

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part One

My grandparents, even into my adulthood, maintained a rural property in the piney woods of east Texas. Nearly four hundred acres of land, most of it pasture and trees and thickets, and I spent many summers there, the one I discuss now was my graduating summer, 1999. When they had purchased the property, they had come upon a litter of cow-dogs, numbering four, two males and two females. For simplicity's sake, they had the females fixed and left the males intact, since there was no risk of puppies, it seemed a waste of money and aggression...the dogs were there to protect the house from coyotes and protect us from trespassers.

Calvin was a massive dog, some strange esoteric breed borne of danes, bloodhounds, and mastiffs, he had some of each in his immediate family line. However worthy of the term 'mutt', he was a tall, powerful animal with a thick neck and a stout, dangerous muzzle. Although his breed was mixed, I had seen him break femurs in his teeth, and everyone on the property knew that he was a very strong animal, not to be annoyed and impossible to leash. He had grown up alongside me, and we had spent a lot of time together when I was a girl roaming hillsides and playing games in pastures with the others. I had even seen him 'fend off' snakes and coyotes for my safe-keeping, so it was with complete trust that I would wander off with him alone.

So, only a week out of high school and just barely 18, I went up to the property to enjoy the quiet for a while. My grandparents were on a cruise, and so I had the entire place, a converted farm house surrounded in rock walls and overgrown jasmine vines, to myself. I had never been a very big girl, I still wear tiny sizes and could barely carry the brick of books I would need for my first semester of college, so being out in the country alone normally would give me cause for concern, but knowing that the dogs would be out there made things easier.

Calvin was always the first to greet me, whether I had goodies for him or not, and after getting out of the car I would always lope down the brick path and sit on the stairs to put my arms around his huge neck and talk at him, and he'd just set his head on my shoulder and listen. After getting situated, since the place had been vacant for nearly three weeks, I changed into my outdoor clothes, thick blue jeans, a tee-shirt, and heavy boots, and began to wander the property for an initial, somewhat half-hearted 'damage check'. Of the four dogs sleeping in the afternoon sun, only Calvin acquiesced to join me.

There were two ponds on the property, one surrounded in thick reeds and willow trees, and the other banked in thick, deep clay, the dirty red kind only found in east Texas and Louisiana. (My advice, even for all the enjoyment it caused me, is to avoid the stuff if you find it...) Checking the 'red' pond, I found that a tree branch had broken off and fallen into the water. Not wanting it to gather debris, I stepped down into the mud to try and haul it out, for what it was worth...my bare hands were slick with the water, and Calvin was moving back and forth along the bank watching pensively as I pulled the branch out, noticing that my steps were getting heavier and heavier as I went.

I was up to my thighs in the clay before I noticed that I was very, very firmly stuck...miles from the road, a half mile from the porch, and no other houses even remotely within yelling distance, I was pretty much on my own for getting out, which was at once a blessing (if I needed to just shed the pants and walk back to the porch in my undies) and a curse (if something really serious had happened, like a snakebite). Being a huge fan of the steel-toed boots known as 'Doc Martins' and suffering their expense, I was not ready to lose them in the nasty murk of a clay bank immediately, so I worked to get free.

After trying until I was nearly exhausted to pull my boots and trousers free of the clay, my thighs and hips aching, I unbuckled my belt and slipped out of my pants, wriggling free of my docks and collapsing on the bank, Calvin sniffing and wagging his tail, obviously pleased that my fight with the mud was now over. He lapped at the least murky part of the lakeside audibly and then slumped down to sit next to me in the pine needles, worrying with something near his paws. I was content to lay on my belly in the setting sun, toes still touching the waistline of my abandoned trousers, trying to cool off, but his furry muzzle was snuffling around my hips, following the scent of something in the pine needles, but then losing interest.

