

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It seems like so long ago now. Six years ago, I was in bed with my little four-pound Yorkie when she got interested in what was between my legs, so I let her investigate. Like many things I've done, I considered it an experiment, a one-time experience, and never did anything like that again. I'd seen clips of girls having sex with dogs and even horses. Still, for me, the thought of having sex with an animal was somewhat repulsive to me, something only ugly girls in foreign porn movies did. The idea that I would ever even TOUCH a dog's dick, let alone suck one or fuck one, was not even something I ever fantasized about. At least until my friend Samantha got her way.

Samantha (Sam) was one of those friends I included in my short list of close friends. We had grown up together, and while I had seen her masturbating during some of our slumber parties, it was no different than any of my other friends since we all did it. We had never actually touched one another, even though it became fairly public knowledge that Sam was an avowed lesbian. So far as I knew, she had never even had sex with a guy even though she was the same age as me—twenty-one. She was beautiful, and she still teased and flirted with guys, but it was just out of cruel sport so far as she was concerned. She had a great body and enjoyed showing it off, even if she had no interest in it beyond that. Although I am bi, my preference is for guys. I have never made a show out of being attracted to girls. So Samantha and I remained good friends but in a platonic manner.

It was two summers ago, in the middle of my summer break for college. I was horny as hell, and while I was getting plenty of cock from my dad, not to mention the occasional fuck from my uncle and cousin, it wasn't the same as getting laid by a guy outside the family. I guess you could say Sam caught me in a moment of vulnerability—and took full advantage of it.

Sam invited me to her house overnight, where I met Sandy, her golden retriever. Sam and I started the evening out as usual, watching some porn videos she liked, masturbating, and eventually playing with each other. Sam was a lesbian and, as far as I knew, had never even been fucked. It wasn't until we had both cum several times and gotten carried away that I learned she HAD been fucked, but not by any guy. I watched for the first time, at least in real life, a girl sucking and eventually fucking a dog. Seeing Sandy fucking my friend was both disgusting and hot as hell, and my emotions were swinging wildly between the two extremes.

Well, to make a very long story very short, Samantha somehow convinced me to suck her dog's dick and finally let him fuck me. I guess I was just overwhelmed by the lust from masturbating, having sex with Sam, and then seeing how she got off from being fucked by Sandy. It was like I was drunk but without the alcohol. OK, I will admit that at the time, I enjoyed it. Being fucked by a large dog WAS something new and different, and when he came in me, I was flooded with the hottest cum I'd ever known—and tons of it to boot.

Of course, I told my mom about it—I always told her everything I'd done sexually. As it turned out, she was disappointed in me and visibly revolted at times as I described what happened to her. On the other hand, my dad's response was exactly as I had expected. He had a monstrous erection the entire time, as I told him, and he even fucked me doggie style afterward!

That was the only time I had sex with any sort of animal (although a few guys who have fucked me may have come close). Afterward, I swore that I would never do it again. When my mind was clear, and I was more rational, the very idea of what I had done made me almost physically ill.

Think about it for a minute and imagine how you would feel to know that an animal, a DOG, had pushed his cock inside of me and tried to mate me. Of course, nothing serious could have happened, but HE didn't know that! To think I'd sucked it, even tasted its cum afterward, has to make it one of

but a couple of sexual experiences that I now regret. Not that Sam didn't try to get me to do it again, but even she eventually stopped pestering me about it when she realized how strongly I felt about it. Just to show you how much it revolted me, I don't even remember masturbating once to the memory of Sandy fucking me.

Given my feelings about animal sex, you would think that the case was closed, and I would never do anything like that again. Well, at least I did. Sam may have given up on me, but my best friend Beth never let me forget about it. Usually, it was just a teasing comment, maybe a joking gesture when a dog was nearby, something to gently prod me and try to push a button for a response from me. Typically, I ignored her and silently cursed Sam for telling Beth about what I'd done with her 'best friend.'

Something else that Beth liked to pester me about was her sex parties. It had been ages since I'd gone to one with her, and she was becoming quite a pain in the ass sometimes about it. I knew she went to about one a week or so, meaning she was getting plenty of cock—at least compared to me.

As for me, my sex life had become rather boring lately, restricted to a few friends I knew, plus the occasional fuck from my dad when my Aunt Linda wasn't around. It seemed she was ALWAYS at our house lately, although I knew that was an exaggeration. She always seemed to be there when I was there. Since my mom had been killed last fall, their relationship had tightened considerably, to say the least. Although I never thought there would ever be something romantic, the two of them seemed to enjoy each other. I was doing two or three parties a week, but they generally didn't involve sex. If anything, I found myself even hornier when I got home than I had been before the party!

It was a bitter cold Friday early evening, and I was heading to my apartment on my way back from my dad's. My left hand was steering while my right hand was planted firmly in my crotch. God, was I horny! I'd gone over to see my dad, figuring he might need me to help calm down his urges, which tended to build up during the week, but when I got there, I found him in bed with my Aunt Linda. The two of them were going at it so hard that they never even heard me come in, and if they saw me peeking around the door, they never hinted at it.

