happy sigh as Ambrose began kneading against her neck, his fingers doing such exquisite things, releasing tensions she didn't even know where there until he made them go away. "What about Mercy? You do this for her much?"

"Every day, in our morning shower," answered Ambrose without thinking, all his attention now focused on properly serving his young mistress' friend, and on not letting his mind travel into the natural paths that it so desperately wanted to follow. "Only a quick one, though, before she heads off the school."

"I don't blame them for wanting you to give these," said Lyra, arching her back a bit into Ambrose's large, gentle paws as he started to work on her upper back, above the knot of her bikini top. "You're...oh wow, I could almost just fall asleep in the sun like this."

"All the more reason for the lotion, of course," said Ambrose with a smirk, his tail wagging at the compliment. "I'm glad that you appreciate my services, though. I do try hard to please."

"Well, thanks for trying," said Lyra, looking over her shoulder with a bright smile, her bright, light blue eyes sparkling with youthful life and a hint of mischief. "You're doing a great job. Hmm, and you're right: that suntan lotion's just what I need. But, well," she giggled in embarrassment, even as her small hands moved behind her, to her upper back, "with my sensitive skin, I think it wouldn't hurt to rub it on everywhere, huh?"

The dobiemorph's jaw parted in surprise as Lyra tugged on the knot of her bikini top, and then lay back down on the sand, resting her head on her arms as the strings dropped to her sides, laying her smooth back completely bare. But he quickly recovered, and just gave a brief nod, his jaw tightening a bit more as his stomach muscles rippled a bit, keeping an embarrassing incident from happening. After all, the bikini briefs that Dianne Lords insisted Ambrose wear

on the beach just weren't made for accidental demonstrations of male arousal. Especially not ones as prominent as Ambrose's.

To better work the lotion into Lyra's skin, and to provide her with a proper rubdown, Ambrose straddled the pigtailed blonde teen, his knees resting on either side of her knees, and leant over her as he worked in the heels of his palms, exerting all his effort and skill toward relaxing her, undoing all the kinks and catches of her muscles that had accumulated, and which desperately needed to be worked out before they caused problems. The big male couldn't help but wag his tail, grinning a bit as he heard Lyra make sweet little cooing and moaning sounds of pleasure, moving her body up into his hands like a cat. Her skin really was sensitive, it seemed, and she was obviously loving all of his attentions.

All too soon, Ambrose reached the small of Lyra's back, finishing up the last of his work there, her smooth pink skin now glistening lightly with suntan lotion. Lifting himself slightly, he began to shuffle backwards on his knees over the sand, so that he was now kneeling by her feet. His hands then came down once more, and though he noted a slight tensing in the girlish muscles, as though she was expecting something else, his paws only went to rest on the backs of her thighs, and before too long he was working his way down each leg, the larger muscle groups being much easier to work with, and soon each leg, and even her feet, were glistening with a layer of the smooth, sun blocking lotion.

"All right, Miss Lyra, time to turn over," said Ambrose as he finished, smiling to himself as he nodded, obviously quite pleased with his performance, having done as he was asked without losing more than a bit of his self-mastery. "I'll get your front lotioned up, and then you can join the others on the raft."

"But you missed a spot," protested Lyra, half-sleepily, obviously completely relaxed now as she looked over her shoulder at Ambrose. She lifted her bikini-clad bum slightly, and smiled at Ambrose. "Can you get the ties, please?" she asked with a light giggle. "I'm, well, kinda zoned out here; you give really good massages, Rose."

"Y-yes Miss Lyra," said Ambrose, his eyes widening in surprise at this request, his jaw tightening even more. "Right away."

Ambrose's paws moved forward, and deftly undid the knots on either side of the side-tying bikini bottoms, before peeling them back, baring Lyra's smooth pink tush to the sunlight and gentle breeze of the beach. Swallowing down a tense lump that had formed in his throat, Ambrose forced himself to overlook the hard and very arousing reality that he was staring at the smooth, rounded rump of a sexy teenaged girl, her scent clean and bright and healthy. He blotted out sight and scent as best as he could before he could dwell on either, his large paws

reaching out, and began to knead his way back down, starting at the small of Lyra's back, and then down further, working his thick fingers into the large muscles of each gluteus maximus of Lyra's cute bubble butt, the pair of cheeks forming an almost perfect double "o."

Even in these difficult circumstances, Ambrose might have managed to escape the perils that tempted him, if only Lyra hadn't been so very responsive to his touch. Almost as soon as he began working the heels of his palms into the small of her back once more, the pigtailed blonde teen was lifting her back into his touch, giving soft moans and gasps of obvious enjoyment. Every step of the way, as Ambrose leaned over to apply his weight into the rubdown, Lyra would press back against him, lifting her pearly pink tush higher and higher, as Ambrose's nose drew nearer and nearer to her body.

The dobiemorph's nostrils suddenly flared as he was cupping his palms around the creases at the very base of the girl's hiney, the effort at maintaining his concentration suddenly becoming too great as she slid her knees beneath her, lifting her rump up a bit higher, apparently to let him handle her back there all the better. This, however, was also the very position that Ambrose's instincts recognized as the 'presentation' stance of a bitch in heat. And as his muzzle drew ever nearer to Lyra's upraised rump, he gave a soft gasp as her scent hit his nose, revealing to him that Lyra, like Mercy this morning, was almost achingly ripe, her fertile womb practically crying out for a virile male to fill her with his seed, planting his puppies deep and true within her belly.

Without thinking, his instincts overcoming all reason, Ambrose's tongue arched out, driving against Lyra's honey-sweet bared puss, now quite easily accessed in her present position. The sweet teen gave a sharp gasp of surprise, looking back over her shoulder with a hint of fright in her eyes. But a moment later, as Ambrose's tongue lashed out again, tasting her virgin juices and finding them intoxicating, that gasp turned to a long, deeply-pleasured moan, and the now-naked teen lifted herself even more, presenting herself consciously, where before it had been merely an accident (or at least mostly so). Had Lyra struggled, cried out in protest, or done something – anything! – to indicate that she didn't want anything to do with what Ambrose's instincts desired, then perhaps the loyal, eager-to-please dobiemorph might have been able to triumph over his bestial lusts. But Ambrose's instincts read Lyra's body language and scent too well, and knew that she was offering herself to him fully. Whatever he might do to her now, she would be an eagerly willing participant.

"Oh Rose!" Lyra managed to get out, but these were the last words she said, before all her vocalizations turned to cries of exquisite pleasure, the loud slurping of Ambrose's wonderful, incredibly skilled tongue and suckling lips

working over her bared, presented sex filling her ears as she gripped the beach towel under her. Ambrose knelt fully behind her now, his powerful paws gripping her rump commandingly, his tongue invading her sweetness, pressing up against the thin, perforated hymen just beyond her inner labia. His licking was made easier because of Lyra's smooth-shaved pubes, only the lightest dots marking where her darker pubic hair's roots lay, so that his tongue lapped over almost baby smooth skin wherever he probed.

Suddenly, in the midst of this hurricane of sensation, Lyra felt an overpowering surge of feeling blast over her, leveling her reason, shattering her mind, shaking her body to the core, making her upper body collapse to the towel, her lower half only held up by Ambrose's powerful paws as he licked her to an earthshaking orgasm, the first of what Lyra quickly realized would be so very many when this powerful, dominant male mounted her like a bitch in heat, deflowering her, marking her as his own forever. The very thought of such a thing – so utterly obscene! – soon had Lyra's body flushed all over as she was rocked once more with a second orgasm even more powerful than the first, and then a third, her mind almost completely shutting down, save for thoughts of how to increase the levels of pleasure filling her young, untried body.

It was as Lyra felt Ambrose shifting his stance behind her, drawing closer as he pulled down his Speedos, tossing them aside on the sand, that she was blasted by another sensation. This one, however, wasn't pleasant at all. It was the stinging of flying sand, whipping over her sensitive naked skin.

"Ouch!" cried out Lyra, starting up, looking around. Ambrose joined her, his ears suddenly perked, his attention now drawn back to the harsh reality of the present. It turned out that the weather report that morning had been very wrong: the weather was turning nasty at an incredible speed.

Chapter 6

“Quick, get the things on the beach together,” said Ambrose to Lyra, his voice firm but still surprisingly calm, rising quickly as he hurried towards the shore, where already the waves were starting to rise dangerously in height. “Take everything you can carry and get inside, Lyra. I’m going to help the other girls get off of the raft.”

Heartened by Ambrose’s command of the situation, Lyra hurriedly went about doing just what she’d been told, even as Ambrose grabbed up his lifeguard’s bellyboard from where it lay by the side of the high seat, and raced to the shore. There, clearly visible a good distance out, was the big wooden raft, which had been moored by a great chain attached to a cement block at the bottom of the bay. The three girls were crouching on the raft, which was starting to sway dangerously, far too unstable for a proper foothold.

“Swim for the shore!” he called out over the rising wind. “Don’t worry, I’m watching you. You can make it!”

Rianne started up, calling to the others and motioning with her hand before she dove into the waves, her lithe, athletic body cutting through the water like a hot knife through butter. She was soon on shore, where Ambrose reached out and helped pull her the last short distance onto the sand. Both their gazes turned, then, to the raft, where a crisis was now unfolding.

Mercy was obviously talking to Dottie, crouched by the other girl, who cowered, hugging the hard wood at the center of the raft, seemingly frozen in panic as the wind kept rising, making the waves grow even more powerful, a scattering of rain already pelting down, starting to make visibility poor. It took some time as the calm, gentle Mercy spoke to her friend, the words said impossible to hear on the shore because of the rush of the wind and rain. But whatever they were, they worked. Soon, tentatively, Dottie rose to her feet, and Mercy and Dottie hurried to the edge of the big log raft, ready to dive in and swim for safety.

It was at this moment that the worst case scenario happened. An especially powerful gust of wind picked up just as Mercy and Dottie were about to jump into the water. The raft heaved dangerously, and both girls went tumbling into the roiling waves. A heartbeat later, Ambrose was in the water, paddling hard as he rested on his bellyboard, his powerful limbs carrying him toward his young mistress and her friend in a matter of moments.

Mercy’s head broke the water first, and she was soon spluttering for gasping breaths of air as the waves began to wash over her, her calm, assured nature the only thing keeping her afloat, her legs and arms moving as she treaded water.

Dottie, however, managed to rise to the surface once, a short distance away, and gave a loud scream as she began to thrash, now frightened out of her wits, before another great wave pushed her under once more.

Things might have gone from bad to worse then, as Mercy tried to hunt around for her friend in the midst of storm-tossed water, rather than heading for the shore. But the two girls weren't alone. Mercy soon felt a strong, warm arm wrap around her, and almost laughed out loud as she looked up into the deep brown eyes of her loyal friend and dearest companion. Holding Mercy close as he leaned on the bellyboard, Ambrose reached out with his other arm, managing only with difficulty to snag Dottie before she went under a third time, pulling her to his powerful chest despite her panicked thrashing, murmuring soft, soothing sounds that were almost words as the three of them floated there for a few moments, until the frightened teen in his arm calmed herself, her thrashing ceasing as she realized she was indeed safe, held close by both her human friend and her powerful canomorph protector.

Rianne was still waiting for them on the shore as Ambrose pulled himself out, his strong legs driving the bellyboard up onto the wet sand, where the skinny redheaded teen was standing with Lyra, who had come back, holding the large basket with the beach supplies under one arm. The three waterlogged survivors then joined their two companions on the shore, and they all began a mad dash run towards the house, Ambrose having to catch up poor Dottie in his arms as she stumbled, the ordeal of almost drowning proving too much for her right then.

*

"That was too close!" exclaimed Rianne as the five waterlogged survivors of the sudden storm hurried into the kitchen, dripping water. "I thought Dottie was a goner for a moment there. Why, if Rose hadn't..."

As Rianne said the dobiemorph's name, the male the last one to enter the kitchen, still holding poor Dottie in his powerful arms, safe against his broad chest, all eyes turned to him, even Dottie's. While she looked up, though, at the face of the one who'd saved her, the other three girls looked down, below Ambrose's waist. Naturally, not having taken the time to put his Speedos back on, the sleek black canomorph was as naked as a jaybird, his sheath still quite swollen from his earlier state of full and extreme arousal. More than a little bit of his semihard doghood peeked out from its protective covering, bobbing a bit as the large male walked, as though saying "Hi" to the three staring girls.

Smiling down at Dottie, Ambrose pushed the glass door to the kitchen shut with his foot, and was too preoccupied at first to notice that anything was amiss. But as he was walking towards the entry hall, where he could direct the girls so that they could all get changed out of their swimsuits without getting the carpets too

wet, he realized that the girls weren't moving forward anymore. Instead, they were looking at him. Specifically, they were staring down, at his...

"Oh dear," said Ambrose as he looked down, his ears laying back as his whiskers fanned out in extreme embarrassment, his hands too busy holding Dottie for him to move them to retain any shred of modesty. "I...I'm very sorry about...I mean, I can explain..."

"You know," said Rianne, glancing sidelong, and more than a little suspiciously, at Lyra (who had somehow managed to find time to pull on her bikini, though the knots were poorly tied, and looked like they would give way at any moment), "I really don't think we want to get the carpets all wet, do we?"

Mercy, Lyra, and Dottie all turned their eyes from Ambrose to Rianne as the slim redhead reached back and untied her bikini top, pulling it off, before bending down, and economically stripping off her thong. She then turned and looked at Ambrose again, cocking her head to the side expectantly.

"Why don't you put Dottie down and go get us some towels, all right, Rose?" she said, giving him a smile that wasn't at all sardonic, unlike most of her facial expressions. "That way we can dry off in here and keep the mess to a minimum. I mean, what's the big deal, right? It's just us girls and you here, after all: no need to be all shy."

A long moment of silence passed, as this suggestion gradually sunk in. And then, as though acting on an unseen signal, Lyra and Mercy also began to peel off their bikinis, laying the swimsuits in a pile in the sink.

"O-of course," said Ambrose, realizing that Rianne had just thrown him a lifeline, his tail wagging furiously as he gently lowered Dottie, letting her get her feet on the floor, before he took the chance Rianne gave him and hurried from the room. "I shall be back in a few minutes."

Rianne let her eyes follow Ambrose's tight furry butt all the way out, a mildly lecherous smirk now back in place as she ogled his tush, before she turned and looked at Dottie.

"You'd better get out of yours too, girl," said the redhead with a grin. Dottie flushed in embarrassment, but then bit her lower lip and nodded. It seemed like the right thing to do then, and she didn't fight the impulse. Pulling her one-piece bathing suit down, Dottie swiftly stepped out of it on the now quite wet tile of the kitchen, and then dumping the suit in the sink with the bikinis of her friends. "And you," continued Rianne as Dottie was undressing, turning to look at Lyra, "you, I think, have some explaining to do."

"I...um, I really don't know what you're talking about," answered Lyra, her cheeks suddenly turning a bright rosy red like twin apples as she hugged herself unconsciously, her arms wrapping around her naked middle, just beneath the

gently swelling mounds of her breasts. “Really. Honest.”

“Honestly lying,” answered Rianne with a triumphant grin. “You know, if you’re gonna play with Mercy’s dogboy, you really oughta ask her permission first.”

