

Wild Desires

By: Emily Sinclair

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Part 1

Doggy Style

No sooner had the blankets covered my half-naked body then the phone started to ring. I ignored it and rolled over to get some sleep. It was a long day at the clinic and I was worn out. Ten seconds passed and the phone rang again. "Oh for fuck sake!" I groaned. "It's after midnight people! Can't you just leave me alone for one damn night!?" I rolled over on the fourth ring and answered it. "Hello," I said trying to sound as tired as I felt.

"Miss. Geller, you've got to help me!" a frantic sounding woman replied. "It's Yaxley!"

"What's the matter with him, Mrs. Peters?" I asked. There was only one person I knew that named their dog after the Harry Potter character of the same name. And from what I remembered of the movies they certainly shared the same vile temperament.

"He needs help!" She cried. "He got out of the yard and..." she started sobbing to the point everything became gibberish.

"Get him to the clinic as fast as you can," I said trying to remain calm. "Sarah is working the night shift."

"NO! You're the only other person he trusts! Please, Miss Geller!"

"Alright," I sighed "I'll be there as soon as I can." *So much for getting sleep*, I thought as I crawled back out of bed. I tossed on a pair of jeans and a tee shirt and left for a long night at work.

Mrs. Peters was already in the clinic with Sarah when I arrived. Sarah was trying to get the dog on a gurney but Mrs. Peters kept getting in her way. "Hey Sarah, I said walking up behind the two of them."

"Denise," Sarah said looking over at me. "What are you doing here?"

"Mrs. Peters called me too personally to take care of Yaxley," I replied with a death stare at the distraught woman. Thankfully she didn't see it.

"You're the only one he trusts," Mrs. Peters sobbed. "See how he jerks away from her?"

"He's jerking around because you keep interfering with me trying to get him on the damn gurney!" Sarah hissed. "So unless you want him to die I suggest you go take a seat and let us do our job!"

"How dare you!" Mrs. Peters Yelled. "Who do you think you are talking to me like that!?"

"I'm the vet that's going to try and save your dog's life if you'll so kindly get out of my way," Sarah replied with a calmness that took Mrs. Peters by surprise. "Come on Denise, let's get him in the exam room."

"Stay here Mrs. Peters," I said "I'll update you when we know more. I waited for her to take a seat and then joined Sarah in the back. We got him cleaned up and assessed the damage the car had done to him. There were three fractured ribs, a broken leg, and various cuts and scrapes from where I'm assuming he slid down the road. The prognosis was grim, made even more so by Mrs. Peters' stubborn refusal to allow anyone but me to take care of him. We did what we could for the poor animal, but the rest was up to him. He'd stay in our care so that we could keep a close eye on him though.

"I know you've had an incredibly long night, but do you think you could help me catch up with my work? Helping you here has put me two hours behind schedule," Sarah pleaded.

"I can barely see straight," I grumbled.

"It'll only take an hour for me to get back on track. How about if I fill in for you tomorrow morning while you catch up on sleep?"

She had me. As tired as I was, I was willing to go another hour if it meant a day off. "Ok, sure. What is it you do all night anyways?"

"Um, I'm not sure how else to say this, so I'm just going to blurt it out. I jerk the dogs off to collect their semen," Sarah replied. "It's not as bad as you think," she said looking at my horror-stricken face.

"You...you...jerk off dogs!?" I stammered. "You want me to..."

"It's not unusual for vets to do it, so don't give me that look. There are breeders that pay good money for the service. Come on, I'll show you how it's done."

"I don't think I want to know how it's done," I said following behind her despite myself.

"It's really no different than jerking off a guy. You gently hold the sheath in your hand and rub it back and forth until his penis comes out and then you gently stroke him. The semen is collected and labeled and you move on to another dog."

"And how many dogs do you do this to each night?"

"Fifteen. They ejaculate quickly enough, but I've got to do it three times with each dog to collect enough to meet breeder demands."

"Fucking hell!" I gasped "Forty-five times a night!?"

"Yeah. It's a real pain in the wrist let me tell you," she giggled. "But like I said, they'll ejaculate in about ten minutes. I can usually finish five dogs an hour. Taking an hour worth of breaks I can get it all done in my ten hour shift, but helping with Yaxley has really put me behind schedule."

"And what happens if you don't get the job done on time?"

"Then the breeders take their dogs and money elsewhere. And you didn't hear it from me, but it's a lot of money the clinic depends on."

I knew she was trying to guilt me into helping her and I fell for it anyways. "Alright, fine, but if you tell anyone a word of this I'll feed you to the dogs," I said only half joking.

"The secret's safe with me," Sarah replied. "After all, I've been doing this for three years now and you never knew about it."

We arrived in a small sterile room at the back of the clinic where Sarah performed her duties every night. In the five years I've worked at the clinic I had only ever been in it three times. It was sometimes used as an extra operating room on really bad days.

"Stay here, I'll be right back with the first of the dogs," Sarah said as she turned around and left the room. She came back a few minutes later with a black lab on a leash. "This is Hex," she said to me. "Hex, meet Denise. She'll be your hand this evening," she giggled. She closed the door and let the dog off the leash. He walked over to me, sniffing me as dogs do.