For a brief moment, I considered barging in and maybe even joining them, but seeing her riding my dad as she sat on his prone body, his dick impaled in her hairy pussy, I decided just to let them finish. The only problem was, I was so damn horny from anticipating him fucking me. I had a hard time even walking from the way my pussy was cramping with desire. As soon as I had pulled out from the driveway, my hand slipped inside my pants, and my fingers started to touch me. Damn, I was wet!

My cell phone rang, and I would have ignored it had it been anyone else but Beth. Her ringtone blasted out, and I sighed as I pulled my hand from my pants, wiping my wet fingers against my jeans before picking up my phone.

"What!" I gasped into the speaker, a little more emphatic than I meant to be.

"Well damn, girl, don't tear my head off!" Beth giggled from the other end, "What the hell's going on with you anyway?"

I quickly explained my situation, thinking in the back of my mind that I wished she would say whatever it was she had to say and hang up so I could get back to touching myself again.

"Well, if you're so damn horny and all, why not go with me to a party? It starts in less than an hour from now."

"Beth...!" I dragged out her name together with a sigh. She knew better than to push me about her parties.

"Don't give me that. Get your hot little ass over here now," she insisted, "See you in a few minutes."

With that, she hung up. I was sorely tempted to ignore her and return home where I could care for myself. Who knows, maybe tonight was one of those when I just went out to some bar and got picked up by somebody. At the moment, it didn't matter to me WHO it was, just so long as he could get an erection!

My hand was back in my jeans again, and I could feel how wet and hot my pussy was. What the hell, why not? At the next corner, I turned and headed to Beth's house. I was dressed in jeans and a simple blouse, but I knew it didn't make any difference what I wore TO one of Beth's parties, as once you were there, it would be off before long anyway. I arrived at her house about fifteen minutes when she met me at the door and invited me in. I hadn't expected that, figuring we would get in her car immediately or follow her wherever the party would be tonight as they moved from home to home each week.

"It doesn't start for at least another half hour or so, and it's only a few minutes away this time, so let's go to my room for a bit," Beth said as I nodded to her parents at the kitchen table.

Her brother wasn't there, probably out on a Friday night with his girlfriend. Once in her room, she closed the door and grabbed my right hand, pulling it to her nose. Once she sniffed, she looked up at me and grinned.

"Somebody was being naughty as she drove!" she teased me.

"Well, it's not like I had a chance to wash my hands," I whined, pulling my stinky fingers from her face as if I was upset with her.

It was just the sort of game we would play with each other as best friends do. Beth knew from long experience how much I loved to masturbate, and she never failed to miss an opportunity to tease me about it. Not that SHE didn't like it herself, she wasn't as totally infatuated with it as me. To be fair, not many girls I've known have been either. Sometimes when we would share a boyfriend, she would be amused at watching me masturbate after he had fucked us. I had given up trying to explain to her that I didn't just masturbate as a substitute for sex (although it does help when the sex life gets a little thin) but rather to complement sex.

"So what's the deal tonight?" I asked her.

Many of her parties had themes, and I wondered if that was the case tonight.

"Nothing special, at least that I know of," she hedged, but something in her tone told me she was not being truthful.

Hmm, she knew something. The question was, what was it? I knew better than to try and pry further. If Beth were going to tell me, she would have already.

"OK, let's just say it's the perfect night for a horny girl like you," she teased me unexpectedly.

Uh-oh, something was up. I could smell it on her just as she was able to smell my pussy on my fingers. I looked at her patiently, although patience was the last thing on my mind. That almost overwhelming feeling I get when I need to cum, when I need to have sex more than anything else in the world at that moment, was about to burst inside of me. It didn't help I had come close while I was driving over.

"Ahhhhhh, what's the matter? Kelly needs something?" she teased me again.

God, she was being merciless! Beth knew full well what I wanted to do. Screw it... the door was shut, I was horny, and she was being obnoxious, so why not finish myself and get it over with?

"Oh, Kelly!" Beth sighed as she saw what I was doing.

My jeans dropped to the floor around my shoes as I sat on her bed and leaned back, spreading my legs apart to make room for my hand to firmly plant itself on my wet pussy.

I ignored her, closing my eyes and letting my thoughts drift to the scene I'd witnessed not long ago. My Aunt Linda was beautiful, and when she was being fucked, she looked happier than at any other time. As I pushed my finger into me, I remember seeing my dad's dick as it stroked in and out of his sister-in-law's hairy cunt. God, I wished it had been in me. I wished it was in me at this very moment! I wanted to feel my dad's dick in me, feel him moving it inside of me, stroking himself in and out of me as he used me to satisfy the needs that would build up inside of him. God, I wanted to feel him cumming in me, to feel the warmth deep within me that signaled my father's love being released inside of me.

"Ohhhhhh, daddy... fuck me," I moaned softly, not even thinking about where I was at the moment, not caring either.

