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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Bonnie's remark caught me off-guard.

"My next dog is going to have a big tongue."

My girlfriend's little beagle was enthusiastically licking her hand when she said it. We had been drinking tequila. Alcohol always makes Bonnie more uninhibited, but even so I was a little shocked at what she had said.

"Why's that?" I asked, trying to sound naive.

"Because they say you can train a dog to do anything," she replied with an impish smile.

"I hear peanut butter works well," I offered, dropping all pretense of not understanding what she meant.

"I'll have to remember that," she laughed.

Bonnie frequently made risqué comments when she drank. I was never quite sure how serious she was. I think shocking me and keeping me guessing was part of the enjoyment she got out of it.

She was anything but a prude. She had two teenage sons living at home, but that didn't keep her from sucking my cock in every room of the house even when they might be coming home at any time. She also had a streak of exhibitionism. One dark night I suggested fucking on a chair on her outside deck. She got off on that big time.

The next time I came over she had put the chair back in the same position on the deck and took me out to show it to me - only it was the middle of the day! She pulled down my pants and opened her housedress to show me that she had nothing on underneath. She then straddled me in broad daylight where any of her neighbors might have seen us and fucked her brains out.

But the comment about the dog I assumed was just shock-talk. Then a week later she repeated it.

We were in the park when a lady walked by with a black Labrador. "Once the kids are gone I'm going to get a big dog," she said.

I picked up my cue. "Why?" I asked.

Without hesitation she replied, "Because big dogs have big tongues."

"They also have big other things," I said. "You'd have to be careful not to get him too excited or you might get more than you bargained for."

"Oooh, raped by a dog, that would be terrible." But the way she said "terrible" made it sound more like she meant "exciting."

I decided to call her bluff. "I'm thinking of getting a dog," I said casually.

"How big of a dog?" she asked.

"How big a dog do you think you can handle?" I replied.

"As big as they come," she said with a smirk.

Although the thought of watching Bonnie let a dog lick her snatch – or more – was exciting, I wasn't really willing to buy a dog based on what could turn out to be her bullshitting me.

What I did do though, was start doing some research. On the Internet I had seen an occasional picture of a woman getting fucked by a dog, so now I started a concentrated search. I found some newsgroups and sites devoted specifically to women having sex with animals.

I decided that the next step would be to buy one of the dog-fucking videos and show it to Bonnie. I figured that her reaction to seeing the real thing would tell me how serious she was.

The video I bought was an amateur one. In the professional ones you couldn't tell if the 'oohing' and 'aahing' was for real, but in the one I picked out it was clearly not an actress performing. Instead it was a regular woman getting fucked by her dog and really getting off on it.

The next time that Bonnie was at my place for the evening, after a few drinks, I put the tape on the VCR. The movie began with an attractive woman stripping in front of a dog. Bonnie's eyes got wide. "Is she really going to do it?" she asked. "Wait and see." was all I said.

As the big black dog started licking the woman's pussy and the camera went in for a close-up, you could hear the slurping noises mingled with the moans of pleasure coming from the woman.

"I wish your tongue was as big as his," she wisecracked.

"I wish my cock was as big as his," I replied. She looked over at me to see if I was kidding.

"Watch," I said. A few minutes later the dog's cock came bobbing into view. It was a good eight inches long, thick and bright red with blue veins bulging out.

"Wow!" was all Bonnie said, but then she hiked up her skirt, pulled aside her panties and started to rub herself.- all the while keeping her eyes glued to the screen..

By now the woman in the video was completely naked and getting down on her hands and knees. "I don't believe it!" Bonnie gasped. "She's really going to do it."

The dog jumped up on the woman's back and made several stabs at her pussy with his big cock. Finally she reached back, guided him in, and let out a moan. The camera caught the dog's cock disappearing into her cunt.

At this point I could tell that Bonnie was really identifying with the woman on the screen because she started sliding two fingers in and out of her pussy in rhythm with the dog's humping. She and the woman were moaning in unison now. Bonnie reached her orgasm first and let out a groan – the dog and the woman continued fucking for a while longer.

When the dog finally pulled out, you could see that his cock had gotten even bigger and now had a large knot at the base. A river of cum gushed out of the distended pussy on the screen.

"Look at all that cum!" Bonnie said, sounding impressed.

After the video ended I asked her what she thought of it. "I liked it!" she said emphatically.

"Enough to try it yourself?" I asked.

"Let me watch it again," she said.

At the end of the second viewing she said that she might want to do it but only under certain conditions. It had to be completely secret and she had to be free to change her mind at any time, no matter what.

I agreed and told her that I would contact someone with a trained dog, out-of-state. No last names. We could travel there anonymously.

That week I responded to a personal ad in one of the newsgroups devoted to bestiality. It was a couple in a nearby state who said they had a large, well-trained dog. Both Bonnie and I spoke to them over the phone until she was satisfied that it was safe and legitimate. We made arrangements to visit the couple, Bob and Marge, the next weekend.

It was a long drive and the closer we got to our destination, the more nervous Bonnie seemed to get. I was thinking maybe she was going to change her mind. When we pulled in their driveway I asked her if she still wanted to go through with it. In reply, she reached up under her skirt and pulled off her panties. She hung them on the rear view mirror and said, "Let's do it," as she opened the car door.

The doorbell was answered by a couple in their forties. Bob was an average looking guy. Marge was an attractive brunette with big tits, a small waist and a big ass. She was wearing a sun dress and I could tell she had nothing on underneath.

After a little small talk and a couple rounds of drinks. Bob said why don't we go downstairs and meet Bruno. The basement had a mattress on the floor with a large mixed breed dog on it. I noticed he already had booties on his front paws. Bruno immediately came over and stuck his nose under Bonnie's skirt.

