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BEASTIALITY STORIES



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"You did what?" I asked Jim, in total shock.

"You heard me. I fucked the dog while you were gone."

And here's how we got to that point:

My boyfriend, Jim, and I were laying in bed together that afternoon, buck naked, and pawing away at each other's private parts, getting ready to have some serious sex.

And I should mention that my pussy was already unusually moist. I had just come back from spending a whole week without having sexual intercourse, which for me was at least five or six days too long.

Oh sure, I had masturbated late night in my hotel room several times throughout the previous week. But that was only because I have always been one horny little bitch. And once I get naked under the sheets, all bets are off. My hands just somewhat naturally move down into my crotch at some point, and automatically begin the process of rubbing one out.

However, for me, sex is—and has always been—all about "fucking." And by the time I left to fly back home, I was missing my boyfriend's dick something fierce.

At any rate, Jim had taken that afternoon off from work, so that he could pick me up at the airport, and drive us both back home. It was around 2:00 in the afternoon when we walked into the front door of our house and dumped my luggage down on the floor in the living room.

Then our clothes immediately began flying off, in many directions, as we were making a beeline for our master bedroom, and hopping on top of our nice, big, king size bed.

And we didn't kiss each other or hug as we normally would do. I was feeling excessively horny for that. And I'm sure Jim was too. So we just reached across and began fondling and masturbating each other's bare genitals, while I was telling Jim all about what had happened during my trip out of town.

And of course, while we were talking with each other—and both becoming more and more sexually aroused, at the same time—the topic of conversation naturally and smoothly shifted to where we found ourselves limiting our discussion to sexually related things. And of course, I went on to tell Jim all about how I had masturbated just about every night in my hotel room bed, describing everything to him in detail.

And thanks to my candid confession—in conjunction with a generous amount of mutual genital fondling—it didn't take long for the crack of my pussy to become sopping-wet, and for Jim's dick to turn into a stiff, blood-engorged boner.

And at that point, Jim was getting ready to roll over on top of me, and penetrate me with that sexy penis of his, when he opened his mouth, and suddenly brought everything to a grinding halt, by saying to me, "I fucked the dog while you were gone."

"You did what?" I asked, in total shock, not believing what I had just heard come out of my long-time, live-in boyfriend's mouth.

"You heard me. I fucked the dog while you were gone," Jim said as if it were something that a guy commonly says to his better-half-yours truly—who had just come back home from visiting her family out-of-town the previous week.

"So you fucked Sasha?" I said, not really knowing how else to respond to my boyfriend's blunt, much unexpected confession.

"Yep, I sure did. I fucked her all right. And I didn't just do it one time, either," Jim went on to admit to me.

"How many times did you 'do it' with our dog, Jim?"

My boyfriend had that "well, let me think" look on his face, while he was moving his thumb along, from one fingertip to the next, and silently counting with his lips, before he finally replied, "I'm not really sure. But I guess I 'did it' with her at least three or four times. Maybe five?"

"Oh my God! She's our little girl, Jim. She's a member of our own family. You fucked our little girl!"

"She's not that little, Deb. She's a full-grown German shepherd, for Christ's sake. But God, her pussy was warm, and it sure felt good! I mean, not nearly as good as yours does, of course, but—"

"You're disgusting!" I verbally reprimanded him, cutting him off mid-sentence. "And now, you wanna stick that nasty, doggie-fucking dick of yours in my pussy?"

"Yeah, sure. Why not?" Jim answered back calmly. "I know you're horny as shit right now, and you wanna fuck. So here I am!" he said, proudly gesturing downward towards his fully erect penis. And then he attempted to roll over on top of me and mount me in a missionary intercourse position.

But I pushed him back off me, scolding him, "Hey, wait a minute, Buster! You're not gonna get off that easy! Before I give you this pussy, you're gonna tell me exactly how you ended up fucking our pet German shepherd, while I was gone."

"Okay. Fair enough," Jim said, and then started into his story:

"First of all, you've gotta realize that I didn't mean for any of it to happen. It just kinda did, you know?"

I just gave Jim a blank stare, as I was waiting for him to get on with his story.

"Well, you know how Sasha's an indoor dog, what with us livin' in south Florida, and all? And you know how she loves to climb up into bed with us late at night, and snuggle her way up in between the two of us, while we're sleepin'?"

I nodded my head a few times while continuing to give Jim that same blank stare.

"Well, remember when we had phone sex, a couple of nights ago?"

"Yeah. And...?" I said, still waiting for Jim to get into the "meaty part" of his story.

"Well, later that same night, I was sound asleep in bed, and I was having this really erotic dream. It had to be about 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning. But anyway, I was dreamin' that you were in bed with me. And you were playfully lickin' and suckin' on my dick, to try to wake me up, so that you could have sex with me.

"And when I finally woke up enough to realize that I wasn't dreamin', my dick and balls were hangin' out of my underwear leg-hole, and I was shocked that you weren't the one who was lickin' my dick. Sasha was. And boy, she was goin' to town, with that long, ol' tongue of hers.

"At first, I was so freaked out, that I grabbed her head, and pushed her away from my crotch.

"She laid her ears back on top of her head and acted like she'd done somethin' wrong.

"And so I told her, 'Oh, no, Baby. You're a good girl. Daddy's not mad at you. Daddy's just surprised. That's all.'

"And then I gently patted my thigh a few times, right next to my dick, and told Sasha, 'Is this what you want, Sweetie? Do you wanna lick Daddy's dick? Are you feelin' horny right now, just like Daddy is?'

"Of course, I didn't expect Sasha to actually answer me. She's a dog. But she did respond to me. She nudged her head back into my crotch, and then eagerly licked away at my dick and balls. And I just lie there, and let Sasha 'do her thing' for a little while.

