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I was idling in front of the fire one evening watching television with Buster at my side when a horrible thought suddenly dawned on me. I don't know what sparked it or where it came from, but the feeling of guilt it brought was palpable.

I realized all too late that that day was Buster's birthday and I hadn't even gotten him a treat. Now I know it's a silly thing to worry about but I guess I'm just that kind of girl. Buster had been a loyal companion of mine after my boyfriend left me a few years ago, so now I was twenty-two we'd been inseparable for years. The least I could do was remember his birthday.

It was way too late to get him anything and there was nothing special in the cupboards for him, so I knew I had to improvise something, but what?

I sat there a moment longer, wandering my hand through his fur while I searched the internet for ideas on homemade toys or treats.

In ten minutes I'd exhausted that avenue. Everything was either too difficult or I didn't have the tools.

I looked down at Buster, my big, loyal Labrador, and wondered what it might be that he wanted most of all.

He looked serene and content, looking at me out of the corner of his eye as my hand stopped petting him while my brain buzzed.

"I'm sorry, Buster," I said with a sigh and he knew immediately something was up.

In no time at all he rose to his feet and was wagging his tail in front of me, pushing his nose in to my face and licking at my mouth in big sweeping motions.

"Good boy," I said, stroking his neck and trying to absolve my guilt.

I racked my brain, thinking whether there was something—anything—I could do for him.

Just then Buster got an itch and sat down to cater to it, but before he'd sated the desire I moved my hand to replace his paw and set about scratching it for him.

It wasn't much, but in that moment it was the most I could do for him. I scratched it out and watched as his back arched and his neck stretched, clearly enjoying the sensation of having someone else tend to his itches.

Soon he had another and before he could get to it I was on it, keen to please Buster to make up for the guilt I felt deep down in forgetting about my companion's special day.

It seemed though, that in no time at all Buster had gotten wise to what I was doing. So much so that his next act was something that both shocked and intrigued me.

He twisted his head between his back legs now, nudging and licking at his hairy cock before turning back to me with an expectant look.

"You want me to scratch that, boy?" I asked, perplexed.

Buster gave his dick another nudge and then looked at me again, this time nuzzling my hand by way

of encouragement and putting a paw on my leg.

I didn't know what to do. Would it be right to scratch him there? Well I guess he is just a dog and he kind of seems to want it. I figured 'why not' and tried not to make a big deal out of it.

My hand moved tentatively at first and Buster seemed to nod me towards it, letting his head fall back as my long nails finally touched it gingerly.

Slowly I began to scratch, moving my fingers along his sizeable length and causing a swirl of thoughts to rise within me.

"Do you like that, Buster?" I asked, continuing to scratch and looking for subtle nuances of enjoyment.

Buster's tail wagged and I proceeded in earnest, sure now that he was enjoying himself. If there was any doubt at all it was soon erased as, beneath my fingers, I felt his cock starting to swell.

"Good boy, Buster," I encouraged warily, feeling him grow as his pink cock began to sprout from the hairy sheath on his stomach.

Soon it had emerged all the way and I was left wondering what to do, staring at his engorged length and almost admiring the affect I had on him.

I guess I must have been feeling real guilty about forgetting his birthday because I found my fingers creeping around his girth now, curious as to how it felt and how much I could please Buster.

My hand was all the way round it now and it sat in my palm, the heat pressed against my skin as I slowly began to jerk along it whilst feeling something awaken inside me.

I didn't pay it too much attention at first but I gradually realized that whatever I was doing was turning me on and that Buster was clearly becoming very aroused himself.

My curiosity was piquing and I began to wonder all kinds of crazy things, starting, I'm ashamed to admit, with how Buster's cock would feel in my mouth.

I looked to him, his face unable to give anything away but the subtle wags of his tail told me that he was enjoying himself. I'm sure he was about to enjoy himself a lot more.

I moved my brown hair behind my ears as I repositioned myself, stooping now to bring my face close to his body and moving my mouth ever-closer to his forbidden length.

My breasts hung a little in my tank-top, braless after a hard-day's work and rubbing a little against the soft rug, causing my nipples to turn stiff.

The excitement was off the scale and my stomach was aflutter as my lips approached that red lipstick of his, mouthing timidly over the tip and waiting for some kind of protestation from Buster that never came.

Instead his tail wagged a little more and he let out a big sigh as I buried the rest of him inside my mouth, circling my tongue around his girth as my trepidations turned to lust.

Now I was eager for him. It was as though taking his dick in my mouth were some kind of drug and that now I'd had a taste of it I wanted more. I wanted much more.

My hands began to fondle his balls as I moved my mouth over him, guiding him inside with a hand as I began to grind my pussy in to the rug.