I had both hands working on me now, the finger of my left hand inside of me as those on my right massaged my swollen clit. My eyes were shut tight as I imagined my dad's dick cumming me, as he gave me the most precious and personal gift a father can give his daughter—one load after another of his incestuous cum inside of his daughter's willing pussy.

At such a moment, I could feel his love for me when I knew I was more desirable to my father than he would, which most fathers only dreamed of doing with their daughters. When he came inside me, I knew he not only loved me, but he also wanted me. It was more than just a father's love for his daughter. It was a man's hunger for a young woman. For a few incredible moments, I was more than just his daughter. I was the most desirable woman in the world to my father.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" I moaned as, in my mind, my father kept cumming and cumming in me, as if he would never stop.

I could feel my pussy getting even wetter as I started to cum, my orgasm rising in me as my dream lover started fucking me yet again. Oh my god, it felt so good! My eyes shut even tighter as goose bumps rose over my entire body, yet I wasn't cold; if anything, I felt like I was in a furnace, except the furnace was inside me, trying to burn its way out of me.

Finally, I just dropped back on the bed, letting my spread legs hang over as I clutched my crotch with both hands as if I were trying to pull it inside of me. I couldn't even try to open my eyes. Still, even with them shut, I saw flashes of light as I imagined how it would be to lay there with my father's spent dick still inside of me, twitching in me as the mixture of our cum drained from my pussy and down my ass to the bed sheets.

It seemed like forever, but eventually, I opened my eyes and lifted my head. Sitting across from me at her desk, Beth had her arms folded in front of her as she patiently—or perhaps more impatiently, waited for me to finish. I looked at her and gave her a rather sheepish grin as I put my cum-laden fingers to my mouth, licking myself off of them.

“Sorry...” I started to say softly.

OK, to be honest I wasn’t feeling very sorry.

“Whatever,” Beth huffed, “I know better than to try and stop you when you get that way. You just better be that horny at the party... which starts in ten minutes, by the way, and I don’t want to miss the opening!”

I calmed myself and sat up, pulling my jeans, zipping them, and buttoning them shut. Beth had been quite patient with me, but I could see she was getting antsy now. I knew what she was referring to as far as the party went. Each opened with an initiation ceremony for the new person—girl or girl. As a rule, they only allowed one new person at any one party so it was always that one poor person getting the full treatment.

I recalled my first party. Beth had conveniently “forgotten” to mention the part about any initiation, so I was taken by surprise when at the start of the party, I was introduced and found out that I was expected to let the host fuck me in front of everyone before anything else could get started. I can’t say I minded it. I just would have liked to have known about it beforehand. After a few parties, I realized that not telling the poor person (men and women) was sort of a tradition, and several of them were not nearly as ready to go along with it as I had been.

I did feel a little better as the afterglow of my orgasm would bring a tingle to my fingers and toes—not to mention between my legs, now and then. Beth was being unusually discreet for once and didn’t mention anything about her best friend’s impulsive urges as we gathered coats to guard against the arctic weather. We were bundled up as we passed her parents again on the way to her car in the garage. A quick wave and goodbye, and we were on our way. Beth wasn’t exaggerating when she said it was two blocks away! I’d never paid much attention to this street, and even though it was so close, I can’t say I ever remembered paying any attention to it. It was the typical brick home with a slate roof—rather run-of-the-mill as far as this neighborhood went. As cold as it was, we hurried up the steps and let ourselves in rather than waiting on the doorstep.

We had made it just in time from the looks of things. People were gathering in what appeared to be a large living room. A couple of couches and several chairs had been brought in to add to the older armchairs that were most likely already in the room. I counted six guys and four girls quickly, so with Beth and me, that evened out the count. I knew they usually tried to maintain an even ratio of men to women, which made me slightly suspicious of Beth’s so-called spontaneous invitation. Something told me she had my attendance planned all along!

As was the custom, everyone was still dressed. A couple wore light sweaters and jackets to warm up after the cold weather outside. Someone had turned up the thermostat, though, most likely in anticipation of later events when such warm clothing would not be so welcome. Beth and I sat on a couple of pillows off to one side, the only places that looked to be left. Oh well, come last, and that’s what you get.

I looked around, trying to spot the new girl. It seemed there was always one, almost like an unspoken rule. The initiation ceremony was a great way to kick off the evening, so I could see why

they did it that way. Sure enough, on the couch next to a rather large guy was a little petite girl with those deer-in-the-headlights eyes that immediately betrayed her status. I rarely attended these; my last one had been ages ago, so it wasn't like I knew the regulars. However, several rang a bell in my memory of past parties. Some of them remembered ME, though, as I was greeted by several and I noticed even a couple of the girls were eyeing me with a knowing smile.

"OK, everyone, time to get started," the apparent host announced.

He looked maybe thirty or so, with long hair, at least for most of today's styles, and a bit of unshaven growth on the chin. I looked at the girl on the couch and wondered if she had any idea that this guy would be fucking her in just a few minutes. She knew SOMEONE would be fucking her this evening. After all, what was the point in coming to this if you weren't into having sex with several other people? The key was, had she ever been the center of attention, essentially fucking for the viewing pleasure of her audience? Oh well, we'd soon be finding out!

