Melissa

Chapter 1

My name is Melissa. I grew up in a medium-sized Midwest city, the youngest child and only daughter of the Chief of Police, one could say I had a rather sheltered life. Most boys were a little too intimidated by my father to ask me out during high school and those that weren’t would get bullied away by my two older brothers or turned down flat by me since I was raised to be a good Christian girl by my family and Godfather, the Police Chaplain.

By the time I had finished high school I was pretty much a younger image of my mother. Just like her, I had dark green eyes unlike the hazel ones of my father and brothers. We were both only 5’4, a good five inches shorter than either my brothers or father, and despite being fit and athletic, I still developed a 34DD-25-35 figure that matched my mothers, though I had straight black hair to my shoulder blades while she preferred to have hers up in a braided coil most of the time.

My mother objected only slightly when I chose not to become a teacher like her, but instead followed in my father and brothers’ footsteps by becoming a police officer. I guess she figured that the three of them could look out for me.

Applying to the local Tech College, it only took me four years to graduate from the law enforcement program, earning myself an associate degree in Liberal Arts while waiting to enter the academy program. I was just 22 when my father told me how proud he was and swore me in as a rookie patrol officer.

I was just two years later, four months shy of my 25th birthday when my life changed dramatically.

Sergeant Wolfe had driven me home from the hospital after we had both been checked out and debriefed following a high speed chase. The chase ended with my cruiser wrecked and gunfire exchanged between the suspect and Wolfe and I, though neither of us were hit and the suspect was taken into custody with just one minor gunshot wound. Department policy required that we both were put on administrative leave, with pay, while the incident was investigated by the State Police.

Wolfe and I had been partnered now for several months. He drove the department’s K9 vehicle, with Diego, a five year-old Labrador-shepherd mix. I drove a standard patrol car either nearby or following him and would transport any suspects to lockup.

I considered him attractive. He was muscular of course, around three inches taller than me, in his mid-thirties, an Army Ranger before joining the force and had piercing blue eyes under thick, dark eyebrows that always seemed a bit brooding and intimidating. Since he wasn’t my supervisor, we chatted a lot and spent some time together off the clock, normally involving some play and bonding time with Diego, but I never really felt at ease enough to do more than some awkward flirting and midnight fantasizing about him at night when alone in my apartment.

Arriving home from the hospital, I was still a little shaken and didn’t want to be alone, so I invited Wolfe upstairs to my apartment for coffee. Diego came along too of course, after visiting the fire hydrant.

I dropped my work bag by the couch while Wolfe started the coffee and Diego sniffed around my apartment. Coming back to sit with Wolfe on the barstools by the counter separating the kitchen from the living room, we started talking, the conversation was pointless and it felt like both of us were purposely avoiding the incident. As the conversation went on however I didn’t feel myself relaxing at all, but feeling more and more awkward and self-conscious as time went by.

My agitation must have shown, because I felt Wolfe’s hand on my shoulder and turned to look into those blue eyes of his. Feeling myself lean in closer as his hand slid up the side of my neck, I suddenly found myself being kissed by him. I gasped, opening my mouth as I felt his tongue slide past my lips and began to wrestle back with my tongue.

Wrapping my arms around his shoulders, I felt his hands stroking the back of my neck and down my spine. My eyes had long since closed and I was enjoying the sensations rising in my body as I was touched, but still squeaked in surprise and protest when his hands slide down to cup my ass and lift me up off the barstool.

Clinging to him, I was forced to wrap my legs around his waist as he carried me to the living room. Still kissing him, my heart raced and I could feel a tingle starting between my legs as I realized that the lump in his pants was grinding against my pussy as he carried me towards the couch and sat down on it with me straddling his lap.

I remember combing my fingers through his hair and kissing even more hungrily as his hands stroked up from my ass and in front of me to begin opening my shirt. I weakly shook my head, but made no move to stop him as he undid the zipper and pulled the shirt up out of my trousers. Stroking his hands over my tummy and sides up to my sports bra, his touch made me shiver and my heart pound in my chest.

I wiggled my ass between his thighs as he spread them apart, still grinding against that growing lump in his pants. *Oh my god, he’s HUGE!* I thought to myself, shivering slightly. My mind reeled and I felt dizzy there in his lap and I shook my head again in protest as he stroked over my breasts, teasing them and squeezing them in his strong hands as they heaved on my chest.

