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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One - My first encounter with Monty

This isn't something I ever thought I'd write out, let alone let anyone else read, but it never really occurred to me that anyone would want to, or that there was anyone else like me. Hell, I didn't even know I was like this before Monty.

I've been dog sitting for several months now just as a way to make a little extra money on the side. I've always loved dogs and it's nice to stay in other people's big fancy houses for a few nights, away from the real world. I'd housesat for this particular family a couple of times before, so I already knew and loved their magnificent Rottweiler, Monty. He was about four years old and absolutely gigantic, at least 125 pounds with a soft, gleaming coat and expressive brown eyes. He liked to sit and watch me, his brow lifting and furrowing to follow my movements around the house. Of course he wasn't all grace and beauty, at times he would sit and sloppily smack his thick tongue over his massive balls. At first I was a little alarmed by those things - most people neuter their dogs these days - and those testicles just hung their, huge and low, swinging between his legs as he swaggered around the house.

It was my third night at the house, a Friday, and I was feeling pretty bored and a little stressed from a long week at work. I stripped off my clothes and just put on a little pink bathrobe before settling on the couch with a glass of wine. I was just surfing through the hundreds of cable stations when I came across a porn channel. I lingered there for a while, swirling my wine. I've never been too into masturbating, but I was so wound up that I found my free hand wandering down between my legs. I'd just gotten waxed the day before so it felt wonderfully smooth. Maybe it's just because I'm young (I'm 22), but I always get very wet very quickly, and even though the porn was cheesy - bad lighting, pulsing music, absurd groaning - I was dripping in minutes. I slid out of the bathrobe and spread it across the sofa so as not to get any mess on the upholstery and set down the wine so I could use my other hand to play with my nipples: small, pink, and quick to harden. I rolled them between my fingers while my other hand rubbed my clit quickly in a circular motion. My breath quickened and I was about to climax when Monty distracted me with one of his noisy lip-smacks. I hadn't even noticed him while I was totally engrossed with playing with myself, but he was standing quite close and his head was tilted as his big wet nose wiggled in my direction. I laughed.

"Smell something new, Monty?" I asked. He looked at me quizzically and I laughed again. Without even thinking I held out a slick, juice-coated finger in front of his nose. He sniffed deeply and then smacked his lips. I held my hand a little closer and, to my surprise, he took a small lick. He seemed to think about the taste for a long time, and sniffed my finger again. Intrigued, I dipped my finger back into my pussy for more and found that it was warmer and wetter than before. I felt my fair skin flush with embarrassment. Was I actually turned on by a dog? Monty hesitated again, but not for long, before sliding his big sloppy tongue along my finger. Even that sent a quiver between my legs. What are you doing? I thought, withdrawing my hand. He started panting and his warm, musky breath fell across my thigh. I hadn't orgasmed yet and I needed to, badly. My dripping juices were starting to soak through the robe. I grabbed the wine and downed the rest of it in two swallows before taking a few deep breaths. Listen, I'm not a bad-looking girl, not by a long shot. I'm thin, I have nice tits, long slender legs, a good soft ass, and a long tumble of wavy black hair. But my life had been a little crazy and I hadn't been fucked in upwards of six months. I was a little desperate and didn't even realize it until I was laying there, my knees spread, with this huge dog in front of me, his tongue lolling.

I put my fingers in my pussy again, three of them this time, and held them out to him. He licked it up eagerly now, sending drool down my palm. I did it again, this time holding my fingers closer to my

pussy so he had to step forward to get it. The huff of his breath touching my bare cunt made me pant a little. I did it yet again, but this time I put my fingers right against my skin, and as he took that last step forward and started to lick, I slipped my fingers away and let his tongue find the source of that wet treat. I couldn't help feeling nervous that he might bite or hurt me. You can't tell a dog how you like it. But that thought fled from my mind as soon as his long wet tongue went sliding up my ass and into my pussy. He figured out where my juice was coming from and quickened and focused his licking, dipping his tongue right into my slit with a rapid smacking sound. I cried out audibly and gripped the sofa, my back arching as he worked. His beautiful brown eyes found my blue ones for a moment as I moaned, but he went right back to work, lapping up all my juices as fast as my body could make them.

I had to wonder if this was anything other than a little dessert for him. Did Monty understand that this was a pussy, meant to be fucked? I leaned to the side to look between his legs and saw that his dick was only just peeking out of its furry sheath. I rubbed him behind the ears with both hands and guided his mouth more firmly into my crotch. "Oh, God," I whimpered as his tongue sloshed all over and inside me, his drool mixing with my own fluid.

