

It was 2am and her shift was almost over. One last delivery and she could just bail and drive straight home. Working pizza delivery was shit, but it was a good part time job. Belle checked her rearview and gave it a turn with her hand so she could give herself a look in the mirror. There was a long ponytail of black hair sticking out from the back of her white uniform hat. The vixen wasn't wearing any makeup outside of some lip gloss.

A hot pizza sat in the bag to her right along with some garlic knots. She wasn't even hungry anymore from the smell. Spending the last eight hours doped on the aroma of food had eventually made her sick of pizza and eating in general. She'd probably still find herself binging on something when she got home, then collapse right into bed.

She found the neighborhood she was suppose to deliver to and pulled down a new street. There was an apartment complex and she had to find building number four. There were like twenty stupid buildings and the numbers weren't clearly marked anywhere. When she finally found it the parking was shitty. Everyone was home and probably in bed. Cars in every parking spot. Belle just pulled up and parked behind a row of cars. It wasn't like she was in anybody's way at 2am.

She turned the ignition and hopped out of the car with the bag in hand. Who the fuck was still up at this hour? It was just one medium pizza and some knots. Probably not a party. Maybe it was some depressed mother fucker looking to die on carbs. The vixen went up the flight of stairs to the second floor and scouted the doors until she found the right one, then gave it a hard knock in triplicate. Hopefully the customer would tip her good.

A few long moments passed and she found herself impatiently rocking from side to side on her feet. She wanted to go home. Belle needed her beauty sleep. Normally she tried to dress up nice and be presentable but when she did her pizza shift she didn't give a fuck. Her shitty white uniform didn't match anything about her and it was ugly as hell, too. The did nothing to show off her curves or her tits. She wasn't the curviest vixen in town, but she still rocked a youthful hourglass. Dress her up in the right digs and she was one hot fox.

But on the job it was all a drag. Belle didn't even bother fixing her hair or doing makeup. Nothing she could do would salvage her look when she was on her pizza shift.

The door finally opened and the guy standing on the other side of the door frame was a tall mother fucker. She had to look up to meet him eye to eye. He was a big Dane. A canine built up something over six feet. Compared to her five and half frame he was a titan. He also had a dad bod. The muscle shirt he was wearing revealed that much, but the grey

drawstring boxers he had didn't reveal much else to her beyond that he had lost his six pack if he'd ever possessed one.

He was alright looking for an older dude. Both of them looked like shit if Belle was being honest. Him in his old nightwear and her in her fugly uniform. That was 2am for you.

"Pizza for 408?" She asked and lifted the bag by its strap to get him to confirm if she had the right door. The great dane nodded curtly and gave her a simple 'yep' in reply. Belle yanked the little clipboard from the pouch on the bag and handed it to him along with a pen to sign. The dane had paid by card. As he scribbled down his name she removed his pizza and the garlic knots and waited for him to give back the clipboard.

"Here. Give me a minute. I got some cash I can give you." He told her and handed the clipboard back. They did a swap of clipboard for the food and he shut the door and she was left smiling. Good. Cash tip meant money straight in the purse. Didn't have to wait for payday. Everybody always paid with their cards these days and every single tip just sat in her boss's bank account until they finally cut her a check. It sucked. Belle put the clipboard back into the bag's pouch and slung the strap over her shoulder like it was a handbag.

The door opened again and the dog had his wallet in hand and he was spreading it open. He was tall, but she could kind of peek over the edge of the worn leather and see he carried a lot more paper than he did plastic. Her impatience to get herself home sort of evaporated with him thumbing through green bills to give her a tip. Yeah, she was shallow.

"Sorry for ordering so late. Last one for the night I hope?" He asked and separated three bills with his thumb and started to pull them free.

"Yep. Already clocked out." She replied and lifted her hand for the tip. Looked like three fives! For wait he paid on his card he was way overtipping! Belle didn't have any regrets. When she went to take the money he was offering he moved his hand back and she missed the bills. Her eyes went up to his and she had to force a smile instead frowning like she wanted.

"You interested in delivering more than pizza tonight?" He asked her. The Dane tilted his wallet toward her so she could see its contents a bit better. A lot of green bills. She opened her mouth and hesitated. Woah, really? Was this dude seriously asking her to whore out? She cocked her head to the side.

"Excuse me?" She asked. There was attitude in her voice.

