

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



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I write this account in the hope that after reading the final chapter someone may be able to offer me some advice as to where I go to from here. I am confused and more than a little afraid of just what direction I am going in next.

I dare not approach my lady doctor, close friends, colleagues or anyone else for that matter on something that is almost taking me over and now getting rapidly worse. The thoughts in my head are far too personal to tell anyone that I actually know.

(I'm sure they would simply brand me as a total pervert or advise me to sign into mental hospital.)

If for instance, I had dabbled in Lesbian sex, (I did briefly, a long time ago), then I know a dozen people I could tentatively approach for advice if it was constantly worrying me like this, probably even my own Mum, I'm a closest daughter of three.

No, my current problem is definitely for writing down only, I couldn't possibly discuss this face to face with anyone at all, I would simply die.

I suppose I should stop beating about the bush and just get on with it. I will then, (deep breath.)

Last year, I had sex with Ben, while my boyfriend, Mike, watched. I was down on my hands and knees and Mike was behind us, masturbating himself as he watched Ben's penis thrust into me at close quarters. Ben fucked me very hard and fast and when I felt him ejaculating inside me I pushed back and (surprisingly for me) shuddered into a rare climax. The earth did move for me. I think I rate it as the best, and certainly the most exciting sex I have ever had, before or since.

That one incident totally screwed up our relationship (and my head). I'm now worried because although a year had passed without Ben he is now back here again and it keeps flooding back about that one night. I'm constantly thinking about how really fantastic the sex was with him and I now invariably replay it all in my mind if I masturbate. My own relationship with Mike is really all but over and I am constantly haunted with the wild fantasy of all out sex with Ben again, but this time just on our own.

Kinky but not that unusual, I can hear you thinking. Thousands of couples have slid into similar swapping or threesome situations.

I don't think so, Ben fucked me from behind, 'doggy fashion' but not because he's kinky, it's the only way he knows. I'm ashamed to admit why! Ben isn't a man, he really is a dog, he's my sister's Golden Labrador!

Short break here, to settle down and take in myself what I've just admitted in print.

(It honestly took me weeks after I did it to even accept it all myself. I tried to turn it into a bad dream.) I know some men are turned on by bestiality but every woman I have even mentioned it to has seemed universally disgusted by even the thought. Until I saw the internet I didn't really believe another woman but me had ever willingly done it, (except for highly paid porn film girls etc.) I have often skilfully managed to bring it up into a conversation by pretending I'm discussing some legal case we have defended or else declined. The 100% guaranteed female answer is,

"My God, how could they do it?" or, "I suppose they must be on drugs or something to do that with a dog, whatever the money!"

(Hardly an answer to make me feel any better, is it? I had actually admitted to myself I had enjoyed it!

It honestly did disgust me too what happened that night, I see someone walking a dog in the park, especially a Golden Labrador like Ben and I stare in disbelief, like it really was all in a bad dream like I pretended to myself to blot it out.

Then the enormity of what I did starts to sink through. My God, to have to admit to myself that I really did enjoy a dog physically fucking me and even climaxed too when I felt him and coming in me!

I blamed Mike or the dog, not myself in my head for months but there is no excuse, the truth is no one forced me to turn over onto my knees for him to mount me. I then helped him to get into my vagina when he was stabbing away and getting it nowhere near me. It was my own excitement, not Mike's that pushed myself back onto him like a bitch on heat when he did finally get his penis in me. Again me who climaxed feeling it swell inside me, it wasn't Mike, he started it all off but then just laid there and watched me doing it, literally shaking with excitement himself and masturbating, which made me even less inhibited, 'I was playing to the gallery' at first I suppose, then the sex got to me and I started to love it.

Sometimes I think about it and I shudder in pain and just want to scream to blot it all out.

I can't believe what a debauched bitch I've been. I feel I want to just crawl under a stone.

Fucked by an animal, a dog... Oh my God no, I didn't mean to do it, to go that far!

Maybe Mike was right, perhaps I really am a "filthily, perverted, dog fucked slut"... However!

(this is the crazy part I honestly can't understand and which really screws my head up)

At other times I stare at a dog's owner and shudder with excitement at the thought of my sheer "dirtiness". It really turns me on, that I've gone down onto my knees for a dog... and happily let it fuck me as it's responsive and willing 'bitch'...