"And then I decided that I was gonna see if Sasha would actually let me touch and feel her little doggie-pussy. I'd never done that before because you're the one who always gives her baths. Not me. And I assume that you've touched and felt Sasha's little doggie-pussy, right?"

"Of course, I have. I have to clean her down there, especially when she's in heat," I said, matter-of-factly. "And by the way, that's the only time when she doesn't seem to mind me messing around with her private parts. The rest of the time she'll always growl and snap at me, to let me know that she's not happy with what I'm doing to her."

"But have you ever touched Sasha's pussy in a sexual way, while you were bathin' her? I mean, when she was in heat, and lettin' you touch and feel her down there?"

"Of course not. What kind of person do you think I am?" I said, just a little too defensively.

The truth of the matter was that, whenever Sasha was in heat, and I was giving her a bath in the bathtub, I would go out of my way to closely examine, touch, and feel out her strange-looking, pointy-tipped, puffed-out doggie-vulva. And I had done this on several occasions. Because frankly, I found her canine version of a pussy to be nothing less than fascinating and intriguing. But of course, Jim didn't know what I had been doing to Sasha in private. Nor did I really want him to know.

"Right now? A super-horny one," Jim answered dryly.

"Well, maybe so. But that still doesn't mean that I'm into doggie-pussy."

"How do you know, if you've never tried it?"

"God, you're just gross! You know it?" I told Jim, and then urged him to continue with his story, "So what exactly happened that first time with Sasha?"

"Well, I got her to flip over onto her back on top of the bed so that I could scratch her tummy. And then I quickly worked my way down her abdomen, until I was scratchin' a lot more than just her tummy.

"And she didn't seem to mind one single bit. No sir. She just laid there and kept waggin' her tail.

And she didn't try to escape from me. Even when I got brave, and started fingerin' the inside of her little doggie-crack. And all she did was start gettin' wet. Just like you do, when I'm fingerin' your pussy.

"And before I knew it, I had one finger up deep inside her. And then two fingers. And then I started finger-fucking her little pussy, in the same way, that I finger-fuck yours. And that's when I realized that Sasha's German shepherd pussy was actually big enough for me to stick my dick all the way up into it, and fuck her.

"And that's exactly what I did."

"And she didn't try to escape?" I asked as I reached across to grab Jim's right hand and place it on my pussy.

"No. She seemed to be enjoyin' it, just as much as I was," Jim said, as he reached over to grab my right hand and place it on his dick. "I realized she might have been in heat, 'cuz there was a little bit of pinkish discharge. But it wasn't enough to worry about. I mean, I knew that I hadn't hurt her, or anything like that."

"Wow!" I said, not really knowing what else to say.

At this point, we both got quiet for a moment, as I was slowly and playfully hand pumping up and down on his dick-shaft. Meanwhile, Jim was using his thumb and forefinger to pump up and down gently on the long shaft of my clitoris, treating my clit as if he were jacking off a tiny penis.

Then a thought hit me, and I stupidly asked Jim, "Did you cum inside her?"

"No, I pulled out, 'cuz I didn't want to risk gettin' her pregnant," Jim replied very sarcastically, making a comically convoluted face at me, and then after a couple of beats, he added, "Of course I came inside her! Let's face it. It's the only natural thing for a guy to do, when you're fuckin' someone—even if that 'someone' just happens to be a dog. I cum inside you, don't I?"

"Yes, you do. But I'm not a dog," I said, as I felt Jim's middle finger slide up inside my vagina, and then wiggle around a little bit.

"But you act like one sometimes," Jim said.

"When?" I asked.

"Right now," Jim cryptically answered.

And that's when Jim suddenly got up out of bed, still buck naked, and went to the back door of the house, opening the door, to call Sasha to come back into the house, from the backyard, where she had been busy relieving herself.

Sasha bounded directly into our bedroom, and jumped up on top of our bed, licking my face, obviously happy that her 'mommy' was finally back home again.

"Hey there, Sasha," Jim said, as he was walking back into our bedroom, "Where have you been, Girl? Your mommy's been missin' you."

Then Jim turned to me and said, "Show Sasha how much you've missed her. I want you to feel out her little doggie-pussy."

"Jim, please don't make me do this," I balked, not really wanting my boyfriend to see just how turned-on I can become while playing with Sasha's doggie-pussy. The last time I did that, I eventually ended up fingering Sasha's pussy with one hand, and also fingering my own pussy with the other, at the same time.

"Hey, if you don't wanna do it, then I will," Jim said, reaching down underneath Sasha's long shaggy tail, to let his fingertips come to rest directly on her fleshy doggie-vulva.

I quickly grabbed hold of Jim's hand, and pulled it away from Sasha's vulva, telling him, "I think what Sasha really needs right now is a woman's touch." And then I began actively fingering Sasha's little urine-soaked pussy crack, as I said to my boyfriend, "Is this what you want, Jim? Do you want me to have sex with our dog? Just like you did?"

"Sure," Jim said. "But what I really wanna see, is if Sasha will lick your pussy, just like she did with my dick and balls."

Of course, what Jim didn't know, was that I already knew that Sasha would definitely do that, because I had had her do that to me on numerous occasions in the past, whenever Jim wasn't at home, and I happened to be feeling really horny at the time. All I can say was that Sasha's long, slender doggie-tongue-with its strangely-rough texture-always worked magic on my little honeypot!

Sure, it was a very selfish act on my part. And I realized that I was actually using Sasha's tongue as a masturbation aid. But it sure beat the hell out of any dildo or vibrator that I've ever used. Sasha never failed to make me cum like crazy, just from licking my pussy.

And I knew that I was just about to show Jim, for the first time, how much Sasha's tongue could turn me on.

So while I was lying there on my back in bed with Jim right beside me, I spread my legs far apart, and then bent my knees outward and tilted my pelvis forward-and Sasha dove right in. She didn't even need an invitation from me. She knew exactly what I wanted her to do.

