

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



[OPEN -> Note_to_director.docx]:

I'm gone, don't go after me, I release you of your duty, the collar is in the cabinet's drawer. A last gift => Open the video file, this is my last testimony, for the world to know. Use it as you wish. It might help you better understand as well.

We've been drifting. Lately, I've realized the extent of our differences. You're getting it wrong. Thinking too much, too produced, too complicate, too brainy. People are animals, they just want primal emotions, they are not into fancy story. At least, I'm not into fancy story and you should have realized that.

Farewell, and thank you for all these years.

[OPEN -> Eva_Testimony.mpg]:

"Hi... Hi... My name is Eva, and I'm... I'm a bitch. It took me a while to realize, but I'm here to say that these doubts are now behind me. I accept myself and my true nature, the one of a bitch, unfortunately born in the shape of a human.

This recording is for me, but also for all the one out there that are going through the same emotions. I hope that my experience will help you somehow... help to overcome troubles you might be going through.

I'm not a model. I'm not asking anyone to do anything, this is only my story... who I am. I do not care about your judgement, I grew beyond them, so please don't bother commenting, constructive or not, I won't read.

I'm a bitch. I sleep, lick, breed, feed, and sometimes play with my owner... Most of the time in this very same order. This is enough. Anything else feels... unnatural... unnecessary... a chore.

I don't remember ever feeling any different. I was raised in my parents' old farm. They wanted a boy, so the day after my birth they adopted a male puppy. My parents were farmers, not the creative type, so they named my "step-brother" from his breed: Dane. Not that they were disappointed to have a girl; it was more an act of balance for them. I never lacked love, yet, since I can remember, I've always admired my Dane's fur more than my own hair.

My growing years were tedious, as no one really understood the fascination I had for canines. Mostly misunderstood, I evaded life playing with Dane, imagining life and adventure we could have together. Nothing romantic, just stories of princess and pirates. Classmates were a bore, and I only deign making friends with people that could help me approach dogs, taking every opportunity I could to fuel my fascination.

I could spend hours inspecting a dog body, examining all interstice, their reaction, the flex of their muscle as they jump, the size of their nostril as they sneeze, the thickness of their tail. Growing accustomed to them, I spent my youth experimenting, testing my reaction to their world. The salty taste of canned pate, the difficulty to miss my own leg while urinating on all four... digging with my bare ends... wearing locked collar... Silly things that weren't always successful... I always found croquette inedible for example... but I always felt satisfied... content... proud to execute something the way they did.

My parents were weary of my behavior, so I started hiding my passion from them, especially as I felt that the next phase would be less socially accepted. Still mentally bound to further understand the source of my attraction, I started to interact further with them... analyzing reaction we had toward

one another. Dane's death took his toll, yet I still felt compelled to be surrounded by dogs, meaning that the specie itself attracted me more than the mere individual.

It started innocently, with standard caress. Using our second Dane as my guinea pig, I started noted shifts in his reaction as I caress different parts of his body, using different pressure, speed, or at different time of the day. Very exhaustive, I left no place untouched. I was so thorough that the moment that I felt I had his body fully mapped under the skin of my fingertip, I told myself that I ought to restart using different texture, caressing his body with my hair, elbow, feet... For sure, I can tell you that Dane clearly liked my tongue investigating his asshole far more than I did back then. This of course is all different now, I grew accustomed, if not appreciative, of my mates' bum, licking them methodically to clean all leftovers, feeding my lust. This came later though. Back then some attempts repelled me, but I was doing it in the name of science, or at least I convinced myself so.

Curious as he was, Dane was now exploring me as much as I was exploring his animality. He started to lick all over me, amused by my giggles. As much as it felt easy to pinpoint my Dane's reaction to me, it took me years of experimentation to fully comprehend the reactions I had to him, but it is all clear now.

These investigations were slightly altered as puberty hit the both of us. Our mutual interest was clearly redirected and centered around my crotch and what he hides beneath his sheath. I was intrigued by the titillating tingle that shook my loins, each time more powerfully, as his thick saliva run over my genitals. On his side, I could see that my daily massage between his hinder legs as he lay down were now pumping more and more blood into his popping knob.

By that time, Dane The Second was becoming a considerable beast, growing more and more by the day. This never stopped me... better yet, it aroused me instead. I started fantasizing, reflecting on what our union could feel like. After two horrendous weeks of sleepless night filed with images of Dane finally jumping over me, I concluded that my research ought to include this experimentation, and that the sooner was the better.

Online forums provided a lot of tutorials and supporting materials. Everything from legs socks preventing scratches, to pussy sausage, luring Dane to lubricate bare virgin pussy. More importantly, they provided me "director666". I met him online and his knowledge felt... real. Online forum can be deceitful, but he was always full of dispassionate down to earth advice that worked.

As I was graduating from high school, I planned to celebrate the occasion having this big night with Dane, saying goodbye to our puppies years and turning into fully grown-up doggies. I begged director to come over supervise, describing clearly what I had in mind, a mating as close as possible from the real thing. I never regretted, despite his condition: to follow his lead unconditionally.

