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BEASTIALITY STORIES



On my profile on Beast Forum there were two pictures, the first of a woman with her feet up, knees spread touching herself as she watches dog porn.



The second is of a woman blindfolded, naked and on all fours, arms spread at a fireplace with a Doberman straining at the leash behind her. (My profile picture on Zooville.)



Neither of the pictures is me however I was asked by someone if I had ever considered writing a story about those two pictures. Never one to resist a challenge this is the end result, hope you enjoy it.

I knew it was wrong, but like a drug I couldn't stop watching dog porn, I knew that this addiction would have consequences and this is my confession.

I found it one day by accident and ever since that day when I stumbled across the first picture of a woman being mounted by a large black dog, not a day went past where I didn't fantasise about being fucked by a dog. Over the months I pulled together a huge collection of pictures, stories and videos, all in secret without my husband knowing.

I have lurked in chat rooms discussing how it would feel to be mounted and fucked, just used like a bitch in heat. Even now as I am writing this my pussy is wet, my nipples erect and having to write one-handed as I touch my engorged clit gently.

I guess to start I should tell you a little about myself, my name isn't important but just so you know I am 27 and happily married to a very nice man. We have no children, yet, and I work in a local branch of a household name bank and my husband is an accountant for a large accountancy firm in the city. We are buying our first house which is an old Victorian property which we are slowly renovating using tradesmen sparingly to preserve our cash.

I was a virgin until I met my husband and we waited until we were married before having sex for the first time. I don't wear outrageous or flirty clothes and live what I feel is a respectable and quiet life in public but behind closed doors things are different.

That fateful day six months ago I was on my day off, the joys of flexitime, and indulging in my favourite hobby, dog porn chatting. I remember the conversation well, his name was Victor and his opening line was "I have a Doberman that would love to cover you." Those words sent shivers through me and without conscious thought I opened my knees and began to chat as I stroked my

naked pussy lips. Over the course of the next few hours, I must have orgasmed ten times as he described his boy in detail and what he would do to me and how it would feel. Then he turned on his camera and the face that stared at me was an older man with short cropped hair and piercing eyes that reminded me of Daniel Craig as James Bond. I loved the way he reassured me that I didn't need to turn my camera on as he spun his camera to rest upon a beautiful Doberman in fantastic condition.

"Don't show your face, but can you show Rocky what one day he might have," he said in a calm and reassuring voice. I took the camera and held it carefully under the desk before turning it on, pointing it at my naked and open pussy. It would have been quite clear by my puffy lips that I had been touching and when Victor asked me what I had been thinking about I had to tell him. As I heard my own words tumbling from the speakers I could feel myself getting hotter and hotter and just had to touch.

With Victor's words of encouragement, I started to finger myself and alternated with rubbing my now engorged clit. Victor kept his camera trained on Rocky who sat patiently, with his tongue hanging out, panting slightly as if he knew what was going on. I remember Victor asking me if I wanted Rocky and my fingers working faster as I moaned 'yes' over and over, my orgasm building until I came shuddering and soaking my fingers.

Over the next few weeks we chatted, and I played, as Victor explained how he saw it as his mission to help women achieve their deepest desires. When he asked about my deepest fantasy I described how I would like to be taken like a bitch in heat and fucked hard. We established that I would not be unfaithful to my husband with a man but a dog was different and he reassured me that it would only be Rocky that fucked me, no one else. Eventually, we decided to try to progress matters and when I gave Victor my address to our pleasant surprise it turned out we were only 20 miles apart. We arranged a date and time and I told him the key would be under the mat and I would be waiting for Rocky to fulfil my fantasy and dreams.

I recall tying the blindfold around my eyes and having already stripped kneeling in front of the fireplace. Grasping the hearth I pushed my ass into the air and waited, my heart beating like a caged bird in my chest. Pressing my breasts to the cold marble I felt shivers run through me as I heard the door open and knew that this was my moment of truth. The door to the living room opened and the slight breeze of colder air brushed across my ass cheeks raising some goosebumps.