The only difference this time was that my boyfriend, Jim, was watching Sasha lick my pussy. And naturally, that only turned me on even more.

And thanks to Sasha's long upward tongue-strokes of my pussy crack, with her tongue constantly brushing across the super-sensitive, bean-size head of my clitoris, I started having a string of progressively stronger and stronger orgasms, that just wouldn't quit.

In between two of my stronger orgasms, I finally opened my eyes enough to notice that Jim had moved down toward the foot of the bed, and had positioned himself right behind Sasha's rear end.

He petted Sasha's rear end, just above her tail, and she automatically moved her long hairy tail to one side, to expose her blood-engorged vulva to him. Her behavior alone made it obvious that she was definitely in heat.

"That was pretty cool, huh?" Jim remarked about Sasha's having "presented herself" to him, just before he began rubbing his dick-head against her fertile doggie-pussy.

"Yeah. Whatever you say," I told Jim, once again with my eyes closed, as I was too busy riding to the top of that next orgasmic roller coaster drop.

And of course, Sasha just kept licking away at my pussy. It seemed like she wasn't even paying any

attention at all to what Jim was doing to her from behind. Not until he finally penetrated her little doggie-vagina, with the head of his dick.

At that point, Sasha pulled her head up out of my pussy, and just passively stood there on top the bed, looking back at Jim from time to time, while she was patiently letting him fuck her, and fertilize her pussy.

I had to laugh because I thought about how this all gave a whole new meaning to the term “doing it doggie-style.” There was my boyfriend, gladly playing sire to a bitch in heat; and doing it all, right in front of me. I could have never imagined that happening in a million years.

I just watched Jim steadily hump away, at Sasha’s doggie-pussy, as I was waiting for “the grand finale” to take place, which in this case, I assumed would be Jim’s inevitable ejaculation all over Sasha’s doggie-version of a cervix.

But Jim didn’t fertilize Sasha’s pussy this time. Instead, he abruptly pulled out of her, gently moved her over to one side of the bed, got down between my still-spread-apart thighs, and prepared to mount me in a missionary position.

And this time, I let him. Sure, I knew that Jim’s dick was now coated with Sasha’s fresh sexual-juices. But I was also feeling so horny that I didn’t even care. I just wanted Jim’s sperm inside my pussy. I wanted him to fertilize me.

He didn’t know that I wasn’t on The Pill anymore. And that was because I wanted to have Jim’s baby so badly, that I was bound and determined to get impregnated by him—even if he didn’t want me to. We had been living together for many years. And I figured that my getting knocked up would be the easiest way for me to finally get him to ask me to marry him.

Plus Jim had mentioned to me before, that he wanted to start a family someday. Well, as far as I was concerned, “someday” was now, because I was in my mid-30’s already, and I could really feel my biological clock ticking away.

Meanwhile, as Jim was humping away at my pussy, Sasha had spent a few minutes licking her own pussy, to clean it up. And then she had moved around behind Jim, and she was now licking his balls, his perineum area, and his asshole, as best as she could, considering the fact that Jim was busy thrusting his hips in and out.

And as Jim kept on humping, and I sensed that he was getting closer to orgasming, I became the consummate sexual cheerleader, just like I always tend to do, saying things to him like, “That’s it, Babe! Fuck my little pussy hard! Come on! Faster! Yeah, that’s it! Keep going! Don’t stop! Don’t stop!”

It didn’t take very long for Jim to start cumming inside me, as I continued to cheer him on, for as long as I could, “Yeah, that’s it! Oooh, that feels so good! Give me all that sexy sperm of yours! That’s it! Get me pregnant! Oh God! Here we go! Yes! Yes! Yes!”

And that’s when I experienced a “lady-quake” of my own, at the same time as Jim’s orgasm and sperm-release were just starting to wind down. During intercourse, I always automatically start orgasming whenever my lover cums inside me. It’s just the way that I’m sexually wired, I guess.

Afterwards, Jim collapsed on top of me, spent. And we just lay there, still coupled-up, in each other’s arms for a few minutes, catching our breath.

And then Jim finally rolled off to one side, to lie beside me, on his back.

And that's when Sasha decided that she still wanted to be a part of everything. She nudged her furry, triangular, head down between my spread thighs, and began licking up the mixture of Jim's sperm and my sexual-juice that was steadily oozing out of my freshly-creampied vagina.

I knew that Sasha was simply "cleaning me up," just like she had already done to herself-only I was the lucky one, this time. I got to get fertilized, and she didn't.

For some strange reason, I felt really bad for her. And I told Jim, "I really think you need to finish your 'dirty deed' with Sasha. It wasn't right for you to leave her 'high and dry,' like you did, just because she's a dog, instead of a human."

"You're right," Jim agreed. "But how am I gonna do that with this giant, wet noodle I've got right now?" Jim asked, pointing down at his now-flaccid, slimy-looking penis.

"Well, I guess you'll just have to wait for a little while, 'til you can get it up again."

"Tell ya what. How about we watch some porn together?" Jim suggested.

"Sure. Why not? Sounds good to me," I agreed, as we both got up out of bed, and I followed Jim into the family room. And of course, Sasha was close behind, not wanting to let us out of her sight.

"Now, this is some 'very special porn' that I picked out, just for this occasion," Jim said, as he sat down at his computer, which he always kept in a perpetually powered-on state, and logged in to his desktop.

I pulled up a chair and sat down beside him. Sasha made herself comfortable, lying down on the floor, underneath our feet.

Once Jim's computer desktop finally appeared, I was shocked when I saw that he had it wallpapered with a very large photo (it filled the 32-inch monitor screen) that showed a small-breasted, naked woman who had started out on all fours on the floor, as she was attempting to let her pet male German Shepherd mount her from behind, in a true doggie-style position.

