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BEASTIALITY STORIES



She was an angel on Earth. Her beauty was hard to describe except her face was perfectly formed – unblemished complexion, symmetrical features and bright blue eyes. Her medium-length blond hair was tied into a pony tail, pulled tight to the top of her head. At 24 years old, 6’2” tall, Whitney was stunning to gaze on. She had a slender frame and small, straight hips.

Some would call her “skinny”, but she had large C cup breasts which stopped most men in their tracks. They appeared to be perfectly formed, since on many days her erect nipples would give away their unbridled shape. Whitney had the body of a Las Vegas showgirl, and the face of a movie star. She could probably make a go of either occupation if she had wanted.

Sam couldn’t tell if her nipples were large, extended erasers, or if her aureolas swelled large enough to give away their location. But they rode high up on her breasts, and Sam was ready to take unusual chances to see them au natural.

He was pretty sure that he didn’t stand out in a positive way to Whitney, and that she regarded him as she probably regarded most men – nothing more than creatures who wanted to get inside her pants. Truth be told, she was right. Sam has a hard time passing her in the hallway on a normal business day without taking in her beauty, drawn to the beautiful face and breasts like any other man. And he was pretty sure she knew it. Therefore she tried to get through her day without having to interact with Sam.

On this particular day though, Whitney was thinking about her upcoming flight from Southern California to Colorado. She had planned this trip for weeks and was going to surprise her sister who lived in Boulder. She hadn’t called Carla – they hadn’t even spoken on the phone for a couple of months since Whitney had been busy and Carla had a 4 month old baby to take care of.

Carla was Whitney’s only sibling, their parents living in Las Vegas but generally tied up with their own affairs. So Whitney planned on showing up at Carla’s door and spending a couple of weeks with her. Therefore on that day, she didn’t notice any of the men she passed in the hallway staring at her protruding nipples.

With the weekend approaching, Sam knew that the sun wouldn’t shine as brightly, since Whitney would be gone from the office.

Friday night finally came around and Sam went to a club to party a little. He was not good at picking up women, and since he was already 42 years old, clubbing women usually didn’t even look in his direction. He went to a club that he had overheard Whitney mention one time. He knew she wouldn’t be there – hell she was probably far away by that time, but he really would have been too scared to even go to that bar if he thought Whitney might see him. It was already 11:15 or so, and he would just have a few drinks and go home.

He entered the club, music pounding and lights glaring. It took a minute for his eyes to adjust and then right in front of him – almost stumbling on him – was Whitney! They looked at each other for half a beat – then half smiled at each other. Sam immediately noticed Whitney’s eyes looked partially closed. Maybe she was drunk or stoned he thought.

“Sammm! What are you doing here?!” she asked him in a voice that was partially drowned out by the music. The best Sam could respond was, “What?”

She leaned in close to him, guessing that the music was too loud and he hadn’t heard her. But Sam’s answer was strictly out of the shock of seeing her there. She had a pink belly shirt on, showing her

tight stomach and low-rider pants showing the tops of her narrow hips. She almost yelled into his ear this time and Sam heard the distinctive alcohol slur in her voice. "What are you doing here?!" she asked again, Sam smelling the alcohol on her breath this time.

She had touched him! Just that fact alone disabled Sam's speech center. "Oh... I... um... I came in for a drink. It's Friday night you know."

In her alcohol induced state, Whitney thought that was funny. "I was just leaving," she responded. "I've been here since 8 and I have a flight in the morning to Colorado. So I was goin' home!" she once again yelled at him.

Just then the song ended and in that brief instance, Sam decided he had nothing to lose. "Would you join me for one drink? At least I won't drink that one alone" he asked her. Sam could see her thinking about her answer. "I don't know - I really have to get up early tomorrow..." Whitney began. "And I have to get a bus and they stop running in 10 minutes."

"Hey - I have a car!" Sam said. "Come on... just one?"

"OK" she answered. She smiled at him, the alcohol allowing her to view him as a human at this point, rather than the usual leering animal.

One drink turned into several, with Sam ordering extra shots of tequila in her drinks right from the bar. Whitney was very used to men buying all the drinks so she didn't think it unusual. In those 2 hours, Whitney told Sam all about her upcoming trip and her dysfunctional family relationships. Sam sat there quietly, listening, adding a sympathetic comment every so often.

