

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



How do I begin to tell my story? I guess from the beginning, because that makes most sense to me.

The history about my mother was told to me by my grandmother the day I turned eighteen.

My mother was a free spirit during college. She worked hard, getting good grades. The good grades came because of the carrot that her parents held in front of her, an all expenses paid vacation to Europe after graduation. After her graduation, she traveled from America to London, then on through Europe and ending in Italy, then she returned to the United States. Little did she know until after she arrived home, that her Italian lover had given her a little gift. He had knocked her up with me. Mom passed from cancer when I was only two years old. I have no conscious memory of her and consequently I do not have the slightest clue about my father. I do have medium olive colored skin and he is probably the source of that. I'm glad my grandmother told me my Mom's story, it made it easier for me. So now I'll tell you my story as I remember it.

I was adopted and raised by my grandparents. Grandpa owned a small candy factory making specialty and very expensive chocolate candies. His business was doing very well and being a frugal man, he had squirreled away a vast fortune. My mother would have been in line to take over the candy factory, but upon her death, I was next in line.

I had the very best schooling available. During my school summer breaks, I was always at the factory working. Grandpa made me start at the bottom, by doing janitor's work. My junior year in high school I was working on the factory floor making candy. I loved my job and learned every aspect of candy making from my grandpa. Grandpa always said, "Someday the candy business will be yours, if you want it." I wanted it bad and I worked hard through college getting my degree, then advanced degree.

Upon graduation, Grandpa and Grandma rewarded me with a neat little house on the outskirts of our small town. Now with my own place and a job, I felt really good, the world was my oyster. Grandpa really piled the workload onto me, I was working ten plus hours each day and sometimes on Sunday also. After a couple years had passed, grandpa started taking more of a backseat and let me run more and more of the business. When he told me his secret plans for expansion and where the money would come from, I was overwhelmed. Three years later all of the expansion had been accomplished. Grandpa and I high-fived each other on our success.

I remember this like it happened yesterday. It was late in the afternoon when Grandpa called me at the factory. "I want you to stop by my house before you go home. Grandma and I have a surprise for you." Of course I tried to weasel out of him what the surprise was, but to no avail, he was tight-lipped.

An hour later I was inside their house. Grandma was sitting on the couch and Grandpa was next to her. "Fix yourself a drink and come sit down." I poured myself a shot of Scotch and plopped down in the swivel rocker. I took a sip of my drink.

"What's up?" I asked as I looked to first one and then the other. "You're being so secretive."

Grandma smiled and said, "We have got some great news for you. As of today, you are in sole possession of the factory. Grandpa has decided to retire and you only have to pay his Chairman of the Board salary. Grandpa and I are going to travel our last few years on this earth. Congratulations Sweetheart, you earned it!"

I was so overcome with joy that I started crying. I went over and sat down on the couch between

them. Many hugs and kisses later, they told me to go home and celebrate.

I walked into my little brick house kicking off my shoes. "Celebrate? Who the fuck am I going to celebrate with? I've been working so hard these last few years that I never gave myself a chance to find friends. Then I remembered that I did have a few friends from work. I called them and we spent Saturday night carousing around the town. I even met a man who I liked. He didn't work for me which made it all the better. Tim and I hit it off, so much that I took him home with me that night.

It was a whirlwind romance between Tim and I. One year after our first date, we were engaged. I was on my way to becoming a very rich woman, a handsome fiancée on my arm. I was living a fairy tale. Tim moved in with me and life became so much better.

Several Months Later

I couldn't believe that next month would be my thirty-first birthday. Tim had told me to plan on coming home early from work, he had a surprise birthday present for me. No matter how hard I tried, he would not divulge the surprise. "It's a secret and one I know you will love," that was the extent of what he would tell me.

The day of my birthday I was on pins and needles all day. I should have taken the day off, I was almost useless at work. What was Tim's big surprise? I already had my engagement ring and our wedding date was planned. My car was new. There was nothing that I really needed. What was he being so secretive about?

I sat in on the second shift production meeting, all went well, no problems that needed my attention. I had an excellent crew of managers and supervisors. Most of whom had spent most of their working lives at the candy factory. Well paid and with above average benefits made for happy productive people. I returned to my office and told my secretary that I was calling it a day, I was going home.

As I drove up my driveway I marveled at how far I had progressed in my life. The cute little brick cottage I started out with was now part of my garage. The new house I had built was large, over four thousand square feet. I loved it almost as much as I loved Tim. I parked my car in the garage and rushed into the house. "Tim, I'm home," I cried out as I slipped my heels off. I sauntered over to the bar and poured myself a glass of wine. I heard Tim's footsteps as he walked towards me.

"Happy Birthday Honey. Here's your surprise!" I looked at Tim, in his arms he was holding the cutest puppy I had ever seen.

"He looks so cute," I exclaimed. "What's his name?"

"He has no name, you name him, he's your dog."

"He's so cute," I gushed. "I'll name him Tucker, you know like, the car."