She glanced at the girl in question. “Right Mercy?”

“He’s not a dogboy,” said Mercy, blinking several times in startled surprise, her eyes betraying her confusion. “And what do you mean, Rianne? What would Lyra need to ask me about Rose? I mean, he’s happy to do whatever makes us happy, and I don’t mind him doing that at all. You’re my friends, and I like you to be happy.”

Rianne’s grin got a bit wider, and Lyra’s blush got a bit deeper, even as Dottie’s eyes widened and her own cheeks flushed as she, with her sharp intellect, put all the pieces together, despite starting from the same clueless point where Mercy began.

“It’s all right, Lyra,” said Rianne with a giggle, reaching over to pat the pigtailed blonde’s back, rubbing her smooth skin gently. “I’m just teasing, you know. I think it’s kinda hot, honestly. But you’ve gotta tell us everything that happened later on, okay? I want every juicy detail.”

“All right,” said Lyra shyly, giggling herself. “But...later, okay?”

“Done deal,” laughed Rianne, even as the girls heard the click of Ambrose’s blunt toeclaws on the floor outside the kitchen. All eyes turned once more, though the girls were all rather disappointed (some more than others) to find that, while his arms were laden with towels for everyone, Ambrose had wrapped one of the larger towels around his middle, concealing his naughty bits from their eager gazes.

“Here you go, girls,” said Ambrose proudly, setting the towels on the table, and then taking some of the larger ones as he knelt on the floor. “I thought that you might like something fun to do indoors, and so I took the liberty of setting out a few board and card games in the living room earlier today, just in case. After you get yourselves showered, to get the salt and sand off, you might consider those games to take up the rest of the afternoon. If that bores you, of course, I’m sure that we can think of other things to do: I’ve got several backup plans just waiting to be brought into play.”

“All right, Rose,” said Mercy, taking charge of the situation once more as she got herself back together, shaking off the trembling rush of adrenaline that had left her body, the full impact of what had almost happened to her and her friend not quite sinking in just yet. “We’ll use the big showers, in the gym. That way we can all stay together. And you,” she pointed at the sleek, slightly damp dobiemorph, “will be joining us. No, no buts,” said Mercy, lifting her open palm, facing towards Ambrose as he started to protest. “I insist. You need the shower

as much as us, after all, and besides,” she giggled cutely as she picked up one of the towels, “I almost never shower without you there. It feels so weird when I bathe alone.”

Ambrose and the other girls looked a bit shocked at this admission, but took it in stride, the girls soon gathering up their own towels to buff themselves off just enough to keep from dripping before they started filing out of the kitchen.

“I want to dry up the floor a bit before anything stains,” said Ambrose as Mercy looked back at him. “I shall be there in a few minutes. I promise.”

Mercy considered this for a few moments, and then nodded.

“All right,” she said finally. “See you there.”

Chapter 7

Ambrose did indeed only take a few minutes, using the towels to soak up the worst of the water, keeping it from touching the wood of the cabinets, which could have resulted in staining or warping. It would dry nicely, and though the dobiemorph would have to mop the kitchen later, for now he'd prevented a much worse cleanup job. He also carefully retrieved the dripping swimsuits from the sink and dropped them down a laundry chute at the base of the stairs leading up, so that they would be out of the way in the laundry room, waiting for when he could go and deal with them later.

Sighing in relief and satisfaction at having stopped his Mistress' property from being damaged, Ambrose then left the kitchen, making his way through the house to the stairs that led down, into the basement den, and then along a hall into the gym. Mistress Lords always insisted on having the best exercise equipment available, and there was even a door leading to an indoor pool, for those days when the weather, like today, was unsuitable for swimming outside. Ambrose took this door, since it led not just to the pool, but also to the large changing rooms which Dianne Lords had built for those times when she had friends over for pool or beach parties. There were spaces in the vast changing rooms for group showers, individual showers, and even a hot tub and sauna. With Ambrose himself acting as a masseur on command, Dianne Lords had enough equipment down there for her own health spa.

As he entered the changing rooms, shutting the door quietly behind him, Ambrose frowned as his sensitive ears picked up the sound of running water. Of course, Miss Mercy had told him that he would be joining them in the shower, but still, she couldn't possible have meant...well, not really *in* the shower, of course. That would be indecent under the best of circumstances. And these were hardly the best of circumstances, for twice today Ambrose had been almost overwhelmed by his instincts, driven to distraction by the heady fertility of two of his charges, a distraction that lingered still, making it hard for him to focus himself, to resist further temptations. Bright fellow that he was, Ambrose was quickly realizing that all of the girls were probably on the same menstrual cycle now from the time they spent together. If he was made to stand close to them, all together like that, in the warmth of the group showers...or, worse yet, asked to help them bathe...

The dobiemorph gave a soft whimper as he began walking towards the sound of the running water.

Though Lyra had been gifted with the presence of mind to scoop up Ambrose's

Speedos (and his book as well, which made his tail wag just to think of how thoughtful she was), he hadn't bothered changing into them, or into anything else for that matter. He'd been too preoccupied up until then to consider it, and so was still wearing just a towel that stopped a few inches above his knees. Now, as he came to the open entryway leading into the showers, the sound of girlish giggling and hushed voices greeting his cropped ears, he found that he was regretting it deeply, for he knew that he'd have no excuse to cover himself up if the girls did indeed desire the worst of him.

Ambrose had been trying to brace himself for what he knew would be before him as he stepped into the shower room. It was all in vain, though, for his eyes soon strayed over the sweet pink flesh of the four girls standing there by the water, not stepping into it yet, their hands feeling the streams of wetness raining down from the shower heads until they were the right temperature. Though there were numerous showers along the walls, providing plenty of room for privacy as well as enough for however large a party might come down here, the girls had chosen to use the ones on the wall immediately opposite the entryway. They were facing away from him, all four girls slightly bent over as they tested the water's heat with their hands, their pert pink bottoms thrust out towards him. His muzzle dropped open, and he had to lick his chops to keep himself from drooling as he caught sight of four perfect teenaged slits that had never been tested for tightness by any male. The steam that was just starting to rise from the showers didn't dampen the pheromones that were thick in the air, instead acting to carry them all the better to the poor, overwrought canomorph's nose, confirming his suspicions about the girls' synchronized menstrual cycles. They were all fertile right then, Lyra and Dottie achingly so, while Rianne and Mercy were only a matter of hours from their peak fertility, though it was still a near guarantee that any male who claimed them right then would indeed manage to knock them up nicely.

Just when Ambrose was certain that things couldn't get any worse, and he was about to make a quiet exit, more concerned about propriety right then than about keeping his promise to Mercy, perhaps salvaging what was otherwise a hopeless situation, Lyra, who had been holding the bottle of bodywash the four girls were going to use, suddenly said "Oops!" in a cute little-girl's voice, so that Ambrose couldn't be certain if it was in the least bit sincere, as the bottle dropped to the floor of the shower.

Right then, as though the whole thing were choreographed, all four girls bent over at the waist to grab for the bottle of liquid soap, thrusting their perfect bare behinds out even further, letting him see...everything. Ambrose bit his lower lip, whimpering softly as he struggled with all his might to control the muscles that

controlled the erection of his penis, the battle a losing one as, gradually, inch-by-inch, his mighty puppymaker slid from his sheath, rising to full erection, the weight of his heavy, aching balls dragging his shaft downward so that it pointed directly at the objects of his helpless lusting desire. Almost lost now in a haze of instinctual, primal desperation, Ambrose let himself be drawn forward, following the direction pointed out by his rampant cock, drawing steadily nearer to those four smooth, uplifted adolescent rumps. His paw left the towel at his waist, his burgeoning doghood already having loosened its hold around his middle, and it dropped silent and forgotten to the floor of the showers.

What might have happened next was not something that Ambrose liked to think about, if Mercy had not turned her head just then, looking up at him with a bright smile, before she stood up and turned to reach out and give her faithful companion a sudden, loving hug.

“Rose!” exclaimed the bright blonde enthusiastically as Ambrose awkwardly returned her hug, trying so carefully not to let his paws stray anywhere beyond her upper back. “You came! I was getting worried you wouldn’t make it.”

“I...why would you think that, Miss Mercy?” asked Ambrose, taking a step back, looking down at his young mistress, blinking in some surprise. “I promised, after all.”

“Well, you seemed so nervous about coming down and helping us all shower, that I wasn’t sure if you really would do it, is all,” said Mercy with a bright, sunny smile, no more ashamed about her nudity right then than she had been that morning.

“H-helping you all shower?” Ambrose said with a slight stammer, his eyes widening as he realized just what Mercy was expecting of him, and that it was indeed the worst case scenario he’d been dreading, the very scenario for which he just couldn’t think of any way to avoid, his brain locking up completely as he considered it.

“Oh yes,” said Rianne with a teasing grin, stepping forward as Ambrose turned to face her. “Lyra was just telling us all about how you give these really good tongue baths.” She licked her lips as her bright green eyes slid up, and then down, until they came to a stop on his rock hard doggie cock. “Mmm, well now: looks like somebody likes the idea a lot.” She giggled, as did the other girls as they looked at Ambrose’s doghood with wide, eager eyes. Even reserved, shy Dottie was looking at Ambrose now, her cheeks flushed with as much desire as embarrassment as the nerdy auburn-haired beauty’s breathing started to speed up. He could smell their commingled arousal in the moist air of the showers, the scent intoxicating him.

“I just wanted to say,” said Dottie, now stepping forward, reaching out, her small

hands touching Ambrose's firm, furry chest, "well...thank you for saving me out there. I think I'd have drowned if you hadn't pulled me out of the water when you did."

Ambrose turned to Dottie then, and then smiled, his tail wagging as he cupped her chin, tilting it upward, and then suddenly bent his head on an impulse, his muzzle meeting her lips as he kissed her, firm but gentle, and oh-so-very sweet. He knew that this was her first kiss, and that she'd never forget it. She started a little as she felt his hard cock pressing against her smooth tummy, but he just held her closer, his kiss deepening, tongue invading her mouth, making her eyes roll back into her head as the power of Ambrose's kiss overwhelmed her resistances, one by one, until there was nothing left but acceptance.

He smelled Mercy nearby, felt her pressing the bottle of bodywash into his paws as they roamed Dottie's back, and he broke the kiss, leaving the auburn-haired teen gasping for breath, wavering as she stood there until Rianne stepped up behind her, holding her up by her shoulders while Ambrose squirted a generous amount of liquid soap onto his big paws.

"If you wish me to bathe you, one by one, then very well," said Ambrose with a gentle smile, looking between the four teens and nodding. "But please, try to be patient while each of you has a turn."

The other three girls moved back slightly, so that Dottie was standing there, alone and vulnerable, feeling slightly frightened, before Ambrose's big paws rested on her shoulders, and she looked up into his soulful brown eyes. Her hazel eyes widened as she felt him starting to rub his gentle hands against her smooth skin, starting high on her body, and then gradually working downwards, soaping her up until her skin glistened with a light sudsy lather. She bit her lower lip as the big male moved behind her, pulling her back against his chest, letting her feel his firm cock resting against her bum as his paws handled her large, full breasts, nice and slow, making her moan in eagerness and enjoyment.

Mercy watched with shock and even a little bit of envy, the latter of which was easily quashed as she realized that she'd have a turn soon enough. Ambrose wasn't handling her friend like he did her every morning, with a quick standing rubdown and rinse off, setting her skin afire with a healthy glow before she had to rush into the day. Instead, this was a slow, sensual caressing of her friend's naked body, the erotic touch of an experienced lover who knew exactly where and how much to touch a female to bring her the most satisfaction. The honey blonde teen gave a sharp *gasp* as she heard her nerdy, conservative friend squeal in delight as one of Ambrose's paws worked its way between her legs, even as his other paw reached up to the tight, bookish bun of her hair, and pulled it carefully free, letting Dottie's beautiful auburn tresses spill down to her

shoulders. Almost without thinking, Mercy slipped her own hand between her legs, and began to explore eagerly as she watched with wide blue eyes.

The squeal rose in pitch as Dottie's eyes opened wide, staring around at her friends almost sightlessly as the dobiemorph's paw flexed and stroked through her lightly trimmed pubic fuzz. And then he was pressing into her most precious places, the heel of his palm arching into her, the noise of running water overshadowed now by the wet squelching of the dogservant's skilled fingers.

"I...I can't..." choked out Dottie, before Ambrose carefully maneuvered the near-limp teen into the rush of warm water, letting it rinse her body down, the soap flowing off even as he pressed inward a bit harder.

"Let it go, Dorothy," said Ambrose gently in Dottie's ear, his voice at once sensual and comforting. Its deep tones echoed in the girl's mind as she followed his command, her orgasm washing over her like the rush of the shower, blotting out all else as she bucked and thrashed in the mighty male's strong arms, while he held her firmly but gently, keeping her from injuring herself with the spasmodic jerking that was so like an electric shockdance.

The three other girls watched in silence as Dottie's hazel eyes closed then, as her spasms receded, her strength utterly spent. She hung limply in Ambrose's arms as he lifted her up so easily, as though she weighed nothing, and carried her from the stream of water, setting her on a nearby smooth ceramic shelf next to a sink, the tile now quite warm from the radiated heat of the steaming water, as well as slightly slick.

Turning back to the threesome before him, Ambrose couldn't help but smirk smugly at the looks of astonishment and eager desire on their faces, reflected in their wide, awestruck eyes.

"Rianne," he said, his voice a rumbling basso note that trembled through each girl's body like the aftershocks of an earthquake. "You will help me with Lyra."

The platinum blonde blinked in surprise as she heard this, and then gasped in still more shock when Rianne reached around from behind her, sticking her hands out from under Lyra's armpits. Ambrose soon filled these hands with the sweet-smelling bodywash, which then began to move over Lyra's smooth pink body, cupping her plump breasts.

"N-now wait a minute," Lyra began to protest, but all protest was silenced as Ambrose stepped forward and engulfed her in his embrace, kissing her, his tongue invading her mouth like a conquering army before which she could do nothing but submit. Her head lolled back as Ambrose released her from the kiss, basking in the wonderful sensations of having two sets of hands stroking over her lovely, sensitive skin, one set large and firm, the other small and soft, but both just what she felt her body needed most. She noted only partially the

meeting of Rianne and Ambrose's lips in their own shared kiss, and realized dimly that Ambrose's paws were moving over both her own smooth body, and also the redhead's freckled skin.

Like Dottie, Lyra had a slightly plumpness about her. But unlike Dottie, who had the healthy plumpness expected of a girl who had only recently gotten into moderate shape, Lyra's plumpness wasn't because she was fat. Rather, it was because she had such trained muscles, having worked so very hard, especially in sit-ups, so that when she was relaxed and not dehydrated, she looked healthily rounded, thanks in no small part to her slightly endomorphic body frame, which seemed only to draw still more attention to her wonderfully smooth skin and squeezably plump breasts and bum.