I wonder if they'd even believe me if I blurted it right out that I had once let a dog just like theirs actually get its cock deep inside me, worse I'd had shuddered and come and nearly raped it back as I'd felt his hot come flooding into my pussy?

I still get wet between the legs thinking about it, I almost came once by just glancing at a man with a Doberman at a bus stop. He continuously eyed up my legs in my short skirt and it was obvious that he fancied me.

I wondered what he would say if he knew that what I had just been thinking was far, far dirtier than what he was thinking, (Yes, I was looking at a cock, and imagining what it would feel like thrusting frantically up into me was but I certainly wasn't looking at his floppy crotch.) It's the shocking depravity of it that generates this morbid excitement in me. In my daydream fantasy I say,

"I noticed you are trying to look up my short skirt, would you like me hitch it up higher and watch your dog licking at my cunt, I miss it now, its six months since I let a sexy dog like him fuck me."

Obviously I never say anything like that. I just blush at my own filthy depraved thoughts and look away quickly, but I'm very "wet"... I imagine the dog knows by instinct and can tell I've been fucked by a dog before and he now wants me himself too, because of my turned on, "bitch on heat" smell.

Silly but that turns me on, a lot.

That's the twist! Everything is "all or nothing" with me! even down to the guilt.

There are no "in between". I honestly never get mildly excited or even slightly repulsed. I'm either rampant for it and fantasizing about dogs screwing me or mortified and want to hide away and join a convent, almost suicidal over it all.

Its black or white, no greys. I either think I want to kill myself for what I've done, or shudder with excitement and want to go out, buy a Great Dane and screw it to death.

My feeling about the dog sex incident are Hot or cold, never, ever just warm. Very odd...

1 - First the facts...

Ben belongs to my married older sister and I've looked after him once a year for about six years while they go on holiday. Nothing even remotely sexy had ever occurred with him prior to that Summer.

I may have stared at it his red penis when it showed out, but more in curiosity as it just looked so different but I never once dreamed of touching it, the very thought of it would have mortified me then.

He once tried to jump up on me while playing and his penis rubbed up against me. He was just playing, not getting "sexy" at all.

(I never knew dogs would want do with a human female.)

The last thing it did was turn me on either, I was disgusted that his wet penis had touched my bare leg. I was horrified and went off for a hot shower.

In all the times before I'd looked after him for Sue nothing even remotely sexy had ever happened before.

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## **2 - How it all started off.**

Everything all happened on just one hot July night. Ben was actually due to go back home to Sue's the next day. At the time Michael was home from Saudi for a months leave and as usual we were spending it mostly in bed. We are both highly sexed, liberated and we did often fantasise verbally together in bed, about anything that we thought of, imagination or real. (Mostly made up threesomes, both sexes, and scenes of me "stretching" my pussy with big bottles, candles etc.) (This sounds awfully like mitigation but I'm simply explaining how 'easily' the bestiality happened.)

Mike and I were then a "couple" but he spent about nine months a year abroad, Xmas with his aged Mum but the rest at my flat. Long separations and phone fantasies were all a part of our sex life.

He was 35 and I was 39. He often liked to hear me verbalise my account of my only, (brief) lesbian affair over and over, he even wanted me to experiment with another one but I can't afford to be gossiped about afterwards. (I didn't mind relating it for him however, it was nice exciting him.) This is why I often used to dress up sexily for him and then masturbate with bottles, sex toys, candles etc. anything he suggested in fact. I liked "teasing" him.

That's really how the whole dog thing all came about, me teasing Mike to get him sexy again.

Ben was staying with me for two weeks in July as he had done for years while my sister Sue went on holiday.

We had been out drinking earlier. When we got back Ben was allowed a quick run outside and then locked in the kitchen. We had sex in the living room of the flat. Mike can be, shall we say, a little 'quick'. This is one of the reasons I rarely (if ever) come during actual straight sex with him.