"Oh God, Jim! That's disgusting!" I said, without really meaning to. The words just automatically came out of my mouth in reaction to the picture itself.

"Oh, come off it, Deb! I know you don't really feel that way. You're still lookin' right at the picture, for Christ's sake!"

And Jim was right. In fact, I couldn't stop staring at that large, high-resolution, color photograph. It was truly mesmerizing.

The big, furry dog in the computer desktop wallpaper photo was already positioned on top of the woman's back and had a front paw forearm pressed against each side of her waist, trying to hold her in place, underneath him. But the naked young lady had lifted up her right hand, and was reaching down between her legs to grab hold of the slick shaft of dog's blood-engorged penis, in order to help guide it into her own vaginal opening, which was only about a quarter-inch away from the end of the weird-looking, pointy-tipped doggie-dick.

And that Shepherd's doggie-dick in the picture was fascinating. There really wasn't a well-defined head or glans on the end of it. No corona, or anything like that. Instead, there was a much darker-

skinned area, that started at about a half-inch or so from the end of the dog's penis.

And that darker-skinned area obviously functioned as that dog's dick-head. It was nearly flat at the tip, and had a rounded, gaping urethra at the topside of it, making it look like a tiny, dark-reddish-colored doughnut, which stood out in sharp contrast to the light-pink-skinned, vein-ridden shaft of the doggie-penis.

On the bottom side of that Shepherd's dick-head, there was a sharply-pointed protrusion that jutted out drastically, looking like a small, half-inch-long, conical-shaped "finger" sticking out directly below the dog's wide-open piss-hole. That weird-looking protrusion excited me the most because I had absolutely no idea what it was for, and why it even existed.

"Damn it! You planned all this, didn't you, you sly mother fucker?" I remarked, with my gaze still fixed on that erect doggie-penis in that super-sexy photo.

"Planned all what?" Jim asked, pretending not to know what I was talking about.

"You know? This whole threesome thing with Sasha this afternoon. This wasn't just a 'happy coincidence.' Was it now?"

"Of course, I planned it, Deb. Why else would I have placed this wallpaper on my desktop for you to see it? The truth is I've been fantasizin' about today, ever since I fucked Sasha that very first time. And I've got some awesome bestiality videos that I think you'll get a real kick out of."

"And you're always calling me the horny one!" I said. And then after finally turning my head away from the monitor screen to quietly look into Jim's eyes for a moment, I added, "Oh well, I guess that's all water under the bridge now."

"Yeah, I guess it is. So what do ya say we get down to the serious business of makin' sure I get another hard-on, so I can fertilize Sasha's little pussy? I know you wanna watch me cum inside her. Don't deny it."

"I won't deny it. Because it's true. So show me some of that 'very special porn' already. I wanna see a girl get fucked by a dog. And not just in a photo on your desktop, either. I wanna see videos. Ones with sound and everything."

"Babe, I've got plenty of high-quality videos for you right here."

Jim opened up the browser to go to the Internet and pulled up some porn videos from these special bestiality sites that he had already bookmarked. I noticed that lots of those sites incorporated the word "zoo" into their names. And at each site, there was a large collection of photos and videos featuring girls sucking or fucking just about every breed of male dog imaginable.

One woman even fucked a very small, furry, mop-looking puppy in front of the video camera, while she was lying on her back in bed. She did it while holding the small dog by the butt, with both hands, and repeatedly pressing its pelvic area up against hers, to thrust its small penis in and out of her vagina. When the puppy began ejaculating inside her, you could actually see the little dog's excess sperm oozing out of the woman's vaginal opening, around the very-obvious, rapidly-growing "knot" at the very base of its little puppy-penis.

And surprisingly there were also a lot of videos showing both women and men having sex with different kinds of livestock, from cows to goats, to you name it. But the bulk of those livestock videos featured women sucking and/or fucking the giant penises between the legs of horses, ponies, and

donkeys. And that really grossed me out and turned me off, for some reason, even though I'm very fond of horses and ponies.

However, there was one super-sexy video showing a woman who was letting her full-grown pet hog fuck her, with its freakishly-long, light-pink colored, cork-screwed pig-penis, that was only about as big around as a standard No. 2 pencil.

That super-sexy video started out with the young farm girl just lying there in bed on her back, buck naked, and with her legs spread apart. And her large pet pig was up on top of the bed with her, standing with its front legs between her spread legs, as she was letting the pig sniff at her hairy pussy for a little while.

Then she got the large pig to move up beside her on the bed, and lay its abdomen down on top of her right inner thigh, as she was cradling the pig's head in her right arm, next to the side of her cheek. She reached down between the pig's hind legs, grabbed hold of its weird-looking penis, and began fondling it and playing around with it. She spent a few minutes doing this, and so I naturally assumed that she was attempting to give her pet hog his version of an erection.

Then, while she was still holding onto its super-long, weird-looking penis, she placed the tip of it up into her own pussy crack, and then pulled her hand away. And at that point, the pig's snake-like penis took on a life of its own, as it began thrusting itself in and out of her pussy crack, obviously attempting to locate the entrance to her vagina.

It took a few tries, with the young girl making minor adjustments to her hips and pelvis, in order to assist the poor pig in coupling up with her. But once the pig's penis hit "pay dirt," it quickly shot up into her vagina and continued rapidly thrusting itself in and out, gradually working its way in deeper and deeper, without the pig ever moving its hips-or any other part of its body-at all. The pig just laid there quietly beside the young lady, and let its motile penis do all the work.

And the young lady seemed more than happy to just lie there on her back, as still as she could, with her legs spread apart, while she was letting that wild-looking pig-dick work its magic inside her baby-making hole. She had obviously let this pet hog of hers fuck her so many times in the past, that she was used to the feeling of that pencil-thin, cork-screwed pig-penis of his snaking all around inside her vagina.