Tim placed the puppy in my arms. "How old is he? He's pretty heavy and big."

"He's twelve weeks old and he is about twenty pounds. He's a big dog and will get much bigger. I saw his parents and they are very large. His mom's a Lab mix and his father is a god-knows-what mix. He'll make a great family dog and protector of his pack and we are his pack."

I spent the rest of the evening playing with my new puppy. He and I bonded right away. It was as if

he knew that I was his master and would be the one caring for him. Tim sat on the couch and watched us play, smiling all the time. He could see that I was very happy with my surprise birthday gift. That night Tim received a very intimate thank you from me.

One Year Later

A lot has happened in the past year. The candy factory sales have vastly improved. All the employees have received a very generous bonus for the success of our hard work. Tucker is a big dog now, weighing in about seventy-five pounds. I'm hoping he will soon stop growing, he's becoming too huge. My wedding date has come and gone. Thanks to Tim and his cheating dick, he is no longer in the picture. He started paying less attention to me and started staying "with friends" on weekends.

My suspicions aroused, I had a private investigator check out what was going on with him. He had found himself another woman to fuck besides me. He tried to bullshit his way out of it, but I dumped his ass. Tossed the engagement ring at him along with his belongings and chased him out of my house. The last I heard, his new woman has tossed his ass also, same story as me. He just couldn't keep his dick in one woman at a time, had to have many. Oh well his loss, not mine.

I'm happy being single. I can always talk to Tucker or my friends. I have my weekends free most of the time, allowing me to pursue activities I like. We are now running two shifts at the factory, with trusted supervisors. That has been a godsend for me, now I have time for a social life. I haven't met a man that interested me yet. Hopefully one day I will, but for now it party time with friends.

Sundays I spend at home. Getting up early in the morning has been ingrained in me. Being the sole owner of an operation as large as the Candy Factory has put a heavy responsibility on my shoulders. My payroll has grown larger, now I employ one hundred and forty-two souls.

I was up early, as usual, on this bright Sunday morning. I slipped on my lightweight robe. Its not much of a robe, silky and kinda short. Dumb-ass Douche-bag Tim had bought it for me, said he liked looking at my pussy when I bent over. I almost always sleep nude and last night wasn't any different. The house was cool and the robe over my naked body felt nice.

I let Tucker out for his morning ritual while I walked out onto my driveway for my morning newspaper. I only get the Sunday newspaper for the the sales inserts. Most of the news I've already read on my laptop. I let Tucker back in the house and fed him. I wasn't hungry just yet, so I started looking to see if any stores had slacks on sale.

When I finished with the Sunday paper, I was starting to get hungry. A figured a couple slices of toast would hold me until lunchtime. Tucker had finished his food and was sprawled out on the kitchen floor, his usual position after eating. I opened the refrigerator door to get out the butter and some jam. The refrigerator door opening was a signal to Tucker that he might get a treat. I looked at those sad but yet hopeful eyes and tossed a small piece of leftover steak into his mouth.

I put the butter and jam on the counter. I keep my toaster stored in a lower cabinet because I don't like appliances on my counters. After opening the cabinet door, I had to bend over to retrieve the toaster. I reached for it and that is when I felt it. "It" being a long wet tongue. Tucker licked my pussy slit from my clit up and over my asshole. Being so surprised, I jerked up, hitting my head on the bottom edge of the granite counter top. My vision went dark and I saw stars as I fell to the floor. I didn't knock myself out, but I was very close. My head ached as I stood back up.

“Tucker, you dumb shit, that hurt like a bitch.”

Tucker just stood there looking like the saint he is. He came closer to me, stuck his nose under my short robe and licked my slit again.

“No, Tucker,” I commanded. “That’s not how this works, you find yourself a bitch dog and lick her.”

Even though my head hurt like the devil, I made my whole wheat toast. After buttering and spreading jam, I sat down at my desk and opened my laptop. I checked the latest news and then started searching for sales. I really did need some new slacks. I shopped an online store that I had used before and bought a nice light blue pair of slacks. They would be delivered in a few days.

I was on the phone for a couple of hours with friends who had called. We made plans to have a late lunch that day. I fiddled around the house doing odds and ends. Tucker just stayed in the kitchen, all sprawled out. He was sleeping now. I wondered why he would lick a human pussy. Don’t dogs just take a smell of a person’s crotch, then move on?

I was curious why and googled to see if the internet had any answers. I keyed in ‘dog licks pussy’ into my search engine and pressed enter. A split second later I had a whole list; ‘Dog licks pussy’, ‘Dog licks teen pussy, full video’. There were pages and pages of websites. I clicked on one, ‘Orgasm from dog licking’. The site came up with a video. A nude woman was sitting with her legs spread and a black dog was licking her. My curiosity got to me to the point that I moved my mouse pointer and clicked to start the video.