Rianne, on the other hand, was an ectomorph, tried and true, her body lean almost to the point of being skinny, though not quite to that unhealthy extreme. Now naked, Ambrose noted that her freckles went almost everywhere on her body; everywhere that the sun had ever touched, from between her breasts, each capped with the most startlingly candy pink nipples Ambrose had ever seen, highlighted against the tan that covered the rest of her body, all the way down to her pert bare bottom. While with Lyra, Ambrose had to be careful because of the great sensitivity of her skin, with Rianne he had to take some care because she had so little meat on her bones, her lithe body easily bruised against his much greater bulk and strength.

Unresisting, Lyra allowed Ambrose to turn her to face Rianne, before Rianne's lips met hers hungrily. Rianne wasn't as skilled a kisser as Ambrose, but she'd obviously had some practice, as had Lyra, practice which both girls demonstrated most eagerly as their small hands began to each roam the body of the other. And as the two well-lathered girls stepped back, letting the soap wash from their bodies beneath the spray of the showerhead, Ambrose knelt, his muzzle turning upwards as his head slipped between the legs of the two close-pressed girls, his tongue extending like a lash, slurping across their bared pink pussies with eager abandon. Both girls were shaved smooth, and this made it easy for Ambrose to put his tongue to good use, his hard, deep strokes uninterrupted by any obstacles. The girls pressed their toned, flat bellies together, their snug teenaged quims now claspings against each other, each hard clitoris touching the other, sending still more waves of pleasure washing over them as Lyra and Rianne rubbed against each other, and Ambrose's eager oral organ worked them from beneath, their sweet, syrupy juices trickling onto his broad, smooth tongue and down his greedy throat.

The cries from both girls were as sweet to the dogservant's cropped ears as the gush of their honeyed juices were on his tastebuds. Blonde and redhead clutched

each other close, each shivering and working against the other still harder, drawing out still more pleasure, letting it crash through their defenses until they were all gone, and could only lean against each other for support beneath the warm water beating down soothingly on their naked bodies, and on the massive, dinner-plate-sized hands that the dobiemorph lifted so that they could each rest their pert tushies upon them.

“Go rest,” said Ambrose softly as he stood, patting each girl on her rump encouragingly, motioning to the low, wide ceramic shelf on which Dottie had already begun to stir, her hazel eyes watching the scene taking place in the showers with sleepy, moderately aroused interest, though her recent multiple orgasms prevented more than that right then. “I have one last charge to fulfill, before I have done fully as you wished.”

He turned then to look full at Mercy, who blushed brightly as he caught her stroking herself between her legs. She looked up at him sheepishly and was about to say something, but the big male touched her lips with one finger, then gave her a sweet, soft kiss on her lips.

“You are no more guilty now than that time I caught you exploring yourself for the first time,” he said in his softly rumbling voice, the curl of a bestial growl adding a hint of exotic accent to each word.

“You had to comfort me when I popped my own cherry,” giggled Mercy nervously. “There was so much blood...”

“But I made it all better,” said Ambrose, nuzzling her cheek lovingly, before he gave her a naughty smirk. “Though I did not kiss it to make it better, did I?”

“You...oh my!” Mercy began to reply, only to arch her back as Ambrose gently guided her backwards, until her back was pressed up against the tile wall of the shower. She let him kneel before her, his hands hooking under her legs, lifting her up, placing the crook of each knee on his shoulders, resting her rounded pink rump in his massive paws, his thumbs spreading her open as he moved his muzzle upwards eagerly, his lips parting, tongue extending.

“I think that I should correct that oversight right now,” murmured Ambrose softly, the words just reaching Mercy under the spray of water cascading down the wall onto her body.

Mercy’s eyes grew wide then, her back arching, a moan of exquisite pleasure summoned from between her perfect pink lips as Ambrose kissed her slit, his lips parting as he began to French kiss her between a very different set of lips than he had used when doing the same to her friends. The sweet teen’s legs kicked out despite herself, and she had to bite down on an uplifted knuckle, the pain keeping her from being utterly overwhelmed by the rush of pleasure as she was penetrated by Ambrose’s thick, smooth tongue. At least, that tactic worked

for a few moments. Then the skilled canid began to ripple his tongue as he pressed it inward, curling it back as he moved his lips against her labia and clitoris wetly, seeking out and soon finding the slight roughness of her G-spot on the upper part of her inner depths, stroking over that pleasure-giving place carefully as he started to thrust his muzzle, forward and back, as he might his hips if it were Mercy beneath him just then, like one of the many morph bitches he'd bred over the years. The very thought of such a thing, of having Mercy, his dream girl, in such a lewd, willingly lascivious position, instantly drove Ambrose mad with need, and he began to buck his head now, not holding back any longer as he drove himself into the clenching, cloying tightness of his young Mistress' sacred inner depths.

The sweet young teen, already quite slick and aroused from before with her own self-pleasuring as she watched Ambrose service her friends, managed to endure this treatment for a total of almost forty-one seconds. Not an instant after this, she began to clench down, sucking the dobiemorph's tongue in even deeper. Instead of panicking, as a less-experienced dog might have, Ambrose viewed this as an opportunity to drive his tongue right up inside of Mercy, spreading his muzzle wide so that he could fit his tongue still deeper, his lower canines pricking the girl's pert bottom and upper ones brushing through the neatly trimmed fur of her pubis, until he was lapping directly at the very gates to her womb, his tongue tickling at her cervix. As he did this, a massive spasm shook Mercy's entire body, the overwhelmed teen not even able to cry out as she clawed at Ambrose's shoulders, her legs tightening around his head, unwittingly pulling him in still further, which he accepted with gusto, holding his breath as he orally rode his young Mistress with his tongue exactly the way he wanted to ride her with his aching, erect cock.

Then, suddenly, Mercy's thrashing ceased and she slumped limply against the wall, her strength utterly spent now, her mind overloaded with the intensity of the pleasure that had rocked through her. Ambrose slid his tongue free of her still-clenching depths, having to pull a bit as his young Mistress' cunny rippled with the aftershocks of the most intense orgasms of her young life, and then let the sweet young female slide easily down into his powerful arms. Cradling her lovingly against his chest, right against his heart, with one strong arm, his other picked up the bottle of liquid soap, and he gently poured a liberal amount over her dozing body and his own strong frame. Before too long the big male had washed both himself and his precious little Mistress, letting the drizzling shower rinse them both, before he stepped out into the warm upward rush of a vent dryer, until they were both clean as a whistle.

Ambrose smiled at the girls who were standing there, their faces flushed with the

intensity of what they'd just seen.

"I set out some sleeping bags in the den," said the dobiemorph. "I'll be tucking Mercy into one before I finish my nightly rounds and go to bed myself. I recommend that you get some rest as well. That way you can get a fresh start tomorrow, and get to enjoying your vacation time to the fullest."

Dottie's eyes strayed to the clock on the wall of the shower room, and blinked in surprise as she saw that the late afternoon had slipped them by: it was now almost nine. Had they really been pleased by the attentions of this massive male for so long? But there was a heavy weariness that had settled over all of the girls that were still conscious, and none of them could do anything but nod in agreement to Ambrose's suggestion, before they tiredly followed him out of the gym and up the stairs, to the den, and its comfortable accommodations for a sleepover.

Chapter 8

Mercy awoke to the smell of fresh fruit and the sound of pattering rain from the roof far above. Opening her eyes, she saw her friends seated around her on their sleeping bags in the massive den of the house, eating breakfast. Her own breakfast – peaches and cream – was sitting near her head. Rubbing her eyes and pushing back her sleeping bag, the young teen found that she was wearing an oversized pink t-shirt that went all the way down to her mid-thighs, and even a pair of panties; exactly what she normally wore to bed, and quite different from what she remembered wearing (or not wearing) last, before she passed out last night.

That thought just made Mercy blush, and she reached out to pick up her breakfast, which she dug into with a will. Her friends each seemed caught up in their own thoughts, and generally concerned with the business of eating breakfast, so the meal passed in relative silence. Last night seemed almost like an intensely erotic dream with the coming of the day, and Mercy could almost dismiss it as such, if it hadn't felt so completely real.

"So...where's Rose right now?" she finally asked as she'd almost finished her fruit, breaking the silence. Her friends looked up, exchanging smiles and an almost universal blush (which confirmed for Mercy that last night had been real after all), before Lyra, who was wearing a set of flannel pajamas with cartoon ponies on it, spoke up.

"He said he had a lot of work to do around the house today," the pigtailed blonde said with a smile and a shrug. "Laundry, and repairs after the big storm last night, and making sure that the greenhouse flowers out back are well-tended. He's not going to be around much, he said."

"We've pretty much got the house to ourselves," said Rianne, her smile mischievous and eager, her "pajamas" the same slightly too short babydoll t-shirt and snug cotton gym shorts she'd been wearing yesterday. "For the whole day we're just gonna have to find something to occupy ourselves indoors."

"I take it, by your tone," stated Dottie, wearing a plain white nightshirt and now wearing her glasses again, looking up from the fantasy novel she'd been reading to respond to Rianne's words, "that you have a pretty good idea of what you'd like to do." The auburn-haired teen grinned, pulling off her glasses and rubbing the bridge of her nose. "Well, out with it – I'm dying to hear what you're up to this time, Rianne."

Mercy and Lyra both nodded their agreement, and all three pairs of eyes were soon glued to Rianne as she leaned back, taking her time now that she knew she

had a captive audience.

“Well,” she began, finishing off the last of her bowl of cold cereal. “I suppose it can’t hurt to share what I’ve been thinking about right now. I figured, since it’s a vacation, and we’re stuck indoors, we might as well make use of Diane’s heavy-duty multimedia center down here.”

‘Diane’ was how all of the girls (except Mercy, of course, who called her “Mom”) referred to Diane Lords, since she didn’t really like to stand on formal titles when around others, unless she had something to prove. And it was true: Dianne Lords had an excellent entertainment center all set up in the den, a massive plasma screen television with surround sound taking up a decent part of one large wall. Not that this was terribly surprising, as often as Diane was expected to entertain in her position as owner of the Lords Confectionary Company. The setup was made to impress as well as provide the maximum entertainment value. But though Mercy could see the wisdom in Rianne’s words, she frowned a bit as she thought it over, and what her friend’s mischievous smile could portend.

“What sort of movie were you thinking of, Ri?” asked the younger Lords, only partially succeeding in keeping the traces of suspicion from her voice.

“Movies, actually,” Rianne replied, smooth as silk and ready with her response.

“Just a couple I found in your mother’s collection, is all, nothing too major. They weren’t locked up or anything, so I don’t think she’ll mind us using them.”

Mercy was about to ask for more information, and she could tell that Dottie was about to do the same (though Lyra wasn’t, being far more interested in seeing the end of the mystery to interrupt with a bunch of silly questions), but Rianne was already standing up and walking over to the movie player, after having pulled three recording chips from under her sleeping bag, where she’d been hiding them. Dottie and Mercy shared a wary look, but then shrugged at each other, letting the matter drop. They’d find out soon enough what their friend was up to, after all. They could get upset about it after they knew what they were getting upset about. Meanwhile, Lyra was already heading towards the lights, unhooking the remote lighting and climate control from the wall. As she got back to her sleeping bag, and began to snuggle into the thick cloth, getting comfortable, Rianne popped the recording chips into the machine, so that they would play back-to-back, and Lyra dimmed the lights as her redheaded friend settled down into the sleeping back next to her, the two of them sitting quite close together in the now-darkened room.

Watching expectantly, the four girls were not disappointed, as the movie quickly started rolling on the opening title sequence, which made both Dottie’s and Mercy’s eyes get huge as they realized what they were watching. The title of the

movie was “Canomorph Breeding Training Volume Four: A Bitch’s First Breeding.” It was one of Dianne Lords’ breeding videos, meaning it might as well be a porn flick, except that all of the participants were canomorphs, which meant they counted in the eyes of the law as educational instead of pornographic. Such films used only the most talented studs and bitches in the productions of each video, to ensure that there was a standard of quality generally lacking in the average porn flick. At first Mercy and Dottie were going to say something in protest, to give voice to their misgivings. But then the movie started, and, somehow, it just didn’t seem right to make it stop. After all, curiosity is a powerful motivator. Almost as powerful as sex.

As the girls watched, a pleasant-voiced female narrator explained that the first breeding of a young bitch was a critical point, and that only the most talented and gentle of studs should be allowed to deflower such a female, because the performance of the male would almost certainly affect the ability of a female to enjoy mating in the future. As she was speaking, the camera panned to a room with soft, gentle lighting, the furnishings sparse, consisting of a bed, a chair, a small toilet in one corner, a low sink with a liquid soap dispenser, and nothing else. Lying on the bed, quite naked, was a petite poodlegirl, who was struggling against the ropes holding her wrists bound behind her back, her ankles tied together, a muzzle holding her mouth shut. The narrator explained that retraining the bitch was normally unnecessary, but if the female in question was high-strung or otherwise disinclined to cooperate, as in this case, where the female had been badly spoiled by her owner, then it sometimes became essential. Besides the benefits of getting a female used to sex, the narrator continued, being properly and thoroughly pleased by a satisfying breeding session was also often the best way to calm a high-strung bitch down, or to start the retraining of a spoiled or otherwise badly trained female.

Their eyes intent on the rising action, the girls could see the ears of the slim little poodlegirl, who was around the same age as them, perk, her nose lifting as the black tip worked, obviously picking up something. This, the narrator explained, was her reaction to the coming of the male that was going to breed her. The tension in the room quickly began to mount as the curly-haired white poodlegirl started to struggle harder, making a host of muffled little sounds of exertion and desperation, which honestly sounded rather cute. Suddenly, the door to the room swung open, and the poodleteen looked up, her eyes growing wide as she saw the male that had come for her. The girls watching the video also had their eyes go wide at the sight of this male: it was Ambrose!

Standing in the doorway, dressed in a simple bathrobe and a pair of boxer shorts, the tall dobiemorph was introduced by the narrator woman by name, identifying

him as the recipient of a number of awards for his breeding skills and bitch handling ability. The shock of seeing Mercy's faithful companion on the big screen was somewhat lessened, however, as he walked into the room, and all the girls could see a pair of pink bunny slippers fitting poorly over his digitigrade footpaws. The poodlegirl noticed them as well, and blinked several times as he approached, her struggling ceasing almost immediately. As the strong, virile male sat on the bed by her, giving her a friendly smile and wag of his tailstub, she actually returned the wag with her own powder-puffed tail.

Ambrose soon undid the muzzle, and before too long he and the poodlegirl began to talk, but what exactly was said was hard to make out over the words of the narrator, who was busily explaining all the technical social, psychological, and physiological details of what the girls were seeing. It was pretty easy to tune her voice out after a while, watching instead as Ambrose's muzzle lowered, the bitchteen blushing through her soft white cheekfur, before their lips met. The sleek-furred male slid easily out of his clothes, the motion smooth and practiced to perfection, and soon the poodlemorph was untied. And then they were moving against each other in a passionate embrace, though no penetration was taking place.

