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BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Jan 2nd 2004 is the anniversary of my dear lover Ben who was killed by a hit and run driver crossing the road with me after we had had a swim together. I thought now I can tell you about our very special relationship without me breaking down...

Ben was a collie/chow mix and he was a tiny pup when he somehow found his way into my front garden at my home in Miami, Fl. It was on Christmas day seven years ago when I heard this whining and little yelps as I walked up the path to my front door. Upon investigating I found this little bundle of joy. He was so thin and undernourished and I had no idea how long he had been there.

Quickly bringing him inside I gave him some milk - milk I squeezed from my own breasts as I was lactating - a pleasant fetish my hubby Robert and I enjoyed. He was my really big baby!

After consulting with my friendly vet, I found the pup was only four weeks old and would have died but for the good fortune that came both our way. I called him Ben after Big Ben, the London chiming clock by the Houses of Parliament, England.

Ben soon became a big pup and never lost the taste for mother's milk. I did try feeding him direct from my nipples and although this worked at first - he was an avid licker - his teeth became too much of a problem for me, so he was breast milk fed via a container!

At that time Robert and I had two dogs - German Shepherds called Toby and Clyde. They were both nine years old and not as active as they once were. By active I meant in the sexual way - yes both Toby and Clyde were my lovers too. From mating every day (and more than once a day!) this got less as they got older and instead of them initiating the act it was now usually me. When we did mate, Ben was always there and in fact after only five months he even attempted to mount me too in imitation I suppose of what he had seen Toby and Clyde do. Ben was certainly a very good licker and could make me orgasm every day with his tongue. He never needed any encouragement and especially loved licking up the spends dripping from my pussy after Toby and Clyde had done there lovely work.

It was May that year when Toby had a heart attack and died. He had been unwell for some weeks and the vet thought he was suffering from a gastro infection. No, I did not try to induce him to mate so that was not the cause of the heart attack! To my dismay, on having Clyde examined he was found to have cancer of the spleen. He was operated on but died only two weeks later. In three weeks both my dogs that had been part of my life for nine years were gone.

Robert thought we should go away for a holiday. Both my sons were in their twenties and actively courting so they were pushing us to take a vacation and would look after Ben. In case you are wondering - no my sons never knew of my close relationship with animals!

Robert and I went to Jamaica - to Sandals, Montego Bay. All was well for the first week. Then Robert started feeling unwell. What started out as a cold turned into pneumonia and before the second week was up Robert had a massive heart attack and was dead.

Robert was my life. My rock. He was a man in a million. He loved and encouraged my doggie loving and throughout our life together, especially at the beginning of our marriage, we were active swingers. I did the gangbang scene, had many male and female lovers but the doggie action was very much a private affair. It is so much easier now with the internet but finding likeminded people openly admitting it were very scarce. We did meet a man, however, who lived (still does) fairly close by us in Miami called Jim who visited us regularly with a black lab called George. Jim was the first person I called and he was the finest friend you could have. He made all the dreadful arrangements.

I was a complete mess. My sons took the news of Robert's passing bravely. I did not. I wanted to die too. I could not be comforted. I did not want anyone around me. Not even my children. I, at first, did not want even Ben. Jim took him and looked after him but every weekend he would visit. It was about three months later than I agreed to have Ben back and from that first night Ben slept with me in my bed something Robert and I had never allowed any of our dogs to do. They often were in the bedroom but not in the bed.

Jim and I had been intimate along with George with Robert's blessing and often with him present. Jim and Robert had made love to me together on many occasions and often I lay between them with both their cocks inside me at the same time and sucking milk from my breasts. How I wish now I had kept my milk up but I didn't want sex anymore... or so I thought.

It was just after Christmas, I think two days before the New Year, when I had awoke to Ben licking me between my legs and I found myself responding. He had tried before and I had pushed him away and been so severe in my reprimand he hadn't tried it too many other times. He must have smelt a change in me as my legs opened and that insistent tongue was pushing up into my pussy. I started to moan and my hand went down to his head even pushing his tongue into me even more. I could feel the juices running from me and they were lapped up into his eager mouth. For the first time since Robert's death I was climaxing. My body seemed to explode. I was in pain and I could even hear myself moaning. My body started to shake and I was holding poor Ben's head down urging his tongue to give me the relief I was seeking. Thankfully it came. I came. And how. I screamed. When it was over I could hear banging on my bedroom door. Thank goodness I had locked it.