“OH MY GOD!” The dog was lapping at her pussy and she was enjoying it immensely. I watched and listened to her moaning until she had her orgasm. I didn’t think it was a fake orgasm either, she was really into having her dog lick her. Then to my surprise, she rolled over onto her hands and knees. Her dog then proceeded to lick her pussy from behind. I had a hard time believing how deep the dog drove his tongue into her. She kept moaning as the dog pressed his nose against her pussy lips.

Suddenly the dog raised up and mounted the woman. She stayed perfectly still as the dog positioned himself. I watched as he slowly humped her. My thought was that he must be feeling for her vagina. Then the dog rammed himself tight against the woman’s ass. His tail dropped down between his hind legs as he hammered his cock into the woman. His front legs were wrapped tightly at her waist, holding him and her tightly together.

I watched as he fucked her, a camera between her legs showing a scene from below. I could see his pink cock piston in and out of her dripping vagina. He stopped for a second, his cock was outside of her. I could see the tip of his cock squirting his fluids into her slit. It was dripping down onto the floor. Then he pushed forward the pointed tip parting her pussy lips as his cock again slipped inside her very wet and slippery vagina. The woman was moaning loudly again as a large swelling on the dog’s cock slipped in and out of her. The swelling continued to grow until he pushed it deep inside her. It was then that he stopped humping. I could see his balls moving up and down and his butt hole contracting and the relaxing, over and over this went on. The only thing I could imagine was that he was pumping his cum into her.

The woman dropped her head to the floor, her tits hanging down, her hard nipples pressed to the floor. She turned her face to the camera and looked directly at it. The erotic look on her face showed how much she was enjoying the fuck she was getting. The dog stayed perfectly still on top of her back. His tongue was dripping saliva on her shoulder as he panted. He had overly exerted himself as he fucked her.

My robe had fallen open, I had been squirming in my chair as I watched the erotic video. My fingers

were on my clit, rubbing slowly. I was turned on by the action I was seeing on my monitor. My slit was wet as I slipped a finger into my opening, I finger fucked myself as I rubbed my clitoris with my other hand. I watched as the dog twisted over the woman's back, turning around. The woman had a tight hold on the dogs hind legs as he was now ass to ass with her. He was slightly humped up, her pussy holding his cock high. The two stayed in this position for about ten minutes before she released his legs and he pulled away from her.

This camera angle didn't show much, but another camera did. I could see the dog's knot stretching the woman's pussy lips as he pulled. Then his cock, which was very red and swollen, pulled free of the woman's vagina. The only time the woman made a sound was as his knot was stretching her pussy wide on exit. A very distinct "Ow" was heard. I gasped at how stretched out the woman's vagina was. I could see right inside her. She exercised her kegals a couple time and her pussy shrunk back to normal. As normal as could be expected with the amount of liquids still being expelled. The dog turned around and licked her pussy until she dripped no more, then he put his front leg on her back, like he was claiming her as his own.

The woman now turned and grasped his cock and started giving him a blow job. I saw that and my body snapped tight as my orgasm swept over me. I haven't come that hard ever from masturbating. I guess I was overly excited by what I just had seen. The video that I had just seen was so taboo, yet so exciting. The thought that the woman was having orgasm after orgasm while a dog's cock was locked inside her pussy, was just mind blowing.

I was still on a lustful high, I needed to have another orgasm. This time I went into my bedroom and lay down on my bed. I envisioned the whole video again, only now my pussy was filled with a dildo. My clit was being vibrated by my Magic Wand as my second orgasm washed over me. I twisted over and laid on my side, my knees drawn up in the fetal position. My energy was spent and I was tired.

I closed my eyes, but the images of the woman and dog would not leave my mind. I had to learn more about this subject. I thought I would wait a few minutes and let myself recover and then I would be back on my laptop researching. I heard the click of Tucker's nails on my tile floor, then they stopped, my bedside carpet quieting his nails down. I didn't raise up to see him, but I knew he was there. I wondered if he would try licking me again, so I moved my pussy to the side of the bed and laid very still.

I gasped as his hot rough tongue licked me. My pussy lips opening as his tongue traveled sideways over my vulva. He licked me, over and over again, but I needed more so I turned onto my back and spread my legs. I was in the same position as the woman in the video. Tucker now licked my pussy from my anus to my clit. The sensations were earth shattering to me. I let Tucker lick me until another orgasm rocketed through me, this time better than any I had ever had. I looked at Tucker through my spread legs. The poor boy looked like he had lost his best friend. I melted because I knew he had other ideas in his mind, he wanted to fuck me.

My mind went numb, all I wanted was to fuck also. I slipped off the bed and onto the floor, landing on my knees. Tucker immediately jumped on me and started humping. I was not in a position for him to mount me, but Tucker didn't care. He kept humping, I looked at his belly and I saw about two inches of his blue-pink dick outside his sheath. I would estimate to be a bit larger than a twenty five-cent coin. It was quite a bit larger than the dog cock in the video. Now I had some concern if I could take Tucker's cock in my pussy. Knowing how large it could swell while inside me, you can see why I would be apprehensive. Those fears were speedily overcome by my lust to be fucked. I fell into the 'all fours' position and waited.