Before too long, the poodlegirl let Ambrose guide her onto all-fours, what the narrator called the "traditional mating posture, demonstrating complete female submission and trust in the male." He bent, his large paws gripping the poodleteen's rump firmly, possessively, and soon his long, smooth tongue was lashing out once more, sending waves of pleasure through the young female that the girls knew only too well from the activities of the preceding night. As Ambrose worked, the camera slowly rotated around the room, giving the view from behind first, showing Ambrose's fingers sunk into the smooth-shaved flesh of the poodlegirl's bum, his thumbs holding her labia open. Each girl unconsciously leaned forward, eyes intent on the morphgirl's cunny, which rippled after each slow, deep lick, and her snowy white tailhole, which clenched with each flick of Ambrose's tongue across her clitoris. There was a pause in the video, as the camera panned in, focusing on the pubescent morph's pussy, while the narrator said how the hymen of the young bitch was clearly visible, indicating her "fresh" status, while the deeper coloration of her inner walls was a clear sign humans could use (lacking a morph's more sophisticated senses) to identify when a female was ready to be bred. Then, while Ambrose continued to lick, faster now, at the morphgirl's quim, even leaning in to engulf and suckle on the whole of the snug little slit, the camera slowly panned around, until the watching girls could see the poodle's delicate face, her muzzle wide open as she panted and drooled on the bed, her cheeks at least as deeply flushed as her

cunny. Suddenly, her teeth clenched tightly together, and she whined loudly, her whole body starting an uncontrollable spasming. Naturally, the narrator clinically informed her viewers that the fresh bitch was having her first orgasm, a clear sign that she would willingly accept the male about to stud her.

After lathering the canomorph femme up nicely ("femme," the narrator explained, being the general term for a female morph, regardless of exact type), Ambrose's tongue slipped upwards, until he was tonguing away at her tiny pink tailhole, while she eagerly thrust her tight white-furred hiney back into his oral attentions, whimpering and whining loudly at the exquisite pleasure this seemed to be bringing her. The girls watched in semishock, but mostly arousal, as the narrator explained that any attentions of one canomorph to the anal region of another was a means of establishing dominance over the submissive canomorph, regardless of the sex of the canomorph in question. And if the canomorph being anally stimulated pushed back, as the petite female on the screen obviously was, then it was an instinctive sign of abject submission. Anal sex often followed such a display, continued the narrator, the subordinate morph demonstrating total trust in and obedience to the dominant one.

"So she's basically saying she's his willing slave right now," Rianne stage whispered, eyes glued to the screen as the camera focused on Ambrose's tongue, just as it squeezed inside the dainty little poodlegirl's tailhole, penetrating her fully. Naturally, the narrator continued without pause, reminding the owners of morphs how important it was to ensure their morphs practiced proper anal hygiene.

Then, as the girls watched, Ambrose reached down to the pocket of his robe, lying by the side of the bed, and slipped out a small circular metal device. He held it up a bit, so the camera could catch it, and twisted it, showing how a gleaming metal blade whipped out when he did so, followed right after by a tiny sponge-tipped probe. This, as the narrator described, was a "maidenblade," sometimes informally called a "bitch splitter." It was a device intended to remove the hymen of a female, and for this purpose it was so incredibly sharp that, if properly applied, there wouldn't even be any bleeding after the removal, the swab that followed the sterile blade applying a soothing salve that made recovery from the blade's use almost immediate. Before any of the girls could even shudder at the thought of a blade being taken to their most private places, however, and even before the poodlegirl was aware of what had happened, Ambrose was pulling the cylinder away from her gushing little quim and tucking it back into his robe's pocket.

Without hesitation, Ambrose moved up behind the canomorph female, and mounted her. The camera panned around again, then focused in closely as the

dobiemorph pressed his plump glans against the poodlegirl's delicate pink folds, then nuzzled them slowly apart. Naturally, the cool voice of the narrator had to provide commentary, saying how there was very often a size difference between male and female morphs, which was one of the prime reasons that only gentle stud males should be used for deflowering an inexperienced virgin.

"She's not kidding," murmured Rianne. "He's *huge*! There's no way he's gonna fit..."

But Ambrose surprised them all, and the dainty poodlegirl as well, judging from her gape-mouthed expression, as he squeezed his penis slowly but steadily all the way into the wriggling little teen, until his balls were rubbing against the backs of her thighs. Then it seemed as though the poodle's mind caught up with her body, and she *moaned* loudly, before starting to *grind* herself against Ambrose's hips, her juices flowing copiously down around his invading organ, which had her so impossibly widely stretched. Before long, she was begging him to take her, to *hump* her like an animal, to breed her like the bitch she was!

Grinning, showing off his sexy sharp teeth, Ambrose growled softly in her ear, just barely loud enough for the camera to pick it up: "All you had to do was ask." This part, at least, was very much like a porn flick, except the growls, snarls, moans, whimpers, and howls were all real, the passion radiating from the screen with an intensity that humans would be dearly pressed to match even at their most sincere, their most impassioned. These, after all, were artificially made beings, and this was what they were made to do, and do very, very well, for a very long time. At first the camera focused down from the top, as Ambrose held himself erect, the stiff bar of his penis plunging at a right angle to the camera's view, letting it focus on the poodlegirl's heart-shaped buns, made clearly visible as Ambrose gripped her tail in one hand, holding it high, while his hips slapped against her bottom, which she eagerly thrust back into each of his thrusts.

Then the strong, sleek dobemorph was hunching over the panting, pleasure-delirious puppygirl, covering her like a real dog, his hips pounding against her with machinegun ferocity. The bulb of his knot was clearly visible as he neared his climax (as the narrator helpfully noted), to ensure every drop of potent semen would stay right where it would do the most good, almost guaranteeing a pregnancy, even if the raw animal potency of Ambrose wasn't more than enough to do the job. It was when that knot popped into the poodle that she first *howled*, long and loud, as though she couldn't use her human vocalizations to express what she felt anymore. Her howl was mirrored by a soft, girlish *grunt* from the audience, as Lyra shuddered lightly on the fingers Rianna had surreptitiously slipped into her pajamas. She howled again when Ambrose kept thrusting, kept shafting her little quim, not stopping to let his knot lock them together. Instead,

each thrust squeezed Ambrose's cockbase firmly against the poodlegirl's clitoris, and as the narrator pointed out the difference between a morph femme's clitoris and a human's, the girls watching the video realized that it was true: subtly, but obviously on closer inspection, the poodle's lovebutton was situated further inside her sex, just far enough that it would be directly stimulated by the thrusting of a male's penis.

"I'm going to cum," growled Ambrose in the poodlegirl's ear between her howls, and her eyes grew wide. "If I keep it inside, you're going to get pregnant for sure."

"Do it!" squealed the puppygirl, her delicate hands clawing at the bed beneath her. "Knock me up! Make me your puppyslut! Give me...ah! Ah! AWWWOOOO!"

Ambrose *grunted* as the poodle started to howl again in her cute, high-pitched voice, this time sinking his knot into her fully, tying them together. He bared his sharp fangs as he continued to work his hips, *grinding* them against her wriggling rump, the fingers of his large hands digging into her smooth-shaved white buns. A short spurt of canomorph cream squirted out the side of the puppygirl's cunny, but that was all that escaped, the rest, as the cool-voiced narrator foretold, ensuring pregnancy, and birth in six months, a typical gestation for morphs of all types.

Groaning softly as her whole body shuddered, the slender poodlefemme just seemed to give out suddenly, slumping to the bed, her bum still upthrust, attached to Ambrose's hips by his walnut-sized knot. The girls watching saw his light smirk, before he squeezed her buns a little harder, then pulled back, his slick, glistening pink shaft bobbing as he worked it free with a little difficulty.

"You've been a bad girl before now, haven't you, Blanche?" Ambrose asked, his hands now gently stroking and caressing the poodle's neck and back, working in those little circles Lyra knew so well from his exertions on the beach the day before. "You wouldn't do what your owners told you to do."

"No, Mister Ambrose, sir," admitted Blanche, biting her lower lip, avoiding the Doberman's eyes. "I...I'm sorry."

"You don't have to apologize to me, Blanche," Ambrose continued, his expression so gentle as he leaned over, his chest stroking the younger morphgirl's back as he kissed her forehead. "You just need to be a better dogservant. Will you do that?"

"Yes, Mister Ambrose," agreed Blanche, her tail wagging as she finally looked up into his forgiving eyes, a hopeful smile on her face. Then her eyes widened as she felt his hand gripping the base of her tail. "Mister Ambrose...?"

"You've got to show me that you've changed, Blanche," Ambrose explained, the

fingers of his other hand teasing against the poodle's tailhole, before they withdrew, to reach back into the pocket of his discarded robe, this time to come back holding a tube of water-based lubricant. "Here," he said, pressing the tube into her small hands, "roll onto your back, and get yourself prepared for me." Whimpering, the petite poodlegirl lowered her ears, and then nodded, her cheeks flushing as she moved to obey, rolling onto her back. Lifting her legs, letting Ambrose help her as he gripped her beneath the backs of her knees, pushing them upward, showing how flexible the puppyteen really was, Blanche squeezed out a dab of lubricant onto her fingers, then glanced up at Ambrose, who shook his head, before she squeezed out a very generous amount instead. Once she saw Ambrose nod in approval, she reached hesitantly down, and began to work her own fingers in small, tight circles against her tiny white tailhole.

As slender fingers squeezed into a tiny anal sphincter, coating it liberally with lubricant, the narrator continued her calm commentary. What was being shown, according to her, was more than just a display of dominance and submission. It was actually more than even post-breeding fun, a common practice among morphs, who often liked to do little acts of non-viable sex, such as anal or oral play. In point of fact, Ambrose was actually training the younger morph, tying sexual pleasure and submission and post-mating sexplay to the feeling of being an obedient "good dog." Canomorphs were known to respond readily to such training, though other morphotypes might respond as well, with varying degrees of success, and Blanche was having her behavior adjusted through Ambrose's simple acts of anal dominance.

"Good girl," said Ambrose finally, gently brushing Blanche's fingers aside, before he slid a finger of his own smoothly into her tailhole. She'd obviously done a good enough job, because there wasn't any resistance to that penetrating finger, though Blanche did whimper quite loudly. The narrator was quick to point out that the whimper wasn't one of pain. Rather, the nerves at the base of a morph's tail were directly tied to bundles of very sensitive nerves that could be stimulated anally, with the correct application of pressure. The result was very much like the rush of pleasure that could come to a male having his prostate stimulated, except that this pleasure worked for morphs regardless of sex.

Then Ambrose was resting his open palm on the top of his rigid shaft, while Blanche held her delicate ankles, and stared first up at him, and then down to the bulbous doggycock aimed straight at her tiny white tailhole. She bit her lower lip as Ambrose leaned forward, until the plump head of his heavily-dripping penis touched her glistening anal star.

"You are a good girl, Blanche," said Ambrose in a voice that was soft and gentle and warm, its tones making Mercy burn with momentary jealousy at wanting to

hear them directed toward herself rather than some morphgirl she'd never even met. "Never forget that."

Blanche started to open her mouth to respond, but her words were cut off with a soft *gasp* as the head, and then the corona, of Ambrose's penis popped past her tense anal ring. There was a soft, shared moan by all the girls watching, and Blanche as well, as Ambrose slowly fed inch after thick, meaty inch of his smooth penis into her delicate hiney, all the way up to the hilt. At the end, she was stretched so tightly, her tailhole was a tense, near-perfect circle surrounding the invading thickness of Ambrose's penis.

Now the camera shifted to an overhead shot, letting the girls see Blanche's expression of gasping, panting, moaning pleasure as Spike worked his hips, softly clapping flesh-against-flesh as he reached up and took firm hold of her upraised ankles. The poodlegirl's pertly conical breasts started to bob and then to bounce as Ambrose picked up his pace, and she soon started to whine loudly as he pushed her ankles all the way back to the sides of her head. Obviously she was still far too sensitive after her recent orgasms, far too close to the quivering edge, her whole body still tingling, aching with the need for just that little bit more.

As Ambrose set about giving the aristocratic little bitch exactly that, Mercy's own whining nearly equaled that of Blanche. The golden-haired teen was trembling on all-fours...or, rather, all-threes, since one hand was busily working between her thighs, her shirt bunched up around her waist, her panties down around her knees. Dottie, sitting nearby, just a short distance behind Mercy, was almost hyperventilating as she stared right into her friend's flushed, desperately needy cunny, her face growing a bright red as she saw Mercy's anus clenching and tensing in almost exactly the same way Blanche's had been a short while before on the screen. Not far off, Lyra and Rianne were openly making out now, shirts shoved up above their breasts, panties along with Lyra's pajama bottoms and Rianna's shorts riding around their lower thighs as the two girls worked fingers against the same place Mercy was rubbing entirely on her own. And when Ambrose gave a deep-throated *grunt* on-screen, accompanied by Blanche's wail of shared, near-simultaneous orgasm, all four girls shuddered in sympathy. Their awareness had just opened up to a whole new world. Somehow, they knew that their guide to that world would be Ambrose. They also knew, without needing to be told, that they couldn't ask for anyone better to do the job.

Chapter 9

Watching Ambrose cuddling gently with the exhausted pupteen was actually sweet, and an excellent way for the girls to start coming down from their own aroused highs. After all, it wouldn't do to have Ambrose come walking in on them when they were...well, like this, would it? Even after what they'd done the night before, it just didn't seem quite proper. And the end of the first movie signaled Mercy, Rianne, and Lyra to cover themselves, while Dottie politely looked away, pretending, at least for a little while, that she hadn't seen anything. It was obvious that even more happened between Ambrose and Blanche than was shown, but whatever that might have been was lost to the floor of the cutting room.

The second movie, as it turned out, made for a good cool-down, being more documentary in nature than the only barely educational nature of the preceding non-porno. However, the subject matter was enough to keep the excitement level in the den from fading altogether. That subject matter was, as it turned out, "The Dangers of Physical Intimacy With Your Male Canomorph."

On the screen appeared several human women, often their daughters as well, and even a few men, all with their faces blurred out, explaining how they had fallen for their canomorph in one way or another. First the relationship had started with raw passion. Then it progressed to a dominance and submission relationship as it matured, with the canomorph serving the needs of the human. But in almost every case, in the end, the canomorph ended up as the dominant partner, though never without the at least the tacit permission of the human. And almost universally, each of the humans in the documentary said that they couldn't help but love it, even though they knew it was wrong, and society would never condone what they had grown to crave.

Canomorph males, the documentary went on, were originally made to be sexually powerful, and those born naturally weren't any less potent than those decanted from birthing vats. Morphs produced pheromones that were designed to influence their partners, to make sex even more enjoyable, which was what their makers wanted, since it meant they'd reproduce readily and well, keys for spreading a biological product like morphs. Those pheromones were powerful, however, and though humans didn't react initially to them, since humans were largely insensitive to pheromones in general, there was increasing evidence that morph pheromones might eventually change the structure of the human brain, making even humans as receptive to morph sexual pheromones as other morphs. The parting warning of this video was that playing with the power of a morph

was asking for trouble, and eventually domination, becoming a morph's willing bitch.

There was a brief pause between the second movie and the third, leading to a few uncomfortable glances between the four girls on the floor of the den. Somehow, none of them *quite* met the gazes of any of the others, but they were all thinking the same things: will that happen to us? And, if it does...is that really a bad thing?