"It's 2am and you're clocked out." He replied. Using the same hand that held the fifteen dollars he thumbed the money in his wallet quickly and slid out two additional bills. Her eyes widened when she saw they were hundred dollar bills. "How about two Bens and you get my cock out."

She was shocked, and even offended! Her eyes went from the money in his hand and all the way back up to his face. The dane wore an easy expression, but there was a hint of of smile at the corners of his mouth. Belle was not a fucking whore!

"No, thank you." She said firmly, but put out her hand. "I'm only here to deliver a pizza and to get tipped."

The tall dane started chuckling and separated the bills between his hands and handed her the fifteen dollars, which she quickly snatched.

"Have a good night, honey, and thank you for the quick delivery." He told her as she was already turning and going down the stairwell. What a fucking prick. She heard him shut the door and turn the deadbolt. By the time she was unlocking her car and sitting down behind the wheel she felt a weird chilly sensation.

No one had ever asked her to whore herself out before. Have guys asked her for favors? Hook ups? Sure. She was a gorgeous vixen when she was out on the town and dressed up for it. She slapped her hands against her cheeks and inhaled. What a trip. At least this was her last delivery and she could peel out and go home. It was late and she had been looking forward to sleeping in the next day.

Fucking two hundred dollars. She cranked the engine and adjusted the temperature so it was blowing hot. She still had that weird chill. Seriously! Belle was still clutching the fifteen he'd given her in her hand. She opened her glove box and pulled out her slim purse and sat it in her lap so she could put the last tip of the night away. Her wallet was looking awfully thin. She sighed and slid the money in with the rest of the night's meager tips.

A terrible voice in her head reminded her that he'd offered her a crisp two hundred. She pulled her white uniform hat off her head and tossed it into the backseat along with the food bag. Belle knew she was hesitating. She was sitting in the parking lot with the engine running and blocking people's cars. She put the car into drive and started going.

The vixen followed the loop around the complex until she made a left turn and saw the dane's apartment building straight ahead of her at the end of the road. His living room lights were on, but the blinds were twisted shut so all she could see was a dim orange glow. What was she doing? She drove down the street and saw a single empty parking space in front of one of the adjacent buildings. It was a handicap parking spot and she turned the car and parked in it. She felt real cold again despite her heater blowing. Oh, she was nervous now.

What'd he look like? Tall and kind of a dad bod. He could have stood to lose the slight gut. He wasn't bad though. Looked strong for a man, and he probably did look more handsome when he was younger. He would probably look handsome if he was wearing someone better than a muscle shirt, too. Belle had no idea how old he was. He had two hundred dollars though. She remembered seeing the inside of his wallet. He had more than just the two hundred.

The vixen shivered and grabbed the visor and flipped it down and popped open the mirror. She didn't have any makeup on, but she had something in her purse. Belle was always prepared. Very nervously she rummaged around her purse and retrieved her lipstick. It was a rich red color and she had to steady her hand to apply it. She finished and smacked her lips, then pulled out her brush. She undid her ponytail and ran the brush through her hair until it was halfway decent. If he was willing to pay her two hundred with how she looked standing at his door then he probably didn't care what she looked like. But she cared.

Belle turned off the ignition and stepped out. She fidgeted with her keys before locking her car. The walk to his building was the most nerve wracking thing she'd ever felt. What if he told her to piss off? She did reject his offer and trot off. Fuck.

She found herself at his door and raised her hand to knock, but hesitated. She inhaled and let it off out real slow. Was she seriously going to suck dick for money? Hadn't she been offended before? What was she doing standing at this guy's door? She shook her head to straighten her thoughts out and tried raising her hand again.

Belle suddenly found herself startled by the turning of the deadbolt. The door opened and the guy was standing in the doorway with a slice of pizza in his hand. He looked smug.

"Change your mind?" He asked her. She frowned and lowered her hand to her side. This wasn't how she'd imagined it'd go. The dane took a big bite and patiently chewed while he watched her from the door. She looked him up and down and let her eyes drift back up to his face.

"Two fifty." She dared to raise the price. She was hot! There was no reason she couldn't haggle up.

"Nope. Two hundred or you can get yourself back home, honey." he replied curtly before biting off half the crust in his hand and went back to chewing. Two hundred or walk... She fidgeted visibly in front of him. She couldn't hide it. That two hundred would be really really nice to have, and it was so late at night that no one would find out how she'd gotten it, right? It'd be stealthy. No one would fucking know!