Finally, Whitney looked at her watch and barked, "Oh my God! It's so late! Would you drive me home now, Sam?" The alcohol slur had gotten more pronounced. Her eyes drooped half-closed.

Sam had a slight buzz, but was in total control of himself. "Yeah...sure Whitney!" They both got up from the table and Whitney stumbled. Sam reached out to catch her and her complete weight fell into his hands. He stood her up as she apologized in a very slurred voice. But Sam's thumb had touched her breast as she fell. It was true that it was only for a fraction of a second and that it was through her shirt, but...

She leaned on Sam as he walked her to his car. He opened the door and helped her sit down, then quickly ran around the other side of the car. He got in and started the engine. "Where do you live?" he asked the drunken woman next to him.

"On 17th in PB..." she muttered. "OK, when I get in the neighborhood, you can tell me which house." Sam drove off and looked at Whitney, her eyes now closed, her breathing coming in slow, even repetitions. She was asleep or close to it. Sam looked at her and thought, "Geez, I'm going to have a problem getting her out of here and into her apartment."

He looked at her slow breathing as she fell into a deeper sleep. Then his eyes traveled down, admiring the rising and falling of her large breasts, although no nipples were apparent as she slept. Her tight stomach and torso showed she had no fat on her body. Her beautiful eyes were shut, and Sam admired the long eyelashes, heavy with mascara. Her cheeks were rosy red, her red lips parted slightly showing a little of her bleached white teeth.

Then all at once it occurred to him - why drive her home right away? She was sound asleep and wouldn't know where she was. Why not take the chance and fulfill his dream? He would drive her home afterwards and she wouldn't be any the wiser. If he was gentle, she wouldn't wake up.

But what if she did? He could get arrested... he could always tell her that she instigated the incident. After all it would be a "he said, she said" with all the alcohol she drank. Sam pulled the car behind a service station that was closed. There was a lot of junk and it was deserted.

He pulled in and turned off his lights and the engine. Just to make sure that Whitney was asleep, Sam poked her arm. "Whitney! Whitney!" he said loud enough for most sleeping people to wake up. She didn't respond. He shook her a little more than gently and she slurred, "Wha..s..wher...mmm..." and fell back into her deep sleep.

"Perfect!" Sam thought. Gently, he reached out and gingerly touched her left breast. He felt a reinforced bra - he should have known that she would need some heavy duty support. Gently, he lifted the bottom of her shirt and saw the white bra. He gently stroked her breast through the bra and could feel some of her softness underneath. He looked at her face for a response but she continued to sleep. The best he could do was to rub her tits through her shirt because she was lying against the door.

Frustrated, Sam reached around behind Whitney and felt the clips holding her bra closed. Whitney didn't budge. Emboldened, Sam unclipped them one at a time, until he felt the bra loosen! He was still okay, Whitney hadn't felt a thing. Hardly willing to breath, Sam lifted the bottom of her bra along with her shirt.

Her tits fell out, and the bra deflated. Suddenly, Sam was faced with two huge tits, each sporting a large aureole and nipple. The change in temperature from being clothed to unclothed, instinctively caused Whitney's nipples and aureoles to harden. At least one burning question was finally answered!

Sam now realized with Whitney in the car, he had no way to re-clothe her. This might have been a mistake. Whitney stirred, feeling the cool air on her breasts; she placed her right arm across them. Sam saw that she had fallen back asleep, and her arm now prevented him from finally touching those golden globes.

Frustrated and emboldened by the alcohol that he drank, Sam devised a second plan that night. He restarted the car and pulled back out on the street. Whitney moved in her sleep, blocking her nipple-tipped mounds. Puling out onto the freeway, Sam reached across and stroked Whitney's exposed left breast and nipple. Pillowy soft with an urgently erect hardened nipple.

Everything that Sam could have hoped for.

In her sleep, Whitney responded by dropping her arm completely, exposing both breasts, now, and shifted in her seat, forcing them out straight. Sam didn't understand it, but maybe she was dreaming of someone else playing with her heavenly mounds. He reached across the seat and stroked both of them now, and felt his own pre-cum leaking from his prick.

He had not even noticed how excited he had become. He started swerving across the lane as his excitement got the better of him. He shook his head and concentrated on his driving, taking the time once in a while to look over at the sleeping woman with the face of an angel, and the tits of a showgirl.