"You deserve some of this," I said suddenly. I lifted my foot and stretched it back between his legs, gently placing his sheath between two of my toes as I started to slide it up and down. I had no idea if that kind of thing would do the trick for a dog, but a minute later he paused his licking and looked back at his own cock, which was sliding out bigger and bigger by the second. It was at least ten inches long and immensely thick, shiny and red and swinging down like his big luscious tongue. He started to thrust his hips in place, at nothing. He wanted to fuck as badly as I did but didn't know how.

I slid myself down further on the couch so that my crotch was against his neck and his head was over my small pale waist. I wished just then that I'd had more wine, but I wanted it so badly at that point that I knew I couldn't stop now. I pat my chest, "Up, Monty," I said. He heaved his front paws onto the couch, straddling my body, and his massive dick was poised between my legs. I just had to shift myself a little to get it just right. He was still panting and trying to thrust, and his cock kept hitting my thigh and then my ass. He must have known he was close because he started to speed up, so that when he finally found his mark, he rammed deep, deep into my pussy faster and harder than anyone ever had before. Just as I cried out in mingled pain and pleasure, he was already sliding in and out of me again and again in mad thrusts. He moved his front paws a little further forward, bringing him that much closer so that he slid in all the way and I could feel his soft hairy sheath slamming against my smooth skin as he pounded me and his big balls slapped against my ass.

I knew this wouldn't last long and I was right on the edge of an orgasm. Without even thinking I lifted my legs and wrapped them around his shiny black back, pulling him into me so far that I could feel him slamming into parts of my body I'd never felt before. Both of our juices were running down my ass and he grunted heavily as my hips tipped inward and my abdomen contracted. "Oh fuck fuck yes, good good boy," I cried as I came all over his mad, racing red cock. My legs tightened even more around him, pulling him into me, and before I knew it his fat knot, maybe the size of a tennis ball, was ramming against me and forcing its way into my pussy. I screamed in surprise, pain, and pleasure as it pressed against my clit, hot and firm, before finally forcing its way inside me, stretching my cunt like nothing else before or since. I rolled my hips just a little to feel the full wonder of that knot inside me as he calmed down, his work done. Just that gentle movement over his knot, stuck in me, sent a second orgasm racing through me and I whimpered again.

He waited patiently for several minutes for it to go down, occasionally bending down to lick my face as if to say, "good job" to his little bitch. As I waited, I was already thinking of other positions and places he could fuck me, wondering what would happen if I tried to suck his cock, wondering what

dog cum tasted like. Before I knew it I was cumming again, rubbing my clit furiously while my pussy was still full of his huge cock.

“Thank God your owners aren’t coming back for a month,” I said with a deep, satisfied sigh.

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## **Part Two - My Second Encounter with Monty**

After my first time with Monty, the big, handsome Rottweiler I was housesitting, a predictable guilt came over me. I felt sick and ashamed every time I saw him. Before the incident he used to sleep on the bed with me - innocently, of course. It was his owner’s bed and he liked to flop down on top of my feet with a big sigh. But I couldn’t stand to have him around me, let alone in bed with me, any more. At night I shut the bedroom door, and locked it, with Monty whimpering on the other side.

“I know you don’t understand,” I said quietly. “But-” But what? What did I have to say for myself? I let a dog fuck me. No. I made a dog fuck me. It was illegal, for one. For another, it wasn’t even my dog. I’d started having dreams of the owner coming home and revealing a nanny-cam in the living room and catching the whole thing on tape. He was turning me in. It was all over. When I woke up I couldn’t shake the dream. While I showered I had visions of my story going out over the local news. My mother’s shame. My grandmother’s horror. At odd moments I groaned audibly. This was the kind of shit you couldn’t even take to a therapist. I felt so filthy, so awful. And yet still I had to walk Monty every day, watch him sashay ahead of me, his head erect, nose twitching in the air, his balls swaying between his thighs.

I threw myself into my work and went back to Monty’s later and later every night. Three weeks went by and I started to take heart - just one week left. People at work were telling me I didn’t look so good. Well, no one was that blunt, but I got a lot of “are you feeling okay?” Meanwhile my brain chanted, one week, one week, one week. Then I got a call.