Soon he had pulled my sports bra up to my neck with both hands and broke off kissing me to dip his head down and take my left nipple into his mouth, causing me to cry out. This had gone way past the appropriate limits of our partnership, and was much further than I had let any of my boyfriends go when I was dating. I tried to tell him to stop but all I could do was cling to his shoulders and lean back while letting out soft moans as he teased first that nipple and then the other into throbbing, painfully hard peaks.

With a deft move of his hips, I was rolled onto my back under him on the couch, my head facing the right armrest and with his legs straddling my right thigh. His right knee was pressed up between my thighs and against my pussy as he continued to kiss, suckle, and lightly bite at my nipples. All that attention left me helpless and pinned beneath him, combing my fingers through his hair and moaning softly as he quickly undid his own uniform shirt and pulled it off.

Tossing his shirt away over the coffee table, he paused in his attack on my breasts only to sit up and pull his undershirt off, exposing that firmly muscular chest and flat abs I had fantasized about so many times after seeing him in the precinct gym. He dove back down into my heaving breasts once his undershirt had also been tossed away, making me squeal again and wrap my arms around his head, pushing my tits up and together in offering to him with my upper arms as I heard the heavy thud of his equipment belt hitting the floor.

His hands returned to my tits, caressing and fondling them. My nipples were tingling hard and I could feel the itch building between my thighs as I ground against his knee. With a surprised gasp, I arched my back and thrust my chest out to him as his attention there caused me to have a sudden, small orgasm.

Somehow, unnoticed during my orgasm, Wolfe managed to open the front of my trousers. My eyes shot open and I gripped his hair, trying to pull his head back as I shook my head and tried to protest, but all that came out of my mouth was a strangled moan as his hand slipped into my panties and past my neatly trimmed bush to plunge two fingers into my embarrassingly wet pussy.

I shuddered and moaned as I felt fingers that didn’t belong to me or my gynecologist entering me. My pussy was instantly on fire again as he thrust and wiggled them in and out of me. His thumb started to tease my clit back and forth, making me grind helplessly against his knee. His teeth began to tease and gnaw lightly on my nipples, making them ache and throb more as I felt myself falling deeper and deeper into a whirlpool of pleasure even as my mind shrieked in protest.

*I don’t want this,* I thought, *I’m saving myself for marriage.*

I gripped his shoulders, arching my back and moaning. I didn’t have the strength to push him away. I wanted to but I couldn’t. I shuddered again, my nipples feeling like they were about to explode under his sucking and teasing lips as my pussy fluttered and juiced through a mind-numbing orgasm. I’d never had someone else make me cum before.

His hands circled around my hips and cupped my ass, lifting me up and starting to slide my panties and trousers down. He got them past my hips and almost to my knees by the time my head cleared and I was able to speak again.

“No,” I whispered weakly, then louder, “No! I can’t!” Grabbing his wrists I weakly tried to keep him from pulling my pants down further and tried to think of a way to get him to stop.

“Please,” I said, my mind racing, “I can’t, I’m a virgin… I, I’ll suck your cock, okay?”

I couldn’t believe I said that. My face was flaming from embarrassment as I looked up into his lust-filled eyes. I had done it a few times with previous boyfriends, but still without letting any of them get me anywhere near as exposed as I was now.

“Okay,” He relented, “but at least let me see you naked.”

I blushed even harder at his request, but nodded. Sitting up, I took off my boots and stood up facing away from him. I slid my trousers and panties off, feeling like my face was on fire and that his eyes were boring into my back as he sat up and watched me. Then I slowly let my shirt slide off to the floor and reached up for my ponytail.

“Leave your hair up,” he said, “it’s sexy that way.”

I couldn’t stop blushing as his eyes roamed over my body from behind. So I finally pulled off my sport bra the rest of the way, letting it fall from my trembling fingers before turning around to face him, reaching up at first to cover my breasts, but letting my hands fall to my sides as I watched him look me over from head to toe, never, ever having been seen by anyone this way before.

“You are just perfect,” he said, looking me over teasingly slow. I watched as he adjusted himself and closed my eyes with a soft shiver. He spread his feet apart and pointed to the ground, “kneel.” There was a note of command there, like he used when we were in the field, it made me shiver again as I obeyed, my breathing getting faster and making my tits heave as he again cupped them in his hands and stroked my nipples back and forth.

