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BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Every boy needs a dog," my husband told me. His boyish grin made me wonder if he'd bought the animal for our son, Kyle, or for himself.

"That's not a dog," I decided. "It's a horse. What are we going to do with it?"

"It?" Robert looked offended. "Rex is a he, not an it, Janey. He had the biggest balls in the store."

"His name is Rex?" I rolled my eyes.

"Yep!"

"And you picked him because he has big balls?"

"Bigger is better, right?" He sounded serious. "Just don't try to touch them. He's kind of sensitive down there."

"You tried to grab his balls?"

"Hey!" Robert held up his hands with an innocent smile. "Only by accident, baby."

"What kind is he?"

"American!" he replied proudly. "The best breed in the world."

"American is a breed?" I narrowed my eyes. "I've never heard of that one."

"Sure it is," my husband told me. "He's got a little bit of everything. Great Dane, German shepherd, some St. Bernard in there."

"So he's a mongrel," I said.

"That's American," Robert agreed. "Anyway, he's house trained and the woman at the store says he's very loving."

"What woman?" I asked suspiciously.

"Polly," he answered. "High school girl. Really cute, you'd like her."

"Hmmp!"

"Hey, I got a discount, baby." Robert hugged me. "Come on, don't be mad. I didn't try to fuck her or anything."

"Really?" I almost smiled at that news.

"Nope." He kissed my hair. "She definitely fucked me. I just sat there mostly."

"You're so hopeless," I sighed.

"Daddy had a girl on his lap!" Jenny told me, right on cue. She might have been six years old, but I seriously wondered about her sometimes.

"Go check on your brothers," I told her. "Make sure they're still asleep."

"Okay Mommy!" She smiled brightly. "He was kissing her too, but I'm not supposed to tell."

“Okay.” I smiled back at her. “Go on now.”

“She had lonely lips,” my husband explained. “If you’d seen that poor girl, you would have kissed her too.”

“Probably not,” I said. “You’d better help Kyle find a place for the dog to sleep. I don’t want him on the furniture.”

“Yes, dear,” he replied obediently.

“And if he pees on the floor, I’m going to rub somebody’s nose in it,” I continued. “Know what I mean?”

“Yes, dear.”

“And I’m not going to feed him,” I finished. “That’s somebody else’s job. I have enough to do around here.”

“Yes dear.” My husband nodded quickly, smiling at me just so I’d forgive him for fucking some pet store Polly. That got me to wondering...

“How many pet stores did you go to anyway?”

“Six,” he admitted. “I thought there would be more pretty girls working in those places.”

“I didn’t know you were that picky,” I retorted, and then spoiled it with a smile of my own. “Fine. I forgive you. Go play with Kyle while I fix dinner.”

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“What are you looking at?” I wondered, turning around from the washing machine to see Rex grinning at me.

I didn’t know dogs could smile, but that’s how it seemed to me. His tail thumped the floor several times and I couldn’t help but notice his large cock in its furry sheath. I mean, it was right there as he sat on his haunches, attached low on his soft, brown belly where the hair was short and soft. I guess Rex had big balls too, but that was my husband’s department, comparison shopping for pets.

My department was cleaning up the house after another Monday morning hurricane. Robert had left for work. The twins had left for their first grade classes and wouldn’t be home until three that afternoon. The boys, Robert Jr. and Josh, were almost four years old and they spent the morning at preschool. My mother would pick them up; she just loved her grandchildren, but especially those two.

They had red hair, a smattering of freckles, and dark green eyes, and looked absolutely nothing like my husband, mostly because they weren’t his biological offspring. My mom got a big kick out of that too, believe me, and she loved showing the twins off and telling everyone how her daughter, the pure hearted, faithful wife of the most eligible husband in town had gotten knocked up at a New Year’s Eve party. She made it sound like I’d been gang-banged.

“She’s lucky those boys didn’t come out black!” Mom would say, but she wasn’t prejudiced or anything.