"Mum! Are you alright?." My sons were trying to break the door down.

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I yelled out I was "O.K.!" and managed to push Ben off the bed with my feet. I grabbed my gown and Ben took it upon himself to jump up and grab me around my waist with his front paws. I shouted out to my boys I was coming and hurriedly opened the patio doors and pushed Ben outside. Poor boy couldn't understand. He must have thought he had done something wrong. I yelled I was coming again. Coming? I hadn't cum like that since hubby died.

I opened my bedroom door and my sons burst in. They looked round the room as if I was hiding a lover! Well I was and he was outside! So my two big sons, 21 and 23 were my protectors! I thought any moment they were going to look under the bed. "I was having a bad dream." I said, " Was I making a noise?"

"A noise?" my eldest said, "You were shouting so much you must have awoken the whole street."

"I'm so sorry." I sat down on the bed. "Come and give me a hug. Thank you for caring for me." They sat either side of me and we hugged.

As soon as they had gone I let Ben back in and hugged and cuddled him too. He was soon back to pushing his snout up into my crotch and I playfully slapped him. I did open my legs so he could give me one nice big lick and then I shut myself up in the shower.

An hour later and I was cooking breakfast. I called Jim and asked him if I could visit and he sounded surprised and pleased as he said, "Of course."

Breakfast over, I drove the few miles to Jim's house with Ben sitting beside me and behaving himself. He loved car rides and sat up admiring the scenery. As soon as we arrived and I had opened the car door he strutted ahead of me up to Jim's front door. Jim had obviously been waiting as it

opened immediately. I gave him a long kiss and let him with no doubt what I wanted.

"Where's George?" I asked.

"Outside in the yard." He replied.

I was already moving up the stairs. "Bring him. I want both of you."

I was already naked and laying down on his bed when he joined me with his lovely black Labrador. Ben was in my arms licking my face although I had wanted him somewhere else! I pushed my hand down between my legs and pushed two fingers inside me. I was very wet. Ben got the message and dove down to taste the nectar. Jim was undressing and George had got the sent of my sex and jumped up on the bed. I reached out for his sheath and gently stroked it. Now that made him excited. Before I could do anything else a cock suddenly appeared at my face. Jim was already primed. It was hard and I sat up and grabbed it sinking it into my mouth. Mmm, it was a delicious feeling. It had been so long. I sucked on it like as if there was no tomorrow and gently squeezed his lovely balls. He suddenly pulled away gasping.

"No. I want it inside you." Pushing a startled Ben and George away he lay on me sinking his cock into my furry nest in one movement. I pushed my cunt up to meet his cock and I screamed at him to "do it hard." He obliged! I clawed at his back and he drilled me down into me pushing my body so hard against the mattress I could even feel the springs. I came with him as he climaxed inside me and I wrapped my legs around his torso as he gasped for breath. He was done but I was not. "George." I said. "I want George."

Jim reluctantly withdraw and clambered off me. I turned over presenting my ass to the world. With an "up boy." from Jim and George was there on the bed, licking at my pussy. I slapped my ass impatiently and George knew that sign. He had been well trained. I felt his weight upon my back and I gave a little cry as his paws scratched my sides.

"Let me put his socks on," I heard Jim say. "No. No time." I shouted back. I was like a wanton hussy except I was 'wanton' that doggie cock of his. George did try hard to find 'the mark' but in his enthusiasm he scrambled and scrambled all over my back until he finally fell off. I cried out with frustration and Jim helped George back up. Again I yelped as those paws scratched me but then the pain was gone as with Jim's helping hand George's cock thrust inside. I seem to have forgotten how wonderful a doggie cock felt. My months of grieving had numbed my mind and dulled my memory. It was almost like the first time I had experienced my first doggie mating all those years ago. The powerful hammering of a cock and feeling it growing inside you as each piston-like stroke brought more bliss. Then his knot, so small at first and then to feel it knocking on the gate to heaven. Feeling it squeezing against the lips of my pussy trying to enter and then with even more powerful thrusts and those front paws gripping me ever so tighter around my waist and my own pushing back against his cock. His knot was in and still growing but now it was safely locked into my vagina. There was no escape. It was there and how I wish it was for all time. George's thrusts were not so frantic and did not carry so much force but my vagina was stretching and he was still moving that cock. I don't remember feeling much pre-cum but I certainly do when he came. His liquid felt it was boiling,, almost scalding my insides. Jim said I was shouting "thank yous" and he had felt like cheering too. Ben was sitting on the floor watching the spectacle above him. Jim said Ben's mouth was open and he seemed to be almost laughing. He was so happy for me.