"Fine." She told him, and he smiled and popped the last half of his crust into his mouth and stepped aside so she'd have the freedom to enter. She nervously stepped past him.

The apartment was some kind of big one bedroom unit. Nice living room and a large dining room attached to a kitchen. She saw a small hallway with more doors, but it couldn't have been more than just a bedroom and bathroom. He put his hand on her shoulder and she gave him a nervous look.

"You in a hurry, honey?" He asked her and shut the door and turned the deadbolt. She looked at the now locked door, but he was already stepping around her to his couch. Resting on the coffee table was the pizza box and garlic knots with a paper plate and a full roll of paper towels. He was watching football.

"Not really. This going to take long?" She asked him. Honestly she'd be happy with a quick blowjob and then bailing with the two hundred. He sat himself down on the couch and leaned forward to pick up a new slice of pizza. He'd eaten half of it already and there was a dent in the number of knots in the other box.

"Depends on how good you are at earning money." He replied and she frowned. "Don't act sour, honey. Go fetch me a fresh beer from the fridge."

"Seriously?" She asked incredulously and clenched her fists. The dane leaned forward again and picked up his wallet from the table and shook it in the air at her.

"You looking to get paid?" He asked her, and she huffed in frustration and turned herself to look over into the kitchen. She saw the damn refrigerator and stormed over into the kitchen. This dude got a kink for acting like a lazy boyfriend or something?

She found a beer in the fridge door and brought it over to him. He thanked her with a smile and took the beer. Belle had to stand there and wait for him to finish chew the last bite of the pizza before he popped the can open for himself to wash the food down.

"Put the leftovers in the fridge for me, honey?" He asked her. She grimaced and looked over at the partially eaten food. She frowned, then saw where he'd put his wallet down. She huffed once more and shut the two cardboard boxes and took them into the kitchen and dropped them onto an empty shelf in the fridge.

"Ok, can we do this now?" She demanded when she returned. The dane was reclining on the couch with his legs spread. The vixen got a got view of his crotch, which she could now see had a noticeable lump in it.

"Waiting on you now." He told her with a nod. She'd given head plenty of times for free so she knew what to do. Belle knelt down in front of him while he reached sideways for the remote and turned the volume up on the game a little.

She was burning red with embarrassment at sucking dick for money. Her hands found his waistband and she tugged the front of his boxers down. She managed to barely hide her surprise at the fucking sheath on this dude! Sure, he was a dane, but why did they have to be hung? She'd never been with a big canine like a great dane, but people fucking talk. Some dogs are just built, and this guy was, too!

She took his girthy sheath in hand and started massaging him. It felt like she was trying to manhandle a fuzzy hotdog bun. Her other hand came to rest on his thigh and she did what she figured he'd like. As one hand massaged his sheath the other slowly rubbed his inner thigh. She was catching glimpses of his balls as her hand worked his dick. They were big, too, of course.

The dane was a slow grower, but he was starting to thicken up with the head of his cock now poking free of his sheath. She looked up at him and he wasn't even paying any attention to her! He was watching the fucking game. He's paying a girl to suck his cock and he's not even going to bother paying her any mind?

That kind of pissed her off. She leaned forward and put her mouth off the growing end of his dick. As her tongue ran circles over his tip he started swelling faster until he was beginning to slip into her mouth good and proper. Belle pulled back every so often to keep herself from getting too much of a mouthful.

Her heart was racing and her better nature was having regrets. His dick was perfect for porn! She had him soaking wet with spit and she smeared the excess around his thickening shaft with her hand. His knot was bulging out the sides of his sheath and his shaft was like a fucking pillar. She gripped him again with her hand and couldn't touch her fingers. What a big dane! She was glad he'd only asked for a blowjob. Her jaws were going to be sore after this, but her purse would be 200\$ heavier for it.

She mouthed his tip again and tried to go down as far as she could. For the first time he made a noise. It was a low satisfied groan as she felt the end of his dick press hard against the roof her her mouth. He was too big for her to seriously bob up and down on. She'd have to just nurse the end of his prick and pump her hand up and down.

The vixen used her other hand to grab his sheath. His knot was starting to strain at its fuzzy cover. She massaged his knob through the fuzz and skin until she had his sheath slowly worked down. He grunted when she popped his knot free. His entire swollen dane dick was throbbing in front of her face and she was starting to catch sight of little dollops of precum forming at his tip before they ran down his shaft.