Sam finally came to his exit and was glad it was dark as he drove up his street. He lived alone so no worries there as he activated his garage door opener and pulled into the garage. He opened the door from the garage into the house and was greeted by a happy blacked haired retriever, wagging his tail noisily from side to side.

He jumped up on Sam and licked his face in greeting. "OK, OK Banta, enough!" he laughed as the dog displayed his obvious affection for his master. Sam walked around to the passenger side of the car and opened the door. Whitney seemed to awaken a bit and looked at Sam with half-closed eyes.

"Wha..Sam..where are we goin'?" she asked somewhat coherently. She reached up where her shirt should be covering her tits, and pulled the shirt down a little bit but immediately gave up. Apparently she hadn't realized that her bra was twisted in with her shirt.

"It's okay, I'm taking you inside your place. Just close your eyes and lean on me," Sam said somewhat nervously. As far as he could tell, Whitney didn't realize her tits were performing a gravity defying display out in the open. Sam noticed her nipples were still excited and stuck out a little to the side of each breast but high up on the orb.

While Whitney leaned on him, her height caused her breast to align with Sam's face. He did everything he could to keep himself from popping her nipple into his mouth and sucking the shit out of her tits. For what he had in mind now was going to get him so much more.

Sam finally walked Whitney into his room and dropped her onto his bed. She fell on her back, her huge tits bobbing and jiggling and finally coming to rest as 2 large mountains with protruding peaks. Whitney instinctively felt herself on a bed and rolled onto her side. Sam used the opportunity to remove her shoes and then carefully unbuttoned her jeans.

"Wha...who's at..?" she murmured.

Sam said "Shhh... it's okay... go to sleep," in a hushed voice. He waited a minute to see what she would do.

Thankfully, she rolled over and went back to sleep. Sam pulled at her pants legs and they felt stuck on her body. But in her sleep, Whitney helped pull the tops down below her narrow hips, and Sam was able to pull them off the rest of the way.

Feeling colder, Whitney brought her legs up to her chest. After another minute, Sam picked up a spare sheet and placed it over Whitney's midsection. Feeling a little warmer from the sheet, Whitney relaxed her legs, twisting and became entwined in the sheet, lying on her stomach. Sam was so excited between seeing her topless and the risk of getting caught by her suddenly waking that he just noticed she was wearing a blue g-string that now ran up the crack of her ass.

He sucked in breath, admiring her smallish ass and knowing that the g-string was all that separated him from seeing her prized pussy! He went up on the side of the bed behind her and stuck his finger underneath the top of her g-string. Holding his breath, he slowly worked the small piece of material down between her legs. All he could see was her ass, as her position and the sheet prevented him from seeing more. What was worse was she seemed to be stirring, coming out of her stupor.

Sam quickly ran inside the living room, outside in the hallway. Banta thought he was playing a game and followed him, barking happily. "Shhh! Quiet Banta! Not now!" he scolded the playful dog.

Sam flung open the liquor cabinet and pulled out half of a bottle of tequila. Racing back into the bedroom he realized that he could never get Whitney to drink anything more in her current state. As soon as she awoke, there would be hell to pay! Thinking quickly, Sam ran in the bathroom and opened the medicine cabinet. He had some sleeping pills about 3 months old. He grabbed the package and read the warnings: "Do not mix with alcohol, do not drive a car while using..."

It was his only chance. Whitney was stirring and her eyes fluttered. He grabbed a cup from the

bathroom, threw two pills inside, picked up the tequila and filled the glass half way. He put down the bottle, swirling the cup to dissolve the pills as he raced back to her side. Whitney was starting to get up. Sam pushed the glass in her hand, noticing that the pills had not really dissolved.

Whitney looked at Sam and the glass in her hand. "Drink it Whitney - there are some aspirins in a little tequila" he partially lied. He helped push her hand towards her mouth.

"Sam, I..." she began.

"It's okay - you'll feel a lot better," he said, continuing to force the glass to her lips. He tilted it up and she drank one gulp before sputtering the rest.

Fortunately, the pills went into her mouth. "Sam, stop it!" she said, becoming more aware of her surroundings. She quickly looked down and screamed, "What is going on here! Where are my clothes!" and pulled the sheet more completely around herself, covering her best assets. "Sam you better tell me where I am right now! I am going to report this to Mr. Thompson!" she started screaming.

Still a little confused from all the alcohol she drank, she was threatening that she would tell their boss rather than the police. But that was bad enough. Sam knew what would really happen. Sam had to think fast and hope that Whitney passed out from the sleeping pills.