She was wearing a short dress, thigh highs and her panties were back in the car. The thought of what lay ahead must have gotten her pussy wet because Bruno definitely smelled something he wanted.

"I think he likes you," Marge said with a laugh.

"I think he likes my pussy," Bonnie responded.

"Why don't you give him a better look at it," Bob said to encourage her.

Bonnie didn't need much encouragement. The liquor had had its usual effect on her. She pulled the dress off over her head, lay down on the mattress and spread her legs wide open.

Bruno immediately went to work with his big tongue. I could tell Bonnie was getting worked up - her face was flushed and her nipples were stiff.

As I looked over I saw that Bob and Donna were removing their clothes, so I did the same. Both Bob and I had boners. Donna stood between us and put a hand on her husband's dick, then to my surprise she reached over with her free hand and held my cock too.

Bonnie looked over at the three of us and smiled. I could tell that she liked the idea of performing in front of an audience.

The dog continued his licking and soon Bonnie was thrashing her head back and forth. She let out a

groan and I knew she was coming.

"Wow!" she said afterwards. "That was great. I need a few minutes to catch my breath."

As she rested Marge continued to lightly stroke both Bob's cock and mine.

After a few minutes Bonnie said, "Okay what's next?"

"That's up to you," Donna replied. "Bruno's ready for anything." She pointed to the dog's hind quarters. He was sporting a boner bigger than either Bob's or mine.

"You can fuck him or suck him," Marge said.

Cock-sucking wasn't something that was in the video I had shown Bonnie and I could tell that she was surprised by the suggestion. She was at a momentary loss for words, but quickly collected herself and said, "I want to get fucked... doggie-style."

"Then get on your hands and knees," Marge said.

As she started to get down I walked over and gave her a quick kiss. "Wait your turn," she said teasingly. "Bruno gets to go first."

With that she got down on all fours.

Bruno came over immediately and started sniffing her backside. Bob knelt next to them and then motioned me over. "Open her up," he said.

Bonnie's pussy was sopping wet. I used two fingers to spread her outer lips. At the same time Bob placed Bruno on her back and guided his dog's cock into her waiting pussy.

She groaned, "Oh my God!" as it went in. Once he felt the inside of her cunt Bruno wasted no time ramming in his full eight inches of dog meat. Bonnie let out a yelp and scooted forward involuntarily on her hands and knees. Bruno stayed with her. He had his front paws wrapped tightly around her waist - he wasn't about to let his bitch get away.

The dog was fucking her so fast it was hard to follow. Bonnie was moaning with pleasure or pain - or both.

I noticed the knot in Bruno's cock had bulged out by now and Bonnie was pushing back against it as he fucked her. Suddenly the knot went inside of her. Bonnie screamed and began to shake convulsively with her orgasm. After another minute of humping Bruno stopped and just held steady.

Bob said, "He's getting his rocks off now." The dog seemed intent on pumping as much of his sperm into her as possible. "My God," Bonnie said "He just keeps coming!"

Bruno stayed on her back for about five minutes. When he finally pulled out I could see his cock had swelled to a good nine inches and his knot was almost the size of a tennis ball. Bonnie fell forward on the mattress and then rolled over on her back. Her legs were splayed open and the dog jism was running out her pussy and down into the crack of her ass.

Marge walked over to her saying, "All that good cum going to waste." She then knelt in between Bonnie's legs and started to lap up the dog cum as it ran out.

As Bonnie felt the tongue she propped herself up on her elbows and looked down at what was

happening. Bonnie had always said she wasn't interested in sex with another woman, but she didn't do anything to stop Marge. Either she liked what was happening or she was too tired to object - or maybe she was just being a good guest.

After several minutes of having Marge eat her pussy, Bonnie was getting worked up again. As Bob led the dog over to her she put her hand behind Bruno's knot, held it and looked closely at what had so recently been inside of her. I wondered if she was actually going to go so far as to take the animal's cock in her mouth.

Bonnie moved her face closer and opened her mouth. At first she just touched Bruno's cock with her tongue. Then she gave a tentative lick down the length of his cock. Then she made an O with her lips and let just the tip go into her mouth.

She looked over at me to see what effect her actions were having. It was almost like she was competing for attention with Marge by topping the depravity of her act. The next thing I knew she slid her mouth all the way down the dog's cock until it had disappeared up to the knot.

My cock was ready to explode. Seeing my condition Marge crawled over to me on her hands and knees.

She slowly slid my cock into her mouth and then out again. I glanced back and forth between the two women - watching my cock slide into Marge's mouth and then watching my girlfriend's mouth slowly engulf Bruno purple monster.

Marge motioned Bob over behind her and with her free hand reached back and guided his cock into her pussy while she continued to suck me off. It was like she and Bonnie were competing to see who could be the biggest slut.

Bonnie was sliding the animal's cock in and out of her mouth. Juice was running out of her mouth and down the side of her chin. I couldn't tell if it was her saliva or dog cum. Then as she pulled Bruno out to run her tongue down his shaft, I could see that his cock was spurting a spray out its tip. Then her mouth swallowed him again.

At that moment I shot my wad into Marge's mouth. It mingled there with Bruno's sperm, and Bonnie's pussy juice. Bob came a few moments later. Bonnie continued to suck Bruno's cock till it went dry. Then we all collapsed on the mattress together in an exhausted heap.

On the drive back home Bonnie said, "Well, are you going to buy that dog or not?"

"Sure," I said. "What shall I get - a Chihuahua?"

"Chihuahua, my ass!" she laughed. "I want a big dog!"

The End