“Jillian? It’s Mark. Listen, this research of ours is getting to be more than we bargained for. Is there any way you could stay with Monty a little longer?” My guts clenched and I gritted my teeth.

“How long, do you think?” I asked, trying to sound as nice as possible.

“Oh gosh, it’s hard to say. I wouldn’t even ask except that you said you were flexible... I mean, I can pay you more if you want.” He cleared his throat. “Probably another month.” He was already giving me fifty dollars a day, and I could hardly afford to say no to that. I chewed my cheek for a second.

“Yeah, sure, that should be fine.” He thanked me profusely, said I was a lifesaver and so on.

I had been on my lunch break and skulked back to my cubicle and dropped my head to my desk. Now instead of one week, one week, one week I started chanting one month, one month, one month. This dribbled into my self-loathing mantra of dog fucker, dog fucker, dog fucker.

“Jillian.” I bolted up and saw my boss staring at me. He didn’t have much by way of understanding. Or feelings for that matter. “You haven’t caught an eating disorder, have you?” I shook my head. He coughed. “Well the secretaries keep telling me that you’re not eating and other ‘signs’ or something. And from the looks of it you haven’t taken a sick day, or any vacation, in a long, long time.”

“Really, Carl, I’m fine,” I said, desperate. “Just a little tired is all.” He nodded.

“Which is why you’re going to take a few days. Sick, vacation, you’re pick. But three days, minimum.

And if you're still looking all... tired, I'll make you take more. Now skidaddle."

I drove around for an hour before going to the house. Anything to delay the inevitable. Once inside I did my now-automatic scan for any sign of recording devices, as if they might spring up overnight. Monty had long since given up his old friendly greeting and remained, dejected and confused, in his doggy bed in the living room. I mentally scanned through the numbers in my phone, trying to think of any guys I could meet up with. Maybe if I had sex - with a human - I could start to move past this thing.

"Patrick," I said suddenly. He was a friend of a friend who I'd gone out with once before. We had a good time and made out a little but then I went out of town for a couple of weeks and we never met up again. I had nothing to lose and gave him a call. He sounded pleasantly surprised and was - my lucky day - available for dinner.

I threw myself into getting ready. I took a long shower and shaved my legs and pussy and under my arms and tried to loosen up under the hot water and perfumes of conditioner. I straightened my long, thick black hair, which almost fell to my waist, and spent a long time on make up (it took a good bit of coverup to conceal the darkening under my eyes). I painted my nails bright red, put on heels and zipped into a black dress - not too revealing (down to my knees and just a tiny bit of cleavage), but so tight I felt like someone had a firm, comforting grip all around me. I fluttered out the door without looking at Monty and drove to the restaurant with the windows down and the music up.

Patrick looked even better than I remembered him and I noticed with satisfaction the way he looked me over as I entered the room, his eyes lingering in all the right places. He was tall and broad with dirty blond hair. I didn't usually go for fair guys, but he had a winning smile and a good job and that does a lot.

We laughed over dinner and drank a lot of wine and after a while our hands and feet were brushing against each other more and more. You're so ready for this, I kept telling myself. When he walked me to my car I lingered at the door for a second and he immediately pressed against me, kissing me hard, one of his hands pulling me in around the waist and the other grabbing my ass. I put a hand around his neck and let him do most of the work, he was a great kisser. After a little of this he suggested we get in the car. He didn't have to ask me twice. We got into the back seat - I have an Explorer, so it's pretty roomy - and he was all over me. He kissed my neck and chest while one of his hands dove between my thighs. It was only then that I realized that I wasn't wet at all. Usually just a little fantasizing on the way to work is enough to get me wet. Or a slightly steamy scene in a movie. Now I had this hot guy right on top of me, feeling me up, kissing me everywhere, and I was totally dry? I turned my head away and coughed awkwardly. I felt aroused, I wanted him, but it was like my body didn't.

"Something wrong?" he asked. I closed my eyes for a moment. I didn't want to take him any further knowing I wouldn't go all the way.

"Listen," I said. He smiled a little sadly, already knowing.

"All right," he said, holding up his hands. I told him that I liked him a lot. It just wasn't quite right. He nodded and kissed me on the cheek. "Next time, okay?" I said.

I cried the whole way home. I was done for. Ruined for men for good, it seemed.

When I got to Monty's house, I was too tired to change and went straight to the bed and flopped down on top of the sheets, my face tear-streaked, and fell straight to sleep.