"Listen Whitney - don't you remember we came back to my place? At your insistence! You said we should have a night together before you went on vacation" he continued to lie to her. She tried to think about what he said to her, but it was difficult. "Give me your phone!" she shouted. "I'm going to call someone to take me home!"

Banta didn't like the tone of the conversation and began to bark. "Keep that...that dog away from me!" Whitney cried. "Don't worry, he's gentle, he won't hurt you" Sam said. He continued, "I'll take you home. But first I want you to remember what happened tonight."

"Give me my...huh...what's happenin' to me...?" Whitney asked as the pills and alcohol began to have an effect on her.

"Shh...lie down - go to sleep," Sam said, and she did. A few minutes later she was back in a deep sleep. Sam shook her but she didn't respond. Now she would be out for a while.

Sam laid her down on her back again, and her legs were off the end of the bed. Her head was just off the end too, and Sam pulled off the sheet. The unconscious Whitney had goose bumps and erect nipples and aureoles. Now Sam stroked them, rubbed his face in them, enjoying the contrast between the soft breasts and the hard nipples. His stroking and rubbing made the nipples extend like a half inch pencil eraser.

This is what he dreamed of for so long! He finally had the opportunity to fulfill his dreams! Banta stood at the foot of the bed, watching Sam. "Hey Banta, it doesn't get any better than this!" Sam told the dog. Banta just wagged his tail.

Sam now used his tongue and sucked first on one nipple and then the other, starting gently then with more desperation. They tasted as sweet as they looked. He began to lick down Whitney's midsection, using his hands to continue the tit massage, hoping that the memory of her mammarys became permanently ingrained in his hands. He left no part of her chest or stomach untouched, enjoying the tightness of her body. His hands slid further down her body, caressing her hips and thighs.

With the utmost care, he let his hand run over her pussy without actually touching it, feeling some hair and the heat emanating onto his hand. He thought of 1000 ways to finally touch it, but her legs were closed and he gently separated them as widely as he could. He looked down and saw she was nearly completely shaven, with some brownish hair arranged in a triangle above her nether-lips.

Her pussy of course, was as beautiful as a pussy could be – just like the rest of her. She had a longish slit that at the present time was closed for business. Sam knew it wouldn't be long before that changed. He reached down again, feeling the heat and used his second finger to gently trace that holy grail. It was supple and warm, and after a few repeated strokes, it was moist, too.

Sam admired it as he used a second finger to rub a little more urgently. His finger sipped inside and he began to stroke the responding clit. Her pussy lips began to loosen and open up in response to the stimulation. Now her inner pinkness was revealed. Sam noticed that his fingers were slimy with her juices, the unconscious body responding just as well as the conscious one.

Getting off of the bed, Sam went down to the end of the bed and quickly removed his clothes. His raging hard-on was already wet and drippy, and he wanted nothing more at this point than to ram it deep within Whitney's hole. But he held back and grabbing each leg, bent them at the knee so that each foot rested on the very edge of the bed, her legs spread, showing Sam all that she had. Her pussy had parted and he could smell her sex as he knelt between her legs.

He used his tongue in the same way he had used his fingers, starting first on her outer lips, savoring her flavor before giving her a good lick down the middle. The unconscious Whitney responded by moaning, her pussy beginning to lubricate even more as Sam ravished her softness. He took her erect clit into his mouth and sucked on it, causing Whitney to thrust her hips into his face. He opened his mouth wide, taking the whole hole into his mouth, swallowing her juices.

He couldn't hold back anymore, his unstimulated prick began shooting its load. "Ooohh... ooohh... ooohh!" was all he could manage as he stood up, jets of cum shooting out onto Whitney. Gobs of his cum had reached her tits and were dripping down the sides. His cum extended to little drips that fell on her open pussy. But he hadn't orgasmed fully yet. Just as he was about to plunge inside of his dream cunt, he had a thought. "I have to record this!"

He ran inside to the living room where he usually left his video camera, his dick dripping his cum along the way. But his camera wasn't there. He opened cabinets, throwing out their contents trying to find his camera.

Meanwhile in the bedroom, Whitney hadn't moved. Her body had enjoyed the stimulation but needed to get fucked. But it didn't know how to do that. Banta saw his master run out of the room. He had smelled the sex, and the smell of a bitch still rose from the one on the bed.