Tucker smelled my pussy and mounted me immediately. He started to hump me, but his cock was

sliding over the top of my butt crack. Hot liquid was squirting up on my back. My pussy was too low for Tucker to enter me. I drew my knees together, but lost my balance and toppled sideways. Tucker just stood there and looked at me, like he was amused.

I seized a pillow from my bed and put it under my knees. I was hoping this would raise me up enough for Tucker to enter me. I didn't move when Tucker started to lick my pussy again. He didn't lick long enough for me, but there was nothing I could do about it now. He had mounted me and held me tight with his front legs. The pillow helped, I could feel his cock tip as he poked to find my opening. He was hitting the area between my pussy and my thigh.

I marveled at how he could dance around, stabbing at will, until he found my vagina. I don't know if it was the heat or wetness of my pussy, but once the tip of his cock entered my cunt, he slammed it home almost knocking me flat on my tummy.

I wasn't used to the hardness or the pointed tip. It hurt for a split second as the tip spread my vagina walls. My mind was boggled at how fast and furious Tucker was fucking me. His cock had swollen enough that my vagina walls now had a very pleasant feeling. When I felt his "bulge" start to spread my pussy lips, I remembered how the video showed the woman and dog locked together. I was afraid that might hurt, so I fell forward onto my stomach. Tucker's cock pulling free from inside me. I didn't want to knot with his cock without knowing more about the ramifications.

I looked at Tucker's cock hanging down beneath his belly. My eyes estimated his cock to be at least six inches long and that was before the knot. I know I can take that much cock into my pussy, but along with the huge knot, I wasn't so sure.

I rose up from the floor and went into my bathroom to take a quick shower. There was quite a bit of Tucker's liquid that drained from my pussy. For the short time his cock was inside me, he had pumped a lot of fluid into me. After my shower I dried my body with a big fluffy towel then wrapped my robe around me. I went back into my bedroom and grabbed my laptop.

I searched for articles on how to have sex with a dog. There were a few that showed up, but only one was written by a woman. That was the one that I read. She recommended that a woman not take a knot without another person being there. Especially a woman who had knotting experience. This was more for safety than any other reason. That left me out because I didn't think I could ever divulge I was having sex with a dog. The subject was just so taboo.

I spent most of my morning watching videos of women being fucked by their dogs. Some of them were very good, both in how the dog acted, along with the woman, and the camera action. You could tell when there was a camera person there doing the filming. Much better camera angles and vivid closeups of the action. I really liked it when the dog pulled his cock out and how her pussy stretched. Their combined fluids making a squelching sound as they poured out of the woman's pussy. I moaned because seeing that made me hotter than hell.

My pussy was sopping wet about halfway through the first video and stayed that way while I rubbed off multiple orgasms. My orgasms were very intense, some making me almost falling to the floor. I watched a few more videos in the afternoon with the same results. I was convincing myself that I wanted to investigate this new sexual outlet more. Adding fuel to the fire was the fact that I hadn't been appropriately fucked in approximately a year. I was ready for a nice hard dick, even if the dick belonged to a dog.

I crawled between the sheets and started to play with my clit, but I wasn't satisfied. My bedside table's drawer held my favorite dildos and vibrators. I reached in for a dildo, but then I had a

thought. I saw what looked like a knot on a dildo in one of the videos, I now wanted one of those. I would look into that tomorrow at work. I was done, I didn't want to get off anymore. I wanted that new dildo before I would rock my own world again.

Monday started as usual. I walked into my office and Sherry, my executive assistant, was right behind me. She handed me a cup of fresh coffee and placed a fresh Danish on my desk. I sat down.

"Thanks, Sherry, I sure need a cup of coffee this morning." Sherry left me alone as I ate my Danish, she was one of the best assistants an executive could have. Sherry is a beautiful woman, she's thirty five, stands around five foot seven and has a gorgeous figure. As far as I know she has never been married, has no children and is at my beck and call whenever I need her. I finished my Danish and called Sherry on our intercom.

"Sherry dear, would you please have someone from IT come pick my laptop up. The left shift key is sticking sometimes and I would like it fixed. Also let them know that my browser is running kinda slow also. Thanks."

Sherry came into my office. "I'll take a look at it, I had the same problem last week and I still have the cleaner. Shouldn't take more than a few minutes. If that's okay with you."

"Fine with me, do whatever is necessary."

It was about an hour later when Sherry brought my laptop back. She placed it on my desk and left in a hurry. I searched for a dog dildo and found one that I thought I would like. I ordered it and used two day delivery.

Sherry became very quiet and somewhat withdrawn, it lasted for the remainder of the week. Even when I asked her if something was wrong, she always replied, "Everything is fine Ms Williams."