"Ashley, please introduce our newest arrival," the host asked after making the usual statements about the evening rules, the restrooms' location, etc.

One of the keys to these parties, and one of the things I liked best about them, was they stayed confined to a few rooms and everything happened in front of everyone else. In other words, no private retreats to a bedroom or bathroom, which was fine with me. You didn't have to fuck anyone. Respect for each other was tantamount. However, anyone just playing the part of a voyeur was typically not asked to return.

A girl stood up, evidently 'Ashley,' and introduced Emily—the girl I had correctly identified as the newbie. Emily stood up and smiled as everyone clapped for her, and a few guys made appreciative remarks. In another setting, they might have been considered crude or rude. Still, since they would likely be fucking her before the night was over, I guess you could say the language was appropriate.

It was then that the host announced the initiation rules. Poor Emily, I felt she was just a little apprehensive of the evening's events, but when it started to dawn on her what we being said, her face went beet red, and she seemed profoundly embarrassed. Some girls loved being the center the attention and jumped at the chance to be fucked in front of the group, taking it as a compliment. Emily was one of the rarer ones, a girl who was here evidently more on a dare than anything else and seemed to have second doubts now. I'd yet to see or hear anyone fleeing before her initiation, but there was always a first time.

"Oh, and Emily... I forgot to mention who the host for the evening was," the supposed host said as Emily stood there with her feet seeming to take root in the hardwood floors.

With that, he whistled and ran the most beautiful Golden retriever, to my surprise and shock. For a moment, I expected my friend Samantha to follow it in as she had one that looked exactly like this one. Still, it seemed that nobody else was going to join us.

The group was buzzing now, people murmuring to one another, and then everyone looking at Emily to see her reaction. For a moment, I think everyone was expecting the host to announce it was all a practical joke but the announcement was never made.

I turned to Beth and whispered, "He's just kidding, right?"

Beth turned to me, her eyes aglow and bright as she grinned at me with the nastiest smile imaginable. She didn't have to say a word before I knew what she would say: 'Oh my god, they had to be kidding!'

Poor Emily... she looked confused. Somehow I think she'd accepted the idea of being publicly fucked. After all, she was at a sex party, not Tupperware. So, she could've dealt with the original concept even if it wasn't exactly how she had assumed it would go. But what was the story with the dog? The guy wasn't serious, or was he?

"Well, Emily, I don't know if Ashley mentioned anything about doing it doggie style, but this is going to be what I like to call Ultimate Doggie Style!"

Ashley's face had transformed quickly from beet red to an ashen white. For a moment, I thought she might even pass out before she started to regain her composure, at least enough to blurt out, "No way!"

So it wasn't a speech, but those two simple words still said it all. Emily wasn't merely protesting. She was making a declaration worthy of a convention. So much for THAT idea if it was really serious in the first place. Naturally, I assumed that the host would recognize the strength of her response and back down, most likely declaring it all some sort of practical joke, regardless of whether it had been. Instead, I was shocked yet again...

"C'mon, Sandy, roll over," the host commanded, and the dog laid down obediently, rolling over on his back with its dick now plainly showing.

Whoa! Had someone been getting him ready beforehand, or was he just reacting to the musky scent of horny men and women that was already permeating the room? This was crazy. I looked over at Beth, eyes wide open as I mouthed to her, "Sam?"

"Naw, she's not here, but I did borrow her friend for the night... I think you remember Sandy... don't you?"

It was just like Beth to pull off something this insane. Damn, she must have asked our friend Samantha to loan out her favorite fuck—her dog that she slept with every night. Suddenly, I realized this was no practical joke. Sandy was well trained for this, so evidently they had every intention of making poor Emily go through with it. Well, Emily wasn't ready for that, not in the slightest. Can't say I blame her. Had I been in her position, I would have been out the door already!

The host was scratching Sandy's stomach, which must have been communicating something because Sandy's cock started to grow. It was quickly noticed, and before long, the group was past the shock stage and had moved into the dark world of perversion. At least, that is how I saw it.

"Suck it, suck it!" they chanted over and over as poor Emily just stood there, looking at her so-called friend with a look of confusion mixed perhaps with more than just a bit of anger.

"C'mon, you can at least touch it," the host cajoled her.

Big words as I couldn't help but notice that he wasn't putting his hands anywhere near the dog's extended dick! Everyone in the crowd, Beth included, was now chanting and cheering for Emily to hold the dog's dick—everyone but me, that is. As I looked at Sandy's cock, memories of the last time I'd touched that very same dick came flooding back to me. My heart went out to Emily as I remembered how hard it was to touch it the first time. Would she do it? It wasn't looking promising...