He went over and noticed that she was in a position offering herself for mating. But it wasn't anything he was used to. First of all the position she was in was all wrong and he couldn't figure out how to get to her sex. But his nose was very sensitive and he walked over and licked the source of the smell. It tasted right – just like a bitch should taste.

Banta had a respectable prick but didn't know it because it had never been used. He was 3 years old and it was about time that he used it. The smell of sex was good and he licked her again. Her body responded with a small thrust. He licked her again, this time tasting inside the lovely pussy. His instinct told him that this was right and the tip of his penis extended out of its sheath. As it was supposed to do, it dripped a little pre-cum because in the dog world, there was no foreplay.

He had to be ready to enter his bitch on the first thrust. Whitney dripped a little more juice and

Banta eagerly licked it up. He jumped up between her legs, his forepaws on the bed. Not knowing why, he moved his hind section in close and began to hump the air. His bare belly came in contact with Whitney's bare belly and they each felt the warmth. The sensitive tip of his prick now felt her warmth issuing from between her legs - in nature, a guide for the male penis.

As he continued to hump towards the warmth, his prick hit her leg, leaving some of his slippery pre-cum wherever it touched. He climbed up a little more on the bed and the bottom of his sheath came in contact with Whitney's pussy, causing it to continue to lubricate, and her pelvis to hump towards the warm, hard stimulus.

Moving his back legs around some, Banta then felt his penis enter the top portion of her pussy and slide across Whitney's clit. The stimulation made Whitney hump a little harder and Banta pulled back a little further before thrusting forward, this time entering Whitney's love-box.

When a dog's penis feels itself enter a warm, wet pussy, it immediately expands. This ensures that the male dog will successfully mate with a bitch that may be trying to escape him. The retriever's prick was long and on the second thrust extended to 6 inches.

Whitney's pussy responded by clamping down on the invading member. She didn't know the species of the owner. His prick responded by increasing further in length and in girth. Soon an 8 inch prick with a respectable girth was happily pumping away inside Whitney - and she was responding.

Banta grabbed hold of her legs the best he could, trying to pull more of himself inside. Whitney's pussy made a sucking sound each time Banta plowed into her. His knot grew quickly but at this angle he couldn't get it inside of her.

Sam found his camera finally underneath some newspapers on the chair in the living room, and raced back inside. He was greeted by the sight of his dog banging the girl of his dreams. "Banta! What are you doing! NO!" he yelled at the dog. But it was too late.

Banta's cum was already shooting deep within his bitch. Sam stood there stunned and then realized what he had missed taping. He fumbled with his camera and turned on the power. Hands shaking, Sam pointed the camera at the fucking couple. He saw his dog slipping, having a hard time standing in position, his cock sliding half way out of Whitney before he slammed it back into her, but not seeming to get it exactly right.

Sam put down the camera and went over, lifting Whitney's legs and pulling them back. He picked up the camera in time to capture the final few strokes of Banta before he went still. Not knowing anything about a dog's mating habits, Sam thought that Banta was done and ran the tape a little more before getting behind Banta and gently removing him from Whitney.

The dog continued to shoot his cum while Sam stood there watching in fascination. He saw the full length of Banta, and his inflated knot. Not knowing what it was, he saw some of Banta's cum running out of Whitney, who was still pumping towards her absent lover.

Banta continued shooting his seed for another 5 minutes, leaving a sizable puddle on the floor. Sam felt bad that he had interrupted him now. The dog began to lick himself and some of his remains at the entrance to Whitney's cunt. Sam filmed his dog and realized that it would have been much hotter to film him fucking Whitney. Maybe this could be used to save him after all!

He thought of the complete plan. After 15 minutes, Whitney was still sleeping and he turned on his camera to make sure he had a good record of her dynamite body covered with his cum and his dog's cum. He rolled her over and placed her knees on the floor, slightly askew. Once again he fingered

her cunt, and felt her juices flowing as her body told him she had not been satisfied.

He didn't want to lick her now that she was filled with dog cum, so he placed his pre-cum dripping prick at the entrance of her hole. He was finally going to fuck her! Slowly he slid the head of his prick inside her dog-fucked pussy and heard her moan. Sam took in all the feelings he could - the tight moistness of her pussy walls, the sound of her satisfying moaning, despite her sleeping state. Now he would follow his dog and fuck her, but he would enjoy her longer than Banta.

