

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was a day like any other. I came home from work to my empty house, where it was just me and my rottie. I am a 35 year old divorcee, whose husband left me after we found out that I was sterile. As disheartening as it was for me to learn that, I was devastated when he left. And to top it off, it wasn't a sit down and discuss it kind of thing. I woke up one morning and his clothes were gone, and a note was on the dresser. Three days later, I was served with divorce papers. The papers claimed that he was having multiple affairs, and that this was his justification for the divorce. They also showed that I would be keeping everything, and he would foot the bill in the mortgage, car, as well as receive a hefty alimony check. Apparently the bastard felt so bad about how he left me, he at least made it to where I only had to work if I wanted to.

A few weeks later, our divorce was granted, and that asshole wouldn't even look at me in court. I'm sure to the judge and our attorneys, it looked like he was guilt ridden over his alleged sleeping around. But we both knew he never cheated on me, and that this was all because he wanted a younger, more fruit bearing wife. That was five years ago, and he has never looked back. His only contact with me has been the alimony check that is direct deposited into my account each month.

I kept my job as a manager at a local department store, as sitting around the empty house would have just depressed me. I ended up a couple years ago getting Hans, my rottweiler. The neighborhood got kind of rough for a spell, so I figured a big, mean looking dog would be perfect for deterring anyone wanting to do me harm. He was 4 when I got him as a retired breeding dog. He was sweet and gentle, and we bonded almost immediately. I got him for a really good price because he had gotten an infection and had to have a testicle removed. Even though the vet assured the breeder he would be fine, he ended up sterile like me. So at a young age, he was retired and sold, no longer of any value to the breeder. I was immediately smitten, seeing as we had a lot in common.

Over the last two years, Hans became the baby I never got to have. He was totally spoiled. He slept in bed with me, used me as a pillow on the couch, and was just always there. I had tried dating, but my heart was never in it. I was so jaded that my ex would leave me for something as shallow as my bad ovaries. So I resigned myself to just enjoying the company of my dog.

That day I came home and was greeted by Hans at the door. As tired as I was, I was happy to play with him when I came home. I grabbed one of his toys and threw it across the room, and he would fetch it, and bring it back, just to play tug of war with me. Even though we both weighed 120 pounds, he could easily drag me when we played tug of war. After a few minutes, he decided that he was done, and took off up the stairs to the bed room. Being ready for a shower, I followed up behind him.

When I got upstairs, I took off my clothes and looked at my body in the full length mirror in my bed room. I am amazed that with my body, I don't attract the attention of more men. At 5'4", I am fairly curvy. My body is soft and feminine, with D cup tits, that on my frame, make me look like a brunette Dolly Parton. My hair went down to the middle of my shoulder blades, and my brown pubic hair was neatly trimmed in a triangle above my slit. All in all, I was a voluptuous beauty, and for the first time in a while, I was truly missing having a man pleasure me.

I went to the shower, and got the water to the perfect temperature. As I soaped up my tits, I started massaging them, enjoying the softness of my breasts. I let the suds wash off of me, and started playing with my nipples, enjoying the roughness as my large areola started to draw up and my nipples began to erect. Pinching and rolling my nipples with my left hand, I let my right hand go down to my clit, and started to slowly rub at it as my arousal grew. Soon I was rocking my hips against my hand, and inserted a finger into my wet pussy. Even with using my vibrator semi

regularly, my cunt was nice and tight. As I penetrated myself, I imagined a thick, hard cock slowly pushing into me. I was moaning with delight as I pleased myself, and then I was snapped back to reality as my phone rang in the bedroom.

I shut the water off, disappointed that I couldn't finish. I threw a towel around me and went to answer it. I went to the dresser and grabbed my phone, but it slipped out of my wet fingers, and bounced under the dresser.

"Dammit," I muttered, and got down on my hands and knees to find my phone. When I got down, I heard a thump as Hans jumped off the bed. I was still looking for my phone when I felt his nose press into my cunt.

"Hans, stop it!" I scolded. I went to look for the phone again, and his nose went straight back to my cunt. I froze as I felt his tongue lick me from clit to asshole, and a wave of pleasure went through me. He continued to lick at my snatch, and I could feel myself getting moist.