At every lovely spurt of cum from George's cock I came too and when all too soon it was over and George laid quietly upon my back tears were running down my face. I was so happy. I knew Robert would have been happy for me too. I forget how long George and I lay knotted together as I must

have passed away into almost unconsciousness because the next thing I remember was a tongue licking at my pussy. I turned over onto my back and opened my legs wide. It was dear Ben, licking for all his worth. I think we both knew then that it would not be long before he too would be making me his bitch.

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Ben and I became "as one" the day before my birthday and two weeks before the first anniversary of Robert's death. I was in a melancholy mood. My first birthday without my hubby and the approaching day of his death.... I also had broken up with Jim as a lover. Immediately after that unforgettable day when I had run to him begging him to make love with me followed by that even more wonderful experience with George, we had become lovers. It was so idyllic at first. Raw sex at its best. Our bodies craved each other's intimate caresses, couplings and just being together and of course there was George. I couldn't wait to drop down on all fours and give myself to him. To feel his weight on top of me, his cock churning away inside and all his cum blasting into my womb. I could cum just by standing and touching myself 'there' and imagining....

Jim asked me to marry him but it was too soon. He was so disappointed and I found out that he had loved me 'from a distance.' He had envied Robert and even become jealous. I realized fairly quickly marrying Jim would not have worked. I was too free spirited. I loved sex too much and Jim would never have tolerated me with other lovers, especially men. I would have lost him not only as a lover but also as a friend. Of course, he was devastated when I eventually told him "no." He didn't want to see me anymore.

I became so moody that my boys kept their distance and stayed as much as they could out of my way and out of the house. They were both heavily courting so that was not difficult for them. I seemed to embrace my seeming loneliness but I had Ben. I spent hours laying on the bed and climaxing to his tongue. He licked me wherever I walked, even followed me into the bathroom and licked me clean after I had peed. I did no work. My writing ceased and my agent was getting cross. I had two plays to re-do and a UK theatre group were waiting for the rewrite as they were planning to stage one. I didn't care. In the evenings I would go out alone and sit at a bar sipping at my vodka and soda. I picked up strangers and let them take me to some lovely spot where I let them 'shag' me. They did all the work; I was just a body with three holes. Unprotected sex. Wasn't I lucky not to become a victim of that stupidity? But I didn't care. I would drive home to Ben, who would clean me up, bringing me to fulfillment and so much better than those faceless individuals.

My birthday approached and my sons wanted to know what I wanted. "Nothing." I told them. They wanted to take me out. "No." was my reply. Jim called all apologetic. "Let's at least be friends." I said I'd think about it. Wasn't that nice of me? I disconnected the phone, took Ben into my bedroom and locked the door. I pulled my clothes off, leaving them in an untidy heap and laid down onto the bed pulling Ben on top of me. His thick golden fur against my bare flesh felt so nice. The itching in my puss started like a motor being turned on. He licked my face. I opened my mouth and we french kissed. I suddenly had the urge to kiss his cock. Why, I had no idea. I never have liked sucking dog cock. The precum and the actual cum I hated. It tasted so nasty. Extra salty and metallic. Like a rusty old iron pipe. Not that I've sucked off many rusty old iron pipes! So this urge to suck his cock was very odd. But I did it with enthusiasm, just like I do when I suck a human one (and I really do like that!).

I wriggled my way underneath him and bringing my head up lined my mouth up to that furry sheath. I just tickled the tip with my tongue at first and ever so slowly and to my amazement his pinky started to show. Now I started with relish. I was excited. He was becoming erect. I almost swallowed the whole thing. I must have sucked too hard because he gave a small yelp but he soon calmed down

and I could hear him panting. He was enjoying it. Soon a very nice sized cock was in my moth and I tasted precum. Some even shot down me throat making me choke. I wrapped my hand around his sheath and licked and licked the tip of the cock making him shoot the precum into my mouth. Oh so nasty that must have looked. Just as I was really getting into it.. Ben moved away and then started to hump the cock against my legs. Wow. I was so excited now.