She just wanted to make a point. If I had let a black man fuck me, that only would have made her

even happier, and she kept asking Robert when he was going to dump his cheating wife and marry a real woman. Like my sister Julie, for example, who flaunted her considerable charms for us every night just before bed. She was the new King-5 Weather Girl and exceptionally popular with the male 13-90 crowd, since she liked to remind viewers that "Tonight's weather is sponsored by Viagra!"

We'd lie in bed with the television on, just because Robert never missed the weather report. Most often he tried to be right on the edge of a good climax, holding himself back with gritted teeth as I squirmed helplessly on his huge cock, and as soon as anchorman Brett Berman said, "How's that weather looking, Julie?" The camera would pan left, or sometimes they'd do a jump cut, and there would be my smiling blonde sister, showing off her awesome tits, luscious ass, and gorgeous legs. Usually she wore a bikini, but lately she'd been wearing more and more lingerie.

Needless to say, my husband usually blew a big load of sperm deep inside my little pussy half way through her spiel. Shoot, half the men in Seattle were probably cumming at the same time. Julie had a breathless way of saying, "Hot and wet tonight with a good chance of fun tomorrow!" If it wasn't hot and wet, like in the middle of winter, she would say something like, "You'd better get naked in front of a fire, we can look forward to nine hard inches and slippery conditions...Oh! Did I say inches? Silly me! I must have been thinking about something else."

So King-5 had the highest rated news program in the city and nobody really cared about the weather anyway. We were in Seattle, the forecast was always rain with a good chance of more rain. It never changed, unlike Julie's bikini. She wore a different one every night, as I mentioned, and people tuned in just to see what it would be. There's something wrong with our country, but at least Robert wasn't going to divorce me just so he could marry my little sister. He just liked to use my pussy to jerk off with while he thought about her, but he's a man, so that didn't bother me a whole lot. When he used her pussy to jerk off while he thought about Jilly, that's when I started getting a little peeved.

"Oh! Hey! Down boy!" I stumbled into the dryer as Rex tackled me from behind.

I'd been bending over, checking the clothes inside to see if they were dry or not. I'd also been wondering what Julie would wear that evening and I'd forgotten all about the dog. He wanted to dance or play, or something. I didn't know what was going on as he stood on his back legs with his forelegs wrapped around my waist. He was big, about my size, except he probably weighed twenty pounds more, and it wasn't fat. Rex had muscles! He wasn't letting go and I couldn't push him away as my knees sagged, and I finally had to drop to the floor beneath his considerable weight.

Naturally, he'd caught me at the worst possible time. I'd been getting ready for a bath, which had become something of a daily ritual. With a husband and four kids, a woman only gets so much private time, you know? The house was quiet and peaceful; I could soak and relax, bracing myself for the madness coming later that afternoon. I loved my morning baths and so I only wore a towel wrapped around my breasts and barely covering my butt. That shouldn't have mattered, right? I was alone and just wanted to check the laundry and...

"Ow! Hey! What are you...Oh! Fuck! What the hell is that?" I wondered in sort of a loud, shrill voice dripping with panic.

"Grrrrrr..." Rex answered, squeezing me even harder with his paws and kind of nipping at my bare shoulder with his teeth. He didn't bite me, just threatened me, or so I imagined.

But his teeth were the least of my concerns as I felt something hard, sharp, and hot jabbing at my vulnerable sex. The dog was trying to fuck me! On my hands and knees like I was, the towel offered

no protection at all and I wasn't completely ignorant. A friend of mine in college, Francesca, had been into bestiality and I'd seen her videos plenty of times. I'd been curious about it, sure, maybe even wondered what it might be like to have that sort of perverted sex, but I'd never imagined I'd actually experience such a thing first hand.

"No! Stop! Bad dog!" I yelled, trying to crawl away from the beast. "Get off me! Oh! Ugh! Fuck!"

I gasped loudly as his cock suddenly found my vulnerable cunt. The animal had been thrusting his hips wildly, hunched over with his paws digging into my hips through the towel. I'd never had a chance at getting away and now he jammed the full length of his enormous penis into my pussy. It had to be nearly as long as my husband's, some ten inches of steely dog cock, and I already knew Rex had Robert beat in the girth department. Jesus! The animal's prick must have been as thick as a can of Campbell's soup!