He climaxed in a few minutes as usual, taking the chequered flag just as I was leaving the pits and it left me more than a little "deflated", fuelled up, foot to the floor but race over. He had taken off all my clothes but I didn't put on anything on again, I just slipped through for my dressing gown and sat in that, coming back down slowly and sipping a glass of red wine thoughtfully, hoping that Mike might yet get his second wind and come back again for a repeat performance. I certainly got that! Far more than I bargained for.

I was very tipsy and was laid back when Michael opened the kitchen door and Ben wandered back in. He came over to me curiously and snuffled up into my open gown sniffing at my naked vagina and then giving it a curious lick.

I hurriedly closed my legs pushing his nose away but Michael grabbed my hand, and laughed,

"Spoilsport, he can smell that you're still randy and wanting more, let him have a little lick at you, you can't get enough when I do it and his tongue is much longer than mine"

(I do like oral but Mike doesn't do it often, or if he does he never does it for very long.) I could sense his sudden revived interest and the renewed sexual excitement rubbed off on me too. 'Mmm, ' I thought, 'round two coming up perhaps'?

I knew he and his mates had watched all kinds of blue videos in Saudi because he had told me about them, lesbian ones, some bestiality ones with dogs, and even small ponies copulating with women so being tipsy I relaxed, just laid back and parted my knees for Ben's nose thinking;

"What the hell, I'll give Mike a 'treat' watching Ben lick me, if he'll do it ", (Just like a vibrator 'show' etc. that Mike loved watching me do for him.)

"I'll pretend I'm loving it. he might get all sexy then and want to fuck me again himself."

When I slumped back Ben smelled at me then started gently licking at my vagina, it felt weird, far different to a man doing it but he soon became less gentle and started pushing hard at me with his nose. I was 'pretending' at first by moaning as if I was loving it. As he got excited he became rougher, suddenly I nearly leapt out of the chair as he found my clitoris and nuzzled it really hard, after that the acting stopped, I was loving it.

I just couldn't help myself as I started panting and then I involuntarily moved my hand down to my clit to 'help' and opened my legs wider for him for get at all of me, and get at all of me he certainly did.

To say I was aroused is an understatement, after he'd licked me for five minutes I was simply "gaga".

The fact that Michael was watching me responding and physically shaking now with excitement himself made me even worse. His head was down close watching how Ben was licking me.

He kept asking stupid questions like, "Is it nice" when I was panting so hard I couldn't even answer him.

I think I managed a few, "Ah, mm, yea, ah, mm... yes " moans in reply. (It was). Mike suddenly started trying to encourage me to turn face down over the couch with my knees on the floor.

(I may have been very naive here in not seeing the next chapter coming up but I was honestly more concerned that he was holding Ben back by the collar and the dog had stopped licking me than what Mike was trying to make me do next. I was on the verge of coming and I was loving it.)

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### **3 - Going the whole Hog. (or rather, Dog)**

"Don't stop him licking, let him to it again, please" I pleaded with Mike, but he held Ben fast by his collar, away from my pussy.

"Let him lick the whole of your cunt from the back," he whispered and I eagerly responded and as I went over onto my knees with my backside in the air Ben started to lick between my legs again. This time his long tongue was massaging and lapping into the whole of me, not only my vagina but my anus too, a first time for that being licked and it was making me feel incredibly sexy as his tongue bored into me.

It sent me into a sort of sexual coma at the sheer thought that here I was on my knees offering both intimate openings to a randy dog to slobber over, it made me even worse, I felt just like a 'bitch on heat'.

Suddenly Ben decided that's just what I was and with no warning at all jumped up onto my back. He started thrusting hard, trying to get his dick into me. (I can't remember this but Mike swears I then panted,

"Go on boy, that's it, push it up me, yes, fuck me, fuck me."

Exactly those words he says.

If I did then it was a Freudian slip. I meant I was aching for full sex after being excited so much and I wanted Mike's cock.

I obviously wanted to feel a hard penis back in me, but expected it would be Mike's not Ben's.

I honestly didn't know then that Ben could or would want to fuck me properly. What I really think I meant, even in my desperately acute sexual excitement was, " Yes, fuck me, Mike"

Next I just felt Ben's pointed cock stabbing at me like a hard wooden pencil, slipping up me just inside the swollen lips of my vagina and then back out again, that would obviously makes any woman aroused and then want to feel it up inside her properly.