I spent the weekend just reading and watching more videos. I was becoming obsessed with dog sex. I wanted to know everything about it. The videos were the best though. My new dildo had arrived and it was exactly what I wanted. It looked as real as the real thing, reddish pink with shades of light blue running throughout. It looked just like Tucker's except that the dildo was longer. I don't remember how many orgasms I had using that dildo and the videos. My weekend was spent with my legs spread, my feet on the edge of my desk, videos on my large monitor, and me furiously jamming that dildo into my cunt. By Sunday evening I was sore and exhausted. I slept in late Monday morning and got to work around ten in the morning.

Sherry was at her desk when I came in. She hurried and poured a cup of coffee for me.

"Would you like a doughnut with your coffee?" She asked.

"No doughnut, but bring your coffee and come into my office, please."

I returned to my office and sat down on the office couch. I placed my coffee on the coffee table. Sherry stood there waiting for my directions.

"Please sit, Sherry," I said as I waved my hand for her to sit on the couch also. Sherry sat and looked at me questioningly. I took a sip of my coffee while looking straight into her eyes.

"Sherry, you have worked for me for a long time now and I am very pleased with you and your exceptional work ethic. I could not ask for a more loyal person, I think of you as my friend more than I think of you as an employee. Last week was difficult for me, something changed between us and I

would like to know what it is. You aren't planning on moving to another job are you?"

"Oh no, Ms Williams. I have no such thoughts or intentions. I'll try to be better."

"Better? That's impossible, you are the best, but something is bothering you."

"Ms Williams, please forgive me but I don't think I should tell you what is bothering me."

"Sherry, please drop the Ms Williams and call me Monica when we are in private. You and I are closer than sisters are so please tell me what is going on with you."

"Okay," she replied after pausing a few seconds. Remember how you asked me to have your laptop repaired last week? Well I did fix the sticky key without any problems. Your web browser was another story. Damn, this is so hard for me to tell you."

"Go ahead Sherry, I'm a big girl, I can take whatever your going to say." But, I wondered what it was that she was so hesitant about. For things to change back between us, she had to open up to me.

"Oh, you're going to fire me for sure, but I'll tell you. When you told me that your browser was slow, there's an easy fix that almost always works. I just had to clean your history and cache. I opened your history and saw the websites that your had been to. I'm sorry that I saw that. I wouldn't blame you if your fire me right now."

"So, you saw that I was looking at videos, bestiality to be exact. Is that what is bothering you?"

"Yes, I saw that and I scanned through a couple days of your history. I saw that you could possibly be interested in that. You can tell me to pack up my things and leave. I am so sorry."

"Don't be sorry, but answer me this, why does this subject bother you so much?"

Sherry's head dropped, she was looking at the floor when she whispered. "Because I like the same thing and I know how lonely it is for women who are dog lovers."

Now I was floored. "Tell me about how you started liking this, because I only started liking the videos and stories a week ago."

"My story might take awhile to tell and I'd prefer to talk about this some other place than work. It has to be very private. We could meet at my house and I can give you some advice. We could do more, but this would be my first time in your presence. Rocky is a very accommodating dog, he likes people, especially women."

"I go along with that, we can meet at your house if you would be more comfortable and willing. Is this weekend too soon?"

"I would like that, come for lunch Saturday. I think Rocky will like you, maybe more than you think. Oh, and another thing, don't and I repeat, don't let anyone use or repair your laptop. IT personnel are much better at snooping in a computer than me. Somehow we will have to take all the company files off and you can keep it at home. I'll look into getting you a new computer as soon as I get back to my desk. I'll just use the excuse that you want a newer model, since yours is pretty old."

Did Sherry just toss out the possibility that there might be some sex between Rocky and me? Now I will be on edge until Saturday. It was good advice that she gave me about my laptop. And yes, I would like to have a new one.

The rest of the week was very busy for me, I was thankful for that. Sherry and my relationship went back to normal. Knowing smiles were exchanged between us quite often. Those smiles brought a small flood of wetness to my crotch. It must have been because the anticipation was building as the week progressed. I wondered if Sherry would let her Rocky fuck me. I hoped she would even though it would be a strain on her, revealing her fetish to her boss. I would do my best to allay her fears. Maybe she would let me knot with him, I could always wish.

Friday afternoon arrived faster than I had expected. The day shift was already gone and the second shift was busy. At promptly five, Sherry stepped into my office, "Is there anything you would like me to do before I leave?"

"No, I can't think of anything right now," I replied. "I will see you tomorrow at your place for lunch. Do you mind if I bring a bottle of wine?"

"Wine would be nice. Wine relaxes me and I think that is a good thing. Rocky will be with me tonight, but tomorrow? Who knows? Good evening and I'll see you around twelveish."

Sherry left my office and closed the door behind her. I was alone with my thoughts and my thoughts were of what could happen tomorrow. Just thinking about Rocky mounting me made my pussy tingle. I wondered how I would feel with him inside me.