"You want me to do it? I thought I'd watch you do it first!"

"Nay, no better way to learn than to jump right in and do it. Start off by petting him. Let him get used to you. Then move slowly back towards his hindquarters and under his belly. He knows what to expect, but don't go too fast. If you startle him he might snap at you. Once you've got his sheath in hand gently stroke him like I said before. I'll be right back."

"Where are you going?"

"To get another dog."

Hex was friendly enough, but I think he sensed my hesitation as I rubbed his head and sides. As my hands neared his hindquarters he stood still. My fingertips brushed over his sheath. I jerked my hand back, ashamed. I took a deep breath and touched him again. He stood there looking at me almost anxiously.

I moved my hand back and forth along his furry sheath. He started to hump my hand, his pointed red dick emerged from the end, growing with every thrust. The door to the room opened and Sarah entered with a German Sheppard. "Having fun?" She asked with a sly grin.

"Hardly," I replied.

"Well, it sure looks like he's enjoying himself," she said taking off her shirt.

"Why are you undressing?" I asked, my hand still jerking Hex off.

"Didn't I tell you? He's going to shoot a lot of pre-cum and it tends to go everywhere. I'd rather it not get all over my clothes."

"Oh," I replied dumbly.

"Keep your clothes on if you like, but trust me, it's a lot easier to clean up with them off." She pulled her pants off and then her bra and panties and piled them in the corner out of the way before returning to her dog. "You ready Bruno?" she said rubbing the beautiful dog's brown and black head. He jumped into action, rubbing along her side as she played with him.

Hex started shooting his pre-cum and I realized what she was talking about. I stopped and wiped it off my hand and then stripped out of my clothes. When I was fully naked I returned to Hex and let him hump my hand some more, pre-cum going all over my hand and leg. "OH MY GOD!" I screeched when he stuck his nose between my legs and started to lick me.

"You've got him really excited," Sarah said looking over at me. "He likes the way you smell."

"Are you serious?" I gasped, pulling back away from Hex's lapping tongue.

"It won't kill you," Sarah smiled. "It makes them hornier and he'll ejaculate a lot faster. But it's up to you." She spread her legs open and let Bruno lap at her shaved vulva while she jerked him off.

I spread my legs open and let Hex back between them. He went right for my pussy as if trained to do so. And something told me that's exactly what he was trained to do. His somewhat rough tongue covered my entire mound with each lick and when it flicked across my clit I couldn't help but moan softly. Sarah was right though, it did make him shoot faster. I almost didn't get to the collection bottle in time.

"Damn!" I gasped as Hex filled the small bottle.

"I know," Sarah purred "they shoot a lot. When he's done go ahead and get another dog. They're the ones in the breeder's section. We've got to do them all so pick whichever one you want."

I left the room, not bothering to get dressed since the clinic doors were locked after hours and I didn't want to waste time dressing and undressing after each dog. I picked a chocolate lab named Hershey and returned to the room with him. More at ease with what I was doing, I went straight for his belly and sheath. He went right for my pussy.

"Do you want to make him shoot even faster?" Sarah asked as I jerked Hershey's cock.

"Sure," I replied. "Anything to get this over with sooner rather than later."

"Get on all fours."

"Ok, now what?" I asked once in position.

"Arch your back some, pat your ass and say climax followed by the dog's name."

"Um, ok. I figured she had them trained to orgasm on command and this was the silly thing I had to do to get him to do it. I arched my back some and patted my ass with my hand. "Climax Hershey," I said looking back over my shoulder at him.

I froze, staring in horror as Hershey moved quickly forward and mounted me as if I were a bitch in heat. His pointed red cock jabbed at my pussy and then slid into me. "OH MY FUCKING GOD!" I yelped "He's...he's..."

"He's fucking you," Sarah said with a smile. "How does it feel?"

I pulled forward and Hershey followed, not wanting or willing to be dislodged from his human mate. "Uhn...uhn...uhn," I moaned. "How...how do I...make him...stop!?"

"Stop? Honey, he won't stop until he's finished so just relax and enjoy." She rolled over onto her hands and knees, arching her back and patting her ass. "Climax Bruno." The Sheppard mounted her as quickly as Hershey mounted me.

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"I can't believe that just happened," I said between gasps.

"What do you think about it? Did you enjoy it?"

"It was...different, that's for sure. You knew he was going to mount me like that didn't you? You trained them to fuck you. Am I right?"

"Yep, guilty as charged," she grinned. "But that didn't answer my question. Did you enjoy it?"

"I'd love to say that I didn't but that would be a lie," I said, my entire body blushing.

"Great," Sarah smiled "because we've got a dozen more dogs to go through."

"You mean you fuck them all?"

"No. Usually three or four of them, but with you here I think we can do twice that amount easily."

"What about the semen? We can't use what they shoot in us can we?"

"No, that's why I do them three times each. So, you game to try more doggy cock?"

"I suppose it won't hurt anything now," I shrugged. "Go ahead and get a couple more dogs."