

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Jen walked down the path, her heart beating fast with excitement. Today was the day, she was finally going to be allowed to walk Sarge, he was her Aunts prize German shepherd stud dog. Jen had been walking her Aunt's dogs for about a year, but until now she had only been allowed to walk the bitches. Although Jen had pleaded to let her walk Sarge he Aunt had firmly told her that Sarge was too large and strong for her. Sarge was too strong for her to handle, was the excuse, now after a year of pleading she had been proclaimed ready to walk Sarge.

Sarge had always been her favourite of her aunt's dogs. He was bigger and prouder than all the others. His coat was beautiful, glossy black against a tawny tan. He had soft dark eyes and a tongue that was always ready to give the young Jen a kiss, yes Sarge loved her probably as much as she loved him, and was the only other person who could approach him without her Aunt there to supervise.

She hurried up to the kennels where the dogs were housed, and there was her Aunt, smiling and holding Sarge on his lead. She beamed at her Aunt; she really was going to be allowed to walk him, her dream dog.

"I promised, so here he is" her Aunt said, smiling at her and offering Jen the lead. Jen took the lead in a trembling hand, now that it was time she felt nervous.

"Now don't let him walk all over you" her Aunt cautioned, "You know how to use the slip collar so don't be afraid to show him who the boss is."

"Yes Aunty, I know," she replied, suddenly feeling calmer as Sarge jumped up and licked at her face, he tail waving back and forth in a friendly way. "Down Sarge," she said laughing and shot a grin at her Aunt as Sarge dropped back down on all four. "Heel" and she stepped off.

Jen was on cloud nine all week, she walked Sarge each weekday. She loved the walk though her Aunts fields, up to a small forest of trees, past the clear gurgling stream and then back. The walk was probably 5km, but she didn't mind, she loved walking the dogs. She wanted to breed German shepherd dogs when she was old enough to start her own business and she was learning heaps from her Aunt about dogs, their care, the breeding of and a little bit about showing on the side. As it was summer she often dawdled on her walks, sometimes stopping to splash in the stream and sometimes she would sit and talk to Sarge, he was a reliable dog, he never told her secrets!

Sarge of course acted like the model dog, as Jen always knew he would, she never had to use the slip collar or reprimand him. He would happily heel along side her, she barely needed to hold the lead, although she always kept a hand on it, she had promised her Aunt to keep a hold on him in case he ran off, but Jen knew Sarge would never run away from her.

After a few weeks her Aunt stopped worrying over her walking Sarge, so she would come to the kennel and retrieve him each day and set off on their walk. This way it was particularly hot so Jen stopped off at the stream and waded into the water. Sarge came with her, jumping into the water and splashing all around like he was a large puppy. The both emerged from the stream soaking wet, so Jen decided to wait a bit in the warm sun and let her clothes dry out a bit.

Sarge came out of the water and shook all over her, making her giggle and protest, and then he came over for a cuddle, even tho he was still soaking wet and smelt distinctly of wet dog. Jen was in heaven, if only every day could be like this, walking Sarge and hanging out with him. She told Sarge how her mother had started worrying that she didn't like guys much "But you know what?" she whispered to Sarge "I would much rather hand out with you than some stupid boy!" and then she

laughed and Sarge liked the side of her face and got his tongue in her ear.

She lay back on the grass, gazing at the sky and drying in the sun when she noticed Sarge was sniffing her legs and it tickled unbearably. She sat up to push him and his wet nose away when suddenly his nose went right between her legs. She gasped and she felt his wet nose sniffing her skin. It tickled like it did on her legs but it also felt nice. "Sarge!" she pushed him away and stood up, blushing, Sarge had just licked her, on the outside of her panties!! She hurried back after that, she felt so strange, she had liked the feel of Sarge sniffing her private parts but also felt very weird that he had licked her there; did he think that she was one of her Aunts bitches? No, maybe he just was being friendly.

It was a couple of days later when she was again lying on the bank of the stream when Sarge started to sniff and lick at her panties again. This time she didn't stop him, it felt tickly and nice, so on a whim she took her panties off and sat down with her legs apart a little bit. Sarge sniffed some more and then licked her skin. His tongue was warm and wet, and it felt really good on her soft skin. She leaned back a little more, enjoying the feeling when she felt Sarge's tongue slip onto her Clitoris. Lighting raced along her nerves and she gave a surprised gasp! She had never felt like that before, but it felt really great. Sarge kept licking her, caressing her clit with his warm, wet tongue. Jen could feel her face getting really hot, and she started trembling. Suddenly she felt afraid and pushed Sarge away. He whined a bit but let her put her panties back on and start walking back.

When we got home she found that her panties felt all wet. She felt embarrassed and quickly changed them to a fresh pair. That night she wrote in her diary about how she had felt when Sarge's tongue had touched her clit, and she felt herself feeling excited and embarrassed all over again. That night, she touched herself for the first time, she had never really thought about sex or anything like that before, she didn't know why, she just never had. Now all she could think about was Sarge. Maybe her mother was right, maybe she should think about trying to get to know some of the guys around town, thinking about dogs licking her privates was weird.