Soon my fingers were between my legs, smoothing over my tight yoga pants and sliding along the warm slit of my sex, charging it in preparation for whatever the hell I was about to do next.

His cock slid in and out of my mouth and his breathing rose as I worked him between my legs, feeling his dick swell further still as my hand began to work more determinedly at my pussy.

I broke from him now and Buster's head rose in confusion. I quickly took my top off and stood up, sliding my yoga pants down my legs along with my panties and trying not to think too much about what I was about to do next.

The heat of the fire warmed my naked skin and I caught one last glimpse of myself in the mirror, my tits big and nipples stiff as I descended out of its view towards my waiting friend, rubbing my clit as I stooped to him and put him back in my mouth.

My ass was in the air now as I forced him down my throat, my cheeks splitting and baring myself to the room as I swallowed Buster's hard cock.

I was sliding a finger inside myself now and working out my juices, sliding them along my lips and lubing myself up in preparation for my next move.

Buster's cock was fat and swollen and I could tell he was hornier than ever. I chose that as my time to strike.

"Come here boy," I said, taking him from my lips and turning my ass towards him in the hope he'd smell out his prize.

Buster rose to his feet quickly, his fat cock swinging under his belly as his snout found my pussy and asshole and gave both a big sniff, followed quickly by a swooping lick that sent a quiver of desire racing through me.

I closed my eyes to enjoy him as he continued, slathering my crotch with big tonguefuls that began to drive me wild. No-one had ever licked my ass before and having Buster do it seemed to remove the embarrassment of the request somewhat.

Buster wouldn't judge me and in that moment he wanted to exact same thing I did: unadulterated pleasure. I planned to give it to us both.

Buster licked me a while longer and then did something that I hoped he'd do the second he rose to his feet. He began to mount me.

His front paws came over my bare back and I could feel his soft fur all across me as he wriggled himself in to position, his swinging cock approaching beneath him and heaving right for my wet honey-pot.

I tucked a hand beneath and caught it, holding him steady and guiding in to me as I gasped in desperation, needing him more than ever now.

His swollen flesh broke me open and he pushed inside hard, with no thought of tenderness. Thankfully I liked it rough and as Buster slammed home I let out a cry of pleasure.

"Good boy!" I gasped, my eyes closed to accentuate the excitement at my core.

I could feel each ridge of him driving in to me again and again as Buster pumped from behind, his pace fast and reliable. In no time at all I could feel an orgasm building inside me, one that I think I'd needed for a while.

I rocked back on him, moving my ass back and forth to meet his rapid advances and drive his dick even deeper inside me until it hit a spot that drove me wild.

I gasped in air, my hair flaying as I bobbed back on him and I moved a hand to my pussy to circle at my clit in the hope I could propel the orgasm out of me.

My fingers clipped across my wet, hard stud, shuddering it left and right and sending jolts of electric ecstasy surging through me.

Buster showed no sign of letting up and soon I was panting loud, moaning with each of his hard fucks as my body began to quiver and tremble.

I felt my pussy grip his cock tighter as the climax broke from me, clenching around him as my pussy oozed cum.

"Yes, Buster," I cried. "Don't stop."

I said the words as though he could understand me and it really felt like he could in that moment as he pounded me ceaselessly.

As I trembled out the last of my climax, my pussy convulsing wildly, I suddenly felt something begin to change in Buster.

He became even more animated, licking at my neck as he began swelling inside me to a greater size.

I don't know where it came from but there was a flash of pain as he began to knot, locking his cock inside me and keeping it there.

Thankfully I didn't mind much and the pain was just about bearable. It soon subsided as my pussy grew accustomed to his burgeoning size and Buster appeared close to climax himself.

He gave my pussy one or two pumps and then I felt this tremendous torrent of cum blast from his big cock and shoot deep inside my core.

I moaned in pleasure, pushing my ass back on him and eager for what his dick had to offer. The feeling of that glossy seed splashing inside me was one I would take with me forever and as more of it shot out of his swollen cock, I knew it was something I would have to try again.

Buster squeezed out more of his seed until it was dripping from my puss and I looked beneath me and through my cleavage to see it stringing to the floor unceremoniously.

"Good boy, Buster," I called again and I felt him shrink and slip from me, trotting away to lick his sticky cock while I stayed on all fours on the rug.

I collapsed in to it, breathing heavily and wondering if I'd done the right thing. The pervading sense of sexual satisfaction was telling me that I totally had done the right thing and I bit my lip at the naughtiness of it all as I moved a hand to feel his seed around the lips of my pussy.

"Happy birthday, Buster," I said, looking over to him.

He wagged his tail in response and wondered over to lick my face, letting me taste a little of his doggy cum in the process.

I lay back on the rug and let him run his tongue over me, content for the moment and vowing to tackle that big cock of his again. It would definitely be before his next birthday!