I was so fucking horny that I locked my office door and went into my private bathroom. I sat on the toilet, placed my feet on the edge of the sink counter. I pulled the crotch of my panties aside and proceeded to rub my clit. I was hot, I was horny, I fantasized about a big dog cock pounding my pussy. It only took a couple minutes and a shocking orgasm took over my body. I wanted to scream, but I fought back, letting only a whimper escape my mouth. I knew this orgasm would be the last until I was back inside my house. I also knew I would be having more of the same and I hoped Tucker would provide some of them.

I closed and locked my office door and left for home. I wasn't halfway down the hall, when I remembered to go back and get my laptop. I would need that later, I wanted a couple videos to warm me up, hopefully to the point of fucking.

At home I was back on my laptop, viewing a video, it was well performed and the camera person did an excellent job. The opening of the video was especially titillating. The background was pink and wavy, a woman was greeted by her dog. She then squat down and kissed the dog. The background music added to the titillation. I could just imagine the conversation the woman was having, telling her dog how much her pussy was aching for his cock. I almost had an orgasm just watching. The title sequence identified it as an "Art of Zoo" video. The ripping toenails, left chills in my body. There was also the name of the actress and the actual title before the first scene. I won't divulge the woman's name, but she is a very popular dog fucker.

As the video proceeded and the woman was being fucked, my fingers were busy on my clit and in my pussy. I fantasized myself into her position. I felt the orgasmic sensations rise within my body as I imagined how that pistoning cock would feel inside me. It didn't take long and I reached a hard climax. It was hard enough that fluids escaped from within my vagina, splashing onto the floor. I called Tucker into my room and he immediately began to lick up my mess on the floor. When he was done with the floor he sniffed the air and headed straight for my crotch. I spread my legs until he had full access to my pussy. I was still horny and wanted him to get me off. He licked me clean, but I didn't come. I was becoming jelly to his tongue licking though.

Just like I did before, I twisted my body, ending up on all fours on the floor. Tucker didn't miss a lick, literally. His tongue never left my pussy until he decided to mount me. I was glad the the vet's office had filed his nails nice and round. They did not scratch me as he held my body tight. His cock was stabbing at me, closing in oh my ever so wet vagina entrance. Tucker lunged into me when he so gloriously slipped the tip of his cock in. I was prepared this time, there was no pain as he lined up perfectly with my pussy's interior. In and out, in and out, his cock, like a piston in me. I felt his knot stretching my labia as his hot cock thickened. I didn't want to knot, not now since I was alone. I reached back and placed my thumb and fore finger around his cock, preventing his knot from entering me.

Tucker kept up his fuck pace until his knot was fully formed. I let go then, he still tried to force it inside me. I wrapped my fingers around his knot and held tight. Tucker stopped his fucking action, he must have thought he was knotted with me. That didn't stop him from pumping his hot cum into me. I have never felt such a warm sensation as I was feeling now. Tucker moved and now his cock tip was pressing on my cervix. I'm sure he was covering my cervix opening and shooting his cum up inside. I giggled a bit knowing his sperm were now on their way to find an egg. Too bad Tucker, you can't knock me up!

We stayed in this position until Tucker turned and dismounted me. I still had a firm grip on his knot so he couldn't pull out. His fur felt good on my ass cheeks and back. I imagined how we looked together. His cock continued to swell in me. How big can his cock get? His knot was very big, bigger than my fist. His knot was like a grapefruit, big and round. Some videos showed dog knots that weren't round and they slipped right out of the woman's pussy. I don't think Tucker would slip out of me. My vagina was tight, never having a child pass through my birth canal. I wondered how my cunt would feel when I finally took him fully inside me.

Tucker pulled hard now, his feet slipping on the floor. The guest room has carpeting, maybe I'll let him fuck me there the first time I knot with him. I bet myself that he could drag me around backwards any time he wanted. I shook with the thought, how sexy, how filthy. Me, tied to my dog's cock, being dragged. Never in all my days did I think I would be doing something like this. I was building for a climax and did orgasm as Tucker kept pumping his hot fluid into me. I stayed on an orgasmic high until he started to growl as he pulled. I released his cock and Tucker pulled out. His cock hanging below him. He didn't move much, he didn't even lick himself. He was just staring at me. I looked at his cock, it was hugely thick, the end soft. His huge knot back a good seven inches from the tip. No wonder he could pump so much of his cum into my womb. I shivered again as I thought of him tied with me. I hope Sherry will assist me while he fucks and knots me. But first I want to see her knotted with her dog. Maybe tomorrow I will see my first live dog fuck show. The thought made my pussy clench.

I stood up, holding my pussy shut with my fingers as I streaked for my bathroom. I sat on the toilet and the sensations of his cum spilling from me felt so good. I was as well fucked as I had ever been, but the taboo of what I had done excited me. I knew that I was now a dog slut, I just didn't know how much of one I would become.