Not only that, but right before we had started watching this video, Jim had just finished showing me a video of this very same farm girl, with her hand wrapped around the end of her horse's gigantic, 2-foot-long, fully-erect, stallion-dick. And she was masturbating herself by rubbing that super-wide, flatted-out, mushroom-shaped horsey dick-head up and down along the crack of her reddish-haired pussy.

Talk about going from one extreme to the other, penis-wise. Obviously, to this particular farm girl, a dick was a dick. And she didn't care how big or small that dick was, or what shape it was, or what animal it happened to belong to. She just needed a real live dick in her pussy. The strange thing was that I could relate to her. I had felt that same way myself, more times than I care to admit. As far as I'm concerned, there's nothing on this earth that feels as good as a real live dick in my pussy.

The ironic part was that this farm girl wasn't ugly or homely-looking at all (appearance-wise). She had shoulder-length, reddish-brown, wavy hair; large, baby-blue eyes; a cute-looking face; and a perfectly-formed, very-attractive pair of C-cup size breasts, capped off with a pair of incredibly nice-looking nipples (not too large, and not too small), that any woman would have been proud to have on her own chest. In other words, this young farm girl would have easily been a sought-after "catch" for

many healthy, young heterosexual men. But yet, there she was in those x-rated website videos, choosing to have sex with a horse, and with a pig, of all things.

And in this particular video that Jim and I watched together, that farm girl was letting her pet hog fuck her, right in her own bed. And after the hog had managed to couple up with her, she was pretty much just lying there and letting the pig's pencil-thin, cork-screw penis go crazy, as it continued to wildly thrust itself in and out of her vagina.

Then the farm girl began to moan, and slowly gyrated her hips around, in response to a massive gush of piggie-sperm that began filling up her vagina.

The camera moved in for a tight close-up shot of their two coupled-up genitals, and I could see the woman's anal sphincter muscle rhythmically and repeatedly contracting, which let me know that she was definitely experiencing an orgasm, although she was doing so in a very subdued manner. Kind of similar to the lackluster way that the pig was behaving, throughout his massive sperm release.

I couldn't help but imagine what it would be like for me to be in that woman's place, and letting a full-grown pig fuck me. And for some reason, that thought really got me super-excited and made my pussy automatically respond, by getting really wet. And of course, my clit was erect, too. And it instantly became obvious to me that, if I were a farm girl who was into the whole "bestiality with livestock" thing, I'd definitely be "doing it" with pigs, instead of horses, or ponies, or donkeys.

I looked over at Jim's penis, and it was rock-hard again. And I really wanted him to fuck me again. But what I wanted even more than that, was for him to fuck and fertilize Sasha, while I watched him do it.

"So are you ready to fuck Sasha, and fertilize her this time?" I asked Jim.

"Sure. You do wanna watch, right?"

"Oh hell yes!" I said, "Tell ya what. Why don't you just get her to flip over on her back, and 'do her' missionary style, like you did me?"

"That's a great idea, Hun," Jim said, leading me by the hand back into our bedroom, with Sasha close on our heels.

And before I knew it, there was Sasha, already up on top of the bed, wagging her tail, and waiting for us to climb into bed with her, as if she knew what was getting ready to happen.

Ironically, Sasha automatically flipped over onto her back, waiting for one of us to start scratching her tummy. And so that's exactly what I began doing, while Jim was reaching into her crotch at the same time, to begin feeling out her vulva, as well as exploring her little doggie-vagina with his fingers.

"This is exactly how I fucked Sasha that very first time," Jim candidly admitted to me. "To be honest with you, I fucked her missionary style, mostly so that I could keep her pinned down underneath me, just in case she began fidgeting around and stuff, tryin' to escape."

"Really, Jim? So what you're telling me, is that you were ready to rape our dog, if it came down to it?"

"What can I say, Deb? Once my dick was up inside Sasha's hot, little canine pussy, there was no way that I was gonna pull it out before I shot my wad inside her. That's just a 'man thing,' I guess. I

mean, lookin' back on it all, I guess it's kind of silly since I can't actually get a dog pregnant or anything. But if you wanna call it 'rape,' then go ahead and knock yourself out."

Jim unceremoniously started to mount our Shepherd, in a modified missionary-style position (he was holding her hind legs spread apart, and he was kneeling on the bed between them, instead of lying on top of her chest). But I noticed that his dick-head was completely dry, and I said to him, "Hang on just a minute."

I leaned over, spit a few times in the palm of my hand, and then rubbed my fresh saliva all over the head of Jim's dick, and said, "There you go."

Then I watched him press the tip of his now-lubricated dick-head up against the closed-up crack of Sasha's puffed-out vulva, and her sex-slit instantly popped wide-open, to allow the head of Jim's penis to slide right up into her doggie-vagina.

Meanwhile, I was rubbing Sasha's tummy. And she had her tail pulled over to one side, as Jim was gently easing his erect penis deeper and deeper into her puppy-making hole until he finally had it buried up to the hilt.

And then Jim began slowly and deliberately thrusting away at Sasha's doggie-pussy.

I reached down and wrapped my fingers around the outside of Sasha's puffed-out vulva, so that I could actually feel my boyfriend's erect penis slowly being thrust all the way in, and then being pulled almost all the way out, before being thrust back in again. And I just left my hand in place, as Jim got more and more excited, and the speed of his thrusting naturally increased, until he was "slamming it home" on each inward thrust, just like he tends to do whenever he's fucking me.

Meanwhile, I began cheering my boyfriend on, telling him stuff like, "Way to go, Babe! Fuck that bitch! Make her cum! Show her who's Head Dog in this family!"