"Ahhhh...No!" I screamed as the tender walls of my vagina were stretched to the absolute limit. I burned beneath the throbbing pain of trying to accommodate his swollen lust. The tip of his penis battered the very bottom of my sex, forcing my pussy to stretch in ways I wouldn't have believed possible.

The dog didn't stop. He didn't even slow down, but continued to pump my cunt with rabid desire, throwing his cock into my cervix. The pressure was intense and I was too much in shock to understand the pleasure my body was responding to. Even as I protested this unwanted violation, my cunt grew moist and warmed noticeably, burning with something other than discomfort. If my brain didn't understand what was going on, my body sure as hell did. My nipples popped hard, flashing hot and cold as they pointed at the floor. My towel had come loose and my tits were freed, the friendly weight of them tugging at my chest and jiggling pleasantly. My clitoris thrummed with violent, instinctive lust as the dog's fat cock pressed against it.

"Oh God! Oh no! Oh yes!" I blinked with confusion as I started cumming.

I couldn't believe it, let alone comprehend how quickly the animal had brought me off. It was insane! I couldn't climax on a dog's cock. He was raping me and I felt nothing but fear and guilt and shame, but my body shook violently and my pussy clutched at the animal's penis as he continued to thrust into my wanton sex. I collapsed onto my face, panting and shivering, keeping my ass high even as the juices spilled down my legs.

He growled softly, almost whining as I felt the dog's knot growing fat inside my sex. I knew about that as well, and I had little choice but to endure the increasing pressure as the bulbous muscle inflated rapidly, lodged just inside the mouth of my cunt. He stopped fucking me as soon as we were locked up and I came again as I felt the unmistakable sensation of my pussy filling with canine semen.

He'd already been very wet with precum, perhaps even real cum, I wasn't exactly sure how it worked, but for certain, Rex was shooting a huge load of hot sperm into my womb. His cockhead was right there, teasing my cervix and perhaps even trying to penetrate that soft bottleneck. It wouldn't have surprised me, put it that way, and I suffered multiple orgasms while he tried to knock up his bitch.

"Janey? Are you down here? I was just in the neighborhood and...Oh my God!"

"What?" I blinked at my sister, Jilly, and it took me a few seconds to recognize her. Not because she looked different, she didn't, but because I couldn't stop cumming.

"You're fucking a dog?" She giggled and clapped her hands. "That is so awesome!"

"Nooo..." I breathed, shaking my head as if I could possibly deny it. Rex held me tightly with his front legs, licking my shoulder like a real lover might, and still pumping his bestial seed into my stuffed, quivering cunt.

"Hey!" Jilly looked suddenly suspicious. "What have you done with my sister?"

Of course, she was only teasing me and a second later she spoiled it with another happy laugh. I closed my eyes, concentrating on the intense joy of being locked up and helpless around a huge cock. The knot felt amazing, as if someone had forced a bowling ball inside my pussy, but of course it wasn't that big. It did remind me of giving birth to my babies, however, and I should have been glad that my body wasn't totally innocent that way. At least I knew I could stretch!

"Help me!" I gasped, coming weakly to my senses. "Get him off! He's too big!"

"It looks like you're getting him off all by yourself," she replied with a grin.

"No! Jilly...Please? Ow! Oh! Ah! He's fucking me!"

"No kidding! That's a big fucking dog, Janey."

"He's raping me!" I moaned, shivering with another orgasm as I clawed the rough carpeting and rocked my hips.

"I hate to break it to you," she said. "But you can't rape the willing, sis."

"Oh please! It feels so...Good! He's so big! He won't stop!"

Actually, the dog had pretty much stopped, but my pussy didn't know the difference. I'd never felt so full in my life, not even when Robert had taken my virginity. The knot had continued to swell after Rex had locked me up, growing larger and pushing my vagina in terrible, wonderful, and very unnatural directions. I was too small down there, my anatomy all wrong for our perverse mating, but the raw physical pleasure made me weep with unabashed ecstasy. I was fucking a dog. I had an animal inside me, his bestial sperm seeping into my uterus and swarming around my human eggs. That seemed so completely wrong, dirty and obscene, and I climaxed with a rush of guilt and shame, pushing myself against the animal's prick like a bitch in heat.