For most of us, peer pressure can be intimidating and Emily was no more immune to it than most people. Her lips tightened, but she got down on her knees next to the host and slowly reached out for Sandy's lengthening dick. Emily gingerly touched it, just rubbing her fingertips on it as the host

scratched Sandy's belly and rubbed his head and ears to keep him still. Finally, she took a deep breath and wrapped her fingers around it. At the same time, her face had the same expression I would think she would have if she were holding a snake or worm. Sandy enjoyed it, but I couldn't say the same for Emily!

"Suck his dick!" someone called out, followed by several other calls to action once again.

Emily was starting to look physically sick, and for a worrisome moment, I thought she might lose it. She started to lean forward as if she was going actually to start sucking it. Still, she pulled back, shaking her head and mumbling about how she couldn't go through with it.

The host, evidently realizing that Emily might refuse to go through with her role in this little perverted drama, thought quickly and came out with a new suggestion.

"OK, Emily, here's my final offer... If you can get someone to take your place and let our boy Sandy here fuck her instead, then all you have to do is let me fuck you while you watch... OK?"

Whoopee!—NOT! It's not exactly what I would call an overly generous offer. But then again, with this crowd, there had to be at least one or two girls into this sort of thing. My god, it seemed sometimes that they had someone for just about every other perversion imaginable, so why not someone into animal sex?

"C'mon, girls, there has to be one of you willing to help poor Emily!" the host pleaded, apparently realizing he had also miscalculated the depths of perversion for tonight's audience.

It appeared that no girls were ready to ride Sandy to help out Emily. The situation started getting tense. Who would give in first? Was there yet another compromise that could be made?

"Hey everyone, Kelly here's fucked Sandy before, I bet she'll do it!" Beth announced to the crowd. My head turned so fast to her that I risked some serious whiplash.

"What! The hell I will!" I said to her firmly in as low but terse of a voice as I could, trying not to make too big a scene yet wanting to get my point across.

I looked at Emily who suddenly seemed to have a new lease on life as the look on her face told how relieved she was feeling. Well, sorry, girl, but it wouldn't work out that way. Nope, I wasn't about to be fucked by any dog again, let alone the same one twice!

"C'mon, Kelly, I was counting on you to help if we needed it," Beth begged me.

Well, duh, she did, did she? So that was why she was so anxious for me to come tonight. No wonder she'd let me get myself so worked up in her bedroom without saying a word. I couldn't believe my so-called best friend had set me up like this!

The group had changed its chant now to "Kelly... Kelly..."

Those who knew me from before knew I wasn't one to turn down a dare, but it had never involved another species before. Also, it had never involved a situation I had sworn I would never get involved with again.

On the other hand, I had done it once, so what would a second-time matter? It's like arguing against sex after losing your virginity—did it matter how many times you did it after the first time? Besides, it wasn't like I was going out and hunting down a dog for my pleasure, and I certainly wasn't taking

him to bed with me.

Suppose I did this—a big if, it would only be for Emily's sake. She'd never had to have sex with a dog before, so for her, it would be a lot more meaningful, not to mention stressful, than if I were to do it again. Finally, the idea of turning on this crowd also had its appeal. Even if it repulsed me somewhat to be fucked by an animal, seeing its effect on these people watching me could easily make it more than worthwhile.

OK, I'll do it!

Everyone cheered wildly as I stood up and nodded my head in agreement with the terms, not the least of which was Emily. As I started to undress, the host didn't waste any time getting his end of the bargain as he had Emily strip down naked as well. He pulled her over to the side and got her down on her hands and knees. Someone handed him some sort of lube, and he was fucking her from behind so quickly that she barely had time to realize what was happening to her!

As for me, I was naked now, the only one in the room besides Emily for the moment to be nude. Several of the guys were looking at me, and I could only imagine what they were thinking about doing to me before the night was over. It wasn't just the guys either as a couple of the girls were staring at my body just as much as the guys were. I guess sloppy dog seconds didn't bother them!

It had been years since I had been with Sandy before and even then, I had Samantha helping me out. I'd never actually done a dog by myself before, so in some ways, it was almost the first time for me again. Everyone was watching with hardly a sound except for the gasps from Emily as she was slowly fucked to the side of me. Even the two of them seemed more interested in what I was about to do than the fucking.

Oh well, here goes nothin'. If I were going to do it in front of everyone, then at least I would make it look like I knew what I was doing—like I'd done this a hundred times and was a true dog-loving girl in every sense. Beth knew the truth, but if she knew what was good for her, she'd better shut up, or I'd have her down here joining me! Sandy was not your typical Golden Retriever, at least not regarding sex. Sam had him well trained and he laid on his back, waiting patiently as if he knew what I was about to do to him—which he probably did.

As I reached for his dick, I couldn't help but think that if I turned and ran away now, I could avoid having to break my vow and the inevitable shame and guilt I was sure to feel after this was all over. At the same time, I wanted so badly to be fucked it didn't matter all that much to me anymore who or what fucked me. When I grabbed Sandy's dick, it was like suddenly something in me just clicked. Heck, I could do this. Why not? It was just a dick, and I'd sucked some that weren't a whole lot better looking than this one! Besides, I'd already done it with Sandy before, so was there that big of a difference between doing it once or twice? Isn't rationalization a wonderful thing?