Watching the whole length of Jim's dick—all 6 1/2 inches of it—repeatedly disappear inside Sasha's puffed-out doggie-vulva was one of the most erotic things—if not the most erotic thing—that I have ever witnessed in my entire life. Especially when I saw some thick, white sperm start leaking out of Sasha's puppy-making hole, around the edges of Jim's thrusting dick-shaft.

And by the way, that sperm-leakage was the only way I could even tell that Jim was orgasming and ejaculating. Because he didn't say a word or show any other outward signs to indicate that he was orgasming. And from the angle I was at in relation to Jim's body, I couldn't actually see his perineum area, or his anal area, to tell if those related private parts were rhythmically contracting, or not. And Jim just kept on humping away at a fairly steady pace, throughout his entire sperm-release.

And that was something Jim never did, whenever he was fucking me. Instead, he would always inevitably "ram it all the way home," and then start bicycling his legs (to rock his hips from side-to-side), while he was releasing his sperm, with the ballooned-out head of his dick firmly rubbing from side-to-side, directly up against the neck of my uterus.

I curiously reached underneath Jim's balls, and scooped up some of the leaking sperm onto my fingertips, before carefully and intentionally transferring Jim's sperm up into my own freshly-creampied vagina. I was also still busy cheering my boyfriend on, saying things to him like, "Yeah, that's it, Sweetie! Give Sasha all your sperm! Oh, fuck yes! Fuck that bitch! Rape the shit out of her! That's it! That's it!"

And that's when I went right over the top, closed my eyes, and orgasmed by butt off, while I was

maniacally rubbing away at my little erect clit with my sperm-coated fingertips, using that good old circular motion that always seemed to turn me on the most.

Eventually, Jim collapsed on top of Sasha, just like he had done earlier on top of me—except that Sasha wanted nothing to do with him anymore. I guess, as far as she was concerned, the “dirty deed” was already done. And now it was time for her to lick her own pussy, and clean herself up.

Sasha struggled hard, and quickly pulled herself out from underneath Jim’s body. Then she moved to the end of the bed, jumped off onto the carpeted bedroom floor, plopped herself down, stuck her head down into her own crotch, and began licking her vulva for several minutes.

Jim looked over at me, and said, “You know, that’s the only drag about fuckin’ a dog. Sasha won’t stay coupled-up with me like you do.”

I gave him a tender kiss on the cheek, and said, “Babe, that’s ‘cuz you don’t have a huge knot at the base of your dick like a dog does. And speaking of all this, what are we going to do about it?”

“What do you mean by that?” Jim asked.

“Well, you know, this having sex with Sasha stuff? ‘Cuz she’s not gonna let us do that, once she’s not in heat anymore. And she’ll only go into heat for a few days, twice a year. That’s just the way that female dogs are. But male dogs are whole different story. They’ll usually have sex at the drop of a hat.”

“What are you sayin’ here, Debra? Do you want me to buy a male dog for you to have sex with, whenever I’m not at home, and you get to feelin’ horny?”

“Yes. That’s exactly what I’m saying, Jim,” I said back to him in a very-condescending, imitative style, and then added, “I mean, of course, I want the dog to fuck me. I don’t think there’s a woman alive who hasn’t fantasized about that, at one time for another. But I also want to share the male dog with you too, just like we did tonight with Sasha.”

“So I guess a Chihuahua’s out of the question, huh?” Jim asked, jokingly.

“How about a Great Dane, instead?” I suggested back, tongue-in-cheek.

“Now you know that’s way too big! I can’t begin to compete with that,” Jim said, pointing at his once-again, flaccid noodle-dick.

“Oh, don’t feel like you have to compete with a dog, Jim,” I said. “Your sexy dick does one thing that no doggie-dick could ever do. And that gets me pregnant!”

“There you go with that word again,” Jim said. “Where’s all this comin’ from?”

“So what do you say?” I asked, quickly changing the subject.

“About what?” Jim asked, obviously still thinking about why I kept on bringing up the word “pregnant.”

“About us getting another German Shepherd. A full-grown male this time. And of course, we’ll need to find one that’s not ‘fixed.’ We’ll just have to keep him and Sasha apart, whenever she’s in heat. Either that, or we can pull up a seat, and watch ‘em make baby Shepherds. In fact, that might be kind of fun.”

"God, you're such a naughty girl! But that's why I love you so much," Jim said and stuck his head down into my chest to begin sucking on my left nipple, just like a baby does.

Then he lifted his mouth up off my nipple, just long enough to ask, "You really want me to watch you get fucked by a dog?"

"Oh hell yes!" I said as emphatically as I could.

"Good! 'Cuz that's the kind of stuff that men's fantasies are made of," Jim said, and immediately went back to sucking on my nipple. But this time, he was sucking on my right nipple.

"I'm sure it is."

Jim pulled his mouth up off of my breast, looked me straight in the eye, and asked me, "Would it be okay with you if I touched and played with our new Shepherd's penis sometime? You know, just to see what it would be like to do that?"

"You mean, with me watching?"

"Yeah. With you watchin'."

"Sure. I'm game if you are. But I didn't know you swung that way, Babe."

"I don't now. But I used to," Jim admitted. "Remember? I already told you about how the first person I ever had sex with was another boy, who just happened to be my best friend at the time. And I told you about how we ended up havin' a long-term, secret sexual relationship with each other."

"Yeah, you did tell me all about that. Didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. But what I didn't tell you was that the very first sexual encounter I ever had as a young man was with a male dog. His name was Teddy, and he was our family's pet Toy Chihuahua."

"Wow! So then you were serious about your Chihuahua suggestion?"

"Well, not really. But just in case you didn't realize it, a male Toy Chihuahua's erect penis is so large that it is nearly half the length of its entire body. I'm talkin' about a doggie-penis that's at least 3 1/2 to 4 inches long. And there are lots of guys out there with shorter dicks than that."