I rolled over, hunching up my legs and presenting my ass. Ben knew how to mount and hump but there had been no hard cock. Now there was. He was up in a flash upon my back. My hand moved under me and I grabbed his cock as it thrust away missing the mark. I guided him inside. As soon as he felt that wet and warm passage enveloping around his cock he went crazy. He was like a 'bat out of hell.' Although in his frantic rutting he slipped out he managed so quickly to find his way home again. Precum was spurting inside me. All those months it had been there a prisoner and now it was getting released. I felt his knot growing and growing and my pussy opened up like a flower and then closing around it like a trap. Ben still thrust away. His knot was swelling and swelling. Was that an orange inside me? It certainly felt like it. I came and came. It was my fluids I could feel running down the back of my legs - his precum was right up inside me. Then with an almighty heave and his front paws wrapping around my body like an elastic band he thrust his cock further inside and stopped. His cum exploded like a volcano. I felt it was coming into my stomach. He stayed inside me, his cock twitching and cumming. Twitching and cumming. His heart was beating fast and his mouth was drooling spittle running down onto my neck. I reached around and patted his head murmuring words of love. I knew then that I had fallen in love again. This time not with a human but a dog. Yes, I know some will laugh and scoff but it is true. I really did fall in love with Ben. From that day on we were never apart. We could read each other's minds. I knew his thoughts and he knew mine. We stayed in that position on the bed for over ten minutes and as soon as he with seemingly reluctance got down off me, he enthusiastically was at my rear licking and cleaning me up. His tongue lapped away at his cum. When I thought he had finished and moved he gave a bark and jumped up onto me again.

Yes, dear reader, he found me again and f***** me. Ben was an exceptional dog. I can count on one hand dogs that have been able to 'go again' after successfully knotting. Ben was the best. As he got older he got better. He learnt to pace himself better and our lovemaking could go on for hours.

We were together only for six years wonderful years. I am grateful that I was able to find him, bring him up as a mother and then become his wife. If we could have had a formal wedding I would have done that. He wore my ring in the shape of a 'P' for pet on his collar and now he's dead I wear it on a necklace. In some of my pictures here on this site within my stories you can see it. Ben was my pet and I was his. Pet is also my nickname.

I was living with a transsexual who was my master at the time. We had another dog-named Pete - a golden mongrel and a present from my Master's boyfriend. I was allowed to take Ben and Pete for a walk along the beach and for a swim in the sea. We had had such fun together. Ben was a wonderful swimmer and we had swum a long way out with Pete watching us from the shore. Whether Ben was tired I do not know, but he was panting after the swim. I dried him off with a towel and tying it around my waist we walked off with me holding loosely onto his leash and Pete's. Ben never tried to pull away and always stayed close to me so his leash was always loose but Pete was always one step ahead so his was tightly grasped. We started to cross the road and as it was very early morning there was very little traffic around. A small bakery/food bar was close by. As we were crossing there was a sudden explosion of an engine. With squealing tires and blue smoke coming from beneath all wheels a truck shot from the side of the bakery and turned into our path. I panicked and ran pulling on both leashes but Ben froze in shock whilst Pete tried to run. I wasn't holding onto Ben's leash strong enough and it slipped from my grasp. I sprawled down onto the road. Pete made it to the walkway. The truck saw us and I can hear those brakes and screeching tires still as if it had just

happened. The truck managed to avoid me but came to a halt hitting Ben. I scrambled to my feet to see Ben start to get up. Whether the driver didn't see or didn't care but he suddenly pushed his foot down on the accelerator and to my horror he ran over poor Ben with both his front and rear wheels and sped off into the distance. I ran to Ben and Pete ran to him also. Ben actually tried to get up - amazingly he was still alive. Pete was barking at him as if urging him to walk and make it to the other side of the road. I tried picking Ben up and I do remember a car stopping and a woman getting out and helping me get Ben off the road. She told me she had seen the whole thing and never would have believed anything that horrible someone could do. She said it was deliberate. Ben died in my arms by the side of the road.

I hope you all read this. I am crying now as I write but I want this story to be my memory to him. Ben was my life, my best friend and lover. R.I.P.

Colleen.