The chilly shock of a wet nose rooting against the cleft of my thighs indicated he had found what he was looking for. With renewed zeal he pushed his muzzle hard against me, forcing my legs to part slightly, following the scent deeper, the sharp heat of his tongue testing the fabric of my underwear, finding the flavor to his liking, he lapped at it for a moment, then backed away. The entire time, I had just frozen in place, unsure what he was looking for or what Calvin's intentions were. Had I lay down across a snake's hole? I was on the bank of a pond, after all, it stood to reason he was trying to differentiate the smell of me from the smell of something else...I was pretty sweaty. Although I could not smell myself, I knew the chances were great that he could smell me just fine.

Calvin circled me and growled slightly, not so much threatening as it was a noise he made on occasion that demanded my attention. I pulled myself up and started to brush off the needles and he was there again, nose seeking between my legs, from the front this time, muzzling up under the edge of my teeshirt and nipping at my underwear. The most ridiculous notion came to my mind as I took a step backward, putting some distance between myself and the dog.

I was turned on.  
How fucked up was that?

Calvin nudged my calf with his head and then trotted back up toward the house. I decided to worry about shoveling my trousers and boots out of the mud the next day and left the broken bough to mark where they'd been sucked into the nasty red clay. I followed in Calvin's path, and found him waiting on the porch when I finally made it to the concrete and started picking the stickers out of my feet. Sitting on a wrought iron yard-chair in my underwear and tee-shirt, at the top of a hill in the middle of no-where, I felt sort of liminal, like it wasn't real. My feet were raw from the stickers, and I limped over to the water hose to turn it on and rinse them off. Calvin had always liked getting hose baths, so it was pretty much ritual that he would wander over and get sprayed when I went to water plants.

Now when the big hound came over, he kept a strange distance from me. I rinsed the budding spots of blood off of my feet and then called him, and reluctantly he came, but Calvin shied off of me, didn't jump and roll like he did in the presence of the hose. His huge head was fixated on my closed knees, though he ventured to look up at me for a minute before returning his attention to that spot once more. I remember glancing a little guiltily over my shoulder as I settled at the edge of the chair and spread my knees for him, and he came quickly once I had presented, snuffling for several minutes before beginning to lap at the fabric, which by now was wet with water and saliva and pulled pretty tightly by the chair.

It did not take long for Calvin's attention to get heated...and admittedly, even through my panties the attention felt...good. As I started to get up, feeling a little like a pervert, Calvin whined slightly, I was astounded by how intelligent a noise it seemed. Was the dog needy? Having watched him devote so much attention to me, I noticed, looking past the huge bulk of the mutt's chest, that his cock had slipped free of its furred sheath and was gleaming and red, shifting with each breath or heartbeat or both, quivering gently. It looked touchable, something I wanted to taste, although as I stared, I shied

back from it, worried that to lean down would invite an unpleasant nip.

There was a minute or two where I weighed exactly what I was doing...by then I was very aroused, and Calvin was a trusted friend, so it was not an issue of whether or not I worried he'd hurt me...it was really more about how I was raised. It wasn't something talked about, although I remembered a friend of mine squealing in disgust when she read some lurid tale about a medieval king who would give the maidenheads of virgins to his prized mastiffs. I had expected that our species were so different that for a dog it would be like trying to copulate with a tree...or a tire...a human is not an object of desire...is it?

Calvin whined again. I told myself I would stop and go into the house even as I started skinning off my panties, but as I started to turn and get on my knees, I hesitated. I guess I needed a minute to think, so I dropped the little white bundle of cloth near the feet of the chair and crossed my legs, considering. Calvin followed the fabric and sniffed at it for a few moments before realizing that the panties were not his target...I watched as he made the connection and then moved forward, a low growl ebbing from his thick neck as he lapped cautiously at the closed cleft of my thighs, finding a new flavor and leaning into it.

For any human male reading this, I don't care how good you think you are...you could take lessons from a dog in giving head. It is hard to resist a dog as strong as Calvin was, and when he put his weight behind his muzzle, my thighs did part, and easily. I don't think but a few strokes of his tongue passed before I was forgetting any considerations I had about whether or not this was 'right' and was leaning back, knees spread wide, feeling this incredible tongue lapping all over, but I was still far too tense to let myself orgasm...there were still too many things I was worried about. None-the-less, the feeling was exquisite, but I wanted more, and I knew by now that Calvin would not be satisfied with this for much longer...surprisingly, it was no longer just myself that was being gratified, it was clear he wanted it too.