She decided the very next day to try and make friends with the guy she had seen around her Aunt's kennel, he was coming there for training on how to handle dogs for the show ring, so she figured that she would at least have something to talk about. So she made a bit of an effort to try and look nice, pulled her long red hair back and wore a t-shirt that she thought was cute, it of course, had a German shepherd puppy on it.

She walked by the training ring before she picked up Sarge, and the guy was there, she thought his name was Dave or something, she had met him but had forgotten his name. So she stood there watching him, feeling like a dweeb because she couldn't remember his name, so she couldn't just casually call out a greeting and hope he notice her there. So she watched as he took his young pup that he was training through her paces. When he finished he came over towards her, "Oh geez," she thought, "he's gonna think I am such a dork." But she smiled and stammered back hi and something about walking her Aunt's dog when he asked her what she was doing this afternoon.

Then after a conversation that she barely remembered that involved Sarge growling and her Aunt giving her Daisy, one of the bitches, Jen found herself taking her daily walk with Dave and his pup instead of Sarge. After a little while she relaxed a bit and found that Dave was actually kinda fun and cool to talk to. He seemed to know everything about dogs and found that his mother owned a dog kennel too, she showed and bred German Shepherds too and had suggested that Dave learn some handling skills at her Aunt's kennel.

That night she wrote in her diary about Dave, and how it was fun to talk to him, but she also felt really bad about Sarge. She had not walked him today because he growled at Dave when he wanted

to come with her, so her Aunt had taken Sarge and given her Daisy, who was happy to go of a walk with Dave. She hoped Sarge wouldn't be mad at her for not taking him out, and decided that the next day she would walk him no matter how cool Dave seemed.

Sarge seemed really happy to see her the next day; she had sneaked past the training ring so that Dave would not see her and try to go walking together again. She grabbed Sarge and hurried off before anyone knew she was there.

When she got to the stream she apologised to Sarge about the day before and promised that she would never leave him behind to go walking with some guy. Sarge seemed to be happy enough, he licked her face and jumped around playfully, but he didn't sniff or lick her where she really hoped he would. She had been thinking about the feeling of his tongue all day, but it seemed that Sarge wasn't interested in that today, so she took him back to his kennel and left feeling a bit disappointed, maybe it was just some weird thing and it would never happen again, she hoped not.

Sarge seemed like his normal self the next day. Dave had seen her arrive at the kennels but she told him she needed to walk Sarge, he lost interest when she told him that, he thought Sarge was a bit mental. She smiled as she got Sarge and went off up the path with him. She didn't want to be mean to Dave, but Sarge was a good reason for him to leave her alone.

This time Jen didn't play in the stream, as soon as she got to the stream Sarge jumped up at her, putting his paws on her shoulders and pushing her over. She hit the ground a bit shocked, Sarge had never acted like that before, but then he started to nudge her meaningfully around her midriff. She felt a surge of excitement and slipped off her shorts and panties. Sarge sniffed a bit and then got right to licking her. Long sweeping licks over her clit, she moaned a bit in pleasure. This seemed to encourage Sarge and he licked faster and longer, his tongue slipped into her tight virgin pussy and she gasped aloud and pushed herself up towards him. Sarge seemed eager to please and licked her enthusiastically; he lapped her puppy juice eagerly and tickled her clit with his long tongue. Jen was beyond reason by now; she rolled on the grass, thrusting herself upwards at Sarge's face, her breath coming in short pants. Right there on the bank of the stream Jen had her first orgasm courtesy of the large German shepherd with the warm, wet tongue.

That night Jen wrote in her diary about it and how wonderful it felt but how guilty she felt. Maybe this was wrong, she was supposed to like guys, human guys, she was supposed to think about Dave doing that to her, she had heard her girlfriends talking about guys they had 'fooled around' with. Jen tried to think of Dave licking her with his tongue, but she couldn't picture it, she just kept thinking of Sarge and how long and warm his tongue was and how soft the fur on his face was, and how much she wanted Sarge to be there right then licking her. So she thought about Sarge as she touched herself, it wasn't as good as Sarge but at least it allowed her to get some sleep afterwards.

Now Jen was starting to take Sarge into a barn that was in the fields, it was old and not used anymore and it was more private than the stream bank. She had put some rugs in one of the old stalls so she could lay on them and Sarge could lick her to an orgasm each afternoon. She soon stopped feeling bad about it. Sarge loved to do what he did and she loved to feel so good. Anyway, they were not hurting anyone were they?