The final video was something quite different from the first two. Where the other two films had obviously been done by professionals, this one was a bit shaky, the image slightly pixilated in places, the result of a disposable cameraphone's video capture abilities, with the date stamp in the bottom right corner of the screen marking it as having been shot last summer. Mercy frowned as she saw this, and looked over to where Rianne and Lyra were still pressed so close together (though now with their clothes on), giving the redhead a curious look in the darkness. Rianne responded, her naughty grin visible in the glare from the screen, by holding up her own little camera, which Mercy could tell was indeed one of the cheapest sorts with video capture capability. Whatever she was about to see, it was something very real, and probably even naughtier than the first video.

The girls were not to be disappointed, even though the video's content wasn't nearly as erotic as the first video's had been. The image took a few seconds to focus, but when it did, it showed Dianne Lords, lying on her front on a deck chair, sunbathing on the flat roof of her house. There were some bushes and other shrubbery in the way of a complete shot of everything, and it became obvious that this was being taken from a place of concealment. As the video continued, before too long, Ambrose came walking out, wearing absolutely nothing at all on his sleek, black-and-tan-furred body. The image managed to focus in, catching a very detailed shot of the tan patch of fur around the dobiemorph's pubic region, which extended down to just beneath his tail, before the focus panned outward again. It was obvious that the poor male's sheath was quite badly swollen, his stomach muscles tensed tightly as he fought to keep his erection contained. Ambrose's state of tension was something Mercy hadn't really thought about before, but now, she suddenly realized that she'd seen her faithful companion tense himself in just that way many, many times in the past, and the reason behind his behavior hit her in an avalanche of newfound awareness. She'd been torturing poor Ambrose, she suddenly concluded, forcing him to watch her prancing around naked, while he was just trying to do his job and be a "good dog." It must have been agony for the poor guy, and the teen suddenly felt ashamed of herself for her past actions, however harmless she'd

thought they were at the time.

“I wish that you didn’t require me to go naked,” said Ambrose as he set a tray with a glass of lemonade on a table next to where Dianne lay. “It’s . . . hard on me.”

“Or just hard,” said Dianne, looking up lazily, smiling up at the male, before her eyes trailed along his bulging, straining sheath. “Oh, don’t be silly: I’ve seen it before, you know. Many times.”

“But...not like this,” Ambrose protested weakly, trying to turn away.

“What, you think it’s okay to sport a hard-on when you’re getting hot for some saucy bitch, but not when you’re around a human woman you find attractive? Come off it, Ambrose,” Dianne told him sternly, and then smiled, one hand reaching out, running long, red-painted nails through his short bellyfur. “And besides, I find it...well, kind of flattering, actually.”

“Don’t do...ooh!” Ambrose tried to stop his mistress from touching him, but was too slow. An instant after Dianne touched him, the dobiemorph’s stomach rippled, and his sizeable pink penis slid into the open air. “I...I’m sorry! I couldn’t help...”

“Mmm, what have we here?” said Diane, silencing Ambrose as her fingers wrapped around his erection, stroking him. “Why, it looks like a hot dog.” She looked up at him. “I wonder if it tastes like one, too.”

Ambrose just stood there, a look that was part shock and part desperate need on his face as he tried to force himself to do what he knew was right. It was all in vain, though, for he just couldn’t bring himself to react fast enough to stop Dianne from sitting up and sliding towards him, her full breasts pressing against his thighs as she took him into her mouth. After that, Ambrose’s eyes grew heavy-lidded, his muzzle dropping into a relaxed canine smile of contented pleasure, his stub-tail wagging behind him.

At this point the camera started to shift angles, as Rianne (or so Mercy was certain it was doing the filming) sought for a better angle, where more of the action could be seen. Almost instantly, Ambrose’s ears perked up, his eyes opening to scan the bushes. And then he looked straight at the viewer, his eyes full of fear at being discovered, though his erection didn’t seem to be paying attention, as it remained quite solid between Dianne’s lips, her now-closed eyes keeping her from knowing that Ambrose had seen something. The image went chaotic as the one taking the movie spun and raced off into the bushes, before it suddenly went black, the video finished.

“Wow,” said Lyra as she sat there in the dark along with the other girls for a few moments. “That was...”

And then Dottie touched the light control, causing them to gradually fade into

full brightness once more, before she looked around at the other girls. She'd apparently put her contacts back in place sometime during the movie, for her glasses weren't on at that moment when she looked at Rianne with a moment of holier-than-thou indignation.

"You shouldn't have taken that," she said, her cheeks flushing as she said it, afraid now of making Rianne mad, but not able to stop herself. But Rianne just gave Dottie a sly smile and a teasing wink.

"And you shouldn't have let Ambrose go down on you last night. But we all do things that we shouldn't do. And some of 'em just feel so very good, and so very right. I can't tell you how hot I was, just watching them. I listened in, from a distance, later on, and they were doing a lot more. I didn't dare go back up to see, though. I was scared for days that Ambrose would tell on me for spying or something, but he never did. I don't think he even told Dianne."

"This all makes me feel light-headed," said Mercy, looking down, resting one hand against her chest, feeling her heart beat so fast. "I just...I think we should do something else. Something fun."

"I have just the thing," said Rianne with a triumphant grin, going over to her sleeping bag, and pulling out a deck of cards, in fact the very same deck of cards she'd set on the kitchen counter yesterday afternoon. "I say we play..." she smiled conspiratorially, "strip poker."

Chapter 10

Lyra giggled at Rianne's suggestion, Mercy blinked, and Dottie just sat there on the edge of her sleeping bag, looking shocked and lost and completely uncertain of what to do next. But as Rianne got into the middle of the circle of sleeping bags and began to shuffle the deck, the other girls gathered around, each of them breathing harder now, their eyes wide and eager as they watched her deal them out while she explained her version of the rules.

“Okay, none of us have much on, so the games’ll be pretty short. Nothing fancy, just plain old poker, no wilds, no funny house rules, besides the obvious. If you win somebody else’s clothes, then you can use them to bet instead of your own, but you’re not allowed to put your own clothes back on, even if you win them back. And you don’t have to take off your clothes until you actually lose them. All right, everybody clear?”

“Quite clear,” said a deep, softly growling voice from the doorway. All eyes instantly turned, and stared in fright as Ambrose stepped through the door, wearing a polo shirt and a pair of loose khaki shorts with a fanny pack. He took his time, looking at each of them with his deep brown eyes, meeting their gazes, until each girl looked down, each feeling a bit ashamed of herself for their shared lewd behavior.

“We were just...” began Rianne, before Ambrose looked at her again, silencing her with his commanding presence, the tall, muscular male easily dominating the room so quickly and so well. This was a true alpha male, the intended breeder of his pack, the one meant to lead, and each of the girls could feel it, and felt themselves submitting to it.

“I know what you were doing,” said Ambrose in that same soft, gentle, and yet utterly overpowering voice of his, the same sort of voice he’d used when he was talking to the frightened poodlegirl in the first video. “I can smell it, actually, and the power on the player is still turned on. You were watching something naughty, something forbidden, and it aroused you. Greatly. Afterward, you decided to turn to the next naughty thing that came to your minds.” He shook his head. “You should all be ashamed of yourselves: playing strip poker,” and then his stern face broke into a grin, “without me, and after everything that happened last night.”

Mercy wasn’t sure what was more heart-wrenching: being caught by Ambrose in the first place and knowing she was going to get in trouble, or knowing that she wasn’t in trouble, but that the big, gorgeous male wanted to join in their naughtiness! Licking her lips nervously, she looked to the others, who all looked right back at her. Ambrose was her dogservant, after all, and however dominant

he was being right then, he'd always do what she told him, no matter what. She'd have to make the decision.

"A-all right, Ambrose," she said after a few moments of deliberation, before her face broke into a bright smile. "Of course we should have invited you. We're sorry. We thought you were too busy."

"Never too busy for my dearest little mistress and her friends," said Ambrose, settling down into the circle, the other girls making room for him, now smiling again, their moment of panic quite gone, replaced with a far different feeling. It was the feeling of opening themselves up to a male, of placing themselves in a position of extreme vulnerability, and not really knowing what might happen next. It was at once frightening and incredibly exciting, and even timid Dottie seemed to crave more of what might come, caught up in the thrill. "But," he added as he settled into his place, "I would like to add a few house rules of my own, from when I learned how to play the game, back at my training kennels." Hearing this, the girls paused, waiting expectantly. Ambrose, and in fact no canomorph, talked much about the training kennels, where they were raised and socially conditioned before their final sale to the public. It was where Ambrose's ears and tail had been docked, mercy knew, but that was about all that even Mercy knew about the place where her dogservant had been trained.

"We played strip poker a lot in the male barracks," said Ambrose as he pulled off his fanny pack and unzipped it, reaching inside. "What can I say? We were horny males, made for breeding, but with no females around until we'd proven we were stable enough for them. So we played it kinda rough, with the rule that if you lost it all, you had to take a penalty." He looked up, pulling out four collars. They were dog collars, but made for someone of human size and shape. Each was a slim bit of leather, stained in the color of each girl's eyes. "These are from some of the girdogs I've known," explained Ambrose, before grinning, giving the four girls a wink. "I've got quite a collection, and I went to pick these out earlier today. I figured Rianne would work in what she wanted, and also figured that I might as well be ready."

Rianne blushed as she heard this, looking sheepish at being so transparent to the much more experienced male who had seemed to undergo an incredible transformation from before, his inhibitions thrown to the winds, and the girls' inhibitions seemingly gone along with them.

"If you lose everything, you put on the collar that matches your eyes," continued Ambrose as he looked around the circle, before pulling out a collar of thick brown leather. "This is for me, in case I lose to one of you. Once you put on a collar, you hand your leash," he pulled out a set of nylon leashes from the pack, which almost emptied it, "to the person who won you. After that, you have to

give that person some...well, oral attentions until they're satisfied." He grinned, suddenly growing a bit more sheepish as he said the words 'have to,' as though not quite daring to command the human girls just yet, still uncertain of his place in this new power dynamic. "The collection starts once the game is over, and you can withdraw with your winnings whenever you want, though that means you don't get a chance to get anybody else. Sound good to all of you?"

The girls shared looks, each of them silent and expectant, until Lyra burst out in answer.

"Yes!" she practically squealed in excitement. "We'll play with those rules, Ambrose. It makes it so the winnings at the end really mean something." Then she turned and grinned at Rianne. "And you are gonna be going down on me!" "That a challenge?" replied Rianne with a saucy grin of her own as she dealt Ambrose into the game. "We'll see about that! All right girls, let's ante up."

It was at this time that the girls learned something about Ambrose which none of them had quite realized before, though Mercy had started to get an inkling of it during the last of the three videos. This new facet of Ambrose's personality gradually came out as the game progressed, though it didn't really start to hit home until poor little Dottie, pink and blushing and quite naked, cinched her collar around her neck, and then went to meekly kneel by the big dobiemorph's side like a spoil of war, doing her best to cover herself with her hands as she waited for the end of the game, and her inevitable penalty.

The skill that Ambrose had, which none of the girls fully realized until it was far too late, was that he knew how to bluff.

Thinking about Ambrose's skill, it made perfect sense. All his life, the dobiemorph had been restraining his feelings, always shuffling them aside, holding his instincts in check as he did his best to behave properly in the human world. But for all that, he wasn't human. His was a creature from a world of tooth and claw, where only the fittest survived to breed, and the rest served as food or servants for the mightiest, depending on their usefulness to the pack as a whole. In the human world, he was at the bottom of the ladder, powerless before forces that were utterly beyond his control. But in the world that his animal instincts were made for, he was meant to dominate and to rule. This dichotomy of spirit had taught him the lesson of holding himself in at all times.

With this in mind, poker had been the natural game for he and his packmates to play while in the kennels. It was a game devoted to bluffing, playing the cards you were dealt with all the skill you had, and with a little bit of chance thrown in for good measure. It was a microcosm of their lives, and every one of them took to it easily. Compared to the efforts of a quartet of horny human girls, and ones who knew the mechanics of sex and poker at about the same level, Ambrose's

skill was unmatched. Soon Lyra was huddled next to Dottie, her face flushed as she nibbled her lower lip, tense, eager excitement at what she was going to do after the game ended written on her face. Not long after, Mercy joined Dottie and Lyra as well, kneeling on Ambrose's other side, one large, strong arm wrapped around her waist as he held her against him. And all of this accomplished with only the loss of his polo shirt. Mercy actually smiled when Ambrose lost the shirt, leaning into the soft fur of his bare chest, running a hand idly over his pectorals and abdominals, taking to this new change in her relationship with her dogservant as though she'd been born for it.

It was then only a matter of time before Rianne tossed her own cards onto the floor.

"I've got nothin'," she said, pouting. "You won this hand." Ambrose smiled at this, picking up the collar on the end of the leash and holding it out, before the skinny redhead held up one hand to stop him. "Hey, wait a minute. This game's not over yet."

Ambrose and his three 'winnings' all blinked in surprise at this.

"Yeah, that's right," continued Rianne, her competitive nature refusing to lose, making her throw herself into her words, letting them flow before she could think herself out of it, in a desperate bid to win at all costs. "I've still got something else that I know you want, Rosie." She lifted herself up, arching her hips forward as she knelt there on the floor, reaching out to stroke a hand over her smooth-shaved pubis. "Just think about it: I'll bet myself, for the rest of the weekend. For that whole time, I'll have to do anything you want. And I do mean anything. I'll go around on all-fours, I'll do any chores you set for me," she licked her lips, "I'll let you hump me like an animal, bareback. Anything you want, I'm putting it all out on the line, until the end of the break. So, what do you say? You man enough for that kinda bet, dogboy?"

Ambrose looked into Rianne's bright green eyes, and then cocked his head.

"Are you sure about this, Rianne?" he asked, looking concerned. "I mean, maybe..."

"Don't be a pussy!" exclaimed Rianne angrily, grabbing the leash and cinching the collar around her neck. "See, there. If you win, I'll give you the other end of the lead, like a good little slavegirl. Now shut up while I deal."

"Wait," said Lyra, her eyes bright as she looked at Rianne, and then reached up, unwrapping her leash from where it was tied around Ambrose's wrist. "I like that idea. I wanna make the same bet: all or nothing."

"M-me too," said Dottie timidly, looking up at Ambrose until he silently handed her the other end of her lead. Mercy gave Ambrose a teasing grin when he looked at her, and held out her hand, whereupon he promptly and silently handed

her what he knew she wanted.

“If you win,” she said, leaning up to his head to whisper in the big canoporph’s ear, “you deserve it. I’ve been so cruel, teasing you like I have. I’m really sorry, Rose. Please forgive me.”

“Easily and with all my heart,” replied Ambrose in the same whispered tone, before Mercy slipped away, seating herself cross-legged to his right, letting him see everything all out there on display, before picking up the cards Rianne dealt out.

Chapter 11

“Four queens,” said Rianne, staring at the cards unbelievably as Ambrose laid them down before her. “I don’t believe it. Four queens. I mean, how...? You’ve got luck like I’ve never seen before, Ambrose. How’d you get so good at poker?”

Ambrose just smiled and shrugged.