I reached up between his thighs stroking them with my hands. My hands were trembling as they passed over that bulge in his lap and opened his pants up, pulling them and his boxer-briefs down slightly and letting that monster free.

I gasped as his cock sprung out, nearly hitting me in the face. It was thick, throbbing, and veiny, with a slight odor of gamey sweat. Licking my lips I took the base of it in my right hand, unable to close my fingers and thumb around it as the purple head looked straight up at my eyes. Measuring it with both hands, it stretched out from his pubic hair so that with one pinky against the base, thumb stretched out to touch my other pinky and my left hand’s thumb stretched towards the tip, it didn’t even touch the crown of the head. He was at least 10 and a half inches long and thicker than my wrist.

I looked up at him, seeing those blue eyes watching me as I held onto his cock and began to stroke it with my right hand. Then, taking a deep breath and closing my eyes, I planted a kiss on the tip and slowly let it slide past my lips, stroking along the underside of the head with my tongue.

Hearing him groan, I swallowed, then began to bob my head, slurping around the head and taking a couple inches of shaft into my mouth as I stroked the base with my right hand. It felt so naughty, so embarrassing to be doing this on my knees during broad daylight in my apartment, and my other hand reached back to tease my clit and pussy.

I let out a soft moan and tried to take him deeper as I pushed two fingers, then three into my pussy, not filling it like his did, I felt frustrated by that fact, his had felt so much better. Still I could feel my juices flow and my inner thighs getting sticky as I began to bob my head faster, trying to take the head of his cock further into the back of my throat.

I felt his hands on my head, guiding me to move slower, then lifted me up off his cock. Letting it slip free of my mouth with a whimper, I looked up into his eyes as he pulled me close and hugged me again, kissing me deeply, his cock throbbing against my belly and spreading my saliva on my skin.

“Now, fuck your tits with my cock, pet,” he said to me in that same tone of voice as before. It made me shiver, but still, I moved to obey, sliding my knees closer to the couch and resting my tits on his thighs. Pressing them together around his cock with my hands, I began to slowly bounce them up and down, watching that purple head emerge from my cleavage again and again.

I felt him move, reaching over to his right as I concentrated on pleasing his cock with my tits. It felt oddly good, my tits were tingling as they rubbed along his spit-slick cock and I couldn’t help it but I pinched and rolled my nipples between my fingers and thumbs, throwing my head back with my eyes closed and moaning as my pussy continued to itch and squish as I squeezed my thighs together.

“You are such a sexy bitch, Melissa,” I heard him groan, his right hand caressing my cheek. I turned to kiss his palm, sucking his thumb into my mouth as he caressed my lips with it. My eyes were still closed as I enjoyed the lustful feeling of his cock throbbing between my breasts.

He caressed along my throat with both hands, then reached up to guide my head back down towards his lap. “Suck me,” he said, and I opened my eyes to look at his proud erection, licking my lips to moisten them before sliding them back down over his head and shaft, scooting my knees back away from the couch.

“That’s right, get down on all fours for me,” he said, and I moaned softly. Swaying my hips back and forth, I moved my knees back on the carpet until I was on all fours, my back arched and my head bobbing up and down over his shaft. I felt a little awkward, and even more naughty this way, but I felt like I was getting more of his cock down my throat as it started pushing past my tongue.

He firmly guided my head down by my hair until I was on my elbows and knees, my mouth lined up with my throat. Rocking forward and back now instead of bobbing my head, I kept sucking on his throbbing cock. I could feel his cockhead bulling into my throat, going deeper and deeper until I felt my nose bump against his pelvis.

*Ohmygod! He’s fucking my throat!* My eyes shot open and watered as I couldn’t breathe with my throat so full of cock. I felt helpless as he held me there for several seconds, then began guiding me back and forth, letting me pant through my nose as his cock slid out of my throat, then guiding me to take it all the way down to the base again.

He pulled me in close again and my nose was burrowed deep against his pelvis as he led me there. I tried to breathe through my nose and could barely get any air, my eyes were tearing up and I suddenly felt something cold and wet against my ass. Diego was behind me, I had completely forgotten about him!

Diego began sniffing at my pussy as Wolfe held me in place. I couldn’t believe it. His hot breath tickled my wet folds and made me shiver with fear and confused arousal as I was held there, Wolfe’s hands going to my waist, his tummy pressed against the top of my head, trapping me.

