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My name is Ann and the following is a true account of how I became a k9 slut; I hope you like it.

My first experience with dog sex happened about 11 years ago. I was 19 years of age, and had discovered my bisexual side; I was seeing a girl called Julie. She was older than I, nearly 25, and lived on her own. We used to meet regularly for wild sex, where we would take it in turns to tie each other to the bed.

One day it was my turn to be restrained, and Julie had finished teasing me with one of her many sex toys. It was at this point when she broke from the normal routine and left the bedroom. A couple of minutes later she returned with her 3 year old chocolate lab, Buster. As soon as he was in the room he jumped onto the bed and buried his nose between my legs. I tried to close them, but due to the restraints, was unable to. After sniffing briefly, Buster licked at my already wet pussy. I let out a yelp and asked Julie to get him off. She laughed. He continued to lick, and I continued to struggle, all the time begging Julie to help.

My head was spinning as Buster licked harder and harder. I kept trying to tell myself that this was wrong and that Julie would help me; all the time I was doing this I could feel the familiar build up of my orgasm. I had never felt anything like it before; Buster's tongue felt so strong, and he was licking from my asshole all along the length of my pussy. I felt my body shudder as the first orgasm hit me. I bit my lip to stop from screaming out. Buster continued to lick, harder and harder, faster and faster. Soon another orgasm hit me, then another. I was exhausted, but still he wouldn't stop licking and nipping at my swollen clit.

By this time I was hornier than I had ever been, and I wanted penetration. However, I didn't care who or what was going to do it. I begged Julie to untie me, telling her I wanted to be fucked hard. She smiled and untied both feet and one of my hands. I guess she didn't want me running away. I turned over onto my front and eased myself up onto my knees. My legs were like jelly at this point. No sooner had I turned over, Buster was trying to mount. I could feel his weight on me instantly. If I had wanted to run, I couldn't as I could hardly move under his weight. I could hear him panting and could feel his saliva dripping onto my back. Here I was, presenting myself for this animal to use. I began to realise what was about to happen, and started to panic. Before I had a chance to do anything I felt a stabbing against my pussy lips. Almost instantly, Buster bucked his hips and buried his cock into my soaking slit. As he pushed, he drove my weight forward, my arms buckled, burying my head into the pillows. I was pinned underneath him as he rammed his dick into me. I could not think straight, my head was saying this is wrong, while my body was already succumbing to another orgasm. In the background I could hear Julie encouraging Buster, telling him to fuck his new bitch.

Suddenly I felt my pussy being stretched like never before, although I didn't know it at the time, this was his knot forcing his way home. Buster continued to hump for a short time, and then his movements almost stopped, except for the occasional thrust. I felt his cock swell again, and then it began to twitch as he unloaded his sperm into me. His knot was pressing on my pussy walls and I began to cum again and again. I lost count of the number of orgasms I had, and how long we were tied together. We seemed to be stuck for hours, although it was probably only 10 minutes or so. Eventually I felt the pressure against my pussy walls ease as his cock softened. Buster shifted his weight and climbed off of my back. He began to pull away, but pulled me as well because he was still too big. Julie held him in place for a few more minutes until, with a strange sucking and eventually a plop, his cock came out. As it did, I felt his seed running down my legs.

I collapsed onto the bed, completely exhausted, my legs spread to allow air to my tender pussy lips. I had never before been so utterly used or satisfied. I lay there for a couple of minutes, trying to catch

my breath, when I felt a tongue on my pussy again. This wasn't the strong, forceful tongue of Buster, rather the soft gentle tongue of my female lover. Julie continued to lick my pussy clean, for about 5 minutes. After which she left me alone, to fall into a deep sleep.

Although I was now completely hooked on K9, things were never the same for Julie and me; in fact we split about 6 weeks later. Regardless of the fact our relationship ended, I will always be grateful to her for opening my eyes to a world of opportunities.