

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



I've had a dog named Jay for the past few years, and out there on the net are some of my "how I got started" stories, but the most interesting thing that has happened recently is when I met another zoo in a park just by chance.

It was a summer day and I was in another town near me visiting a buddy for a reunion BBQ for our college class, and I stopped off at a dog park I knew of near his place, as my Shepherd, Jay, was not able to get any exercise while we were visiting there (besides eating the odd "dropped" burger) and I was hoping to head back home before dark, which would have been another hour for him stuck in the car.

At the park were about a dozen people with dogs, a very nice looking female Mastiff was there as well as a sexy male Rottie, and a couple of smaller furry things that I didn't know too well. Anyway, I let Jay off the line and he was in there as Mr. Social, so there's not much to do but chat with the other dog folks, which I typically dread. Anyway, they were talking about construction at another park or something, which I couldn't add much to as I was from out of town, and then two of the people left with the Mastiff and the fluff balls. That left this young guy with the Rottie. The dogs were playing together fairly well, and I could see that his male was intact. I asked him how old the dog was and he said four, and I said he looked like a beautiful dog, and man, I meant it: Rotties are hot looking (the little stubbie tail wagging barely able to cover that hot little hole) and while I love my Shep, this was a dog I'd just love to have mount me. And me him. I looked up and thought I saw him studying me a bit intensely, so then I did a mental step back and said, hmm. maybe he's g\_ay? I have often thought of the chances of finding other active zoos "in the wild", but typically I think that while you may bump into someone who's thought about it or even done it, there's little chance you'll bump into anyone who's comfortable with it. Anyway, we started talking about the intact-ness and I was asking if he's using him for stud, and he said not yet. And I said basically the same thing: Too nice a dog to erase the chance of any breeding line, etc.)

He asked if I lived nearby and I said no, out of town, and explained the whole tedious BBQ. I offered that my dog and I live alone, to see if he'd take the bait. He said that he too lived alone with his dog, Duke. I said that's cool, and said he was more of a stable partner than most people in my life. He said, you know what, I've found the same thing. We looked at each other, and I could feel my face flush. I took a look at this guy he was about ten years younger than me, and was very athletic looking, as if he did a lot of endurance training of some sort, frankly I was just trying to figure him out from what he was wearing I guess. He smiled at my studying him.

"Hey, I live just down the road. You want to come in for a drink before you hit the road? — I've got Milkbones!"

I was soooo thinking, "yes!" and actually said a more subdued, "Sure, that would be cool. Jay probably deserves a treat"

We exchanged names (he was John, it turned out), but the one thing that was bothering me still was "So he's likely g\_ay. But is he a zoo?" We got to his modest little house, and he opened the door and I was hit with the crisp air and a slight whiff of male dog, and while I saw no smoking gun, everything was just screaming at me "zoo!": There were cheetah patterns on the couch, pictures of wolves and horses, etc. but how could I ask? He handed me a beer and directed me to a chair. The dogs did a quick run through the house, then collapsed on the floor in front of us panting. I took the opportunity to pet the big dog as he rolled over. He started to get hard as I rubbed his belly.

"He likes you", John said.

"I like him too", I said, going for 'meaningful, yet somewhat cryptic'.

John studied me, I guess I was studying him 'cause he smiled, took a sip of his beer and said, "Prove it."

I looked at his dog, with that little bit of pink peeking out, then back to him and said, with what I was

hoping was a wry smile “Now what could you mean by that?”

He laughed and looked down, and I then noticed the bulge in his pants. I asked him outright, with a slight hint of mock outrage, “are you suggesting I should molest your dog?!”

“Yes.” he said, “and I’m pretty sure this wouldn’t be your first time. Feel free to rub him a bit lower...”

It ended up that he was a semi-exclusive gay-zoo, and that he had been more or less faithful to his dog for the last three years (two years longer than me, though I guess I cheated on my guy a couple times with horses. Not that Jay cares though, as long as I’m there when he needs me!) but wasn’t totally against anything. He said this as he moved to sit down on the couch beside me.

We talked for what was probably another twenty minutes about our dogs and what we’ve done, etc. but it passed in no time. Finally after I could take the tension no longer, I stopped petting his dog and looked at him.

“I don’t know how to politely ask this, but can Duke tie with me, please? You can tie with my guy. I think it will be a step down for you, but I always wanted to try a Rottie... I’m so sorry if it’s rude to ask...”

“I’d be happy to share him. In fact, he likes it up the ass, though you’ll want to screw him before he screws you or he won’t be as interested.”

I sat there in some sort of shock-state with my mouth open, and dry, while John excused himself, coming back in naked with a bottle of lube. This was turning into a totally unexpected afternoon.

I felt self conscious and nervous for a moment, then thought ‘when will you get another chance like this?’ and pulled off my shorts (I actually remember standing there for a second trying to think if I should put my shorts anywhere in particular — on the couch? on the side table? — for some reason. tongue.gif ) John handed me the lube and I thought and stuttered for a second. Then I said, “Jay likes it up the ass, too, same thing, but you gotta play with his dick or he’ll get bored.”