"Great! So now my lover is telling me that he's not just a former bisexual and a dog-fucker, but he's also an expert on Chihuahua dicks," I remarked as sarcastically as I could.

"Okay, okay. I guess I had that comin'."

"So tell me, oh Great Chihuahua Dick Expert, how did it all happen? I mean, I know you didn't just walk up to that little dog one day, and say to yourself, 'Hey, Teddy, let's have sex.'"

"No. You're absolutely right about that. It kind of took place, without me even really meanin' for it to happen. And if you'll stop makin' fun of me for a little while, and just listen, I'll tell you the whole story of how it all happened."

"Okay. Fair enough. This should be interesting..."

"Well, I was all alone by myself at the house, and eatin' breakfast at the kitchen table, when I happened to look down at our pet Chihuahua, who was doin' a little dance, and yappin' away at the

same time, tryin' to get me to feed him some table scraps.

"And as I was reachin' down to let him eat some food from the palm of my hand, I noticed that there was a pointy-shaped, dark-reddish colored 'thing' stickin' out about a quarter-inch or so from what I thought was the end of Teddy's doggie-penis. At the time, I assumed that his thick, furry sheath was his penis. I had no idea that this furry sheath was just a protective coverin' for Teddy's real penis.

"I lifted Teddy up on top of the kitchen table, and closely examined that dark-reddish colored 'thing' that was stickin' out of its furry sheath. And when I finally got brave enough to touch it, Teddy responded by lickin' it for a moment, and then dancin' around on top of the table, as if he were in some kind of distress or somethin'.

"And I noticed that the reddish-colored 'thing' was now stickin' out of its sheath, just a little bit farther than it was when I first saw it. And every time I would touch it and feel it for a few seconds, Teddy would lick at it some more. And then it just kept extendin' itself out even farther from its protective sheath, until I finally saw what Teddy's entire dick-head looked like.

"I was shocked when I finally realized that that dark-reddish 'thing' that I had been starin' at this whole time was actually the head of Teddy's penis. The next thing I did was to gently pull the furry sheath all the way down to the base of Teddy's shaft. And then I pulled it back up. And I continued slowly doin' that over and over again, while Teddy just stood there on top of the table, and let me do it.

"Mind you, at this stage in the game, I was feelin' and manipulatin' Teddy's penis out of pure sexual curiosity, and nothing else. But that still didn't stop my own penis from automatically becomin' erect inside my pants, in response to my high level of mental excitement.

"I could hardly believe that I actually had a full-blown hard-on down between my legs. And at first, I felt pretty disgusted with myself, that I had gotten so mentally turned-on while curiously and innocently touchin', feelin' and playin' with the penis of my family's pet Chihuahua. But despite my initial feelings of disgust about what I was doin', I just I couldn't bring myself to remove my hand from that weird-looking doggie-dick.

"And as I continued to 'explore' Teddy's doggie-dick, it naturally grew bigger-and much wider-taking on more of a submarine-like shape, as it filled up with blood, and became fully-erect. Eventually, I was able to pull Teddy's furry sheath all the way down to the base of his penis, and then let go of it, and the furry sheath would just stay there in place, all scrunched up in front of Teddy's balls, thanks to that strange submarine shape of his dick-shaft.

"And Teddy's dick not only drastically changed shape, right in front of my eyes, but it also drastically changed color, as well. His whole dick-shaft went from being a dark-reddish color to bein' more of a light-pinkish color, with little blue veins all over it, just under the surface. The only part of Teddy's doggie-dick that stayed dark-red was his freaky-looking, pointy, almost-diamond-shaped dick-head.

"My left hand naturally dropped down to my lap, and I began squeezin' and fondlin' my own dick; which at this point, was still confined inside my pants and underwear. And that's when things stopped being a curious exploration on my part. That's when I decided that I was gonna to have sex with Teddy. And I was gonna do it by jackin' him off and seein' if I could actually make him cum.

"So I stopped messin' with Teddy's furry sheath. I pulled it all the way down to the base of his penis one last time, and then just left it there, as I began gently squeezin' and playin' with his slick-skinned doggie-dick. And Teddy just stood there, lettin' me play with his dick.

“But then I wrapped my hand around his shaft, and I was gettin’ ready to start pumpin’ up and down on his dick, to jack him off. And that’s when Teddy sprang to life, as he started humpin’ away at my hand, treatin’ it as if it were another dog’s vagina.

“And I mean, he really went to town on my hand. And that surprised the hell out of me. I wasn’t expectin’ that at all. And so I let go of his penis and pulled my hand away for a moment.

“But Teddy just kept on thrustin’ his hips wildly and humpin’ away at the air. It was like he couldn’t stop, once I had gotten him started.

“I quickly wrapped my right hand back around his dick, so that he could keep humpin’ away at my hand. And within seconds, long, needle-thin streamers of a transparent, watery-looking fluid began squirtin’ out of Teddy’s tiny, circular piss-hole, and landin’ all over the top of the kitchen table.

“At first, I thought Teddy was peein’ all over the table. But then I realized that the squirtin’ was happening in short, repetitive bursts. And that meant that what I thought was urine was actually Teddy’s seminal fluid.

“And that clear fluid just kept squirtin’ out of the tip of his penis over and over again, as Teddys kept humpin’ away at my hand. And at some point, that clear fluid finally turned white and got a little bit thicker, although it wasn’t anywhere near as thick as my own sperm. But I knew that Teddy was actually ejaculatin’. And I assumed that he was also orgasmin’ at the same time, just like I do whenever I ejaculate. But I wasn’t 100% sure, even though he sure behaved as if he was really enjoyin’ himself.