I was shaking when I started to slip down off of the safety of the chair...I wasn't sure what to expect, I had never read a guide like the ones posted here. Calvin followed with his nose, and continued to lick as I let my knees sink into the manicured grass and reached out to turn off the water faucet. Being a small girl, I tried, glancing over my shoulder, to judge whether or not I needed to be high or low in the positioning of my hips as he continued to lap at me, occasionally closing my eyes and letting myself get swept around by it.

Then it stopped.

Paws scrabbled at my waist, one settled on the small of my back, he was incredibly heavy, then lost his footing, sending a deep surface scratch across my haunch. A pause, then I felt him nudge up between my spread knees, the warm, slick weight of his cock pressing against my ass, sliding up against the tender skin between one extreme and the other, then finding the warm, now completely soaked length of my labia and pushing anxiously against it. As Calvin's shaft made contact with my pussy, his paws tightened around my hips and held me still as he worked frantically to penetrate, prodding hard but not finding seating for all his effort.

The first stroke, which glanced off of the pout of my mons and hit my thigh, burned like nothing I'd ever felt before, but almost immediately thereafter, the wedge-like tip of his cock found my pussy again and buried as deeply as my tightness would allow. While not -immediately- as filling as some of the men I had enjoyed, Calvin made up for it with an intensity none of them could rival, I was gasping for breath, arms crooked around the chair to hold myself steady as he put every shred of his energy into fucking me as hard and as fast as he could. My muscles stopped being mine, and as I fell into movement with him as well as my quivering self would allow, the weight of his head settled hard

over my right shoulder, as if to pin me in place.

I remember giving a choked little cry as the force of his hips put me against the seat of the chair, hipbones against the iron on one side, the furred heat of his body covering the other. Calvin rode me into the hardest orgasm I've ever experienced, and with tears streaming down my face, I held onto the chair just to keep my bearings as taut, choked cries became long, abandoned moans.

His thrusting became slower now, I realized that his girth had increased. In the already deliciously taut friction we shared quite literally his cock was getting bigger. (No, I had no idea that was normal until later.) His hips ground into me irregularly, and to help him, I shifted my hips upward to accommodate, feeling resistance near the base of his shaft. Calvin fought with it for a few moments and then changed his footing, pressing harder, grinding me into the wrought iron of the chair as he did so. I remember for several intense seconds the mixing of pain and pleasure as the 'knot' that I learned out later made it into my already tight pussy. My mouth was slack, eyes brimming, my legs were sore and I hurt all over, but I would have done it again that very night were I able.

It was agonizing but good, I could feel his heat buried in me, filling me up, pushing against my cervix, a wave of pleasure making my neck slack every time he shifted, melting into a persistent tremble as I felt him begin to cum, a hot swell that seemed to go further than even the massive organ locked inside of me did. He tried thrusting after that, but was perhaps more exhausted than even I was and abandoned the idea. I slipped down off of the chair, careful to keep my now tender hips aloft for his benefit, he pulled one gargantuan paw across my back and settled with me, half-covering me. We both panted, and I reached from where we had fallen for the water hose.

We shared a drink of nice, chilly water and together we throbbed. Knowing only as much as your average college freshman who grew up in the country knows, I was aware that dogs were tied together for a while after mating, so I wasn't really 'panicked,' but as the other dogs came to investigate, rousing us both out of a coitus borne stupor, he started to move, and I worried that he would hurt himself. Another of the dogs had taken to licking the point where our flesh met, and slowly we separated, announced by a hot gush of liquid pouring down my thighs, the cooling air invading quickly.

I've considered that span of seconds many times since then, and I'm still not sure if it was Calvin, or the idea that I was being completely dominated, if only for a moment, by something bestial and without morals as I knew them...but whatever the case may be it was exquisite, and by memory alone, I can feel myself growing slick and ready, hands aching to wander away from the keys.