“Let’s see what he does, Melissa,” Wolfe growled, his voice thick with lust. Trembling, I began to cry, wanting to protest, to get out of this weird situation, but I couldn’t. Held in Wolfe’s powerful hands, I couldn’t do anything as Diego began to lick at my dripping slit with that wide, rough tongue of his.

I squealed and sobbed around the cock in my throat as Diego began to lap at my pussy, teasing my clit and labia. I shivered as his tongue kept teasing my poor clit and pussy, making them throb with need. I couldn’t stop dripping as that dog’s tongue worked fast and rough on my helpless pussy.

I let out a muffled shriek and my eyes bugged out as Diego’s tongue poked between my lips and into my pussy. He quickly started lapping in and out of my vulnerable hole as if searching for the source of my pussy-juice. Letting out a shuddering, sobbing moan, I felt my eyes flutter shut and I began panting faster as the dog’s talented tongue brought me closer to the edge. My first orgasm from having my pussy eaten was going to come from a dog, and not from my future husband!

My moans became panting, shuddering sobs as I came for Diego’s tongue. Shivering from head to toe, I felt my hips grinding up and down as Diego’s tongue raped me. Helpless tears were flowing from my eyes and I began to gag around Wolfe’s cock as I sobbed in humiliation.

“That was so sexy,” Wolfe moaned as he leaned back again and began to pull me back and forth to continue fucking my throat. “You’re a kinky little slut, aren’t you Melissa?”

Sobbing around his cock, I looked up at him with my eyes blurry from tears. I had never felt so humiliated in my entire life. I just wanted Wolfe to cum and then leave. I felt broken inside as I just sucked harder on his cock, trying to please him even as he called me such hurtful names.

My jaw was starting to ache I couldn’t believe he was lasting so long. I sobbed and panted, Diego continuing to try and lick at me as I thrust myself forward and back, helping Wolfe to rape my throat. I was so lost in my own feelings of humiliation and self-pity that I almost didn’t respond as Diego suddenly jumped up over my ass and planted his front paws in front of my knees.

“Mmmm-hmmfh!” I moaned around Wolfe’s cock, looking up at him pleadingly with tear-filled eyes, silently begging for mercy as Diego mounted me, but I made no move to resist.

“Yeah, you want to pop this bitch’s cherry, don’t you Diego?” Wolfe said, making me shudder with fear, “you’d like that, wouldn’t you Melissa?”

I tried to shake my head no, but made no other protest as Diego started to thrust. I sobbed around Wolfe’s cock as I felt the pointed head of Diego’s bump against my ass several times before he finally found my pussy. Wailing pitifully, I cried even harder as the dog pumped into me and ripped through my hymen.

“Take that you cock-teasing little cunt,” Wolfe growled, his cock throbbing and jumping in my throat, “you’re a real bitch now, aren’t you?”

I felt Diego’s balls bump against my clit, his furry belly scratching my ass. I felt completely broken and nodded in defeat. I had been teased, humiliated, and now I was being raped by both my partner and his dog.

“Take all that dog cock, you horny little slut. You love it, don’t you?” Wolfe continued degrading me, his voice thick with lust as I sucked his cock as best I could. “Get ready to swallow my load you dog-humping little bitch. You’d better not spill a drop of it”

I gurgled submissively around Wolfe’s cock, grunting with each thrust of Diego’s hips as he started to pump wildly. I swallowed reflexively as Wolfe began to erupt, his cum shooting town my throat, up into the back of my nose and over my tongue, coating it with a salty, metallically bitter flavor that made me want to gag, but I gulped down every bit of it, not wanting to upset him.

Wolfe finally pulled his cock from my mouth and I collapsed onto my chest, my arms shaking as Diego kept thrusting.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! AH-HAAAAAAAAH!” I moaned out in humiliation as I had a sudden, powerful orgasm from being dog-raped. Arching my back further and throwing my head back as Diego kept raping me with his super-hot doggy cock.

“Enjoying yourself Melissa?” Wolfe asked, deepening my humiliation, “you know you’re Diego’s bitch now, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I sobbed, moaning as I felt the base of Diego’s cock starting to swell, that growing mass pushing into my sore, throbbing pussy again and again.

“Say it then, slut. Tell me what you are.”

“I’m Diego’s bitch now,” I sobbed, moaning as I felt another forced orgasm on its way.

“Oh my God!” I cried out as the base of Diego’s cock got stuck inside me and began pulling me back and forth, “Oh my God! OHMYGOD! What is that? I’m stuck! What is that?!?”