“Lucky, I suppose,” he said, before holding out his large paw. At this prompting, each girl reached out with the end of her lead and set it onto his wide palm, before he closed his hand around all four leashes possessively and stood up, looking down at the four teenaged beauties he’d just won utterly and willingly, all of them now his to do with as he pleased. He could see their eyes on him, watching him, wondering what he would do with them, part fear and part excitement on their bright young faces. “I want you all to line up in a row,” he said in his soft, subtly commanding voice as he motioned with his other paw, much like a master would do with a puppy in training. “Side by side, on all-fours, facing away from me.” He licked his chops, slowly and deliberately, sending a shiver through each of the girls at the connotations. “I want to take a good, long look at...my winnings.”

The tense excitement was thick in the air then, ripe with the expectation of things to come. Each of the four did as they were told, getting onto all-fours as Ambrose held their leashes, feeling so utterly slutty as they lined up. Mercy was the first to get into place, followed by Lyra, pressing up on her left, before Rianne sandwiched Lyra between herself and Mercy, and Dottie, the slowest of the four, took her place meekly and quietly on the far left end of the row. The four girls looked at each other with growing emotion as they heard the sound of Ambrose kneeling behind them on the carpet with a soft, sexy growl. Then, suddenly, Lyra gave a sharp “eep!” of surprise, and all the girls looked at her, before starting to turn their heads to look behind them.

“Don’t turn around,” said Ambrose firmly, and instantly all of the girls returned to facing forward, all of them breathing harder, faster, cheeks flushed. But not as flushed as Lyra’s, who was biting her lower lip as she trembled all over.

“He’s...he’s grabbing my butt,” she got out at Rianne’s questioning look. “His paws are so big, Rianne! And they feel so good. And now he’s stroking my pussy, and spreading it open, and...oh...Oh!...OH!”

What Ambrose was doing then was obvious, as loud, wet slurping sounds began to fill the room, coupling with Lyra’s squeals of enjoyment in a way that was soon driving the other three girls to distraction, making them shuffle in the line,

exchanging looks that ranged from the utterly embarrassed (Dottie), to the bright-eyed and excited and willing (Mercy), to the competitive, as though viewing her ability to hold out longer than the others, and perhaps longer even than Ambrose, as some sort of a contest (Rianne). Each girl somehow could sense that, if they really wanted, all they had to do was ask Ambrose to stop, to call off the bet, and he would do as they wished. But at the same time, there was something so utterly intoxicating about the notion of being commanded, of giving up free will, letting the big, powerful male do with them as he pleased, following his every command as though they were the dogs, and he the master, that none of the four girls could bring themselves to call a halt to what was taking place. Just the thought of what was happening, and even more of what was going to happen, was enough to cause each girl's most treasured places to grow moist and slick with excited need.

"He's licking my butt!" exclaimed Lyra as she lowered her stance, thrusting her bum up and out, presenting herself. "I thought it'd be nasty, but it feels so good!"

"Lyra, don't present your butt to him," said Dottie in a stage whisper, trying to get her friend's attention. "You know what that video said about..."

"Oh yeah," Lyra got out. "I don't care: it feels so good, so good I'm gonna dieeeeeee!"

Lyra's squeal of orgasm shuddered down the whole line as she shook back and forth, her sweat-sheened body rubbing against both Rianne and Mercy. She shivered again as the girls could each hear a distinct "hiss-click" sound, before Ambrose reached over them again, holding out a familiar metal cylinder: the maiden blade, and probably the same one he'd used on the poodlegirl, and on many other virgin bitches besides. What he'd just done to Lyra hit home hard as all the girls just gaped at the metal object, realizing fully what it meant in a half-daze.

"Now you are ready for breeding," said Ambrose, bending low to let his warm breath brush across Lyra's ear, before she gave a girlish squeal, her body tensing up. "Feel my finger inside of you? How is it? Tell me, and let the others know what to expect."

"It feels good," said Mercy in a tiny girlish voice, breathing hard. "It feels kinda – ooh! – full!"

"That is my second finger," said Ambrose, slowly drawing back. "And here...is a third."

"Ooooooh!" cried out Lyra, reaching out to grab Rianne's hand as the redhead offered it.

"Now you are ready for my penis...or as ready as you will get," finished Ambrose, before the girls heard him shifting behind them. "But not just yet. I

need to prepare your friends next.”

So it went. Each time it would start with a pair of large, powerful paws gripping the girl from behind, which had made Dottie start forward in fright like a scared filly when it was her turn, before Ambrose easily hauled her back into his attentions, holding her firm and still until she calmed down a bit, followed by the expert oral ministrations of the big male’s long, smooth tongue and talented lips, working the girl into a nice lather. Then, just as an orgasm built, right before it hit, the sound of the bitchsplitter would snickt out, cleanly and painlessly removing the hymen of each girl as they presented their bare bottoms to Ambrose before he guided them right through their swift-coming peaks of pleasure.

“Now,” said Ambrose, getting up and taking a few steps back, tugging on the leashes of the girls, “you can turn around. Stay on all-fours, though.”

The girls turned then, their eyes turning upward to look at Ambrose, his height and commanding presence utterly dominating the room now as he towered above them, looking down.

“Rianne, unzip my shorts,” said Ambrose in a slightly husky, commanding voice, motioning to the large bulge that had formed. “I am feeling...extremely confined. Dottie, Mercy, once Rianne has them opened up, pull my shorts down. And Lyra,” his eyes flicked over the pigtailed teen with a predatory grin, “turn around and present yourself to me. Since we started on the beach before anyone else, you are going to be first.” He swept his eyes over each girl in turn. “Rianne, you will be next, while I still have plenty of energy to match yours. Then you, Dottie, so you have lots of time to see exactly what you are in for, and can prepare yourself. And finally,” his eyes rested on his young mistress, his next word almost a whisper, “Mercy.”

Lyra was breathing hard, her cheeks flushed with her arousal, as she turned around, lowering her head and hiking her smooth pink bum nice and high, looking over her shoulder as the other girls got Ambrose ready for her. Rianne easily unzipped the khakis, and Mercy and Dottie’s small hands peeled them open, tugging them down, one girl on either side of the big dog, letting his impressive pink shaft spring up. Lyra couldn’t help but gasp as she saw it, the member looking so surprisingly like the human cocks she’d seen in biology books, and once or twice in real life. She had to bite down on her hand a bit to keep from whimpering in arousal as she saw Rianne start to teasingly lick at the head, before popping the plump glans in her mouth, sucking on it and rolling it around as though it were a tootsie pop, one of Ambrose’s big paws coming down to rest on her head, stroking through her red hair gently, encouragingly.

“Where did you learn to do this?” the dobiemorph asked, his voice a soft, husky

growl.

“How do you think I kept my virginity and my popularity at school at the same time?” said Rianne, leaning back to give Ambrose a wink and a final flick of her tongue over the seeping tip, before she scooted to the side, her green eyes wide and eager as she watched Ambrose move forward, kneeling on the carpet behind Lyra. Then, acting on an impulse, Rianne moved right next to her friend, though facing toward Ambrose, and grabbed Lyra's bubble bottom firmly, making the blonde girl whimper in helpless arousal as the redhead pried her buns apart in open invitation. Pausing a moment as he savored this view, Ambrose reached over to the nearby couch and pulled off one of the smaller arm cushions, sliding it under Lyra's belly so that she could rest on it without growing too uncomfortable.

Though she was sure she was ready for it, Lyra still jumped a bit as she felt those massive black-furred paws gripping her pert tush possessively, commandingly, moving Rianne's out of the way. She started to rise, only to have one of those powerful paws reach up and grip the back of her head, gently but irresistibly pushing her head back down, until she was resting her cheek on her arms, while the other paw tilted her bottom upward, making it an easier target. The pigtailed blonde realized she was being guided and positioned like a fresh bitch being put into her proper place, held down and dominated by her alpha before he would claim her utterly, showing her who the true master of the pack really was. It was a primal feeling, overwhelming, and it made her senses reel in heady arousal at the thought of being taken like an animal, forcing a soft whimper of need from her lips.

Ambrose did not leave Lyra waiting for her first mounting long. As the other girls watched, their eyes wide, leaning in close to catch every detail, the powerful male fistfisted his cock a few times, slicking himself down with his own precum and Rianne's spit, and then leaned forward, rubbing up and down Lyra's smooth-shaved quim, until he finally slotted himself into place. Now taking firm hold of Lyra's hips, the other girls watched close as Ambrose's firm rump tensed, his stub tail arching upward slightly, his belly firming up, before he *thrust* forward, his cock plunging deep into Lyra's soaking wet cunny, her juices flowing down her legs copiously as Ambrose crammed himself into her until his balls were pressed firmly up against her thighs. Lyra cried out at the suddenness of the stretching and the intensity of her pleasure, grabbing at the carpet like a girl possessed as she was filled so completely by Ambrose's thick penis, which was pressing up against her cervix then, stretching her open so very wide. Now having his place, Ambrose began to set his pace, his hips moving forward and back, his cock now glistening with Lyra's slick, sweet girljuices. At first he

started slow, his paws roaming over Lyra's smooth, sweat-slick skin, stroking her sensitive body until her whole world was composed of pleasure and nothing else. But as she surrendered herself to the sensations, so also did Ambrose, his hips moving faster, his rump pumping forward and back, its firm musculature perfectly outlined for the watching girls, his body hunching over her in a more bestial, savage posture. Lewd, wet sounds began to fill the room as Ambrose worked himself up into a brutal pace, Lyra's cute breasts bouncing, his hips slapping against her bottom harder and harder until the sensitive pink skin started to turn a nice, well-tanned red. An especially hard lunge from Ambrose sent the trembling, sweating teen right over the edge of an orgasm, and it was hardly the last, her whole body starting to clench up, the sweet cries of the vocal little teen rising in volume as wave after wave of pleasure blasted through Lyra's body, leaving her senses reeling, her brain overloaded with savage intensity. It was in the midst of Lyra's trembling orgasms that her tight little cunny, so freshly deflowered, her inner muscles fluttering around Ambrose's cock like the heartbeat of a hummingbird, started to get to him. Instead of fighting this feeling, though, Ambrose embraced it. He'd deliberately neglected his morning masturbation today, saving himself up for what he had guessed would follow after the carnal pleasures of the night before. Thanks to that bit of foresight, he had more than enough pent-up passion to properly satisfy each of these four little sexpots, and still have a bit left over. Even knowing that the girls were in the very midst of their most fertile time of the month did nothing to deter him. If anything, it drove him to greater, more savage and instinctive lust as his first orgasm of the day washed over the dobiemorph's body, his veins standing out, his head arching back, teeth bared and clenched as he snarled savagely to the ceiling, his thick, copious puppy batter spurting from his cock in a massive gush, sending a torrent of healthy, virile sperm wriggling their way up into Lyra's belly.

With a rough grunt as he emptied his balls into Lyra's sweet puss, Ambrose pulled himself back, his cock slipping free, still semi-hard, his cum dripping down Lyra's legs along with her own juices as she lay there, face down, eyes open but heavy-lidded, bottom in the air, literally screwed silly.

Leaning back a bit, the dominant male admired his handiwork, nodding in satisfaction as he patted Lyra's cute bouncy butt affectionately.

"Good girl," he said in his husky, lusty growl, praising her as though she were a mere dog that he'd been training her to perform a trick, before looking around at the others. He couldn't help but grin as he saw their wide-eyed gazes on him and Lyra, and especially on the smooth little blonde's well-bred cunny, stretched-out and quite red and wet with much use. "You'll make a good puppy mother."

Looking at each girl, one by one, Ambrose caught their gazes and held them, until finally, one by one, each girl lowered their eyes submissively. Then he lifted his paw and pointed at Rianne.

“Your turn, Rianne,” he said, motioning her over, leaning back on the carpet, propping himself up with his elbows as he spread his legs, bending his knees slightly. “Hop into the saddle. I know you’ve been wanting to show me how much stamina you have. Let’s see you prove what you’ve got.”

Rianne was no meek little submissive (or so she told herself). Hearing this challenge, her freckled cheeks reddened, and she sidled over on her knees before crawling up onto Ambrose’s broad chest, settling her equally freckled pink bottom down on his firm belly while facing him.

“You’re on, dog boy,” said the spunky redhead with a saucy grin, poking him in the chest. “Let’s see if you can take me on.”

Ambrose just smiled up at Rianne, lacing his fingers behind his head and leaning back, letting her do all the work for now. Rianne, for her part, frowned in concentration as she turned around, so that she was facing towards Ambrose’s now rock-hard erection, still glistening with the juices of Rianne’s best friend – the very girl that the big male had just deflowered! This realization hit Rianne suddenly as she wrapped one hand around the dobiemorph’s big cock, stroking up and down the pink member, breathing fast as she inspected it now, taking her time to see exactly what was about to enter her still-virginal body, her eyes tracing every vein.

The temptation too great as she thought of where Ambrose’s cock had just been, Rianne soon bent her head and wrapped her lips around the thick shaft before her, mouthing and suckling Ambrose’s male-meat eagerly, tasting her best friend at the same time she tasted him. An instant later, Rianne felt a pair of massive paws close on her skinny pink butt, a pair of thick thumbs parting her labia, the hot breath of a canid muzzle blasting over her smooth-shaved sex. She managed to muffle her cry of sudden pleasure only by popping the plum-shaped head of the dobiemorph’s cock into her mouth, trying to concentrate more on sucking him off than on the stimulation he was giving her. It was an effort doomed to failure from the start, of course. Last night, Ambrose had sent her through multiple shivering orgasms with his oral skills merely by working over her outer sex. But now her hymen was removed, and that meant that Ambrose was able to wriggle his thick, dexterous tongue right up into Rianne’s inner spaces, moving in ways that were positively obscene, touching reaches in her depths that the athletic teen had never even known existed before that talented tongue lashed over them with expert skill.

“Oh crap!” Rianne choked out as she released Ambrose’s cock, her small fist

clenching around the base of the big dog's penis. "Oh crap, oh crap! That's not fair, Rose. It's not fair! You can't...oooooh!"

The lithe, limber teen began to jerk and thrash as though she were a swimmer being worried by a shark as that devilish tongue began to caress her cervix with tender care, even as the rippling of the long, almost prehensile muscle arched up and stroked against her G-spot. Ambrose grinned for a moment, his fast-wagging tail revealing his enjoyment, before he began to hump his head, forward and back, rocking Rianne's body as he tormented her with ultimate sexual bliss.

Trying desperately to escape the pleasure, to somehow still 'win,' in her competitive way of thinking, Rianne tried to struggle, to escape somehow, crawling forward on Ambrose's body, gripping his inner thighs to pull herself away from his tongue. He countered this easily by reaching up a bit, grabbing her skinny hips, lifting her up with his great strength, positioning the squirming teen over his upthrust penis, lowering her down until the knobbed tip was pressed firmly against her snug little cunny.

"Do it!" Rianne got out with desperation as she reached out, grabbing his knees, trying in vain to push herself down against his powerful grip. "Pop my cherry, you furry bastaaaaahhh!"

Ambrose grinned, lips curled back, teeth clenched as he lunged upward with his hips at the same time he pulled Rianne down into the hard thrust, impaling her on his hard spear of flesh. Releasing his grip a little, the big male let Rianne start to hump him, bouncing up and down, her toned, skinny-but-athletic body jiggling nicely as she rode him, reverse-cowgirl style. The hot teen was doing everything she could to clench down with her inner muscles, to try and make herself tighter, to drive Ambrose over the edge, to somehow prove she could outlast him. But all that Ambrose had to do was reach inward with a big hand and start to grind his fingers and the heel of his palm against Rianne's bared clitoris to make her give a short grunt of surprise and rushing pleasure, before her orgasm hit, rocking her body even as she tried to rock Ambrose's world.