Then he heard it - a low growl. He turned around and saw Banta baring his teeth! "Banta! What's the matter with you?" Sam asked him in an annoyed tone of voice.

But Banta came closer and stuck his snout close to Sam's balls and growled again. Slowly, Sam pulled his prick out of Whitney, hating the idea. As soon as he pulled out of her, Banta stopped growling and wagged his tail. Sam wasn't convinced of what had happened and he put the head of his prick against Whitney's soft lips. Whitney moaned and pushed her ass backwards, trying to impale herself on the warm invading prick. Banta growled and snarled again. Sam quickly withdrew.

So now after all his careful planning and scheming, man's best friend was Sam's worst enemy! He had to fuck her! While Banta watched, Sam pushed his prick at Whitney. He rubbed it over her pussy lips and onto her puckered asshole. He looked at Banta, and Banta wagged his tail.

Hmmm. He rubbed his dick down and once again stopped at the entrance to her pussy. Banta snarled right next to Sam's balls! So Banta was telling him that he owned Whitney's pussy! Sam could have her ass, but Banta claimed Whitney's glorious pussy! Sam couldn't believe it! He had a decision to make now. He decided to reluctantly accept Whitney's asshole. He still would be able to hold her fabulous tits.

Sam put his prick against Whitney's asshole and with all the lubrication from her pussy and his pre-cum, he pushed the head inside. Her asshole was tight, maybe virgin. Whitney grunted in her sleep and moved her ass higher. Sam slowly pushed his 6 inch prick inside. Her ass was tight and not so bad. He grabbed her hips and pulled her towards him, driving his hard prick to the root up her ass. He leaned over Whitney and began to fondle her tits. Hey, this was not too bad!

Her legs pinned against the bed, Sam was able to pick up the pace, fucking Whitney's ass while having his fill of her tits. He slid his hands down and Banta allowed him to play with her cunt. He stuck his fingers inside, feeling his prick pounding her ass.

In her drug-induced sleep, Whitney moaned and came on Sam's fingers. He felt her cum and groaned at the thought of not cumming inside her pussy with her. Then he felt his cum shoot up his prick and he collapsed on top of her, his pulsing prick held in check by her tight (virgin) asshole. Sam groaned and lost control as he fell on top of Whitney. Her ass and pussy pulsed together as she finished cumming. Sam slowly withdrew from her, even enjoying the feeling of pulling out of her tight asshole.

Whitney's body quaked slightly appearing to still be unsatisfied. Sam collapsed to the floor while Whitney still lay prostrate on her knees her asshole slightly open. Banta now walked over to her and licked her pussy and ass. After a few licks, Sam was amazed to see Whitney's pelvis pushing back towards the wide, wet, warm tongue. Banta's tongue disappeared in her asshole, cleaning out Sam's cum then into her pussy. Sam could swear he saw her pussy pulse to Banta's licks.

In one motion, Banta jumped up on Whitney's back, probing her for entrance to her...HIS pussy. Now in a more natural position, Banta grabbed Whitney around her hips and crouched down, the head of his partially exposed pink prick sliding into his bitch's twat. Once inside he pulled back a

little more until Whitney's stomach lay on the bed, her large breasts pressed down into the bed.

Now in control, Banta pushed his prick into her for the second time that day. In this position, he was able to push until the head of his prick rested against Whitney's cervix. His prick expanded in width and now Banta pumped it in and out of Whitney at breakneck speed.

Even sleeping, Whitney was almost yelling in ecstasy. Banta's prick was largest around midway through its length. Every time Banta pushed and pulled, the oblong shaped prick rubbed the inside of Whitney's sensitive pussy walls, causing her to orgasm, building up to a strong cum. Now Banta's know began to expand, and Banta pushed forward, stopped from pushing it in by Whitney's stubborn cervix. She couldn't take him any deeper.

But Banta couldn't give up. He needed to tie with his mate, and instinct told him to continue. Whitney entered into one long moan, juices dripping and Banta's prick making the familiar sucking sound. As Banta pushed, refusing to be rejected, He pushed Whitney back against the bed.

Here her legs were pinned and with Banta's insistent pushing, the head of his prick battered her cervix, and it began to open, accepting the head of the dog's simmering prick. Banta's prick flowed with pre-cum helping to lubricate the way through Whitney's cervix. Then finally, with a loud groan from Whitney and a happy yelp from Banta, his prick forced open her cervix and slipped inside.