“That would be his knot, little bitch,” Wolfe said, chuckling at my predicament, “You’re loving that doggy cock, aren’t you?”

I moaned, unable to speak any more. Gripping at the carpet helplessly as I was dragged back and forth by my stuffed and knotted cunt. My nipples throbbed painfully as they were rubbed raw on the carpet.

Diego suddenly stopped thrusting and I felt warm, wet splashes flood my pussy as he began to cum.

“Oh God! He’s cumming! He’s cumming inside meeeee!” I screamed, my scream changing to a wailing moan as my second orgasm on his cock ripped through me. My entire body vibrated as my muscles turned to jello, leaving me weak and drained on the floor with my ass held in the air only by Diego’s throbbing knot.

As my orgasm faded away, I lay there under Diego, his balls still flexing against my clit and inner thighs as he finished flooding my womb with his cum. I began to sob again, huge, body-shaking sobs as the realization that my virginity was gone hit me. I had lost it in the worst way, raped from my body, by a dog no less, while the man I trusted, was attracted to and might have wanted to give it to eventually, just sat there and watched after raping my throat with his own cock.

I don’t know how long I lay there on my chest crying. It seemed to take forever, but finally Diego’s knot went down and he slipped out of me with a wet slurp and a gush of mixed juices down my thighs. I didn’t resist as Wolfe got off the couch and knelt on one knee beside me, pulling my elbows together behind my back and locking them there with a pair of flex-cuffs from my bag.

“Are you going to rape me again?” I asked, “If you are you don’t need those, you’ve already ruined my life.”

Turning my head to look up at Wolfe, my eyes opened wide as I saw for the first time that he had been wearing his patrol glasses. He must have put them on sometime either while I was sucking his cock, or before Diego mounted me. My heart froze in my chest, a new fear gripping me as I saw the micro camera mounted on the frame of those protective glasses and the confident, almost evil smile on his face.

“Rape you?” He asked, a falsely puzzled look on his face, “You offered to give me a blowjob, didn’t you?”

He stroked over my upraised ass with his hand, making my skin tingle. My flesh crawled from his touch, terrified of what he might do to me now that I realized he had been recording it all.

“And didn’t you enjoy yourself with Diego? You DID say that you’re his bitch now, didn’t you?”

I didn’t answer him, causing him to give my ass a sharp, painful spank.

“Yes!” I yelped.

“What was that, bitch-pet?” he asked, humiliating me further with another spank, making my ass burn.

“YES!” I almost screamed, sobbing from the strike to my ass, “I enjoyed it! I’m Diego’s bitch now!”

He spanked my ass again, making me gasp, then stroked over my flaming cheeks with his hand.

“You’re MY bitch too, aren’t you Melissa?” he asked, giving me another spank.

“YE-HESS! I’m your bitch too Wolfe” I sobbed, getting another spank from him.

“Then you will call me ‘Master’ from now on little slut, do you understand?” and again he spanked me.

“Master!” I cried out, “Yes, Master!” yet another spank turning my ass an even brighter red.

“So what are you now, little slut?” He kept testing me, spanking me again as I struggled to find the right answer to satisfy him.

“I’m your bitch, Master!” I cried out, sobbing again, “I’m Diego’s bitch and Yours, Master! I’m a cock-sucking, dog-fucking slut of a whore for you, Master!”

He spanked me one last time, then caressed my ass softly for several minutes as I sobbed on the carpet. I kept my ass raised up for his hand, terrified and trembling, afraid of what was coming next.

“Remember that,” he whispered into my ear, making me tremble, “because if you do anything, anything at all that displeases me, I will send the video of what you did today to your dear Daddy, is that clear, fuck-slave?”

“Yes Master!” I agreed, nodding my head rapidly, my right cheek burning against the carpet in my eagerness to convince him not to send that video to anyone.

“Good girl,” he said, petting my ass like I was a pet. Taking Diego’s collar off, he then buckled it around my throat, giving me a physical reminder of what I had become. “Now, be a good girl and stay right where you are. I’m going to go get some things for you, and save this video. We’ll continue this when I get back.”

“Yes Master,” I said, surrendering. He stood up and got dressed, then left my apartment. I started to sob and cry again as soon as the front door closed. My life had just changed forever, the sun was setting outside on my last day as an independent woman and my first as my Master’s fuck-slave.