Ignoring her feeble struggles and the many terse expletives Rianne was spitting out at him, Ambrose's grip on the bouncing teen's hips firmed once more, and he started to really *hump* her royally! His hips were almost a blur as he held her in place and thrust up into her snug snatch, making her pert little breasts bounce, the candy pink nipples capping each well-tanned mound hopping like rabbits while he jumped her bones, roughly riding the sweat-soaked teen through orgasm after orgasm, wearing her out with ease, his vastly greater experience and engineered ability more than even her athletic determination could resist for long. Then, giving a lunge upward, his back arching, tan-furred buns rising, lifting Rianne on high with his upthrust hips as he snarled in feral pleasure,

Ambrose whitewashed Rianne's womb with his hot cum, making her give a *scream* as her senses were finally overwhelmed, unable to hold back any longer as she clenched up in his massive paws, her body tensed almost completely with her own shattering orgasms.

Holding Rianne where she was for many long minutes, moving his hips in short, hard little thrusts to prolong his orgasm for as long as possible, Ambrose rode her out until her sweet, clenching cunny had milked him dry a second time. His cock softening just enough to slip free, along with a flood of his more-than-copious cum, the dobiemorph carefully rose, lifting Rianne gently in his arms, and set her down on the couch to rest. Her entire body continued to tremble all over, still in the shuddering aftershocks of her tremendous multiple orgasm.

Chapter 12

Turning then, his penis already rising to full hardness once more, standing out before him like a steel bar, Ambrose fixed his eyes on Dottie, who had her mouth covered by her hand, her hazel eyes wide and frightened-looking as she crouched on the carpet, looking up at him. Seeing her fear even as he smelled her arousal, Ambrose smiled gently, reaching out, tilting Dottie's chin upwards so that she could look at his face, and not at the instrument that would spell her deflowering. He noted that she'd put her glasses back on at some point, very likely as a coping strategy, so that she could hide behind them and be a bit more objective about what was happening, instead of letting it all overwhelm her.

"It is all right, Dottie," he said softly. "It will be all right, I promise."

"I'm scared," said the sweet auburn-haired teen, trembling a bit as Ambrose's large, gentle paws began to stroke her back and sides, slowly and tenderly. "Will it hurt? Everybody says that the first time hurts."

"That is why I removed your hymen," said Ambrose, leaning down to nuzzle the frightened teen's cheek. "The pain comes when your maidenhead breaks, so if there is no maidenhead, there will be no pain from losing your virginity." He moved back, looking her in the eyes again. "Did you feel any pain?" She shook her head, and he pressed forward. "Will you trust me?" Again, there was a nod. "I will sit over there, on that easy chair. I want you to kneel before me and explore my penis, like you saw Rianne doing. I want you to get a good idea of what will be going inside of you. When you feel ready, then I will let you lower yourself onto me, setting your own pace, and taking your own time. Does that sound all right?"

"Y-yes," said Dottie, swallowing her fear down with a bit of difficulty. "Yes, that sounds all right."

"Good girl," said Ambrose, bending to kiss her on the forehead, before he stood and walked to the plush easy chair, settling down, the other end of Dottie's lead in his paw, slowly tugging on it, drawing her gradually forward. "Now come." Dottie started to rise at the tug on her lead, and then blinked as she realized her situation, before she lowered herself onto all-fours, and began to crawl over to the chair, her pleasantly-sized breasts, the largest of the four girls thanks to her former pudginess now turned to beautiful girlhood, swaying slightly, her eyes fixed on her goal: Ambrose's hard cock. The dobiemorph's member was pointing straight at the ceiling when the auburn-haired teen reached the chair, its length glistening wet and slick, trickles of precum still dribbling copiously from the tip, a tell-tale sign that the powerful male had a long way to go before he

would reach sexual satiety.

Kneeling before her 'master' (she couldn't help but think of him that way in this situation: it just seemed so natural), Dottie took his hard shaft in her small hands, stroking it gently, her eyes wide and curious and excited, the fear now in the background as she gently turned the erect doghood this way and that, drinking in the look and the feel and the scent of her first real-life penis, just like she would have any subject that interested her in school. Cautiously, Dottie licked the dripping slit at the very tip, pausing to assess the salty, slightly musky flavor, before she smiled slightly. It wasn't that bad, actually, tasting something very much like a particularly thick chicken broth. Not her favorite treat in the world, of course, but not bad at all.

Listening to Ambrose's murmured words, soft and low in her ear, guiding her through each action, Dottie carefully wrapped her lips around the thick glans of the canomorph's cock, one hand stroking up and down the meaty shaft while the other rested on his thigh. Feeling his big paw resting on the back of her head, blunt clawtips teasing against her scalp before the gentle hand began stroking down her neck and smooth back, Dottie felt a surge of pride as Ambrose praised her efforts at pleasing him orally, his voice soft and deep, like the quiet rumble of an earthquake's aftershocks, sounding more in her bones than in her ears. Tasting the thickness of her master's precum starting to increase, Dottie looked up at Ambrose questioningly.

"I'm going to cum soon, Dottie," explained Ambrose gently, despite the slight tension that was forming in his neck and jaw. "If you want to taste my cum, then you should keep going. Otherwise, you should stop what you are doing very soon."

For a few moments longer Dottie kept up her ministrations, even going so far as to bob her head downward, taking a sizeable length of Ambrose's doghood into her mouth, making her cheeks balloon out, and almost choking herself before she pulled back, letting the thick, slick length pop from her lips with a loud, wet smacking sound. She dared to grin up at Ambrose, who chuckled back, his body now looking quite tense.

"A tease in the making, eh?" he said half-jokingly. "Getting me all ready, and then pulling back at the last minute: a sure-fire way to give a guy a case of blue balls. Hrr," he growled in a husky, feral way that sent a tingle up and down Dottie's spine, "that's the way to get a male worked up into a frenzy." Then he winked. "You're just lucky I'm the polite sort, not one to jump a girl without her permission. Even if she deserves it for being a tease."

"Aw, you know I wouldn't make you suffer," said Dottie, putting her small hands on Ambrose's muscled thighs, so that she could lift herself up. "I heard

about blue balls from Rianne; it sounded painful.” She settled her rounded tush onto Ambrose’s lap carefully, biting her lower lip as she felt his hot, throbbing pink length pressing against her smooth belly, droplets of precum staining her pale pink skin. “I don’t want you to be in pain, not after how nice you’ve made me feel.” The glasses-wearing girl looked up at Ambrose shyly then, her lips pursed into a cute little pout that seemed to natural on her face. “Not after you saved my life.”

“You don’t have to...” started Ambrose, only to hush as Dottie set a finger on his lips.

“I want to,” she replied, her hands going to his shoulders, her knees resting on the chair as she lifted herself, looking back as she wiggled her tushie, angling herself just right, and then slowly lowering herself until she could feel the slick, mushroom-shaped head of the big dog’s cock pressing up against her labia, parting the lips, her own excited juices flowing down the slick length, mingling with those of her two friends.

As she began to tense herself, getting ready for the last downward thrust that would end her maidenhood, Dottie felt Ambrose’s gentle, strong paws on her hips, supporting her weight slightly. She looked into his eyes, and then both their gazes turned downward, resting on where his penis was pressing against her steaming little cunny. And then Dottie gave a short gasp as she thrust herself downward, her eyes widening, mouth falling open as she watched her first cock spread her inner walls wide, stretching her labia far apart.

Pressing tightly against Ambrose’s soft-furred body, her nipples tingling as they rubbed against his chest, Dottie began to ride his cock, the only sound she made a whispered gasping, and a soft hiss of breath at each particularly strong jolt of pleasure that shuddered through her young body. The hands the dobiemorph had placed on her hips didn’t just rest there, but actually moved with her, supporting and assisting her, lending her strength so that she didn’t tire out too fast, letting the cute, nerdy teen get some help as she lifted herself up for each downward plunge.

So caught up in the host of new sensations flooding her body, never completely sure when she’d had an orgasm in the wash of pleasure and tension that coursed through her, Dottie didn’t notice the tenseness of Ambrose’s body until she felt his paws move to her rump, gripping her plush bum firmly before he suddenly rose up, standing now as he pulled the shapely teen closer, letting Dottie wrap her legs around his firm, furry hips as he took over the action. There was no question for Dottie now when her orgasms hit, for the first blasted her mind like a runaway locomotive, making her mouth drop open, and almost knocking her glasses right from her face. Ambrose picked up the pace, his heavy balls

slapping against her downthrust bottom, pressing Dottie even closer to him until she felt almost as though she'd be made a part of the powerful, commanding alpha dog taking her so forcefully and so well. She looked up at him, cheeks flushed, mind reeling, and he looked down, brown eyes meeting hazel ones, and she somehow knew that he knew just how good he was making her feel. Seconds later, her head was thrown back, even as Ambrose's did the same, their faces turned to the ceiling as girl and dogmorph howled together in orgasmic ecstasy, Ambrose's balls contracting hard as a heavy load of mancream painted Dottie's ready womb, filling her to the brim, the excess spurting out and trickling down her thighs and smooth, pale bottom.

Pulling Dottie close, his deep, masculine grunts of orgasmic pleasure rough in her ears, Ambrose held on through the midst of his trembling spurts of hot cum, moving his paws beneath the cute teen's knees and tilting himself back, leaning her weight almost completely on his chest, so that even as her strength began to fail, she wouldn't be in any danger of falling. Turning himself, the big dogmorph slowly bent his knees, and then settled Dottie back onto the easy chair he'd just been sitting in, her fogged-over glasses and flushed face and chest telling of the intensity of her pleasure. Pulling back, Ambrose's cock slid free of Dottie's body, bouncing upward as it popped free, slapping against his firm stomach, still hard and more than ready to go. This was because Ambrose knew who the next and last of the four girls was to be, and every ounce of his being ached for what was about to take place as he turned to face Mercy.

Mercy had been anything but still and silent as she'd watched each of her friends in turn being taken, being deflowered, giving themselves over to carnal, forbidden pleasures with a beast that had been specifically made for the acts in which they were taking part. As Ambrose looked, he found his young mistress partially turned away from him, on her knees, one hand resting on the couch where Rianne lay, while the other worked feverishly between her legs. She was biting her lower lip to keep herself from crying out, her eyes half-closed, half paying attention as she looked over her shoulders, watching Ambrose send her friends into the upper layers of heaven. Her dogservant's eyes traced along the flowing lines of the slim blonde's sleek back, catching barest glimpses of the sweet swells of her lovely breasts, before trailing down to her perfect, heart-shaped bottom, thrust slightly out towards him as she ground against her own hand, her fantasies so close to being fully realized now, her youthful passions couldn't resist the temptation for self-pleasure.

Their eyes meeting, deep, haunting blue and firm, bold brown sharing a moment of promised passion, Mercy gasped as Ambrose approached her from behind, shivering as his hands touched her shoulders, stroking down her arms, over her

ribs, across her thighs. His dark fur was so stark a contrast to her lovely, light pink skin, his rough, bestial touch almost a blasphemy as he handled her as though she were merely another bitch in heat, desperate for the pleased relief that only he could offer, and not his mistress, the daughter of his mistress, made in the image of the perfect woman. He growled, softly, as his paws moved her hand away from her loins, and this was met with an answering moan of deepest bliss as his massive paw took its place.

The big dog crushed his little mistress' back to his chest, kissing her wildly, passionate and desperate. Her answering kiss, her head tilted almost straight up, was no less needy, almost screaming into his muzzle as she arched herself against his warm body, his hand moving between her thighs in ways she had only just begun to explore herself, her naked skin rubbing against his equally-naked fur, his raging erection rubbing against her smooth bare bottom, staining her flawless skin with his bestial preseed, marking her body with his scent, his animal musk. He was dragging her down from her perfect pedestal, the place of flawless grandeur that Mercy knew everyone from the boys at school to her own mother felt that she somehow belonged, and making her into a real woman, full of flaws and desperate needs. And what she needed right then was the touch of a powerful but gentle male, experienced and utterly devoted to giving her pleasure, to fulfilling her every desperate, sweaty fantasy, to make her complete. Breaking the kiss suddenly, Mercy turned, looking up at Ambrose as she reached down, and then lifted something in her hands, pushing them out to him, pressing it into his big paws. The dobiemorph looked down, and blinked as he saw the slim length of leather he was now holding: it was a dog's lead. Mercy lifted the other end of the lead, and Ambrose watched in eager silence as she clipped it to the slim, feminine collar gracing her neck.

"Please, Rose," said Mercy softly, leaning back on her elbows, looking up at him trustingly with those blue eyes of hers, so warm and wonderful that they could melt any heart. "Please."

In answer, Ambrose nodded, tightening his grip on the leash, pulling Mercy forward as he met her lips with his muzzle once more, his paws roaming her body freely, setting off trails of fire wherever he touched with his blunt-clawed fingertips. The sweet teen sucked in a harsh breath as those big paws began to handle her breasts, and she thrust them out invitingly as his muzzle parted from her lips, his tongue extending as he started to lick and lash her sweet, sweaty flesh into a frenzy, bathing each perfect mound with the greatest care, being sure to pay a little bit of extra attention to the hard rose-capped nipples and flushed aureoles. This was when Mercy had her first orgasm, just as Ambrose gently bit down on one tender teat, leaving a momentary indentation on her achingly

sensitive skin.

Lying Mercy back on her sleeping bag, still laid out and ready for use on the floor, Ambrose began to lick and nibble and suckle on little bite-sized bits of tasty, sensitive girlflesh, his paws telling her where he would go next with his muzzle. All the while, Mercy's body writhed and squirmed and arched and kicked in wonderful spasms of erotic energy, her body and mind as much made to receive pleasure as his were to give it. Her second orgasm hit as he gripped her inner thighs in his mighty paws, clawtips biting firmly but gently into the especially tender flesh there, her hips arching upwards, thrusting her neatly-trimmed pubis upwards, presenting herself to him needily as the sheer tension of his efforts overwhelmed her yet again, her cry of passion sweet in the dobiemorph's ears, more satisfying than an oasis to a man lost in the desert. Ambrose didn't rush even then, though, his muzzle parting as he hovered over her sweet little slit, holding her legs spread wide, his head gradually lowering, letting his hot breath send ripples through Mercy's body as he drew ever closer to her steaming little sex.

The first touch of smooth, wet tongue against Mercy's dripping sex sent her whole body into convulsions of silent pleasure, her throat seizing up, unable to even make a sound in the intensity of the feelings blasting through her. It didn't stop there, of course: Ambrose had only just begun. And this time was even better than the night before. It was better than Mercy's wildest erotic fantasies. Still shaking all over in the aftershocks of pleasures more powerful than anything she'd ever thought were possible, Mercy was only vaguely aware as Ambrose lifted himself, rising up, crawling over her, covering her body with his own. Her eyes came back into focus, though, as he gripped her leash once more, pulling it gently, getting her attention. The blonde girl looked up at Ambrose, meeting his eyes, and then letting his lowering gaze lead her own downwards, between his legs. She gasped at what she saw there, hanging hard and wet and ready, hovering only bare inches above her most sacred place.