At that moment I had a rush of panic as I wondered if this was Victor, was this Rocky, would this happen or was I a fool when I heard the click of claws on the hard floor. Although I couldn't see I knew that was Rocky and I knew that I ached to be his bitch. I heard the click of a camera capturing that moment forever and I arched my cunt, a word I don't use often but it seemed so right to say it, yes I arched my cunt towards the doorway, my breath coming in short pants of anticipation.

Rocky came closer, he was silent but I could tell he was closer as I felt his heat and then his breath on my open cunt. I nearly orgasmed at that moment as he sniffed his bitch, inhaling my scent and my desire travelling into his nostrils. Deciding he liked what he saw and smelt his next tester was to taste and the long rough tongue that rasped along my pussy lips dragged a long groan of primaevial lust from my mouth. The taste was clearly pleasing as he began to feast on my pussy, his tongue seeking and finding the copious flow of juices emanating from my body.

Deciding his bitch was ready, which I most certainly was, Rocky rose up and placed his paws on either side of my hips. To my frustration, the stabs of his cock slid along my ass cheeks leaving a wet trail of his pre-cum until in annoyance he dismounted and moved away. Victor hadn't spoken, as we agreed, but I knew he was there when I felt the tap of a leather handle against my cheeks indicating

I should lower my ass. Following this unspoken command, I lowered my hips and felt his strong palm gently tap my ass with a clicking of his tongue to encourage Rocky to mount again.

The second time Rocky jabbed with more accuracy and with a thrust that drove the very breath from my body slammed his cock into my willing cunt. Victor had described it, I had read about it, I had seen videos but nothing prepared me for that feeling. It was like my whole world had shrunk in focus to that small area between my legs and that every nerve ending in my body was there as well. Rocky's cock was harder, bigger and warmer than I could have imagined and at the moment it slammed home the first orgasm tore through my body like a raging forest fire. Rocky then set off on a sprint of fucking that hammered his cock into me with no regard for my feelings or reactions. I couldn't speak, there were no words to describe it, it was just a stream of yeses repeated over and over.

I could feel what I knew to be his knot banging against my pussy lips demanding entry, insisting that he could possess his bitch and bred her. It was like an explosion in my brain as his knot went in and I mewled like a wounded animal as I opened to accept him and give myself to him and his movements stopped as the first jet of hot cum splashed my insides coating my womb with his seed. Jet after jet followed spraying my insides sending waves of pleasure through me as I orgasmed on his knot like the bitch I was.

I lay with my face pressed against the marble panting in time with Rocky's panting as he drooled onto my back waiting until the moment was right to pull away and leave an aching void in my pussy. As he pulled away there was a loud plopping noise followed by the splash of his cum spurting from my body. I remember feeling and hearing the cum dripping slowly from my pussy to join the rest of the puddle between my knees as I remained in position savouring that moment.

I heard the door close and the house fell silent as they left leaving me, knowing that this was a journey that I had only just begun.

Over the next few months Victor and I settled into a comfortable routine, we would chat, and cam and I would perform for him and Rocky, often using the dog dildo he had bought me. Then on my days off Victor would bring Rocky to my house and in silence let himself in and then Rocky would fuck me and leave.

Then disaster struck, well disaster for me. Victor, and of course Rocky had to leave the area for work and moved 200 miles away.

Victor would often ask me if I had told my husband and encouraged me to do so, as keeping secrets in a marriage has many dangers. I was torn, on the one hand, I wanted to tell my husband, but in other ways, I was too embarrassed. In one of our cam sessions Victor came up with an idea that I couldn't stop thinking about, why didn't I make a video and let my husband see it and would have the added benefit of making money for the renovations to the house.

The idea grew and the first thought was to use Rocky but as Victor explained that would be totally impractical due to distances unless of course, I wanted to tell my husband before and then we could come up together. I knew that telling my husband would be a make-or-break decision and had a clear plan on how to do it.

Victor put me in touch with a very experienced director-producer who had a very experienced german shepherd called King and it was a few weeks after that I found myself outside the front door of a small secluded cottage surrounded by bushes. The production crew were so kind and all of them

were insistent that above all else I enjoy me with King. Robin, the director-producer explained that the best way he had found was for me to spend a day with King enjoying his company and then they would cut together the finished article from the footage. After completing the paperwork, they took me outside and into a large double garage that had been converted into a film studio and sitting in his basket observing me silently was the most magnificent beast I had seen.