Ok, she was a little turned on. She'd never had a chance to play with anything this big before. She'd never considered herself a size queen, but you only live once, right? Belle stuck out her tongue and licked him from his knot all the way up to his tip. She could taste his pre and thank God it wasn't shit. Her gag reflex only worked when something went too deep or if it tasted horrible. The great dane was alright.

"Hey." He stopped her. She looked up. "Let me see you naked."

"You're paying for a blowjob." She reminded him.

"Yeah, and I want something to tickle my imagination, honey." He told her with a smile. The vixen frowned. Reluctantly she stood up and started unbuttoning her shirt.

"I'll take off my top, but nothing else." She insisted as she dropped her uniform shirt to the floor beside her. He chuckled as her bra joined it.

"Fine. Gorgeous tits, honey." He told her then gestured for her to get back to his dick.

She got back down on her knees and started kissing his cock. Belle only got about five minutes into it and her jaw was hurting. Opening wide for

meat that thick was hard work and even her arm was beginning to get a bit of a burn from all her stroking. At least her 'customer' was enjoying himself.

He was still watching the game, but he was breathing a lot heavier and making the occasional groan as she did her job. How long was it going to take to get this guy to pop? The vixen popped her mouth off his tip and grabbed the head with one hand. She started rubbing her palm over his head real gentle while her other hand pumped him quick. Her arm was definitely going to be angry with her tomorrow after all this!

"Fuck, honey. Getting impatient?" He asked her with a smirk. She looked up at him and tried not to frown.

"You're paying me to get you off. My jaw is tired." She told him, and to that he laughed.

"Tell you what, honey. Give me a kiss and I'll help you out a bit with getting me off." The dane suggested, and she frowned again. She let him go and put both hands on his knees and pushed herself up. Why not? Whatever got this over with faster.

He grabbed her by her middle and yanked her him. She was straddling him before she could resist and the dane was planting his lips over hers. She slapped his arm, but his tongue was already in her mouth. The thought to snap her teeth shut, and teaching him a lesson, came and went. She wanted that money.

So she kissed him good. Belle gave him a hard and sloppy kiss. Whatever she thought he wanted she dished out. The great dane was actually really good at kissing and for the first time she had something to do tonight that was wholly enjoyable. One of his big hands grabbed her ass and she arched her back so her tits mashed into his chest.

Grope all you want, she thought. His fat cock was sandwiched between the two of them and no less stiff that it was when she'd left it.

He grabbed her by her hair and pulled her away. She was panting, but not so drunk off a tongue fucking that she couldn't get pissed.

"Hey!" She shouted and slapped his chest with both hands.

"Ready to earn your pay, honey?" He told her with a smile. She narrowed her gaze at him and stopped herself from giving him a raw piece of mind.



"Yeah." Her reply was curt.

"Let me save that pretty jaw of yours the trouble." He told her and leaned forward. She was forced to hop off his lap and onto her feet. His hands found her hips and pushed her upright so she was standing in front of him while he leaned ahead and kissed her navel. "You're the cutest thing I've seen at my door in a long time."

Before she could say anything his hands found the top of her uniform pants and with one hard jerk he'd yanked them halfway down her thighs. She gasped with surprise, then clamped a hand over her crotch, which was still clad in her thong.

"You asshole!" She shouted at him. The dane was chuckling when he hooked his fingers into the pockets of her pants and pulled her to his right. She toppled to the side, but his grip on her pants gave her a swing that landed her right on the couch next to him. Before she could do anything about the pants around her thighs the dane was crawling on top of her.

"Hey! No!" She shouted and slapped him across the face. He planted a hand on her shoulder and shoved her into the cushions. As she raised her hand for a second slap he snatched her wrist and pinned it down next to her.

"You want to double your money, honey?" He told her, and she stalled. What?

"Listen here, honey. You think you make good money dropping off pizzas?" He kept going and she laid out beneath him in confused silence. "Nah, you make shit money. I'll pay you top dollar to let me have my way with you. That's a lot better than a three dollar tip from a soccer mom, aint it?"

She opened her mouth, and all her anger and indignation wanted to slap him repeatedly, but he was right. She made shit money and got shit tips from every stop she made. Belle looked down at cock laying out over her bare stomach.