I don't know or care what I was moaning for next at this point but I readily admit I wanted fucking. I had been on the edge of a climax for nearly five minutes, I just needed a hard cock, especially the one slipping tantalisingly in and out of me.

Ben was going far too wild as he felt the heat of my pussy on his penis but it kept slipping out again in his frenzied thrusting. I reached under and guided him back into me then opened my legs wider.

The next time I felt him thrust inside me I held Ben's legs with my hands and pushed back hard. This time I gave a gasp as I felt him now slide right up inside me properly, all the way and deep up into my pussy.

It still felt like a hard wooden pencil but as he started fucking me really fast I felt his hard little balls slapping against my backside like stones. In seconds the little pencil had expanded more like a banana and was now filling me. It was nothing like a sex toy, I knew this was obviously a real hard male cock pulsing inside me now and wanted to feel every inch of it, I was away sexually now, moaning and panting and almost there.

Ben was no longer a dog, simply a very hard and swollen male fucking me and I pushed myself back and forth on his swollen cock, fucking him back just as hard as he was thrusting it up into me.

Mike was bitter afterwards that I enjoyed it so much, how can I possibly deny that? I lead up to climax very noisily and obviously did so then with the dog ramming furiously into me.

I have experienced the feel of several males inside my body, but Ben felt by far the hardest yet. I was shuddering as I tried to impale myself further onto that swollen cock.

Almost at the start I'd felt him ejaculating slightly, it felt hot, very hot and he didn't stop like a man would have done. He carried on thrusting into me really fast for about four or five minutes, I could feel his penis swelling thicker and he seemed to be ejaculating with every push he made. I could feel it splashing up inside me, thinner and much hotter than a man's come feels. I love the feeling of a man spurting hard when he finally does ejaculate at the end, it's so sexy but with the dog it was even more intense, I had felt his cock spurting his come since he'd first got it all the way into me! I was flooded with it and could feel it trickling hot down my legs. It felt so deliciously "filthy"...

He was now fucking me harder and much faster than any man has ever done, suddenly it felt like a huge fist was trying to stretch me apart and I winced in shock as Ben forced that lump into me too, then gave a low growl and slumped motionless across my back. I could now clearly feel his penis still twitching and ejaculating hard against my cervix. That's what made me climax and for several minutes I just shuddered, squirmed back on his hard penis and squeezed my pussy lips around what seemed like a cricket ball jammed just up inside me, stretching my labia apart out of all proportion to any human cock that I'd ever felt up inside me. We had experimented with a big candle with a 'rounded' base that I'd managed to get nearly all into me. It felt like that, more like a pony stretching me apart than a man or a dog. (Well, as I imagine that is! I don't really fancy trying a pony!)

I realized why I was so "full" when I did finally come down to earth again and tried to get out from under him. Ben was physically so swollen up inside me I couldn't pull away from him, he was totally wedged into me. Mike tried to pull him off me, but it hurt me and Ben was wincing too, he was stuck fast and it was hurting him when Mike tried to get him down off me.

"Leave him Mike, please, its hurting me", I gasped and lay with my head down to the floor with Ben collapsed across my back, his swollen cock locked tight inside behind my pelvic bone. I could feel him still spurting into me even after he had been motionless for a few minutes and I started to panic because I tried again and couldn't get my pussy free of him. Mike helped me and pulled him back again and his penis pulled really tightly, pulling me backwards too before dragging out of me with a loud wet plop followed by what really did feel just like me having a pee.

It was all Ben's come running down my inner thighs, much more than a man would come and far thinner. It was weird, we had once played a game where Mike fucked me with a half full Champagne

bottle with the top off and tipped it inside me, this felt uncannily similar now the dog had pulled free, his come was literally running down out of me, just like I was peeing.

My pussy was full of it, my legs and backside were soaked with it all and so too was my dressing gown, the suite and carpet. I felt awful now I'd calmed down, disgusted by all Ben's wet sperm mess everywhere.

Mike dragged Ben back into the kitchen, with his enormously swollen penis hanging down still dripping his come under him and he brought me back a towel, watching as I sheepishly tried to clean myself up with it, trying to avoid his eyes, which had changed and suddenly gone much, much harder.