Sandy's dog dick was practically burning in my hand as I took a deep breath and tried not to think too much about what I was about to do. The fact that I was kneeling stark naked in the middle of the room didn't even phase me. After all, I'd already been fucked by most of the guys, and some of the girls, in the past, so it was no big deal for them to see me nude. I focused entirely on Sandy's dick as it seemed to grow even more in my hand, mostly in length more so than in thickness.

The room was suddenly strangely quiet as if everyone was collectively holding their breath, wondering if I would go through with this or chicken out at the last minute. I couldn't help but wonder if I was the only girl in the room to have had sex with a dog. I knew some of them were

pretty wild, to say the least, making it hard for me to accept their silence. It wasn't like I could call them liars; maybe it was true. If anyone had known of someone involved in this before, they would have squealed at the person, just as Beth had done to me.

One last look around—I had the full attention of everyone now, even the two of them fucking over to the side. He was just holding himself in her, letting her pussy grip his dick as the two of them watched to see what I would do next. Leaning over, my mind was racing, debating if I should lick it first or just go for it and suck it. It wasn't like Sandy would be mad at me if we didn't have foreplay. Undoubtedly in his mind, in whatever form such things took, he was wanting just one thing—to fuck something. Come to think of it, I guess there's not all that much difference between men and dogs when it comes to that department.

One last breath and without further ado, I leaned over and took his dick in my mouth, and plunged my face down, taking as much as I could into my mouth on the first move. The smell of his dick and crotch was strong but not all that bad. If you want to know what he smelled, just sniff your fingers next time you scratch your dog—nothing is unique about it.

As for taste, well... it tasted like a dick! Men vary all over the map as it is when it comes to the smell and taste of their dicks, so really, Sandy wasn't that much different. He didn't have the head that men have, which I missed. I like being able to run my tongue around the ridge and then licking up to the slit and then taking the whole head in my mouth with my lips sealed around it. Nothing doing like that with Sandy. He was so well-behaved. I only wished more men would sit so still for me when I suck their cocks.

A murmur began to rise and then I could make out people talking to one another. Some seemed surprised I did it, while others were turned on. They may have been turned on watching, but I wasn't getting any offers to help out. Meanwhile, the host and new girl started back into their fucking, and I could hear her moaning with pleasure. As hot as I imagined they looked, no doubt the center of attention at the moment wasn't them but rather the naked girl in the center of the room with a dog's dick in her mouth.

"Ugh... that is SO gross!" I heard one of the girls saying to someone.

I couldn't tell who it was, but for a moment, it reminded me of what I was doing. For just a split second, I thought I was going to vomit or otherwise choke on Sandy's doggie dick. Whoever she was, she was right—it WAS gross when you think about it. But then, at the same time, I imagined some of them had been fucked by guys and maybe even sucked the dicks of guys who were even grosser. Just because the guys were human didn't make it any less gross than me sucking on Sandy's dick, did it?

Ignoring her, I dropped Sandy's dick from my lips and sat back on my bottom. Using my right hand, I wiped the wetness of my spit off my mouth and caught my breath. Sandy must have taken this to mean it was his turn as he twisted and was up on his feet instantly, his hard dick sticking out almost obscenely from his belly. For just a moment, I was ready to call it quits. So what if people got mad at me or even made me leave? It wasn't even my initiation, so I felt no special obligation to do anything.

Then I saw Beth sitting down across from me. She was staring at me, and I couldn't tell if it was fascination or disgust written all over her face. Well, that was answered soon enough as when she saw she had caught my eye, she mouthed at me, "Do it!"

It wasn't all that difficult to figure out exactly what 'it' was. In a way, I was surprised as I had never thought Beth would be into this sport—I mean, even just watching, let alone get involved (which I

knew she would never do). This was one case where I never really did mean.

Honestly, I was still horny, but not to the same degree I had been before. Sucking on a dog's dick isn't exactly the most erotic thing in the world, at least not for me. I saw several guys either rubbing themselves through their pants or at least sporting a pretty impressive hard-on underneath. Certainly, any of them would happily take Sandy's place right now. Why not just take advantage of them and forget all about the dog thing?

"Hey, you gonna let him fuck you, or do I turn little Emily over to the hound?"

I turned and saw the host was still fucking Emily from behind. His movements continued to be slow and deliberate. Still, now he was pointing at her as if to indicate that she would be getting Sandy's dick next if I didn't take it.

Poor Emily didn't say a word—she seemed to be enjoying the fucking. But when she realized what the host was doing, she looked at me with those big brown eyes, silently imploring me to let the dog fuck me so she wouldn't have to suffer being fucked by an animal for the first time. I was about to say the hell with it and let her take it. Why should I want to do it if it was bad for her?