THAT, ladies and gentlemen, was my first encounter with a dog. It is, perhaps, not hard to see where I gained some quiet taste for it...although my husband (who pleases me immeasurably in both the sexual and intellectual arenas) has no idea, and I'd rather he never did. I hope no one minds if I express myself here as an outlet. If you'd like to read more about the dogs, let me know.

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## **Part two**

I woke up wondering what in the name of god had beaten me SO hard, and sitting up in bed, the night before came back in a series of delicious flashes. Outside, I could hear the dogs barking, and watched as far down the hill, Calvin, Shadow, Joy, and Hunter ran in their usual pack, probably chasing a deer or a coyote. Bees clumsily shifted between the flowers in the glass, hauling their girth along on tiny wings, and the place was just so quiet.

But in retrospect, I didn't care about how pristine and empty the land was, or how far away the

nearest person could be. Calvin heading the pack, I was watching him as he ran, feeling guilty and more than a little intrigued with what had happened the night before. I found myself asking the questions that any girl the 'day after' asks...did he enjoy it? Would he even remember? Was I somehow abusing Calvin by doing what nature seemed to dictate? Would this animal's understanding of me change now that I was a creature that he could breed with? Most importantly: Would he do it again?

Then the next thought came: Where the hell are my Docs?

Well...in the mud...and they needed to be dug out.

A hot shower went a long way to smoothing out sore muscles. I'd just crawled inside and down the hall toward my room without thinking once about getting clean. Curling up in the cool linens, I'd let my sweat and blood and cum get everywhere, so the sheets were left in a pile in the hallway to be washed, meanwhile I used up every last drop of hot water in the house soothing my aching thighs and rubbing my burning, swollen pussy under the steaming rivulets of the shower.

Even as I dressed and threw the sheets into the washer, my mind was very much elsewhere. Walking out on bare feet through the garage, I could see the chair from the night before, the waterhose left laying in the grass, and remembered both in intimate detail. Some part of me felt guilty and sick inside, but really, if Calvin wanted it, and I did too, how was it wrong? Picking up one of the deep shovels, I walked out toward the red pond in a pair of shorts and flip flops, intending on digging my trousers and shoes out of the muddy banks where they'd been lost. The sun on my legs and shoulders helped finish what the shower had started, and by noon, and dug halfway down to the boots, I felt better.

Piqued by the sound of digging, Calvin ventured out of the treeline to watch me lift shovel after shovel of red, heavy mud from the hole, offering up a greeting whimper and snuffling at my hips as I neared. His tail beating the pine-needle covered earth, he beckoned me for attention, and I sat petting him for a while - I was pleased to see that nothing between us had changed, save an increasing sense of intimacy. That said, I wanted a second taste, but I wasn't sure how to initiate it, and was disappointed when Calvin was distracted by something else and wandered off into the trees, Joy and Shadow following, leaving Hunter sitting in the brush to keep an eye on me.

Hunter is one of Calvin's younger brothers, and where his older sibling is fast and wiry, Hunter is heavier, stronger, and somewhat slower, his father was a cow-dog from the farm next door. Although Hunter and I have always gotten along, the occasional growl has always sent me looking for safety, he is an unpredictable creature at best, and his behavioral problems have always made this huge dog a loose cannon. As I pulled my Docs free of the muddy clay, throwing them into the grass, Hunter alerted and walked over to the hole, watching me crawl out and taking the opportunity to check out my hindquarters while I was on all fours. Sniffing at my sex, nibbling at the edge of my shorts with his teeth, it became apparent what Hunter wanted, and I was flattered, but more than a little afraid of his lack of restraint. When I began to pull myself up, feeling a very human twinge of loyalty toward Calvin, Hunter snapped at my right thigh and growled, warning me that he was in charge, and I didn't have permission to leave just yet.

Where Calvin is reddish brown all over, Hunter is a deep, steely gray marked by dark black spots. His head is heavy, bigger than mine, with deeply set brown eyes and wide jaws. When he was a puppy, he loved to reach up and 'teethe' on my wrist, chewing on it lightly as a show of affection. Now, a larger animal than I am a girl, he circled me and leaned down to nip at my right wrist, in some way a reassurance that he remembered who I was despite the new capacity in which he saw me - his bitch. I felt his teeth graze my left cheek, and he was tugging on the shorts, working on pulling them off of me or threatening to tear them, either one.