Mike's voice had changed now, he sounded cold as he kept on asking me silly questions like "Did I really come?", "Would I ever want to do it again?". "Did his cock feel so different?" It was blatantly obvious that he knew all the answers already. Yes, I had loved it, he knew well I had.

I could see the jealousy in his eyes and his condemnation of me starting to flare, even then, almost as soon as he got his breath back from his masturbating, which he had done the whole time Ben fucked me.

He changed now he had come. My crime in his eyes was not having sex with the dog but enjoying it, but I could hardly deny that, he'd seen me.

His attitude made me feel really bad, it may have been wrong and perverted but it had been his idea.

I think Mike's "fantasy" had been more down the lines of me being held down and "abused" by a dog while hating the humiliation of it. The fact that I wore it out banging my pussy onto its cock, almost raped it and came myself too as it ejaculated into me seemingly wasn't in his script.

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#### **4 - The Blame.**

Next day when Sue picked Ben up I was so embarrassed I couldn't even stroke him to say goodbye. She noticed some scratches on my arms and I explained them by saying that he had been over-boisterous and I was fed up of him jumping up but it was far from that, I was still in a guilty daze over my debauchery the night before and more foolishly, half blaming the dog for what I'd done, I hated myself.

I had weeks of torment after that, first the guilt, then the excited fantasies and dreams followed by the guilt again because of them. Mike then showed me a side of him I had never heard or seen before and surprisingly to me he now showed himself up to be a real 100% chauvinist pig.

We had been going rapidly downhill in our relationship, especially the sexual side, ever since the "Ben fuck" episode.

Ridiculously we never discussed it afterwards except he had asked if I was,

"Going to be ok" before he left the next morning.

A week or so later we were starting to make love and I tentatively tried to bring up the subject of 'randy Ben' in pillow talk one night, just to test the waters, and see if it made him sexy, or what... (it did me!)



Suddenly I was a “Perverted, dog fucked slut” and in five minutes Mike was dressed and two streets away at 2am. This is despite it being he who had instigated Ben licking me that night and started off the whole sordid episode in the first place.

He went back to Saudi soon after and we didn’t speak again for several months.

I shut it all out then, totally disgusted at myself and it stayed that way right up to Christmas day, we had barely spoken for months.

Mike spent Xmas with his aged Mum and my own Mother and I went down to my sister Sue’s place in Wales as usual.

I thought I had somehow got to terms with it all in my mind by then, (which was actually the first time I had laid eyes on Ben since the Summer) The dog made a huge fuss of me when we arrived and I could hardly ignore him. I stoked him and despite the enormous guilt I had felt for months I still felt myself shuddering sexually as he fussed at me with obvious enthusiasm, far more than he had fussed over my Mother.

“He really loves you Diane,” said Mum innocently. “He always remembers you!”

I looked down at Ben and suddenly felt totally wicked. I went weak at the knees as I thought,

“He bloody well ought to remember me Mother, he fucked me till my toes curled up six months ago.”

Mum was now trying to hold a conversation about Xmas puddings or something but I was struggling to listen as Ben smelled me then nosed hard at my rapidly dampening crotch through my jeans.

If I had been on my own I think I would have ripped them off, he was now exciting me so much.

“Stop it Ben”, my sister said, “He’s always doing that to people, it’s dead embarrassing.”

“But bloody sexy,” I thought as I literally had to cover up my sexual shudder with a theatrical yawn.

I don’t think it worked or else I’d not been shocked enough because Sue looked at me curiously.

I stayed away from Ben’s sexy nose all that Xmas day but I’m sure she now suspected something, she’d seen my face.

What struck me was the overwhelming feeling that not only was she well aware of exactly what Ben was trying to do to me but worse, why he was trying to do it. Sue is never embarrassed about anything. Normally she is outrageous and would joke about anything and everything, even that.

Why then did she look at me hard and so seriously thoughtful?

Her normal everyday reaction to something like Ben nosing up at my crotch would be a dirty joke such as,

“Brace yourself girl”, or “I usually give him twenty four hours to stop when he does that.” She didn’t do or say anything like that she just gave me a very long serious look.