"Janey, um...As long as you're down there..." Jilly sat down in front of me, smiling as she hiked her red skirt up her golden thighs. "How about a little something for me, huh?"

"Huh? What are you doing?" I wondered, rolling my eyes as another delicious spasm pushed the butterflies out of my tummy and into my pussy.

"Shhh...Eat me out," she breathed, scooting forward on her butt like a little girl. "Or I'll have to tell Robert how much you love dogs."

"Oh no!" I gasped. "I'm cumming again!"

"Ummm...Yesss..." my sister hissed, tugging at my head with her fingers entwined in my hair. She held my mouth to her pussy as my tongue pushed between her labia. I didn't utter a word of protest as I began to lap eagerly at the juices already leaking from her sexy hole.

Behind me, Rex pushed himself off my back, turning awkwardly to face the other direction with his

hinged cock still inside me. Every now and again, the animal would give me a tug, testing our union and making me yelp with sudden discomfort. The knot would pull against the small mouth of my clasping sex, and maybe he could have pulled himself loose, but it would be better for both of us if he waited. I certainly didn't mind as my orgasms refused to stop. They were small and quick, not like the monstrous climax I'd felt at his initial penetration. These were almost better somehow, like riding a rollercoaster of pure lust and my sister wasn't above taking advantage of the situation.

"Yeah, eat my pussy, Janey. You're such a dyke," she teased me. "A dog fucking dyke now. Suck my clit some more."

I did everything she wanted, pursing my lips around Jilly's clitoris and sucking it like a tiny cock. I chewed her plump, pink labia and fucked her pussy with my stuff tongue. I'd eaten her out before and she knew I wasn't really a dyke at all, but just then I could have been. It's hard not to enjoy loving a hot little cunt like my sister's when there's a fat cock taking a sperm bath inside my trembling womb.

When Jilly started cumming, I started swallowing. She likes to squirt when she cums, almost like she's pissing, and she clamped her thighs to my head and pushed with her pelvis, pouring bitter-sweet juice down my throat as I tried to keep up. Right at the end, she spread her legs and arched her back, rubbing her oily cunt all over my face. She always got off on that for some reason and I was soaked with girl goo by the time Rex finally pulled his cock out of my pussy.

"Nnumph!" I jerked and groaned, rolling my hips as I tried to find a comfortable position, but having my cunt turned inside out made that impossible.

The dog's knot hadn't shrunk very much at all and it seemed to pop out of me with a gush of our combined fluids. The watery spend poured out of me like an overturned bucket and the sharp odor of my female cum filled the air. I could smell him as well, the ripe musk of canine semen, rich and gamey on the tip of my tongue. The emptiness inside was another sort of ache altogether and I groaned with frustration as much as anything else. I'd grown used to the pressure of Rex's cock stretching my vagina and I missed him immediately.

"Turn around, bitch," Jilly said with a giggle. She'd gotten to her feet and now she yanked on my hair, pulling me around on my hands and knees. "You know what dogs do after they mate. Lick it up, Janey. Clean up your mess, bitch."

She pushed my face into the puddle of cum I'd left behind, rubbing my nose in the stuff until I pushed out my obedient tongue.

"Good girl," she sighed, patting my head. "That's a good little bitch. Get all of it, Janey. Lick that stuff up and swallow it."

I moaned softly, dragging my tongue through the bitter stain and pulling it wet with cum into my mouth. She rubbed my back, petting me all the while, teasing me as I lapped my first canine fuck off the floor. The stuff was thin and not as salty as I might have expected, but still warm and full of flavor, his and mine. I wagged my ass like a puppy as my sister began playing with my gaping cunt. She pushed three fingers inside, fucking my hole easily and even adding the fourth. More juice ran down my legs as I pursed my lips, sucking noisily at the carpet, drawing more cum into my hungry mouth.