Everyone was still watching intently. Would it be more embarrassing to back out now than go ahead? After all, I'd already sucked Sandy's dick, which to some girls, I would think was more gross than letting him fuck me. Oh well, the time for debate was over. It seemed I had been battling this in my mind for hours, but it was probably less than thirty seconds. It was that long. If there was one thing I wasn't about to do, and that was quit something once I started. Besides, I'd be getting plenty of dick from the guys before long, so why not indulge in something a little more exotic? It was a party, after all, so it wasn't like I was at home alone in my room making love to some dog or anything perverted like that.

Sandy was getting impatient with me, pacing back and forth and trying to nudge his nose into my crotch as I got on all fours facing Emily. Our heads were only about a foot apart, and our eyes locked onto one another's as she took his dick from the rear while I prepared to take Sandy's. I was concerned that Sam hadn't sent Sandy's boots that kept him from scratching, or maybe nobody knew what they were for. Hopefully, I wouldn't get all marked up in the process, but there wasn't any more time to worry about it as Sandy did instinctively what a male dog does when his bitch is in heat. As wet as my pussy was with the anticipation of being fucked, it was no wonder he was drawn to me. I felt him trying to mount me, his stiff rod poking me in the ass as he stabbed at me with it.

Without Sam's help, I quickly realized this wouldn't be as easy as people thought. Sandy was pumping wildly, almost frantically, as he tried to home in on my warm pussy. I reached underneath me and managed to finally grab his dick and positioned it at the entrance to my pussy, just as he thrust himself hard into me again. It was like a hot curling iron was suddenly pushed inside of me, almost a feeling of burning as Sandy's dick was shoved into me unceremoniously. A cheer went up as everyone realized that I had done it. Maybe some of them hadn't believed I would do it, but they were believers now!

"Oh my god, is he fucking you?" Emily gasped softly, probably as amazed as anyone at what I allowed to be done to me.

I just grinned at her as I focused on trying to keep my balance with the weight of Sandy pushing down on me. Thankfully, his paws were to my side, almost as if he was trying to hug me with his legs rather than pressing them down on my back, thus keeping his claws pretty much away from me.

Now that he was in me, things sorta went on autopilot. It's not like Sandy was into different

positions or talking dirty. This was a case where I was being fucked in the most basic, simplistic terms. This is what people mean when they say they have animal sex, even with a partner. My pussy had been filled by a hard dick, and I could feel it thrusting wildly in and out of me—simple as that. I reached back to loosely wrap my fingers around it—loose enough not to interfere with his strokes but just enough to keep his knot from pushing into me. This wasn't the time or place to deal with that!

My heart was pounding as my emotions bounced back and forth like a volleyball over the net. On the one hand, it felt good—damn good. Sandy's dick was noticeably hotter than a man's, and it was like a red-hot poker was pushing up inside of me. It's not so hot it burned, but more like the feeling of a heating pad set on HI against your skin. Sandy was fucking me like an animal (sorry, I couldn't resist that one), pushing himself in and out of me as fast and hard as he could.

Yet, as good as it was making me feel between my legs, in my heart, I felt repulsed. Without getting disgusting, there isn't anything much more degrading than to let yourself be fucked by an animal. To make it all the more humiliating, a crowd of people was watching me, thinking god only knows what about me and what type of girl I must be to allow this to be done to me. It was this inner struggle that was keeping me from reaching any sort of orgasm—I never was even close, although again, it did feel damn good.

Sandy didn't have any such qualms. It didn't matter to him what species he was fucking. He was happy just to be fucking something with a cunt. I knew it wouldn't take long for him to cum, and I wasn't disappointed. Honestly, the sooner he came, the sooner this would be over. Then I felt it, the searing heat in me of his sperm as he began to ejaculate. His thrusts never slowed as he came and came in me. For a brief moment, all thoughts about animal sex and degradation left me as the sensation inside my pussy overwhelmed me.

"Oh fuck... he's cumming in me!" I groaned, lifting my head back with my eyes tightly shut.

Sure, like nobody else could tell! I could hear the murmuring change to open discussions and even a little cheering, if you could call it that. I opened my eyes to see Emily staring at me. Both she and the host froze for a moment to watch as Sandy emptied himself into me. Her eyes were like saucers, and her mouth hung open, reminding me of when my mom would catch me with mine open and ask if I was trying to catch flies.

Sandy pulled away as soon as he was done—thank god I'd kept his knot out of me. Without someone to help me and keep him in me until it went down, it could have been a pretty painful way to end things. He ran off to the kitchen, his still extended dick hanging obscenely below him, all red and wet with its covering of his cum mixed with my pussy. I collapsed to the floor, laying on my stomach with my hand covering my crotch, feeling his gooey cum draining from me.

I guess Sandy's performance must have inspired the host as it only took a few more strokes, and he was cumming in Emily. I think that surprised her as well, as he hadn't bothered to put on a condom. I had to believe she was on the pill if she was coming to a party like this one, where condoms were seldom worn, as everyone pretty much knew everybody else.

"Wow, what do you guys say?" the host encouraged everyone, "Let's give a hand to Emily and Kelly."

Everyone clapped politely, but someone called, "Make 'em clean each other up!"

A few others joined in, and soon a chant started, "Sixty-nine... sixty-nine..."