She seemed to know exactly what Ben was trying to do to me and what he would like to do to me again, given the chance. This then must beg the next question as to how she knew?

I thought about this long and hard and it doesn’t wash that Ben had suddenly decided that he now

fancied human bitches not dogs and decided to make me, not Sue his first attempt to screw one.

Ben had proved he was experienced by not hesitating to have sex with me in any way at all. Surely then someone else must have trained or allowed him to do it. I firmly think it was Sue and Pete, I just dare not ask her. (Perhaps I am trying to find justification in numbers, "Its ok, look, its not just me, everyone is doing it!")

I have calculatedly tried to analyze my extreme excitement over Ben, I simply can't.

All I could do was try to put it out of my mind and forget it, for most of the time I managed to, but I got wet every time I got near him and spent the week in a blur, remembering him fucking me and trying not to show I was randy to anyone.

I was glad when we came home. I managed to clam down again and get him out of my head and my fantasies and forget all about it. I had just about managed it, but...

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## **5 - The aftermath.**

This week its back and so is Ben. All my carefully rehearsed excuses never to have Ben again went upside down with a bang. He's here as I write. Its make your mind up time!

I'm now having to look after Ben again this summer, for two weeks this time with no get outs. I was totally adamant and gave a million reasons why I couldn't have him again this year and Sue had relented. I had got out of boarding him, he was supposedly going into luxury "Canine Lodge Boarding Kennels" this time, until last Friday he was, that is. Now he's here!

Apparently Ben went berserk at the kennels when they tried to leave him there, and totally out of character he actually nipped the girl who went to put his lead on. After that she flatly refused to board him at any price. She said he was vicious. (Absolute rubbish, he is the opposite, a total softie.)

My sister simply came round within hours of her flight, said it was "an emergency," and if I did refuse they would lose their £1000 holiday, she just dumped Ben on me and left for the airport.

Refusing not to have him this year would have just fuelled her fire. She didn't leave me any room for manoeuvre. I could hardly explain why I didn't want him here. I am the obvious dog sitter as I've boarded him since he was a pup, long before this sex thing last year he adored me.

As I reluctantly agreed and took his stuff I realised guilty that she did know something, it was obvious as she looked at me, raised her eyebrows and smiled knowingly over her shoulder as she left,

"Anyway, you'll enjoy having him! Watch he doesn't scratch you again, try socks on his feet!"

It was said half jokingly but I was still mortified that she suspected something and I felt suddenly really ashamed too.

I didn't want him near me this time after she left and I know he could sense it. I didn't even want to stroke him at first and he seemed to try not to fuss me too but I kept looking across at me with sad brown eyes. They kept following me around the room, every time I looked at him they seemed to say

"I don't know why you're being so cool Missy, I have fucked you and you bloody loved it."

The thought of it first repulsed, then excited me and I shuddered despite myself when I realized I was now alone with him for the first time since it had happened. I kept fighting my imagination and excitement all evening, shutting him alone in the kitchen until the sexy, crazy thoughts subsided...

Ben seemed to sense my sexual excitement and pushed his sexy nose into my damp crotch at every opportunity. It was a constant fight not to relax and let him do it but I kept pushing the theme to the back of my mind and Ben away until he finally did get the "no" idea and stopped it.

That was until later that evening when a long distance phone call from Michael in Saudi really upset me.

He was being romantic until he heard Ben bark at a passer by the flat and he asked what the noise was.

I told him truthfully I had Ben here again looking after him. Next thing it was,

"Don't let me keep you then, I'll let you get back down on your knees for him, you dog fucking slut" and he hung up.

I was absolutely bloody furious, how dare he. I supposed it was me planned the dog thing last year too! The chauvinist bastard.

The only game I had ever played with Ben was throw him a Frisbee until Mike decided he would like to watch him licking me. He got me tipsy and first talked me into letting him do it. He was also the one who then tricked me into going onto my knees and going further.

It was he all the way who started all this dog stuff, then couldn't handle his male ego when he realised the dog's hard cock excited me enough to make me come but his floppy dick couldn't! How can I help that?

I would never have dreamed of letting Ben come anywhere near me sexually until Mike had suggested it. All this was his doing and yet he still has the audacity to blame me for it all.