Now his knot entered her pussy lips causing them to open, no resistance possible. Once it was inside her pussy, Banta's knot grew. Banta kept fucking, his prick slicing deep inside Whitney, the pre-cum flowing from his prick into Whitney's uterus. She was pinned tightly against the bed, and now began to wake up.

"Ooohhhhhh! Oohhhh! uunnnnnngggh! Oh my God!" Whitney half groaned. Sam was shocked. He couldn't believe she woke up.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" she screamed. "Ohhhhhhhh!" She didn't seem to be in distress at least. She seemed to be enjoying it. Banta's knot grew to the size of a fist, locking the two together. Whitney shook in ecstatic desperation. She couldn't understand who was fucking her but something was strange.

Now that Banta was tied to her, Sam went behind them and lifted Banta's tail. He couldn't see much except that Whitney's pussy was closed tightly over the invading member. Sam had seen Banta's knot earlier and didn't know where it was now. He couldn't believe that it was inside Whitney.

Banta had stopped his thrusting and Whitney was half-heartedly thrusting back at him. She had never felt more filled. She felt hot liquid squirting within herself and didn't know it was Banta's cum, boiling out of his hot prick. The heat of his cum allowed her to feel each spurt. But she wasn't sure of what it was since it kept squirting and squirting.

She didn't know how much cum a dog could produce or for how long he could remain still, emptying his balls into her. But she knew she was filled with whatever it was, and more seemed to be entering her. Sam watched Banta's balls contract rhythmically, imagining he was cumming inside Whitney. Her pussy trembled and her engorged clit stood completely erect. Her face was flush and her body quaked from time to time.

Over the next 15 minutes, Sam watched her quake less and less while Banta stood still, occasionally drooling on her back. Sam had been smart enough to pick up his camera and he had filmed most of Banta's successful fucking. Finally, Banta stepped backwards and Sam filmed his half deflated knot stretch Whitney as Banta pulled it out. Banta stood that way for a minute, allowing his prick to finish

emptying inside Whitney. Then he pulled it out of her and it was followed by a copious amount of cum. Sam filmed the whole thing including Whitney's stretched out cunt.

Banta walked over to the corner licking himself while Whitney slowly sat down on the floor. She looked at Sam. "I have never been fucked so well in my life! Oh my God" She crawled over to Banta and lay down on him, while letting her hand stroke his extended prick.

Slowly she kissed her way down to the head. Sa turned his camera on again. Whitney gently cleaned all of the cum from Banta's prick, just as he had cleaned her earlier. She softly sucked on his prick until it was clean. "Dog - you and I are bet friends now!" she told Banta. She swirled her tongue around his prick in thanks. Then she lay her head down and went to sleep.

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Early the next morning, Sam was rudely awoken from his sleep. Whitney shook him violently. She stood there dressed in the clothes she had worn the night before. "You bastard!" she screamed. "I missed my flight, I was raped by your dog and my ass hurts! I'm calling the police!"

Sam calmly turned to face her. "Your ass hurts because I fucked it. As a matter of fact, I explored every part of your gorgeous body."

She looked at Sam in disbelief and wound up to take a swing at him. "We'll see who laughs next!" she raged at him.

"Hold on a minute - if you tell anybody, I'll release the tape of you and Banta to everyone at work," he answered.

"You wouldn't! Would you?" she asked, a little unsure of herself.

"I would and I'll put it on the internet - the whole world will see you. And what were you saying last night? 'Fuck me Banta?'"

Whitney turned beet red. "I... I'll..." She didn't know what to say. She changed tact. "Well Banta is mine, anyway. I'll take him home with me."

"No you won't," Sam replied. "He's mine. If you want to fuck him, you'll do it here - with me present."

"I would never let you be there!" Whitney cried. "Oh yes you will. And I might fuck your ass, too."

Whitney was shocked. "I'd never agree to that... ever!"

"Then I guess you better say goodbye to Banta," Sam answered.

She looked at Sam and then at Banta. After a few seconds, she said resigned, "Okay, you win. But you can't touch me unless I let you."

"Okay, it's a deal. And to make it fair, why don't you move in here with me? That way you can be with Banta all the time", Sam added.

"Yes, that sounds okay" Whitney answered. "Actually, it sounds great!" she added, unbuttoning her pants. She pulled them down with her g-string, looked at Banta wagging his tail, and said, "Here, boy!"