Jen had started to think about more things with Sarge, she had noticed when he licked her that is doggy cock would stick out, she knew that he must like licking her, she had noticed that his cock would sometimes show when he was being taken to mate with one of her Aunt's bitches. She wondered if maybe she would somehow pleasure Sarge, just to show him how happy she was that he pleased her. So the next day, after she had stopped shuddering from her orgasm she reached up and touched Sarge's cock. He stopped licking her and looked back at her. She could have sworn

she saw surprise in his dark eyes. She stroked him and saw that more of his cock came out, she was surprised at how long it was, she had always thought that little bit she had seen was his whole cock. Sarge gave a little growl that he gave then he was content and went back to licking. Jen gently rubbed Sarge's cock with her fingers, careful not to scratch him with her nails. After a while Sarge stopped licking her and stepped away. She wasn't sure if she had given him pleasure but he had not objected to her touching him.

That night she wrote about it again, in her diary that she has started to hide in fear that someone might pick the lock and read it, she wondered on its pages how could she give Sarge pleasure, she knew that he liked licking her and he seemed to like her touching him, but she felt like it wasn't enough. She felt like she was falling in love with Sarge, and she wanted to show him, she knew he'd understand, even tho everyone said that dogs didn't understand human words, she knew Sarge understood her when she whispered her thanks and what a great dog he was as she dressed after the afternoon adventures.

After a couple of moths of her taking Sarge each day Dave started to ask her to come on a walk with him, and maybe bring Daisy, since Sarge still growled at him every time he went anywhere near him. She finally gave in, she didn't want Dave to think she was rude, and her mum would be really happy if she came home talking about a guy instead of dogs, her mum thought she was spending too much time with the dogs and needed to start thinking about finding a nice guy who would tolerate her crazy dog obsession.

She chose the day for walking with Dave to be a day when she couldn't walk Sarge anyway because he was visiting a bitch for breeding. So she and Dave took a walk and talked about dogs. Dave said that he would like to walk with her more, maybe she could start walking Daisy more, Jen told him maybe, but she had to walk Sarge to keep him peak condition, he was being used to stud quite a bit and he needed to be well exercised before he went to see the bitches. Dave seemed to accept this explanation of why she wanted to walk Sarge so much instead of going with him. He said maybe they could do something some time, like seeing a movie or something, Jen said she would.

That night in her diary she confessed she felt like a traitor, she really liked Dave, but as a friend but she thought that maybe Dave liked her more than just a friend. How would she keep coming up with reasons why she needed to walk Sarge?? She couldn't really tell anyone that she was in love with a dog, Dave would not understand that.

She was still thinking about ways to make her time with Sarge more enjoyable for them both when Sarge provided the solution. They had just finished a new minutes of licking and touching when Jen rolled over to get up. She was on all fours when she felt Sarge's nose bump up against her ass. He immediately licked her, a long lick from the front of her pussy up to the top of her ass, how could she of been so silly!! Of course Sarge would like this, I mean, this is how dogs and bitches mated wasn't it?

She stayed very still, not believing the thought that had just gone through her mind. Sarge licked her again and she moved her legs apart a little so he could lick her easier. Then Sarge jumped up and put his paws around her waist. She could feel his furry belly on her back and it felt really good. Sarge gripped her tighter, his dew claws ripping though her top and scratching her skin. Then she felt him humping behind her, he was humping the air, she started to feel a bit scared and excited at the same time. Now that Sarge was holding her under him his humping motions seemed really fast and powerful, she wasn't sure that she really wanted to do this. She wriggled forwards, but Sarge came with her, gripping her tightly with his front paws.

She almost screamed when his cock brushed against the entry to her pussy, his cock felt hot and it

was wet with his precum. Then he entered her tight virgin pussy. She did scream then, the shock of his huge dog cock filling her up and he was pounding her so fast and hard it was hurting a bit. He kept pumping her and she started to relax and enjoy the feeling. She was moaning and panting now, having organism after organism ripping through her as Sarge bred her. She felt something large push against her and then realised that he was trying to 'tie' with her. She had seen the dogs breeding and she knew that male dogs had a knot at the bottom of their cocks, she didn't realise how big they were though. Sarge seemed to gather himself up for a huge thrust, but Jen quickly managed to kneel up so that he couldn't knot her.

Sarge whined and backed off from her, his huge swollen cock was fully hanging out and Jen saw his knot before it slid back in, it was HUGE, she wasn't sure she was ready for him to bury that in her. Dog precum mingled with a little of her own blood flowed down her legs, and Sarge came over to lick her all clean. He started to lick her clit but she pushed him away, she felt all bruised and battered, but at least now she knew how to give Sarge some pleasure back.

That night she wrote in her diary "Dear Diary, Today I lost my virginity, it was amazing if not a bit shocking, can you guess dear diary who I gave it to? That is right; it was Sarge my amazing dog lover." She lay in bed that night, her pussy still hurting a bit from Sarge's almost violent humping, his cock had been so much bigger than she could ever realise, she fancied that she could still feel the heat from his cock burning in her, and she felt warm all over with desire... she would have to do this again.... Soon.