I was livid.

After a large brandy or two I was still feeling sorry for myself and furious with Mike when Ben came up and put his head in my lap, he's a lovely gentle dog and he obviously sensed my upset.

I stroked his ears gently, petting him for the first time since he had arrived and suddenly thought,

"Sod you, Mike you bastard, you're totally convinced I'm doing it with Ben so why the hell should I feel guilty and keep on stopping him"

After making my mind up to "let him" the next time he tried to get at me, I was a little sheepish when I called him over and he showed my crotch no interest at all but flopped straight down next to my chair. I expect he had been given too many "no's" to try again but I felt strangely rejected.

"Dumped by a bloody dog too now," I thought, that's all my bruised ego needs!

Another brandy later I called Ben again, this time I abandoned all decency and shamelessly encouraged him by parting my legs slightly to show him some brief and slightly damp knickers.

He got the message this time, (who isn't trained?) he happily nosed straight up my skirt into the crotch of them. I relaxed and just laid back. After almost a year of fantasizing about him doing just

that to me again it was fantastic and I got extreme satisfaction from the fact that when the phone rang again later I had taken my pants right off and I was rapidly masturbating to a climax with Ben nuzzling away at me frantically. I had my legs over each arm of the chair and my vagina was gaping so much that Ben's tongue and his bulbous nose were actually pushing up inside me, (that feeling really DOES take some beating, a lab's nose is, well, actually quite big.

He must have licked me for a good ten minutes until I shuddered to a climax that was far, far better than my fingers doing it, it was fantastic, yes, the unanswered call was from Mike.

I checked the line call back later. It was Saudi!

"Sorry Michael, you were just one orgasm too late."

I unplugged the phone to make sure that if Mike phoned back again he would just get a ringing tone.

I felt weird next day but not having gone too far this time I didn't really feel guilty and I still had that overwhelming well being and 'glow' that (for me) can only come from a real special orgasm.

It was Sunday and I drove out of town and took Ben for a long walk along a lovely canal towpath.

We stopped at a pub called the Barge with a riverside garden where dogs were allowed. It was waiter service only but it was early and very quiet and I flirted outrageously with the young waiter who made a big fuss of Ben. He brought him a bowl of water without being asked and then gave him almost a full bag crisps that someone had left behind on a table.

He kept standing over our table talking to Ben and pretending that he wasn't really trying to look down my loose fitting summer dress with no bra but I'm old enough to know he definitely was.

Despite him being half my age I was still feeling very cheeky and I then ensured he got a very good look at my breasts and noted the effect on his trousers when he went off to serve an old couple.

Ben had gone under the table for shade and he must have noticed I was feeling cheeky too because a wet nose suddenly pushed in my crotch and I hurriedly closed my knees to stop him.

The waiter had just brought out the old couples drinks and when he threw me a cheeky look as he came past I felt outrageously wicked and wondered just how far I dare go in teasing him.

There was no-one else in the garden and we were a long way from home so gambling that he would look back at me again as soon as he turned around from the old couple I parted my legs and half closed my eyes, knowing full well that Ben would probably dive straight back up into my crotch again and the dog did exactly that, straight back between my legs to my damp patch.

As he turned the waiter was treated to the full sight of Ben between my legs under the table with his head right up under my short loose dress. His eyes widened and he almost dropped his tray.

The only trouble was that the old gentleman had turned too and glanced across my way. He saw Ben's head go up my dress, at first he just looked amused and then almost choked on his drink as it suddenly dawned on him too what I was allowing the dog's head up under my dress do to me.

The embarrassed waiter walked past me like a zombie and I grabbed Ben's lead and we fled, leaving my drink still on the table. Even if they did tell the tale, who would believe them I thought wickedly as I let Ben free of the leash and ran with him like a teenager along the canal bank.

I felt like a teenager too, knowing Ben wanted me too was an exciting sexual aphrodisiac to me but more powerful had been my brief venture into exhibitionism back at the pub. I was 'buzzing', crazy but I went back in time. It felt almost like the heady feeling of first sex and being "in Love"

Thanking my stars we were miles from home I put a happy Ben in the car and drove home.