Suddenly I woke up with a start. Monty was on the bed and licking the salty tears off my face. I laughed and turned my head away.

“Oh God, I forgot to shut the door,” I said. I couldn’t help patting his head, though. He seemed so happy to be around me after being ignored for so long. “I’m sorry, boy. You didn’t do anything wrong.” He kept trying to lick my face and as I turned away again I saw that his dick was about two inches out of its sheath. I grew tense and looked away quickly. But already I felt it; my tight black dress had ridden up a good bit while I slept, and it was hot and slick between my legs. Just like that. Patrick all over me and nothing, yet the very sight of Monty’s cock and my clit was begging to be rubbed.

I decided that maybe I could just masturbate. Without Monty, of course. I wanted him. I knew that. But no way – not again. I grabbed his collar and yanked him off the bed. He grunted and dug his feet in but finally jumped off.

Big mistake.

Right away he caught a whiff of my crotch and his wet nose went for it. I tried to back away but he was like a homing missile. I pulled down my dress, but just the feeling of his big cold nose pressing against my crotch through the fabric made me weak in the knees. I turned around but of course he just pressed his nose from the backside. Obviously, he liked what he got before. And so I started thinking, if he liked it, and I like it, what could be wrong with it? My hormones were going crazy and my crotch was begging to get fucked, so I knew that whatever my logic was, it wasn’t great. But my resolve to never be with Monty again was slipping fast.

Still facing the wall, I lifted my dress up just barely, by an inch or two. He took the opening without hesitation and nosed his way up. There was barely enough space for my legs as it was, so he had to grunt and wriggle to get his head up there and I bent forward to make it a little easier. His head was totally crammed up my dress and he could barely open his mouth enough to lick at my underwear, which was soaked through with juice.

I moaned and knew, right away, that this might be the last time I ever did this. The guilt was too much last time. But now, now it was so good. I had to make it count. I couldn’t miss out.

Looking over, I saw that his cock was out about four or five inches now – nothing compared to when I’d last seen it in all its fat red glory. The memory made me ooze and spasm. But I wouldn’t let myself cum yet. I had to wait. I grabbed his collar and wrestled him out of my dress – no easy feat. He smacked his lips and looked at me with those big brown hopeful eyes, almost like he was afraid I’d lock him out again.

“Not this time, Monty.” I unzipped my dress and again had to shove him off to keep him from going for my crotch. I kept my panties on just to keep him from going all for it. After taking a deep breath I commanded him to “stay” and he stood in place like a good boy, though still licking his chops hopefully. I grabbed a pillow and placed it under him before getting down on the carpet on my back.

“Good boy,” I crooned, reaching one hand up to run down his back while the other reached toward his dick. I had my head right under his belly, but from his side, so that my pussy wasn’t in front of his face or anything. He looked back at me curiously and then shifted uneasily as I touched his dick, warm and damp in my hand; it seemed so much bigger that close up, especially since the pillow brought my face several inches closer to him. I spit on my palm and began to rub the base of his cock. He started to thrust a little uncertainly and another three inches slid out, nearly bumping right into my mouth.

I took another deep breath before opening wide and lifting my head. At first he didn't seem to know, so I rubbed the base again and that was all it took. He started humping and his dick, the base of which was too thick for me to wrap my hand all the way around, started plunging into my mouth. It was bitter and a little salty and large slops of watery cum started trickling down my throat right away. I closed my lips around his cock, which he seemed to like, because he grunted and really started thrusting. He took a step forward and really bucked his hips in those fast jabs of wild fucking animals. His cock really started jamming down my throat and I gagged on it over and over, tears running down the sides of my face and into my loose black hair. But I wanted it, and I almost wanted it to hurt. I felt like he should punish me for how cruel and withholding I'd been all those weeks. I lifted my head higher, forcing his cock deep down my throat where I choked on it and all his slimy pre-cum. Unconsciously, I had put my hand inside my panties and was rubbing my clit wildly, but I forced myself to stop. I wouldn't cum yet. And neither would he. Just as it started to swell under his sheath, I pulled away. He fucked the air futilely and I got up, cum coating my mouth and dribbling down my neck and tits, and held his hips still.

"I know it seems unfair," I said gently. "But you'll thank me soon enough." I waited a minute, stroking his back and cooing to him while his erection subsided just slightly. Then I got down on my hands and knees and let him clean me up with his tongue. "Clean your dirty bitch," I said, as his tongue lapped up everything around my mouth and down my high, round tits flicking over my hard nipples. "Bet you never fucked anyone in the ass before," I whispered into his soft black ear, scratching the chin under his big wet mouth.