“Once Teddy’s semen turned white, I could feel the ‘knot’ beginnin’ to form around the base of his penis. And as it quickly grew larger and larger, he kept shovin’ it into my closed-fist ‘vagina.’

“I when the sperm finally stopped squirtin’ out forcefully, it continued to dribble down from the tip of Teddy’s dick, and I removed my hand from his penis. And it looked really weird, compared to the way that did before. His ‘knot’ made it look like he had an extra set of balls, right in front of his real balls.

“And that ‘knot’ also seemed to be very uncomfortable for him, because he started runnin’ around in circles on top of the table, as he was whimperin’, and droppin’ down on his side, every so often, to lick away at his super-swollen dick.

“I set Teddy back down on the kitchen floor, and his behavior continued the same way. It was easy to tell that he was definitely in some type of pain or discomfort, but there was absolutely nothin’ I could do for him. I had to let things naturally run their course. And I felt really bad for him. I waited several minutes, as I sat there and watched Teddy, and he still had that large ‘knot’ at the base of his swollen dick.

“But while I was watchin’ Teddy run around on the kitchen floor, I wasn’t just sittin’ there. I had unzipped my pants and pulled my dick out so that I could start jackin’ off. And eventually, my attention shifted to all the little streamers of doggie-sperm and seminal fluid that were stretched out across the top of the kitchen table, like icin’ on top of hot strudel.

“While I kept jackin’ myself off with my right hand, I used the fingertips of my left hand to scoop up and feel some of Teddy’s sperm from the tabletop. And I was seriously contemplatin’ the idea of rubbin’ some of Teddy’s sperm all over the head of my own dick. But at first, I was hesitant to actually do that, because I was scared that I might give myself some kind of strange venereal disease, or somethin’.”

"But you went ahead and rubbed Teddy's sperm all over the head of your dick anyway, didn't you, you naughty boy?" I prodded him.

"Yeah, I did, as a matter of fact. And it was one of the most taboo and sexiest things that I have ever done. I mean, aside from fuckin' Sasha."

"Yeah, I can tell. Just look at your fucking dick right now. You gave yourself that hard-on, just by telling me about your 'adventure' with Teddy. So I guess you wanna fuck again now?"

"Only if you'll let me."

"Don't you mean if Sasha lets you," I said, looking over towards Sasha's favorite place on the floor; the one place where she prefers to lay down, whenever she's in our bedroom. And Sasha had done something that she almost never does: she had left the bedroom, while Jim and I will still there. And I thought to myself, I guess she's had enough sex for the day.

"Fuck Sasha!" Jim remarked.

"No. Not this time. Fuck me!" I said, as I was flipping onto my back, and spreading my legs apart. "But would you do me a big favor first? Please close the door. I'd rather not share you with Sasha this time if you don't mind. And she's not here in the bedroom right now. Hurry up!"

"Sure, Hun," Jim replied, as he was jumping up out of bed to quickly shut the bedroom door. Seconds after the door latch clicked, I heard the thud of Sasha's large body plopping down right against the bottom of the bedroom door, just outside our bedroom. And I heard her let out a long sigh, as if she had been caught off-guard, and was showing her displeasure at being left all alone by herself, out in the hallway.

Jim climbed back into bed, and immediately hopped on top of me, sinking his stiff sex-finger into my creamy honey-pit for the second time that afternoon, as he confessed to me, "By the way, just in case you're wonderin', that was the only time that I ever played with Teddy's penis. And to this day, I've always regretted that I didn't have the courage to go back for seconds, mostly because I was afraid that my mom might come home, and catch her precious little Teddy with his penis all ballooned-out and 'knotted up' like that. Heck, that afternoon in the kitchen, Teddy's dick stayed that way for about 45 minutes! I kid you not."

"Wow! That long, huh?"

"Yeah. And it really freaked me out, too," Jim admitted, as he began energetically thrusting away at my gooey girl-parts.

I excitedly whispered in Jim's ear, "Oooh, yeah! That's a good boy! Make some puppies with Mommy!"

And just as soon as I said that to him, Jim abruptly stopped thrusting, and pulled out of me altogether; which naturally made me open my eyes, and wonder what the heck he was doing.

"Ruff, ruff!" Jim barked back in my ear playfully, panted a few times right at my nose and mouth, and then licked my neck and cheek with his tongue, slobbering all over me, just like a dog would do. And yes, he made me laugh hard.

But our laughter didn't last too long. Jim shoved his dick right back into my pussy and began humping away again. And we both quickly got very quiet, as I focused my attention on the

intercourse itself. And I'm sure that's what Jim was doing too.

A few minutes later, when Jim finally "slammed it home," and I felt my boyfriend's ballooned-out dick start to pulsate deep inside me; I threw my head back, closed my eyes, and actively fantasized about that nice, large, vein-ridden, pointy-tipped German Shepherd penis-with its infamous giant "knot"-that was destined to be stretching my vagina to its very limit, and filling me up with hot streamers of doggie-sperm in the near future.

And before I knew it, the walls of my vagina began pulsating, right along with Jim's ejaculating penis. And I found myself on the upward side of the most intense orgasm that I had ever experienced in my entire life so far.

And as I started squirting all over Jim's dick and balls, well on my way to just about losing consciousness, I heard Jim remark, "Good lord, Deb! We're gonna drown in this damn bed if you don't stop!"

Afterwards, Jim ribbed me about it, saying that I must have just experienced "The Mother of all Orgasms," and then sarcastically referring to the huge wet spot on the sheets between my spread thighs as "Lake Debbie." Jim went on to tell me that I was cussing like a sailor and screaming out so loudly and for so long that he was scared that the neighbors might call the cops on us.

Basically, I was behaving as if I had just won the lottery. And in a way, I guess you could say that I did: My boyfriend, Jim-along with Sasha's help-got me pregnant that afternoon.

All I can say is it was doggone good!

The End