Well, when in Rome...

I slid the shorts down off of my ass, feeling the kiss of sunshine on either cheek, leaving them to bunch around my knees, and bowing my back, I invited him to investigate the scent more closely. Hunter was brazen, nudging my thighs apart with his wide head, lapping at my pussy, nibbling at the edge of my labia as though to test it, and I wondered if he'd watched Calvin's attentions the night before, because he knew -exactly- where to go. A low rumble emanated from Hunter's thick neck, and as he began to lap at my pussy, tasting the wellspring of nervous juices that began to flow at the thought of being savaged like I had the night before, that growl continued. I turned my hips upward as far as my back would allow, presenting to him, feeling his tongue dip deep into me. (I wouldn't be surprised if he knows what my cervix tastes like now.) I buried my face in my own folded arms and felt my eyes roll drunkenly as Hunter took his turn licking - a noise in the grass warning me that Calvin had come to observe from the tree line.

As though eager to get started before Calvin could stop him, Hunter didn't hesitate, one of his paws settling on my back, then the other, both slipping down on either side, hips surging forward to try and find any footing, the hot, sharp edge of his cock struggling to find seating somewhere, at first glancing off of my pussy as Calvin's had, but then the tension came to rest against my asshole. I immediately began to flinch away, not wanting my ass invaded by a dog, afraid that it might cause internal damage somehow, or worse, make him sick, but as I started to straighten one leg and get some distance between us, Hunter's teeth snapped at the back of my neck, and my hackles rose. I wasn't going anywhere.

I'd had anal sex before this point, but always with a lot of lube - but now there was only saliva and sweat, and with my thighs too short to properly present my pussy to such a huge mutt, my rear was the easiest target. The tip of his cock settled again on the tiny rosebud of my ass and he suddenly shoved - hard - burying his entire length in one stroke and starting that horrible rhythm, at first burning and painful, then dizzying. Open mouthed, I held onto hand fulls of the grass and tried to take it like a big girl, but very soon tears were pouring down my face along with half-gasping sobs, Hunter's cock felt like it was white hot. After a few minutes of being ravaged, it began to feel good, but even in feeling good, I wanted to get up and get away, but was afraid that Hunter wouldn't let me.

As before, the volley of frantic thrusting became slower, but my ass was more accommodating to his increasing girth than my pussy had been for Calvin. I could feel the knot, it flirted with the edge of my asshole, a momentary threat of invasion before disappearing again. My arms were shaking, head hanging in pure exhaustion, and when Hunter began to try and force the knot forward, I struggled to get away from the sudden, fresh pain of its size only to feel his weight settle down on top of me and hold me still. Calvin was sniffing at my face now, observing and lapping at the tears and sweat on my cheeks, but when Hunter growled, the older dog gave him space. The knot still hadn't been forced past, and so Hunter ground his cock into me again, shoving, struggling, and I wept into my forearms as I felt it the knot forced into place, a seal forming between us as Hunter began to cum, filling my cuts with a hot wash of liquid timed to the pulse I could feel through my back, his body still atop mine, one paw lifting to settle between my shoulder blades.

My ass ached. My pussy ached. Hell, everything ached. Hunter's weight was making it hard to breathe, and I tried to get my arms straightened underneath me, and he didn't resist, panting in the afternoon heat, drool forming a quickly chilling line down the small of my back as we were forced to sit that way, exhaustion keening through me, bowels full of the hot gush of Hunter's cum. I could smell blood, and although I'd bled before during anal sex, I was worried that he'd done damage somehow, and so the time passed slower, but steadily I could feel his knot reducing. Hunter pulled free of me and stumbled a small distance away to lick himself clean, leaving me to tend my own

wounds. I pulled my shorts on with trembling hands, not sure if I regretted taking them off or not, and slowly limped toward the house...