

Doggy-Style

A girl is never lonely if she has a dog

By

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"SEE YOU in three weeks Sophie," my friend Nathan called as he left and I walked in the other direction to catch the bus home, kicking myself for once again not telling him that I fancied him. And now, when I was eighteen, had finished my A-Levels and had the longest holiday ever, he was off on holiday and I had three weeks to kill before I saw him again. Of course, I'd be able to see my other friends, but it was hard living out isolated in our big house in the country.

I spent most of the first week at home on my own, reading, surfing the net, walking the dog, and also, taking advantage of the privacy, masturbating. Before I only used to do it once or twice a day, normally at night, but soon I was frigging five or six times while home alone. Allowing my fantasies to run really wild for once, I ended up by my second week spending hours on porn sites and reading erotica, becoming more than a little bit obsessed with sex. I even went so far as to go into town to buy a cucumber, with which I broke my virginity and got quite intimate with before it got so mushy I had to throw it away.

Throughout this time, Rover, our dog, a great big German Shepherd, frequently came over to me while I was masturbating, but I always shooed him away. Then one day I was slumped naked on the sofa, imagining Nathan eating my pussy out as I fingered myself, when Rover again came over. He walked so quietly and I was so immersed that at first I didn't notice his hot breath on my muff or even his long canine tongue licking me. The realisation was quite a shock, and I tried to push him away in disgust, but he persisted, and managed to get a good strong lick right up my cunt to my clit. Already fairly aroused by my own efforts, the rough texture of his hot wet doggy tongue on me was electric, and I stopped pushing him away. Instead I watched helpless as his big furry head lapped greedily at my vagina, quickly bringing me to a shuddering orgasm.

That, though, I thought was enough and I got up, getting ready to get dressed and take him for a walk. However, as I bent down to pick up my knickers, I chanced to glance sideways and saw that Rover, my beloved pet of four years, had an enormous stiffie. My sex-obsessed brain started to whir, and somehow my longing for a real warm-blooded cock in my pussy overran

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my revulsion at the idea of sex with non-human animals, and I was so horny that I just thought "Why not?"

Instead of getting dressed, I knelt down next to Rover, petting him, and then, taking a deep breath, I went down on all fours. Immediately I felt his paws scramble up my back and screamed as his dog penis rammed right up my cunt, seven inches of hot, two-inch thick flesh pounding fast in-and-out of me, stretching my tunnel considerably more than the cucumber. His legs hung down over my shoulders and I could hear his panting in my ear as he drooled over my brown hair and my neck. I was yelping like a dog now, pretending it was Nathan or Mr Greene the sexy English teacher fucking me rather than my pet.

The hard warm-veined dick was better than any vegetable, and after the initial shock I began to enjoy the short, fast and hard thrusts into my vagina. Just as I was nearing orgasm though, I felt Rover pull out with a faint wet pop and a warm wet and sticky substance ran down my leg from my crotch. He was now trying to lick my face, and looking at his swollen cock I was seized by an impulse I still don't understand, and took it in my mouth while it was still dripping.

Sucking as hard as I could in my sexual fever, I felt the dick expand, and as my tongue swirled around the pointed end I had to pull away suddenly, half choking as my mouth was filled with doggy cum. I was still spitting and wiping the smelly liquid from my chin when I screamed again as Rover jumped on my back and started fucking me again, his cock feeling if anything wider than before. The stretching of my virgin twat only just stopped short of being painful, but I was soon enjoying being doggy fucked even more than before.

Going down on one elbow with my arse up in the air, I reached back past my swaying breasts, through my thick bush to finger my clit, the canine dick pulling and pushing at my lips above it. I was moaning and yelping in pleasure from the force of the fucking when suddenly, I climaxed, practically collapsing. Crying louder as the orgasm kept going, Rover fucking as hard as ever. Then he suddenly stopped too, and I felt more dog cum dripping out of me down my thighs, but I had another smaller orgasm when I felt his cock expand inside me, before he pulled out making a sound like a cork leaving a bottle.

Spent, I sat for a while petting my panting dog, canine spunk oozing slowly out of my hole into a sticky mess over my pubic hair and thighs, then started to clean up and get dressed. Taking Rover for a nice long walk before lunch, I went over my morning's activities in my mind with a mixture of disgust and eroticism. As I said, over the weeks I'd worked myself into a kind of sex frenzy, so eventually the eroticism won, and I started to feel horny again, deciding that as long as no one else knew, and as long as I didn't have a human partner, I may as well continue fucking Rover as he enjoyed it so much.

So after lunch, I was feeling really horny again, so I took Rover up to my room and started to strip off. When I was only in my knickers, I noticed that with the big full-length mirror on the wall facing my bed and the big one on my chest of drawers at the side, I would be able to watch myself engaging in bestiality. Excited by this I left the room, my tits bouncing, to fetch the mirror in the bathroom, which I placed on a chair the other side of my bed so I could see from three angles. Lying on my bed and adjusting them, I wished I had one behind and above as well.

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Pulling my knickers off too, I sat on the floor leaning against the bed and facing the mirror, playing with myself. Rover padded over and started licking my face, and with my free hand I reached under him and into his fur, stroking at his dick. It soon started to extend out of its sheath and into my palm, a thick soft length of skin warm in my hand.

Feeling ready, I pulled myself up by my elbows to lie on the bed, but only got the top half of my back on it before Rover jumped up on me. As he licked my face frantically I guided his Alsatian dick into the small moist slit in my muff, and he began pounding away. In this position I could put my arms around my furry lover, his soft fur lovely against my breasts, although it also meant my face was soon wetter than my cunt with my dog's slobbering, plastering my shoulder length brown hair to it.

My insides receiving the now familiar sensation of being cummed in, I scrambled up on the bed properly. Rover followed but his penis still popped out, spraying my stomach and hairy groin with canine semen. With my head on my pillow and Rover above me I felt more comfortable with continuing my bestiality. Calming Rover down enough to keep still, I raised my hips off the bed and inserted his fat cock inside me. Off he went again, screwing me like there was no tomorrow, and glancing in the mirror facing the bed all I could see was his furry arse and wagging tail with my long pale slender legs spread out either side. The mirrors to the left and right were more interesting as I could watch my flushing face and strange expressions as I was sexually pleased by a big hairy dog.

Once more I imagined I was being fucked by a human, hugging Rover, and barely noticing as my vagina was again flooded and leaking cum. The dog's cock expanded, but he seemed content to carry on, cumming a further three times before I did. As I arched my whole body up into him he came again, and only withdrew when I collapsed, taking my pussy out of his reach. To thank him, and having overcome my feelings of revulsion, I took his still throbbing dick in my mouth and sucked for a good five minutes. He came again and again, until finally, my chin, neck, breasts, crotch, inner thighs and duvet were covered in his spunk; his dick began to shrink.

After that, I fucked my dog nearly everyday throughout the summer, so much so that when I finally slept with Nathan at the end of August I had to pretend I'd had a relationship before. And still while I was going out with him and others after I continued, as they were never able to be around enough. It was only when I had to leave Rover and go to university that I stopped being done properly doggy-style for any significant length of time—though guess what my favourite position is?

THE END