I was still in a highly excited state and I let my hand wander under my loose dress once or twice on the way, while talking sexy excited rubbish to Ben who was jumping around and whining in the back.

"You want to fuck my pussy again don't you? " I crooned to him. "You're a randy old bastard, have you got a hard on again boy? I'm getting this hot pussy all ready for you to lick again, it feels lovely and wet for you."

Since I had let Ben make me come again the night before my libido had been ruling me, I had thought about nothing but sex constantly all day and the pub episode with the waiter had made me even worse. I was rampant and Ben knew it. It took all my strength to hold him down and stop him getting up my dress again as I fumbled about for my key and let us into the flat.

I closed the curtains and Ben pranced excitedly around me knowing full well what was coming as I stripped totally naked. "Oh good, she wants it again now", his excited tail wagged back at me.

I lay on the floor keeping my knees together but still let him lick at any other naked part of me he wanted to get to. He didn't disappoint me. I was hot and sweaty from the running and he licked my armpits, neck, feet, and breasts, he almost drove me crazy when his rough tongue licked across my sensitive nipples but he was only tasting my sweat and soon moved on. When I turned onto my side he soon got into my backside and never moved on once he tasted my vagina, he knows first hand what that is for and he tried time and time again to paw me into turning over onto my knees so he could mount me. He stood astride me with his pelvis thrusting into nothing and his cock rubbing over my hip bone. The poor dog was absolutely desperate to fuck me.

I rolled onto my back let him get to me a lick my cunt properly again and he obliged as usual and I masturbated as he licked away at me like the expert he is. He still wanted to fuck me and kept on stopping to stand over me thrusting away hopefully at nothing. Feeling sorry for him I finally got hold of his penis as he stood over me and gently masturbated him with one hand while I did it to myself with the other. Now there's a blue movie I thought as I caught sight of my reflection in the video cabinet door of me jacking the dog off all over my belly and breasts with one hand while I friggd myself frantically to a climax too with the other.

Two years ago I showered because his cock touched my bare leg, here I was pulling him off and feeling his hot come splashing all over my body.

The sight was so sexy I did come too, shuddering hard in excitement as I watched him coming all over my breasts but as I showered afterwards I was instantly regretting that I hadn't let him fuck me too, I really had wanted to feel his hard cock swelling up deep inside me again.

I still desperately want him to fuck me again, I need his cock after all this foreplay. I'm just still too scared to let him.

When his cock swelled up and got wedged in me that time it felt much bigger than a man, how many men feel fist size? It was unbelievably sexy as I came but if Mike had not been there I'm sure I would have panicked. It may sound bizarre but although its frightening it still feels incredibly sexy having a living cock actually "wedged" up inside your vagina, so swollen up that even the dog can't pull it back out again.

Sexy but scary! I simply dare not risk it, I've read up cases now and women have even been injured, torn by the dog getting off them...

I really do wish I dare do it again, on my own. I want to but I'm really just too nervous to try, it's the "getting stuck" bit, that's all that stops me.

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## **6 - Reflections**

I don't think my latest sessions with the dog have harmed me, its very sexy, and I have now come to terms with it. It hurts no one, especially Ben, he'll just lick me for hours if I let him and I can't honestly even see that this is remotely wrong if I can live with it and he likes doing it so much.

I may be wrong morally but in the eyes of the law I'm not in the wrong unless I do let Ben actually fuck me again. I'm just praying that my inhibitions won't break down further or I might just let him.

I don't doubt for a second that I would come again as soon as I felt him swelling up and coming inside me and as I remember rightly from his satisfied grunts as he collapsed exhausted over my back I don't think he'd vote for it being wrong either. Ben honestly enjoyed our sex as much me.

You have the full tale now, sordid, debauched but I'm sorry. Perverted or not I can't help wanting to feel that sexy male dog cock fucking me again, I am just frightened to do it.

This story is not fantasy, if anything I missed some of the more perverse bits out.

I'm at the crossroads and have Ben here for yet another ten days. I'm getting nearer and nearer full sex very time he licks me, which so far has been almost every day.

I WANT him, so badly. So do I call it quits and stop, or go for what I want and I know Ben desperately wants too?

**The End**