"Has it really been that long since my pussy was licked, that my body is enjoying this?" I asked myself. Part of me felt dirty, but another part was thoroughly enjoying the licking I was receiving. And that second part was beginning to over rule the rest of my brain. I started moaning as his tongue pushed into my channel, drinking up the juices my excited pussy was secreting. As he pushed his tongue deeper, I felt my pussy clench around his tongue as my orgasm hit. It had been forever since I had one this strong, and I could barely hold myself up as it rolled through me.

My orgasm subsided, and I stayed in the exact same position, panting as I fought to catch my breath. No sooner than I'd caught my breath, I felt Hans jump on my back. I started to panic. It was one thing if he licked me, but mounting and fucking me? That was out of the question. I started trying to wiggle out from under him, and shake him off, but my struggles were met with a sharp bark. I froze for a second, but then I felt him start humping at me, and felt his cock poking me in the back of my legs, and I desperately tried to escape again. This time, Hans grabbed my neck with his jaws, putting enough pressure to let me know he was in control, and his bitch wasn't getting away.

I was terrified. For the last two years, my rottie had been gentle as a lamb, and now he was going to have his way with me. Despite my fear, it felt like my pussy now had a veritable stream of juices coming out of it. Was I seriously getting turned on by being dominated by my dog? I remained still, and Hans let go of my neck and went back to finding my pussy. As his hot tool found its way to my lips, I flashed back to my thought in the shower about a thick, hard cock. As the thought rolled through my mind, I felt the tip of his cock find my entrance. As he pushed into me, I moaned my apparent approval. I felt Hans' front legs wrap around my waist, and he shoved his dick into my wet hole.

"Fuck..." I moaned. His cock felt like it was two inches across, and it stretched my pussy like none of my toys did. It filled me up like I've never been filled before. As he pumped me like a machine, I was wondering how this was such a turn on? When I was married, I was usually the aggressor, but being controlled by my massive dog was so erotic. His massive moved in and out of me like a piston, pushing deeper and deeper till I felt his tip butt up against my cervix.

"Oh, Hans," I moaned. "Like that, harder, harder. Make me your bitch. Fuck me," I begged.

As he continues to fuck me, I felt a swelling between my pussy lips. His knot was nearly inside me, but hadn't swollen enough to tie us. At first, it was just slightly wider than his cock, but I could feel it growing, stretching my vaginal entrance. Soon, it felt like he was trying to push a lemon into me. I was so aroused, I was throwing myself back at him, trying to meet him thrust for thrust. After

several thrusts, I felt his knot push through my lips and lodge inside my cunt. When it did, I felt it really start to grow, swelling even larger than it was. As it swelled, it pushed into my g spot, and I could feel an even larger orgasm than the last one building. I reached down to my pussy and started to furiously frig my clit. I want this orgasm now, to show my alpha male what he did for his bitch. Hans had slowed down to a series of small thrusts, that moved the pressure inside me just enough to drive me crazy.

"Right there," I moaned. "Just like that....fuck...god...CUMMING!"

What had to be the largest orgasm of my life hit me. As my vaginal walls would seize the member inside me, it would force more pressure on my g spot, making my orgasm that much more powerful. As my cunt gripped and milked at Hans' dick, I felt it jerk, and the first spray of his cum splashed deep inside of me.

"Ooh, Hans, cum in me. Fill me up. Make me your bitch." I moaned through my orgasm, which was being fueled by the hot liquid washing down my vaginal walls. After what felt like a gallon of cum had been sprayed deep down in my cunt, my orgasm waned, and it took all I had not to collapse. After about twenty minutes, I felt the pressure inside of me begin to go away, so I tried to push Hans off my back, but when he would move, his shifting knot would cause another micro orgasm to flow through me. About 5 minutes later, his knot was small enough that he was able to pull out of my pussy. When it did, a rush of dog cum ran out of my pussy onto my bedroom carpet. I was so exhausted from the thorough fucking, that I pulled the towel off of me, and stuck it beneath my knees to dry up the sticky mess.

I stood up on shaky knees and went over to the bed and sat down to process what just happened. Not only had my dog just fucked me, but I willingly let him. Hell, I even called myself his bitch. I looked over at Hans, and my jaw dropped. From the base of his knot to the top was a solid 9 inches, and the thickest part of his shaft was about two and a half inches in diameter. My husband was only about 6" long, and about half as thick. And the knot, well, I couldn't tell you how big it actually was inside me, but I know despite the stretching it gave me, felt awesome.

There was no way I was going back to a man for pleasure again. I decided right there that I was my dog's bitch, and couldn't wait till the next time.