“Awesome” he said. I knelt beside his big boy — not much taller than Jay but so muscular, so... hard bodied. He started licking my ass and trying to hump me, but I slowed him down and got him to stand in front of me while I began rimming his hot ass. I noticed John was doing the same for Jay... It was different than Jay’s in that the Shep’s tail is fairly low and always in the way a bit — I got to save my neck a bit of pain with Duke’s hot Rottie ass. His hole was wonderfully tasty. I’ll take a sec to explain that as best I can, ‘cause I’ve eaten out dogs when they are ‘mucky’ and that’s ok, too, but sometimes they just taste a bit salty and ... doggy-yummy. No bad taste at all. Anyway, his was like that. I ran my tongue over it, and up to his tail, while my hand wandered between his legs over his big testicles (bigger than Jay’s, I noted) and to his knot, still smallish but growing in the sheath. I plunged my tongue in and he opened right up, he’s obviously comfortable with anal stimulation, I thought lustily. I looked over and Jay was smiling — it’s the only way to describe my big boy. I thought about these two guys, rimming each others dog, and wondered how this could have all happened so fast. John saw me watching and smiled.

We then lubed up their butts and our dicks and I watched (and pet) Jay as John brought out his uncut dick and pressed it so gently against my dog’s hot hole. He slipped in easily, and my dog pushed back into him. I noticed that John was running Jay’s sheath back and forth over his knot expertly while he screwed him — Jay had a typically massive erection in John’s hand while he slid in and out of my dog and my dog started making a big, wet mark on his carpet.

Duke was right beside Jay, and I adjusted my height and also pressed my dick against his hot hole as I began to masturbate the big dog. I slipped in quickly, and it was incredible. Sometimes, when you’ve had the same lover for a while, a new one makes an incredible difference... Not trying to sell infidelity, but he felt great, not tight, but strong, that fat butt and short fur was just wonderful

compared to my skinnier guy. He was starting to squirt precum, and with each squirt his ass gripped my dick with an incredible, hot pressure. His knot in my wet hand was already a bit bigger than I was used to when my Jay is fully erect. John was looking at me with my dick buried in the bowels of his dog and I was watching him buried in my big guy. It was so surreal and so erotic that I started to come almost right away. I unloaded deep into the Rottie's bowels while Jay was getting his fillup at the same time.

I popped out of that hot ass and he quickly licked my dick and his ass clean, then jumped back up and started to lick my mouth out. I love that. Then he started to paw me — he knew it was his turn. I bent over onto my hands and knees and he started to lick my ass. His tongue was lubing me up enough, that when he started to hump me, he went right in with no issue. His humping was typical doggie 'fast and furious', but not only was he a powerhouse of muscle that was moving me across the carpet, he also grew to the point that he just wasn't moving in and out any longer, he was stuck in me, but more than any knot I've tried before... This big boy was 'best of breed' in the knot department, I'm thinking. He grew into a huge pressure that I've never had with Jay. John said, well, I can't just watch this, and he walked up behind Duke, and slipped into his ass. I felt Duke's cumming increasing in intensity when John entered him, and John groaned and said, "Oh my god he's never felt this good, between your cum as lube and him pumping you full of his seed, he's awesomely tight and slick!"

I called Jay over, and I really wanted to work him into the mix somehow, but he was a bit put off by the Rottie's growly attitude of "I have my bitch" so he wouldn't play with me at the same time, and just laid down in front of me. I went back to enjoying that huge pulsing knot in my ass, and noting the puddles of Rottie slobber on my shoulder and precum dribble from my overloaded prostate on the floor... I also noted the motion of Duke as John pushed into him and pulled out, with each push I'd get the pulse in my bowels and the knot would push against my prostate, then again the next time, it was a really wonderful rhythm. Finally I heard John moan and he started to get erratic, and I guess Duke worried that he'd get pushed off of his bitch so he grabbed me around the waist even tighter. I reached down and rubbed my own dick just a couple of strokes before I was starting to cum myself already, my ass puckered with every squirt which grabbed down hard on Duke's dick who in turn gave a squirt inside me. He started to orgasm then too, and the big dog also got erratic in his rhythm and then stopped and just stretched his front paws forward in a trance, something I've rarely seen a dog do, his big paws spreading flat open in ecstatic bliss.

Then, I was tied. That was another amazing twenty minutes where John 'dismounted' and helped his boy flip gently over to the ass to ass position. A few tugs during that were eye-poppingly painful, but then once he was in place it was nice to feel the back of his legs against mine. John pet and encouraged his big rottie to "stay deep in that bitch, you good boy", etc. I really wasn't too into the degrading sound that John was going for, but it was just so wonderful to have this big dog in me, so I just smiled and thanked him. Finally, he started to subside noticeably and just popped out without any pain. The dangling penis hanging from the smiling rottie was looking waaaay bigger than it felt inside me, though, and while admiring that big red tool I was struggling to keep that great full feeling inside me.

We talked for a while after that, and it became clear that John really wanted to mount me, too, to mix his juices with his dog's inside me, to fill me up just that much more, but I wasn't really into that (as cool as it sounded) and he was gracious about that, and we just exchanged contact info and I left after another beer and more milkbones (I remember leaving being bloody awkward in the front doorway, I mean, how do you say goodbye after something so casual, yet intimate as that?? (apparently a handshake is the answer tongue.gif ))

And while we kept in vague contact for a few months, it appears he moved or something as his

phone went dead and the next time I was in town there was someone else living at the house.