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BEASTIALITY STORIES



This story was written as an entry for a short story contest of 1,000 words or less. The theme was April.

Dear reader my name is April Showers and this is my confession.

I knew it was wrong to cheat on my husband but it wasn't like it was with a stranger so it was almost alright, well that's how I justified it to myself.

It started a year ago as a bit of playful fun that ended up getting carried away. It was a long hot summer; Ben and I would lark around in the back garden with the hosepipe dancing around the water spray. I would be dressed in just a bikini, which although skimpy Ben didn't seem to take any notice of the amount of flesh it revealed. When I was sure the neighbours couldn't see I even went topless, an act my husband Karl would have disapproved of, but Ben still didn't seem to care. In fact, his attitude didn't change when I started cavorting naked.

Ben would dance around with his mouth hanging open trying to catch the spray on his tongue, then eventually bowling me over in enthusiasm, pinning me to the ground by standing over me as he panted into my mouth ready to start the fun again.

Perhaps I should have mentioned earlier, Ben is a 3-year-old chocolate Labrador, full of energy, with the cutest eyes you have ever seen and although I didn't know it at the time, a truly wonderfully huge cock.

It was one of those days as Ben stood over me slavering onto my full 40C breasts when I noticed it for the first time, his cock was starting to show and emerged from its hairy sheath. Maybe it was because Karl hadn't shown me any attention for months, maybe it was because it was hot, I don't really know, but I reached out and gently stroked his cock.

Ben stood stock still and to my delight, his cock started to grow in my hand and drips of pre-cum emerged like pearls at the end of his cock, before dripping down and slowly forming into a puddle on my tummy. The thing that amazed me was not just the hardness of Ben's cock but the heat emanating from it as it grew bigger in my hand, far exceeding the size of my husband's cock.

I don't normally suck Karl's cock, not because I don't want to, but for fear that he might cum before he has had a chance to fuck me. I somehow knew with Ben that this would not be the case and that he was going to be Karl's champion, which in my head was perfectly acceptable as after all he was Karl's dog.

Sliding down a little I positioned myself under Ben with his cock still in my hand and my mouth very close to the angry red rod. Opening my mouth, I allowed a drop of the pre-cum to fall into my mouth and the taste was like nectar as it hit the back of my throat. Without further thought, I lifted my head and started to suck on his cock letting my mouth be like a pussy around his hardness. He almost choked me when he started to move and I quickly realised that, unlike a man, he could very well choke me if I wasn't careful.

Almost by instinct, I rolled onto all fours, assuming a position I hoped would remind him of the bitches he might have covered. It was at that moment that I wondered if perhaps Ben was a virgin, I hadn't seen him with any female dogs so maybe this was his first time. As my mind pondered these thoughts he started to sniff and then take long licks at my pussy which was soaked.

Now dear reader, I don't know if you have been licked by a dog before but their tongues are the most wonderful rough raspy long things in existence, just thinking about it is making me squirm on my chair, but on with my story.

I had my head pressed to the grass, my naked ass high in the air and my knees splayed enjoying Ben's ministrations as I gave him a lot of vocal encouragement when suddenly he stopped. In that moment I whimpered like a small child at the loss of a favourite dolly but my sadness was short-lived as I felt him rise up. His paws fastened around my waist as he started to hump with his pre-cum covered cock trying to find my willing pussy.

I was unsure what to do to help and tried unsuccessfully to reach to guide him home but to no avail as he slipped off and started to lick again. Then the second time he rose, again starting to jab, seeking my pussy and I braced, holding myself still and praying that nature would guide him home.

Oh, it did, superbly it did. I felt the red-hot tip enter me and Ben must have felt the same as with a pull of his front paws and a thrust of his hips he drove his cock deep into me. I orgasmed as he entered me but Ben wasn't concerned about my pleasure, all he wanted to do was breed me. His frantic thrusts drove his cock deep in me each time and I could feel a protrusion banging against my pussy lips. I later learned that was his knot that on that occasion he didn't manage to force inside me, but since then he has done it often.

That was our first time but not our last. We enjoyed many summer days fucking in the garden, and in the kitchen, as the weather grew colder, in fact whenever Karl is out, we are at it. As time went on my need has become so great that I sneak down at night; like tonight as I am writing this, so that I can be with Ben.

I hope you have enjoyed my confession but now I must go as I hear my master whining for his bitch.