"Now suck him," she insisted, tugging at my hair as I lifted my flushed face to see Rex only a few feet away.

He sat twisted with his head between his legs, licking at his distended cock and it looked even bigger than I'd imagined. The dog's penis hadn't retreated into the sheath because he still had a significant knot of flesh at the base. It looked the size of a tennis ball, or maybe a softball, and his cock was red and veined like marble, as long as my husband's and thickest in the middle. The tip was tapered with an oddly shaped lip at the bottom and I recalled how it had felt stabbing into my cervix with a guilty thrill of desire.

"This way, bitch," Jilly said. "Time to give your lover a nice, long blowjob. This is going to be the coolest thing ever."

"No," I whispered. "Please. I can't...I won't...He's a dog!"

"So are you, Janey!" She giggled, pushing my head down as Rex lifted his, and I swear the animal was smiling at me. "Open your mouth, bitch! Suck him off or I'll tell everyone we know that you did it anyway."

"No! You wouldn't," I whispered, staring into her beautiful face.

"Are you kidding?" My sister laughed. "I'd do it in a heartbeat and you know it. I might just tell them anyway."

"Oh god!" I shivered, feeling my heart lurch into my throat as I touched the animal's penis with my lips. I felt my gut twisting with every emotion you can think of. The taste of our cum was still in my mouth, the juices I'd swallowed roiling in my tummy.

I licked the dog's shaft and it wasn't terrible. I kissed his penis and it only made me quiver with lust. I closed my mouth over the tip, exploring him with my tongue while my sister watched and stroked my head. She wouldn't let me pull off him, not after I'd taken Rex inside my mouth. I had no choice but to slide my taut lips down the shaft, stretching wide as he grew thicker the farther down I went. I could take nearly half of him, but no more than that before I gagged.

"You're such a liar, Janey," she sighed. "You're dying to suck his cock. Look at you. It's like sucking pussy, you always have to pretend you hate it."

"Nmmph!" I protested, bobbing my head up and down while I stroked Rex's dark, furry chest. He seemed content to lie there, relaxed and calm while I nursed on his cock, almost as if he'd gotten a blowjob before.

"You're repressed," Jilly told me. "You're a total slut and everyone knows it, but you won't admit it. How many girls have you eaten out? Twenty? Thirty? More than that? You suck pussy better than I do and I'm half lesbian! What does that make you?"

"Umph!" I shrugged, not really caring as I concentrated on swallowing the faintly bitter juice flowing from the tip of Rex's penis. His back legs kicked slightly and he raised his head, so I figured I must be doing something right.

"And I know you're still fucking that Josh guy," she told me, and that got my attention. "Yeah. Robert told me all about it. Those little wife-swapping parties you guys have on the weekends. How you suck your husband's cum out of Sandy's pussy while Josh fucks you."

"Mmmm-hmmph!" I shook my head, but less in denial than sheer humiliation. I couldn't believe Robert had told my sister about that; I only did it because I loved him!

"Don't talk with your mouth full," she warned me. "Keep sucking that dog dick. I want to see him cum on your face."

I held Rex's cock just below the knot, feeling it starting to grow under my fingers. My mouth must have felt like a nice, soft cunt and I remembered watching Francesca do the same thing. She said it tricked the dog into thinking he'd locked up his bitch, squeezing the root of his cock and pushing upward against the knot. It had seemed strange to me at the time, but now I could see it working as the dog tried to get to his feet. He wanted to fuck my mouth and I had to lay across him, again, much as I'd seen my Brazilian sorority sister do in her videos. I held him down, soothing the animal with my free hand while I worked my mouth up and down his fat cock.

"Oh yeah," Jilly sighed. "You're a good cocksucker, too. Where did you learn how to do that, huh? I know Robert doesn't fuck your face. Josh again? Does he shove his cock down your throat while Robert fucks the guy's wife?"

"Uh-hmmm..." I moaned, pushing my cunt against her fingers. My sister had gone back to teasing my sex, pinching and pulling my rubbery labia, fingering my hole as my juices spilled over her hand.