After my shower I dressed for bed. I turned on the TV and watched awhile. When I started yawning, I shut it off along with the lights. Tucker was back to normal so I shooed him outside one last time for the day. I watched as he lifted his leg, exposing his sheathed dick to me as he pissed on a tall weed. I didn't notice before, but his stream came out in spurts and angled away from his cocks direction. Nature at her best. Tucker came back to the door and I let him in.

"Bedtime buddy, time to sleep."

My dreams that night didn't make sense. Tim was fucking me, but his cock was Tucker's. Weird dream that I soon forgot the next morning. I fed Tucker, then fed myself before taking a nice warm bath. Of course my thoughts were on my upcoming lunch with Sherry. I'd never been to her house or her to mine. I wondered how she lived. I paid her very well, so I was hoping she put it to good use. I'd find out soon, my Grandfather clock was gonging out the noon hour.

Twenty-five minutes later I was walking up Sherry's sidewalk with a bottle of very good wine in hand. As I topped her steps, she opened the door and welcomed me inside.

"Hi Sherry," I said.

We exchanged pleasantries as she led me into her kitchen. Sherry placed the wine in her refrigerator to cool it down.

"Can I offer you a drink before we eat lunch?" She asked. "Wine, beer or a cock-tail?"

I smiled, I knew Sherry well enough that the "Cock-tail" was a double entendre. It wasn't the first time she had been sexually suggestive to me. In the back of my mind I had a feeling that Sherry might like me sexually. She was a very sexy and pretty woman. Who knows? I remember a few of my college friends doing girl/girl. I did it only once in a threesome. My boyfriend was fucking me doggy fashion, when a girl named Amy slipped under me and we sucked each other's clit. If I remember correctly, I liked it.

"A cock-tail and some conversation would be great," I too, could be just as suggestive as her.

"Sit down in the snuggery and I'll be right back."

Snuggery? She must mean the family room. I walked in and looked around the room, very tastefully decorated. It was a very cozy room, real homey. I heard the back door open and the click click of toenails on the kitchen's tiled floor. Sherry must have let Rocky inside.

Sherry brought a tray of dainty ham and cheese sandwiches along with cups of shrimp Ceviche appetizer. She sat the food on a table, "Dig in, you must be starved by now."

I thanked her and put a couple of sandwiches on the offered plate. They were delicious.

"Tell me, please. How did you start? You don't have to tell me, but I'm interested in your experience."

Sherry finished swallowing a mouthful of sandwich. "I was one of those teenage girls that went all gaga over the new guy who moved in two doors down from us. He was close to my age, maybe a month or two older. We met when we were walking to school one morning and we continued to walk together almost every day. To make a long story short, we both crushed on each other. His father had passed. He was some kind of mercenary, according to his mother. She was left home alone most of the time. His father would show up for a couple weeks then was gone again on "assignment".

Anyhow, Freddie caught his mother tied to the family dog. From that time on she let Freddie watch her being fucked. He in turn got me to fuck the family dog because he wanted to watch me. There's a lot more details, but I will go into them some other time. Today is about you."

"Wow," I exclaimed. "So now you have been doing it for quite awhile."

"Yes, more than fifteen years. Freddie and I never became boyfriend, girlfriend. We did fuck a lot,

mostly after I had been fucked by the dog. Freddie always claimed that my pussy was hotter from the dog cum. I'll get ready now, so you can see first-hand how it works."

Sherry proceeded to remove her clothes. Rocky was still on the floor, but his eyes were watching Sherry's every move. When Sherry removed her panties and threw them at Rocky, he stood up and bounded over to her. Sherry moved to the couch and sat down, her ass even with the edge of the couch cushion. Rocky's nose was at her knees. Sherry spread her legs and Rocky started to lick and tongue her ever reddening vulva. Sherry's eyes were closed, her fingers twisting her nipples as Rocky attacked her swollen pussy.

My own pussy was starting to leak fluids. It was so hot to see a woman so close-up getting her pussy licked so intensely. Sherry was softly moaning. "Like that Rocky. Lick my pussy so good. You're a good boy."

I could see that Sherry was not only enjoying what was happening to her, she was building closer to that climax that I wanted to see. Suddenly she cried out, "Oh fuck, Rocky, I'm cumming. Eat me Rocky, lick me hard."

I watched her face scrunch up as her orgasm rolled through her body. I knew for sure that I had never experienced an orgasm that intense.

"Time to fuck me Rocky," she titillatingly called to him.

Sherry rolled onto her chest, her boobs pressed into the cushion, her knees on the floor. Rocky waited until she patted her butt cheek before he mounted her. Rocky moved in closer, his cock tip lined up perfectly with Sherry's opening. He pushed forward, his cock slipping into her. Much to my surprise, he didn't ram his cock into her, he actually jumped off her and waited.

"He wants me to get on all fours before he will fuck me." Sherry said. "He likes it better that way, he can get his cock in deeper. I feel more like his bitch also."