"Double?" She said, then swallowed nervously. That was going to be 400. Four. Hundred. Dollars.

"My knots gonna kiss a pair of lips tonight, honey, and I'm sure me and you both would prefer it be your cunt. Double." The dane growled and she felt herself shiver. Another look down at what he was packing had her

seriously worried. That was, uh, a lot to take in for her. Her exes had not been as gifted down 'there' as the dane.

"It won't fit." She told him.

"400 says it will." he replied. The dog surely heard her nervous swallow.

"Ok." She made her decision. That was a lot of money! Her heart was pounding at the idea of him trying to make that thing squeeze in her, but holy shit with four hundred she could go and do an awful lot! That was just too much for her to say no to, and it was almost unfair! The dane smile and lifted himself up and stood.

"Strip, then get your butt into the bedroom. I'm not fucking you on the couch." He told her firmly. Her hands were wiggling her pants off her legs before she even really thought to do it. She was naked and bare for the great dane and he grabbed her by an arm and hauled her up to her feet. He swatted her butt, and she wanted to cuss him, but bit her tongue instead. She went to where she assumed the bedroom would be, and he followed behind her.

He was already tugging off his shirt and kicking the boxers free when she nervously turned to sit on the bed. She was seriously doing this, wasn't she? Belle would officially be a whore after tonight, wouldn't she? Was she ready for this? He decided that she was and grabbed her by both arms and got her back up and standing. The dane shut her up with a kiss before spinning her around to face the bed again.

She guessed this was normal? When a girl gets paid for sex? One of his strong hands grabbed the back of her neck and shoved her forward. Her knees bumped against the mattress and she grew more nervous until her legs were shaking. As she was made to bend over the bed she couldn't stop thinking about how huge he was! Was he seriously going to make it fit?

His grip tightened on the scruff of her neck while her hands pressed against the mattress to support herself. The tip of his tool pressed against her damp slit and his free hand was holding his cock. Up and down she felt his cockhead stroke her folds until finally he started pushing in.

"Fuck!" She grunted as his head popped in with the full barrel of that awesome girth following along behind it. When he started to widen her tunnel she felt her breath catch in her throat. The hand on her neck grew tighter as he grunted along with her as he sank himself deeper. It was the most uncomfortable thing her cunt had ever been put through outside

of a bad period. Her pussy was getting stretched taut from her lips to somewhere fucking deep in her belly.

"That's a good girl, honey. Swallow that cock down." He grunted. The dane grabbed her by the base of her tail and yanked her to him. She yelped in pain as she felt something pressed deep enough in her gut to prod at what was probably her fucking womb. He was huge!

"W-wait! T-too deep!" She panted, which was followed up with another yelp when his hips pressed forward. She started whimpering under him and his hips kept shoving forward. Belle was whining and she collapsed against the bed with her belly to the mattress and her hands clenching tight the bedspread.

"You're doing fine, honey." The dane pulled his rod back and she felt her cunt get tugged along with it before letting go and slipping back where it'd been. She wanted to sink deeper into the bed to get further away from that absurd dick of his, but then he'd thrust himself back in nice and deep. He prodded her cervix and she yelped loud again.

While he started to pant happily over her she was a mess of whines and yelping as his cock plugged her hole to its very limit. After several more heavy thrusts she felt his knot touch her pussy lips. He must have felt it, too.

"Made it fuckin' fit!" he growled with triumph from behind her. He let go of her neck and tail and put both hands over her shoulders. Belle was shoved hard into the mattress and the dane started jackhammering her. She couldn't keep her mouth shut, and she certainly tried. If the neighbors were home then they were probably going to hear her getting hollowed out like the whore she was.

Her cunt was a sloppy mess of the dane's precum and even her own cunt spit. Belle's whole tunnel was on fire from her clit to her womb. The vixen bit down on the bedspread with all her strength and managed to shut herself up as the full length of his dick bottomed out in her again. She was being made to feel the first ever cock knocking on the entrance of her womb, and the dane acted like it was fucking normal. He stopped with his knot crammed up against her lips.

"Like that, honey?" He growled at her. She had tears leaking out from the corners of her eyes as she bit harder on the bedspread and clenched her fists even tighter. He ground his hips into hers with a new rocking motion. Every time he rocked his hips her pussy lips splayed wider. She grunted into the bed every time he tried to wedge her open a little more. Was he trying to fucking tie her?