"I bet he does," she whispered. "Now you're going to start doing that for me, Janey. I don't have a husband, but this big stud will do just fine. I'm going to fuck your husband while we watch you suck off the dog."

"Mmmph!" I blinked as Rex whined, trying once more to get up as his cock began to spurt hot dog semen into my mouth. The stuff was thin, but creamy and bitter-sweet, and there was a lot more of it than I could have expected.

"Is he cumming?" Jilly asked, fucking my cunt hard and fast with three fingers. "Swallow it, bitch! Show your new boyfriend how much you love him!"

I was cumming as well, I couldn't help myself. I choked down Rex's cum as quickly as I could, but a lot of it escaped my lips and fell onto his belly. I gushed all over my sister's fingers at the same time, grinding my sex against her hand and gagging as some of the animal's semen entered my windpipe. I had to pull off him, coughing and sputtering, but still holding his spurting cock and I rubbed it around my open mouth and across my cheeks and chin. I wanted to be covered with cum as I found a second, and much better orgasm when Jilly mashed her thumb against my overly sensitive clit.

"Nice one," she sighed, pulling her fingers out of my hole.

I'd mostly collapsed, resting my face on Rex's soft belly with his penis still drooling sperm into my hair. I felt weak and giddy, euphoric in my barely sated lust, and for the moment I couldn't bring myself to worry over my sister. She wiped her wet fingers off on my ass before standing up. I watched her fix her skirt and check her hair and face in a compact from her purse. My sister was beautiful, supreme in her confidence as she smiled at me.

"I'd better run along," she said. "I'm meeting Robert for lunch. He's taking me to the Four Seasons today, room 612. Isn't that sweet?"

My sister's birthday was June twelfth and I frowned, but only a little.

"Oh! Before I forget..." She held up her cellphone and took some pictures. "I'm sure your husband will want to see these!"

She left with a giggling finger wave and I curled up with Rex, feeling much too exhausted for

anything else. I had time anyway and he did feel so soft and warm, and when I touched his dry nose with mine, he licked my lips. I smiled and opened my mouth, letting the dog's tongue slip inside and that only made it perfect. I played my tongue with his, rubbing my tits against his furry body and reaching down to play with his cock. That's exactly what I needed after a hard fuck and a loving blowjob, some cuddling to make me feel special.

I slept and woke up, feeling sore and empty between my legs. A little horny as well, because I'd been dreaming about something nice, but I couldn't remember what. It didn't matter and I didn't have time to fool around anyway. I took a shower and worried over my sister. Now that I was more my normal self, the guilt assaulted me. The humiliation of knowing what I'd done. What Jilly had seen me doing. I'd fucked a dog and sucked his cock. Was that cheating, I wondered, and I had no idea what my husband's opinion would be once my sister told him about it.

There could be little doubt that she'd do that. Jilly was evil that way and I couldn't count the number of times she'd abused me. Physically, emotionally, in every way imaginable, my little sister had gone out of her way to embarrass me. She liked to say it was for my own good, but she took too much pleasure in it for that. I didn't hate her. I loved her, as I'm sure she loved me, but I also knew she loved having me under her thumb. It didn't happen often, I'd always been too good for that, too meek and innocent to get into trouble, but not this time.

She had some real dirt on me now and I could only wait to see what she would do with it. With luck, Jilly would only tell my husband. Probably Julie, too. And our mom, of course. So Daddy would know I fucked the dog. But maybe nobody else would find out. I hoped not anyway, I was the president of the PTA and a candidate for the upcoming Mother of the Year award, which reminded me that I had to get that clothing drive organized for the Homeless Shelter. I had to see about the YWCA bake sale. And...Oh! I'd promised the Arch-Bishop I'd arrange transportation to next month's Youth Retreat, but that would be easy enough. I just had too call...

"Oh!" I blinked at my husband. "You're home early."

He'd caught me coming out of the shower and I tried my best not to look guilty.

"I just had lunch with your sister," he said, smiling as he held up a pink dog collar.

"Uh...Rex is a boy," I said, stupidly.

Robert clucked his tongue and shook his head. "It's not for him, Bitch."