Around the walls were pictures of other women King was in various stages of copulating with and the first thing that struck me as I stripped was just how big King was, not just physically but also in the cock department. Robin explained how King was large for his breed and his cock had been measured at nearly 10 inches including the knot. I remember him telling me some story about how King's previous female owner had given him to Robin, assuring him he was well trained in pleasuring women, and by the looks, on their faces, she wasn't lying.

My pussy responded to the words by starting to get damp as it had been 3 months since the last time Rocky had covered me and I was aching for it. Clearly, my scent must have reached King's sensitive nose as a quick sniff in the air and he was up and over to me checking for the source of the scent. I remember Robin telling me to stay on the extra large blanket in the centre of the room, but after that, I have no conscious memory of anything he or the crew said, my only focus was King's cock that was growing from his sheath.

I knelt and looked into a pair of the kindest yet most dominant eyes I have ever seen in my life and with no words passing between us he told me I was his bitch. My body was already way ahead and my juices were flowing freely down my inner thighs as I lay on my back before him, opening my legs. He devoured my pussy, his tongue lapping and licking from my ass to my clit in eager strokes sending me into shock waves of orgasms. As I arched my ass off the blanket to his tongue.

Twisting around on the floor his cock was next to my face, his pre-cum flowing freely as he stood like a furry statue allowing me to devote my ministrations to his wonderful cock. It was the first time I had tasted a dog cock as Rocky had always fucked me without me even seeing the size of his cock. The taste was bitter yet strangely addictive, perhaps made even more so by the thought that I was sucking a dog's cock and someone was filming this. I even took his cock from my mouth and smeared the tip across my face making sure it left trails of seed for all to see. This made it even hornier to me and I swear to this day that as I worked even harder on his cock he actually made a doggy moan of pleasure.

I knew that King was bigger than Rocky and my whole body burned with desire wanting to feel him inside me, possessing me, owning me totally. Rolling to my hands and knees I presented myself and patted my cheeks with encouragement. Not that King needed any as he rose majestically and thrust forward seeking my pussy that was more than ready to receive him. I had already reached under ready to guide him and as I felt the tip brush against my fingers I guided him to the promised land.

It was like a flesh baseball bat had been rammed inside me and if I hadn't got my hand back down quick the sheer ferocity would have slammed me to the floor. Bracing as best I could against this assault King literally battered my insides into submission as he drove his cock in and out with passion and intention that sent my head into orbit. I have no idea if he meant to but as I orgasmed on his cock for what seemed like the hundredth time he slipped out leaving me empty, my mews of unintelligible frustration filling the room as I begged him to remount me and use his bitch again. Then in a flash he was on me and fucked me hard and fast before finally driving the knot deep in, almost causing me to pass out with pleasure and pain, his hot seed spurting deep inside me until he was sated.

After he had pulled out I just knelt there panting as if I had just run a marathon with my pussy on

full display waiting until King wanted to mount me again. Over the course of the next few hours King fucked me many times, each time bringing forth multiple orgasms until finally, neither of us could continue and I remember slipping into a semi-coma as one of the production crew threw a blanket over me.

Robin was hyper enthusiastic saying that he had plenty of footage and would be working on putting together the final version that afternoon. We agreed on the date and time he would send a copy to me for approval and at the same time a copy to my husband as I had requested.

The video was released today and this is why I am sitting here watching myself on screen being fucked by a German shepherd as I give my confession. It is my moans filling the bedroom and I can't resist lifting my legs onto the computer table where the screen is mounted and touching myself. As my on-screen excitement grows I reach for the doggy dildo and push it deep inside and at the same time hear the front door open and footsteps on the stairs.

It is silent behind me and knowing it must be my husband to deliver his thoughts, I don't turn but fuck myself harder and deeper. As I cum loudly in synchronisation with my on-screen self, I hear the click of my husband's camera to capture the moment and him utter the words I hoped I would hear, "I love you baby, let's get our own dog."