She started breathing harder through her nose. One hand left her right shoulder and the dane leaned over her a bit more. She could feel him slipping his freed up hand underneath her for a reach around to her crotch. He found her clit and straddled two fingers around her button. Fuck, she thought, what was he doing? The dane started rapidly grinding his hips into her. They were quick hasty motions that kept her cunt overstuffed with dane dick and a knot trying to resize her hole.

The dane's big fingers were slowly sliding up and down her clit like he'd done this very thing to a thousand other bitches. Belle clenched her teeth harder until her jaw ached while her breathing was coming out in sharp snorts. She couldn't handle this! Her legs bucked out behind her and she screamed into the bed when her first orgasm hit her. The dane kept stroking her clit all the way through her climax until she was left crying on the bed with her face buried into the bedspread.

Her lungs were pulling in big ragged breaths as the dane eased up with both his hips and his hand. The vixen felt like she'd run a marathon. Like, how did he fucking do that? None of her exes or one-offs had ever figured out her buttons like that before!

"Come on now, honey. Enjoy yourself." He whispered down her, then started his hips back up again with renewed thrusts. They were short ones that made a quick schlicking sound that left her ears and cheeks burning red with shame. His fingers started moving again and Belle bit down on the bedspread once more as the dane worked his prick in her.

A few minutes later and she had no choice but to climax again and this time her muffled squealing sang out from between her clenched teeth. The big dog chuckled right into her ear while increasing the pace of his fleshy piston. The wet smacking his of his knot against her cunt grew louder, and she was so now so soaking wet that every time he yanked his hips back she could hear her pussy slurping at his cock.

Just as she was finishing her third forced orgasm for the night he lifted her off the bed. She was so light headed and couldn't even see straight, and he'd yanked her up so quick that the blood rushed from her head and she went even dizzier. Somewhere during her confusion the dane had turned the two of them around, and with his cock still buried in her cunt, he sat his ass on the bed.

Belle still felt his fingers stroking over her clit as he leaned backwards onto the bed until she was laying down across his chest. His free hand found her muzzle and he wrapped his hand around her snout to clamp her mouth shut. He tugged at her muzzle until she was treated to a view between her tits right over his knuckles. Belle was being made to look between her own valley and at the fat cock stretching her cunt open.

His bulbous knot was pressed tightly against her lips and it's veiny texture glistened with their mix of juices.

The dane started working his hips again and she was forced to watch him do it. What started as a slow tempo evolved rapidly into a rough jackhammering that was making the bed gently creak beneath them. Every time he bucked his hips into her cunt Belle's squeals were locked tight behind the strong man's grip. Pussy juice and pre squirted and spit from her hole with every fresh penetration. Each and every time he sank himself home in her tunnel she felt the sharp sensation of him bottoming out at the entrance to her womb. She could even see a fucking bump form right below her belly button to show her exactly how deep he'd managed to wedge himself in her.

"Fucking take it all, honey." He grunted into her ear and she started to panic as his knot ground harder and deeper against her pussy with every new buck of his hips. It was happening too fast for her and she groped at his wrist with both hands. She wanted to tell him to stop, to not tie with her. He was huge! It wasn't going to fit! And what if he forced it? What would happen to her?

His grunting was getting quicker and deeper. A low rumbling growl was growing stronger in his chest that she could feel through her back. She was squirming now over him, but he had her trapped. His fingers were rubbing her little nub even harder and her legs buckled as lightning lanced through them from yet another orgasm. She squealed into his hand and her hands clung tight to his arm. There was no stopping this. He was going to knot her!

"Making it fucking fit!" He snarled and jabbed his cock up into her hard. She was forced to watch as his knot was crammed against her opening one final time. Belle's eyes widened to dinner plates as the lips of her pussy parted wider, and wider still, with an uncomfortable ache growing in her loins that was only barely masked by the aftershocks of her last climax. The dane's fat nuts were tugging up against his body in preparation of him seeding his newest bitch.

His knot sank in halfway. Her watering eyes fluttered as her pupils rolled back in her head at the sensation of something massive squeezing inside her. That huge terrible orb touched her gspot and she started hyperventilating. She was heaving and snorting through her nose while she got a good look at the back of her eyelids.