"Take it in your hands, Mercy," said Ambrose, his voice like velvet-lined steel, a gentle command that the precious teen couldn't resist if she'd wanted to. She reached down, staring in awe at the very member that had brought pleasure to so many females, and which would soon bring the same pleasure to her, making her a woman at last. The next order Ambrose gave was the fulfillment of all her waking fantasies.

"Now, guide it into place."

How could she resist? His hips lowering as she held the throbbing shaft between her dainty fingers, feeling his pulse through the weight of the heavy length of male meat, looking almost straight down the barrel of the mushroom-capped

head of the mighty organ, Mercy held it straight and true as Ambrose slowly pressed down and forward. Feeling the fat, dripping head pressed up against her labia, the human girl reached inward with one hand, parting her lower lips even as she spread her legs farther apart, until Ambrose was firmly slotted in place. Looking up at the powerful male trustingly, his big paws now resting on either side of her slim little body (and she was so small compared to his massive, muscular size), Mercy gave a slight nod, before her eyes fell back once more to the beautiful male organ she had just held in her hands, those hands now clenched tight in the sleeping bag beneath her smooth adolescent body.

Ambrose's hips lowered gradually, spreading Mercy open nice and slow, taking his time, driving her crazy, until, in desperation, the teen grabbed Ambrose's tight butt, right below his stub tail, and begged him, all pride forgotten utterly, pleading with him to take her, to claim her, to breed her hard and fast and *rough* like she deserved, like she wanted, like she needed! And still he held back, the big dog taking his time, filling her up gradually, savoring every last flutter and ripple of her sweetly-clenching little cunny, until he felt his balls pressing up against her exquisite bare backside, his cockhead pressing up against her cervix, the tip teasing along the thick barrier separating her vagina from her womb.

Ambrose noted almost clinically the tremor that shook Mercy's body as he nudged against that inner gate, the pleasure that cervical bumping seemed to bring her, as he knew it would. Mercy, like her mother, was made for sex and all of its sensual delights. It was the most natural thing in the world for her, and her body accepted it with ease.

It was then, after having plumbed Mercy to her utter depths, that Ambrose drew his hips back, his firm rump lifting, Mercy's sweet little puss gripping him every inch of the way, trying to suck him back inside, her body as reluctant as Mercy herself was to feel the aching emptiness that his cock's withdrawal left behind. But Ambrose did not leave her wanting any longer than absolutely necessary. He'd tested how far Mercy could take and still feel pleasure, and that was all that he'd wanted, though it had taken every ounce of his self-control to do it. As close to frenzy as Mercy herself was, he gave himself to it now, his teeth baring in a feral grimace as his butt tensed, and he plunged downward, filling Mercy to the hilt, making her cry out in sweet relief at the commanding force of that initial thrust. It was only the first of very, very many, as Ambrose's rump rose and fell, harder, faster, the sounds of passionate, desperate, needy coupling filling the room once more, the grunts, growls, snarls, and panting of the big male vying with Mercy's own moans, cries, whimpers, and ecstatic gasps. Their conjoined orgasms were like acts of raw nature unleashed, as Ambrose rode out Mercy through not just hers, but his own cumming, again, and again, and again, until

he'd filled her womb to the brim, the copious excess soaking the sleeping bag beneath them. And when it ended, as even the greatest events in life must in time, Ambrose and Mercy held each other close, their bodies pressed tight together as he held himself inside of her while they rested, basking in each others' warmth and tingling presence, letting their shared pleasures feed upon each other, their luxurious afterglow giving hints of even greater pleasures to come.

Chapter 13

The morning was long gone by the time Ambrose and the four girls were sufficiently rested up to continue the rest of the day. Since it was lunchtime by then, Ambrose led the four girls up the stairs, each of them still naked, and still wearing their collars. At first Rianne had insisted on going on all-fours, a sentiment which Lyra soon echoed, then shared by Mercy and Dottie, and soon Ambrose found himself treated to the arousing sight of four wriggling teenaged rumps moving before him, their snug teenaged cunnies still quite flushed and a bit stretched-out from his prior usage of them as the girls crawled along on the ends of their leads, like submissive, energetic little pups, fresh and eager from their first breeding. He led the girls to the shower, and ordered them to wash up quickly while he got their lunch ready.

Naturally, the girls weren't up from the showers when Ambrose finished lunch. When he went to investigate, he found that Dottie and Mercy were watching and masturbating while Lyra and Rianne were making out heavily on the shower room floor. As punishment for this disobedience, the big dobiemorph pulled the girls from the shower room to the locker room, and seated himself on one of the benches there before bending each girl, one by one, over his knee and paddling their shapely bare bottoms until they were nice and red. This might have been a rather uncomfortable punishment indeed, if Ambrose hadn't made sure to take it nice and slow, drawing out each slap of his palm against smooth pink skin, adding much additional fondling and rubbing until each girl left the locker room charged with erotic energy. Lyra even had an orgasm while being spanked, hinting at her great anal sensitivity, which Ambrose vowed to explore in greater depth later on.

After lunch, Ambrose decided to start teaching his new little 'pets' how to properly pleasure him with their mouths, feeding them his cum as dessert. This lesson took much of the day, including rest periods and snacks (besides more cum, of course), and it included ample time where Ambrose showed each of the girls how to better attend to their own needs through masturbation, and also how to pleasure each other. Dottie was a bit resistant to the idea of making love to another girl at first, but as Ambrose held her in his lap, stroking her soothingly, and Rianne went to work between her legs, the nerdy teen changed her viewpoint on the subject in short order, allowing Ambrose to lead the four teens into a truly satisfying five-way orgy.

The day ended with Ambrose leading the girls back down to the den and their sleeping bags (getting a fresh one for Mercy, to replace the one that he and she

had soaked earlier), and spending the better part of three hours tucking the tight little teens in by introducing them to the joys of anal sex. Even after watching the informative video earlier in the day, so that they knew full well what it meant to be taken anally by a male canomorph, and even knowing that Ambrose would stop if they asked him, that despite their submissive play, the girls were always the ones who could say no at any time, none of the girls stopped Ambrose as he prepared their tiny anal rosebuds with his tongue, his precum, and with lots of lubricant, and then squeezed his thick, dripping length into their firm young backsides, one by one, stuffing them to the hilt. In fact, they seemed to encourage this act of ultimate domination to the extent that the girls not currently being serviced would nibble and lick at the bared sex and sensitive nipples and inviting earlobes and sensitive navels of their friend currently being sodomized. Even knowing that letting Ambrose take them like this meant that they really were letting him make them his bitches for good and always, he was a careful and considerate lover, and the actions of the other girls just eased the process along even more. Of the girls, Lyra was indeed the most anally sensitive, and she came with hardly any coaxing at all, multiple times, while Rianne, surprisingly enough, was the least anally sensitive, likely due to her lack of padding, though she didn't experience pain from the act, thanks to the generous amounts of lube that Ambrose made sure to use, and his slow, careful pace as he penetrated her. The first day was only the prelude to a whirling week of carnal delights. Every time that Ambrose wasn't doing the most basic maintenance around the house, or the girls weren't relaxing and enjoying the good weather that returned after the sudden storms of the first two days, Ambrose would find his cock filling one or another of the tight young holes of his lovely charges. Sex on the beach on several occasions often led to steamy entanglements in the showers while he and the girls worked to get the sand out of their hair (or fur, in Ambrose's case), and various other crevasses. One heady night even led to a fireside cookout on the beach, which then led to another orgy. Diane's hot tub saw ample use, and before too long Ambrose had to put a deep cleaning of the heated pool on his to-do list, so often had he or the girls cum in it under the influence of hands, paws, tongues, cocks, or the jets of water it spurted out.

An especially memorable moment for Ambrose in that glorious time of ultimate bliss with four of the sexiest girls he'd ever known was when he was taking the girls for a mock-walk through the house, keeping to the softer parts of the plush carpets, acting out the role of master and pets to the hilt, when Lyra, full of naughtiness, had tried to hump herself against the dobiemorph's leg. One thing led to another, and soon Ambrose declared a contest to see who could make him cum first. Lining the girls in a row, he'd then given ten thrusts of his cock for

each of them, during which they had to try and make him cum inside of their snug cunnies. Naturally Rianne, being the competitive one, won the first round, receiving a full, hot load of virile dogcream in her sweet slit, whereupon Ambrose declared two out of three. Mercy won the second of these contests, and Lyra managed, more through luck and the tiredness of the other girls than anything else, to win the last round. Declaring it a four way tie, Ambrose then humped Dottie into orgasmic bliss, and finally brought the girls up to Mercy's room for even more naughtiness.

But, of course, there comes a time when all good things must come to an end. So it was with that wonderful, wild, wet Spring Break, when Ambrose finally brought each visiting girl back to her home on the day before school would start, to give them each a chance to get a good night's rest for the coming Monday. At the end of dropping off his lovely girls, he returned to his own house to make his own preparations for the coming day, the night now well upon him.

When Ambrose came home that night, he found the house quiet and still, save for a few lights turned on in various places, indicating that Mercy had gotten herself to bed. The loyal dogservant moved around, making sure the last touches were in place, spot cleaning a few errant stains as best as he could, and generally making his mistress' home a better place, when he noticed the scent. His black-padded nose flaring, Ambrose followed his keen sense of smell to the stairs leading up, until he paused at the door to his long-absent mistress. The scent – her scent – was coming from the other side, though he hadn't heard a sound, and Dianne Lords wasn't due back until tomorrow night. Nevertheless, Ambrose's nose didn't lie, and he soon raised his paw and gave three quick, soft knocks before opening the door and stepping inside.

There, lying flat upon the bed, still fully clothed and looking lovely even in her obvious exhaustion, was Ambrose's mistress, returned early from her trip to Belgium, her luggage resting near her closet, the faint scent of another canomorph, likely the chauffeur who'd brought her home, lingering about them. As Ambrose stepped partway into the room, Dianne's head lifted, and she smiled as she saw the Doberman Pinscher standing there, framed in the doorway.

"Hello, Rose," she said, her voice soft and sweet, more subdued now in her state of gradual relaxation.

"Hello Ma'am," said Ambrose, giving a slow, deep, formal bow from his waist.

"It is good to see you home again. I missed you."

"I missed you and Mercy too," replied Dianne with a long sigh as she let her tensions flow out. "My but it's been a long week. It's so good to get home again and get back into a routine. Especially for you, I'd imagine, after having to keep those girls entertained. Did everything go all right while I was gone?"

“The return to routine is indeed a relief,” said Ambrose, smiling slightly as he spoke, and meaning it. All that excitement had been fun, yes, but also tiring, besides the consequences that they brought, the thought of which soon caused his smile to fade. “Mistress, the girls had a very good time.”

“That’s good,” said Dianne, starting to lean back again, before she noticed her dogservant’s worried look. “What’s wrong, Rose?”

For a moment Ambrose paused, considering, organizing his thoughts. And then he began to speak, began to tell his mistress everything that had happened over the weekend, from the very start, all the way to the very finish, his superb memory allowing him to spare no details. He kept his eyes downcast as he spoke, his pointed ears tilted down in his shame, for he knew that he had done wrong. What was worse, he knew very well that he’d impregnated not just the daughter of his mistress, but Mercy’s three best friends as well, for he’d taken their scent, and knew well the change that took place when a female’s belly went from receptive to bred.

For many long moments after he finished Ambrose stood there, waiting for his mistress’ reaction, for her anger, perhaps her disgust, and for the words that would hint at his future fate. But instead of angry words, the dobiemorph’s sensitive nose began to pick up...was that arousal? His tale, it seemed, had not disgusted his mistress after all, he realized, his eyes lifting, meeting her haunting blue-eyed gaze. It had made her horny.

“You certainly have a way with the ladies, Rose,” said Dianne with a light laugh behind her words. “Oh yes indeed.”

“But...but what is to be done now, Ma’am?” asked Ambrose, his fears and concerns still evident on his handsome, furry face. “I lost control of my instincts, letting my desires overpower my convictions. And now four girls, human girls, one of them your daughter - my precious, precious young mistress - are pregnant with my pups.”

Ambrose was about to go on, but Diane’s raised hand brought him to a halt, and then she began to speak.

“Do you know how I got you, Rose?” she asked finally, her tone serious.

Ambrose could only shake his head, for he really didn’t know this part of his history, except that one day, after he’d been put through the rounds of the breeding circuit for a few years, he’d been handed over to Dianne Lords as her personal dogservant. “It’s because I helped to give birth to you. That meant that, once I did a little legal wrangling, I had first rights to you.”

Ambrose’s jaw dropped at this shocking revelation, but Dianne kept going.

“You see, those people who made you still don’t have more than one or two of those fancy artificial wombs that they used to make the first canomorphs.

They're too expensive, which is why good breeders like you are so important. They can make a pup into just about any breed after conception, with a little tweaking. They just need somebody who's good at the process of mating to do the job right. But this wasn't enough, because they had too few morph females to bear all the pups they needed for their operation. So, well, the agency began looking for donor females who were willing to take the implantation of canomorph embryos. I took part in that process, when I was a lot younger. That was where I was first introduced to Martin, since he had an interest in dog breeding in his younger days, and had taken to canomorph breeding quite readily. A bit of seduction on my part, a touch of actual love, and we were soon married. Some years later, after I realized I needed help with Mercy, I searched for the pup that I'd borne and birthed, and I found you. That's when I brought you into my home, knowing full well that I'd need a real man in this house, as Martin wasn't getting any younger."

Dianne smiled then as she sat up on the bed, heaving a great sigh before she stood up and walked to her closet.

"Help me get undressed, Rose," she said simply as she opened the closet door, revealing the full-length mirror on its back. "I think I'm going to need some help getting to sleep tonight."

Ambrose blinked at this, though he moved to obey.

"What do you mean...?" he began, only to have Dianne lift a finger to his lips, silencing him as he helped her out of her clothes.

"I mean, first of all, that what was done for those puppygirls in the past can be done for the human girls you knocked up," answered Dianne as she let Ambrose do the work, peeling off her business clothes, from jacket, to skirt, to blouse, to underwear, until she was standing naked before he mirror, admiring herself there for a moment before her eyes turned back to Ambrose himself. "But what I also mean is that, well, I've missed the presence of a man around the house. I've tormented you about your sexual talents in the past, and you've even allowed me to use some of your considerable skills to best effect, especially your tongue and hands. I suppose you justified it to yourself by thinking it was all right to do things with a human, so long as you didn't get any sexual satisfaction yourself. Well, Ambrose, I'm ordering you right now to get undressed, and show me just what you did to those girls that made them so happy to let you pop their cherries." She smiled as she turned to face the tall dobiemorph, her gentle hands caressing his chest through his coat. "I think it's high time that we discussed some new arrangements around here, don't you?"

"Yes ma'am," said Ambrose eagerly, his stub-tail already wagging hard as he started to strip down.

The End

About the Author

Gideon Kalve Jarvis has been an erotic author since 2002, and has been an active member of various online communities for even longer. He welcomes (hopefully gentle) critique in his constant quest to improve as a writer.