Sherry moved away from the couch and got on her hands and knees on a throw carpet. I watched as Rocky moved around behind her. Rocky again mounted Sherry, only this time he was more active than last time. The short hair on his underside allowed me a unopposed view of his cock and her pussy. About an inch of Rocky's cock tip protruded from his sheath. I watched as he moved forward, the tip of his cock spreading Sherry's pussy lips. The tip disappeared as Rocky sharply rammed forward. His cock now fully inside Sherry's wet pussy. Rocky pistoned his cock, ramming Sherry's ass hard enough to make her butt cheeks quiver. Rocky was fucking her hard and she was moaning and enjoying it immensely.

I listened as Sherry moaned, telling Rocky how much she was enjoying how he was fucking her. I was anxious for her to finish. I wanted too feel the same thing she was now feeling. My pussy was on fire, wanting for a hard dog cock.

Sherry shrieked, "His knot is in and swelling. It feels so good. He's rubbing on my G-spot. Oh fucking god, I'm going to cum."

I saw Sherry's flushed face. Her shoulders and upped arms were very red. I imagined that her chest was just as red. I couldn't believe how much she was enjoying her fuck. Rocky stopped fucking and remained still, his cock buried deep in her cunt. I could see his asshole and balls constrict and relax as he pumped her pussy full of his cum.

"His cum is so hot, you never feel a human's, but a dog's temperature is so much hotter. I can feel

the heat through-out my insides. He's knotted tight to me, wait until you experience the knot, then you will know what I mean."

"Can you pull away?" I asked her.

"Watch," she said. Sherry moved forward and Rocky just followed along. "We're tight together. I have to wait for his knot to go down before we part. My pussy is very tight. Yours will be also."

It looked like Rocky was trying to dismount from Sherry. He swung his leg over her back.

"Fuck," she exclaimed. "He's turning and I only have a hold on one leg. Oh fuck, fuck! His knot is so tight I'm going to come again!"

After another intense orgasm, I watched as Sherry released her hand from his hind leg and Rocky dismounted completely. Now the two of them were ass to ass. Rocky pulled forward and Sherry rocked back, I could only imagine how tightly they were locked together. I watched Sherry's facial contortions as her body was again rocked by orgasm after orgasm.

Sherry dropped her chest to the floor and turned her head sideways toward me. Her eyes were squeezed tightly shut as multiple orgasms shook her body. This scenario went on for at least five minutes. Rocky stopped trying to pull out as he rested also, he must be tired. A few minutes later he pulled forward hard, I heard a distinct swushing like sound. Then the sound of fluids escaping from Sherry's pussy and splashing on the floor. Rocky turned around, putting his front leg on Sherry's back. It seemed like he was claiming her as his bitch. His bright reddish pink cock hanging down beneath him, nearly reaching the floor. My god I thought, how could her pussy take so much cock and knot, it would tear me apart!

"He's done for now, he's pooped out," Sherry explained to me as Rocky laid down. "He'll be ready again in about a half hour. He can fuck like this for hours. That's why I love having sex with Rocky! Oh god, I hope and pray your dog gives you the same intense orgasms that Rocky can give me."

Sherry raised up and squatted, her vulva exposed and leaking Rocky's cum. Rocky shuffled over to her and proceeded to lick up the floor. I couldn't help but stare at his still semi-hard cock. I looked at Sherry's pussy and then back at Rocky's cock. I looked back and forth as powerful sensations were streaking through my pussy. I felt like I would orgasm just from looking at their sex organs! Sherry's pussy lips were bright red and swollen. I wanted to kiss them. I moved to do just that, but then I stopped. I'm really not into girls, but I was hot and under other circumstances I would have gone down on her.

Sherry stood up now. I was right, her chest and the tops of her tits were red. She saw me looking at her.

"Kinda flushed aren't I." It was a statement, not a question. "You will probably experience the same outcome when you tie with your puppy."

"I hope so," I said as I looked at my watch.

Sherry dressed and looked at me. "Time for us to go to your house. I'll be there with you for your first time being really fucked hard by Tucker. Would you like that?"

"Oh, god, yes," I blurted out. If Tucker can fuck me like Rocky fucked you, I'll be in heaven."

"Let me clean up here and then we'll head over to your house. Don't underestimate Tucker. You

might nickname him 'Tucker the Fucker'."

Sherry let Rocky out the back door. His cock was back in his sheath, no one would be the wiser as to what had just happened in this house. Sherry brought a Swiffer Wet Jet and spritzed the area that was previously covered in her pussy fluids and Rocky's cum. After cleaning the floor, she put the mop away and let Rocky back into the house. He padded over to his bed and flopped down, surely he was tired from his session with Sherry.

"Your turn now, Monica, to enjoy the pleasure at your house. I'm sure Tucker will enjoy you as well as you will enjoy him."

I led the way to my place, Sherry following me in her car. The anticipation of what was going to happen to me had me wet and squirming. I must have been in a hurry, it only took me twenty minutes to get home.

[Continued in chapter Two](#)