With a single quick jerk his knot sucked inside her cunt. Her pussy lips struggled to wrap around his bulbous orb and whatever air remained in her cunt was quickly forced from her in a lurid audible display that left her ears folded back in shame. Her tunnel was forced to clench and vibrate around his cock like she was trying to milk him. Belle could hear the

dane snarling in her ear. It was a loud and vicious noise as the dane's hips started their thrusts back up. Tiny jerky motions in her overstretched and overfilled hole that raked his knob back and forth over her abused gspot.

She blinked. Her muffled squealing was coming from her like a runaway train as she blinked through her climax and looked down between her tits at her crotch. Her pussy was bulging out from his knot and that bump behind her navel wasn't going anywhere.

The dane wasn't talking anymore. It was just filthy masculine noise as he made her take his pent up load. When it happened he announced it's arrival with fresh snarls that made her flinch and a tightening of his hand on her muzzle. The hand at her clit let go to grab her thigh. She felt his entire body go rigid as his hips gave her one last deep thrust. She got to watch as his balls jerked once against her. They slapped against her cunt with the sheer strength of their pull.

A white hot rope of cum slammed against her cervix just as his nuts jerked a second time. He was still snarling through his finish as every rough twitch of his balls signalled that another rope was going to pelt her insides. She watched as the knot bulging her cunt twitched inside her as every rope shot through his cock. The dane painted her interior white until the bump under her bellybutton began to swell.

The pleasure mounting in her gut triggered something and her whole body started twitching and shuddering. The vixen was trapped in an ongoing climax of confused sensations. The pressure in her body was still growing and she felt something pop inside her. Just under the noise of his snarling she heard, and felt, cum gurgle in her belly as her womb was quickly filled with the excess spunk. The dane had run out of room in her cunt.

The dane's snarling began to taper off into huffing and grunting, but his cock was still refusing to quit. She felt more pressure grow inside her until she was positive he'd filled her entire womb up with her ovaries now being mariated in the dane's seed. The bulge in her stomach kept growing with every jerk of his cock and she panicked. Her climax was tricking her into thinking pain was pleasure. The growing volume of cum bulging her stomach had nowhere to go and she could feel a growing tightening discomfort deep in her belly. She couldn't see her pussy or his balls anymore over the gentle rise of her stomach.

His knot started to strain at her lips again. The discomfort grew, as did her gut, until her lips were pulled just as taut as they were when he'd first tied her. Her eyes fluttered again as the grunting dane let go of her thigh to touch her clit. She came. Her pussy was too stretched out by his knot to clench down any more.

Belle heard a wet pop and the pain from her cunt vanished as the pressure in her pussy forced his knot back outside of her tunnel like a cork from a champagne bottle. What followed was a loud gush of liquid that coated her thighs and ran down behind her ass to cover the dane in his own cum. He started laughing behind her.

"Couldn't keep it all in, could yah, honey?" He told her with labored breaths. The dane still had her by her muzzle. She felt dizzy, but blinked her vision clear so she could see the swell of her tummy slowly shrink as the dog's cum drained from her. His fat knot was coated and glossy with spunk. He was still twitching.

When he eased up on her muzzle she started panting through her mouth.

"Good girl, honey. Earned your paycheck real good tonight." He told her and put his hand over her head and scratched her gently through her hair. The vixen remembered the money. Belle was still dizzy and lightheaded, but she could still think. She knew what she'd agreed to even if the dane had forced it from her with bribery.

"F-four." She panted, then licked her lips and found a stronger voice. "Four hundred."

"Sluts sure have one track minds." He told her, then grabbed both her tits and started idly playing with them. "Yes, honey. Four hundred for your trouble."

He let go of one tit and put his hand over her stomach and pushed. She grunted as a fresh batch of cum was squeezed out of her to run between her asscheeks. She could still feel cum in her womb. It was so deep it might not ever drain out of her.

"You got anywhere to be tomorrow?" He asked. She licked her lips again. Belle hardly remembered her schedule. She didn't have to work in the morning. She couldn't remember any plans. He pinched one of her nipples and she gasped. "Honey?"

"N-no." She replied feeling a bit anxious.

"Then you're putting in overtime tonight. I'll run to the bank in the morning to get you something extra for your trouble." He told her, then started rubbing her clit again. It wasn't long before he had her cumming again.

Belle discovered that the dane had two things in great supply. Money and cum. By the time dawn had broken through the window blinds he was watching the morning news with her sitting limp across his lap. She wondered if she could somehow arrange it so that she was the one to deliver to this guy's house everytime he ordered.