Still on my hands and knees, I turned around so my ass was facing him. "Stay," I said firmly. I knew this was a position he'd recognize. I dipped my fingers into my underwear and into my pussy and took some of the clear, slick juice and reached around and slid it, with one finger, in and around my ass. My breath was already deepening. I'd been fucked in the ass twice in my life, but it'd been a long time and both of those guys had average to small dicks. Nothing like Monty. I got a little more juice and slicked it up good before pulling off my panties. Looking back, I saw that he was watching me carefully, patiently, and that his dick was all ready to go again. I took my hand and used it to totally cover up my pussy and then I dropped the front half of my body to the floor, lifting my ass high.

"Come on, Monty," I said. He hopped up right away, his weight slamming me further to the floor. He was heavier and stronger than I'd realized. He started thrusting, his paws hooked in at my nice, wide hips, his black nails scraping against me. But he was just poking around, a little desperately and with a kind of longing whimper. I eased my ass back further - no easy feat under 125 pound Rott - and his jabs got closer. Even though I braced myself, I wasn't prepared for how hard his cock finally slammed into me. My ass was way too tight to take the whole thing and I cried out, my whole body shoved forward by the force. But this didn't slow him down, and with each thrust he managed to get a little more inside me. "Fuck me, baby," I cried, more tears making their way down my cheek as he pounded my ass, his balls flopping against my eager cunt. "This is your ass to take, Monty."

I felt ripped, torn, and deeply satisfied all at once. I gasped for air and felt his drool drip down my back. But we still weren't going to cum. Not yet. Just as he pulled back for another ram, I dropped my ass and rolled over. I saw his cock, so much bigger than I knew it could get, maybe even 11 inches, engorged and cum-coated. Yet again I took his hips and held them still. "Last time," I said, still breathing deeply as my ass throbbed and my pussy sent trails of just down my legs in addition to all his pre-cum that had dripped out of my ass hole.

I waited several minutes this time. We had both been so close to cumming, and I wanted this last fuck to last a while. I rubbed his smooth head and scratched behind his ears. Even the primal, animal smell of his fur made me wetter.

Finally, I went and spread myself on the edge of the bed, feet on the floor with my pussy sticking out over the edge. I spread my knees far apart and before I could open my mouth to call him, Monty was licking his way up my thighs, closer and closer, higher and higher, until finally, that long tongue slid from my gaping ass hole up to my sopping wet cunt. I grabbed fistfulls of the sheets and cried out and he, taking the hint, licked my clit madly, sloppily, his tongue slipping inside me just enough to make me tremble and my hips buck.

“Up, up, up,” I begged, patting my stomach. “Oh shit, Monty, fuck me now, oh God. Fuck me now.” He jumped halfway on the beg and I shifted his paws so he was straddling me just right. “We know this part, don’t we,” I said tenderly, rubbing his chest. His cock was out yet again and dripping, thrusting, desperate to cum into any fuck hole at last. This time I just reached down and guided his cock forward. As soon as it touched the lips of my pussy he was off, like race horse galloping down the track foaming at the mouth, his cock dove all the way into me in one clean stroke and then ripped out, plunged in, slam slam slam his balls hitting me, his soft sheath cramming against my pussy. Again I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him in deeply, shoving my own hips into his crazy jackhammer thrusts. “Oh cum inside me,” I begged. I could feel our juices soaking the sheets and then his knot was slamming violently against the outside of my pussy. He almost seemed frustrated that I’d held him off so many times and he scooted forward, clenched his paws around my hips, and grunted as he slammed. It was so big, though - huge from so many times on the edge of cumming. I wasn’t going to deprive him of the satisfaction.

I spread my knees and lifted my raw, pounded cunt. “Do it, you nasty fucker,” I said. And in two more angry jabs he did, absolutely filling me with cock and knot and then a geyser of cum, thick hot spurts and he cried out, almost in pain, at the final release. He came for more than a minute, and his final thrusts, which only served to slam his trapped knot against the inside of my cunt as his cum went everywhere inside me, send a spastic orgasm all over my body. I locked my arms and legs around him, a mad embrace, as I moaned and quivered, my throat, ass, and cunt all thrashed and worn and hot from his cock.