I looked at Emily, who seemed slightly unsure about the idea. For me, it was no big deal—I would

get to eat her pussy, but she had to do mine—with Sandy's cum dripping from it. For a moment, I thought she was going to refuse, so rather than let her have any more time to think about it, I got up on all fours and leaned forward to kiss her. It was more like a peck but she looked at me and smiled, then rolled her eyes as if to say, "The hell with it," and shrugged her shoulders.

There's always a debate over whether it's better to be on top or bottom in a 69 with another girl. It depends more on whether it's just the two of us or someone else is there. I love to be on the bottom when a guy is fucking the other girl, watching his dick sliding into her right above my face and waiting for their cum to drip down on me. Suppose it's just me and her. In that case, I like to be on my side, where we each raise our upper leg, and I can use her lower inner thigh like a sort of pillow to rest my head on while I eat her pussy. That was how I was trying to get Emily positioned. She'd never done it that way before, so it took some maneuvering. Still, eventually, we were in place and getting into it.

Emily's pussy tasted great. He had pulled out partially as he came, leaving most of it near the opening. The last few shots even came out on the outside of her cunt, making it easy to lick up his cum from her wet pussy. The odor of her crotch was incredible—a thick mixture of musk and sweat and cum. Her soft thigh felt nice against the side of my face, silky smooth and warm. I could feel her squirm when I took her clit in my mouth and tugged on it gently.

Emily was starting a little slower at her end. I could feel Sandy's cum draining down to my ass, so it wasn't like she didn't have enough to clean up. I could only imagine what must have been going through her mind. Like everyone else, I had assumed she had licked a girl before, but who knows, maybe not? That could account for her hesitation under normal circumstances. However, in this situation, the trump card was most likely knowing the source of the cum she was supposed to be licking from my crotch. The thought of having Sandy fuck her had been repulsive enough, so I could imagine how the idea of eating his cum must have been making her feel.

I had a pretty good head start on cleaning up Emily, and it was starting to look like she was going to chicken out, but then, like a trooper, she went for it. Heck, the girl had just been fucked pretty well by the host, and I knew from my own experience he had a pretty decent cock and knew how to use it. She had to be a bit hornier than before, hopefully enough to cloud her judgment enough to go for this new experience.

Then I felt her tongue on me. Mmmmmmm, she didn't hesitate once she started, running her tongue all over my pussy and thighs as she licked every drop of doggie cum from me. She even pressed her face against her crotch, reaching into my pussy with her tongue, drawing out the sperm inside of me. I could feel the pressure of her face and nose against my clit, stimulating it and making me gasp as she suddenly took it in her mouth and began to suckle on it.

I was about to cum, I could feel it, and I silently begged for her not to stop, to keep on sucking on my clit as I tasted her freshly fucked cunt. Oh yeah, THAT was what I liked as she tormented me with her mouth and lips.

"Oh god, don't stop!" I managed to get out, pulling my face away just enough to get the words out.

His crotch pressed into my face as if she was asking me the same, but without the words, as she kept her pretty face planted on my super horny pussy.

She didn't stop, and I came—it was that simple. Finally, after enduring Sandy, after letting a dog once again violate me even though I had sworn I would never do it again, after feeling him mating me and filling me with his sperm, I was cumming as this lovely girl ate my pussy perfectly. I felt my

pussy gushing onto her face, covering her with my pussy cum. I had my hands wrapped around her, pulling her crotch tighter into my face, almost like when I would sometimes bury my face into my pillow when I would masturbate and cum but not want someone to hear me.

I would have loved for Emily to have cum, too. Still, I was being selfish, absorbing her attention and enjoying my orgasm while barely licking her. It wasn't my fault. There was no way I could concentrate on her cunt any more than I was when I was feeling this way. Finally, I pulled away from her and laid there not eh floor, flat on my back with my legs outstretched, both hands grabbing my crotch, pulling upwards on it as the last vestiges of my orgasm slowly faded away.

I looked around and saw everyone looking at me with various expressions. Some were turned on, while others looked at me like an alien had landed. I didn't care, not at that moment, at least. My pussy throbbed as I saw Emily get up and sit next to her friend, pointing at me and grinning.

"Well, so much for the opening initiation. Let's party!" the host declared, and everyone wasted no time in pairing off or in some cases, forming groups.

I just laid there for a few more moments, trying to comprehend what I'd just done. Would someone want to fuck me now that a dog had done me? Some guys have a hard enough time with sloppy seconds when it was human cum inside me, so would they be turned off by the thought of their dick sloshing in dog cum?

Stupid question... right? Without a word, a guy was lifting my legs and pulling me up to his crotch as he kneeled between my legs. I felt his stiff dick slipping into me, and I knew it was going to be a fun night, even if I had started in a way I had never expected when I left home earlier.

My only concern was how I would explain this to my dad later... hopefully, he would react the same as he had the first time I came back home and told him I'd been fucked by a dog. If so, it would be a nice finish to what was promising to be a great evening!

The End