Director sent me his instructions along with a package two days before the fateful day. Instructions were concise yet very clear: Dog: to remain untouched, to be kept in cage, tomorrow no meal but throw in all your unwashed panties. Bitch: Open the door at 8pm, wear all, no more, no less, masturbate if you can't help it, but do not cum.

I was so excited that I was ready by 6 pm, my naïve body all naked, except for a tacky flea collar simply loose around the neck. I spent the next two hours rounding the house, trying desperately not to play with myself... hard to do when my clitoris was so gorged with curiosity... it could have exploded. Dane was also rattling in his cage, biting and scratching my panties around. We were like two frustrated animals longing for each other.

At 8 pm sharp, the thunderous dong came as a relief... Unceremoniously, the director stepped in with his index on his mouth as to shush me, a camcorder in the other hand, capturing my nakedness. I was so excited that I did not even mind. He pulled a tail with a butt plug from his bag and threw it on the sofa, explaining simply **“that goes in your ass... now...”**. I still laugh of how unreal it all felt, but in my bum it went. The fur hanging between my legs felt new. I played with my feelings, closing and opening my thigh with curiosity... well despite the discomforting bulge forced in my rectum.

Director no non-sense reestablished priorities: **“good, now where is your mating partner?”**. His finger was back over his mouth, so I simply pointed at the cage in the other room, also pointing at the keys on the table. **“wait here. On all four, cunt facing his cage, back legs apart, ass in the air, shoulder and head down... and brace for impact” ... I especially remember his last sentence “brace for impact”**. I was in position, yet nothing happened. I could feel the refreshing draft over my bare pussy. I could hear Director moving the cage nearer, as Dane was getting more and more excited sensing my pussy so close.

At around three meters away, Director opened the cage. As you could imagine Dane furiously run to me. That was the first time I felt his strong body weighting me down, the sheer size of his massive build overpowering me. I felt completely at his mercy... vulnerable... defenseless... and somehow... appeased and in security to be possessed by my big dog, safely under his protection. Frustrated not to find a balanced position over my hips, his paws were violently scratching my flank. Director muted me, his index over my lips, whispering in my ears: **“let him position, it won’t take long, mere scratches are the price to pay for him to align his penis with your virginity, focus on how his body feels over you, and enjoy his embrace”**.

That soothed me. I started to notice and appreciate Dane’s fur rubbing rapidly all over me, polishing everything between my lower back and the back of my thighs. I noticed his heavy panting and passionate growls, mere centimeter away from my eardrum. I noticed his saliva, dripping profusely on the top of my ear, igniting my sensibility down my neck. All these signs confirming that Dane was doing all he could to fuck me real. Not anyone else, these were effort he made for me, and for me only to appreciate. And I could not stop but noticing the tip of his cock that started poking at my pussy, knocking on the door.

Director continued his play by play, a camcorder still in hand not to miss a bit of the action that he coldly described aloud **“Dane will start humping faster to penetrate his new mate... the bitch will naturally spread her leg... welcoming him”**. Taking this for me, I tried my best to be more accommodating, my hips now decisively locked between Dane’s humongous legs. Dane amplified his thrusts. First attack landed slightly below my hymen. Dane relentlessly kept his offensive. A fierce second blow, went slightly on the right. This must have hurt Dane a little as the new try had less intensity, still probing too much on the right. Rag dolled under his strength; I could not do anything to help him. The next hit stroke right on the spot, sending jolts of shivers throughout my whole body, but was not strong enough to conquer my vagina. Now clear on where to hit, Dane firmly repositioned his front legs over my hips, grabbing my waist so tight that I could not have moved a centimeter. Slightly scared, I did not have time to object before Dane launched an aggressive thrust, claiming my virginity.

It hurt so much that I couldn’t help but close my eyes and scream in agony. Indifferent to my pain, Dane ardently continued to force his way him, pushing his growing shaft deeper with each thrust. I could feel my body ruptured, and no one caring. That was the last human feeling I ever had.

When I opened my eyes, director’s camcorder was right in front of me, a genuine smile right behind. I wanted to cry but he must have sensed my inner turmoil. **“you’re doing great... stay strong for him and relax... focus on his shaft sliding in and out, on the rubbing over your innerved**

clitoris... picture his knob in your head... as it explores your secret garden... let him in... open up so that he can completely possess you".

I learn the missing sentence during replays. At the time, I only remember his comforting voice blabbering over my distress, his hypnotizing voice slowly calming me down. His support greatly helped me to endure the excruciating pain. When I regain consciousness, I only remember his instruction **"... spread wider... show him the way... invite him in... concentrate on the bulge bumping against your labia, this is his knot... as his bitch, you must accommodate him... invite him in... and close the door behind, pressing inward to massage the base... only then will he be able to cum into you"**. I was experiencing so many new emotions that it felt easier to simply follow...

Dane was accelerating faster and faster... I could feel his knot persevering with each thrust, resolutely determined to force his way in, whether I liked it or not. He did not care a second about me, and believe it or not, I was increasingly comfortable with the lack of consideration.

I played my part, opening as wide as I could, but his knot was growing so big that my genitals feared to let him in. Thankfully, his pre cum natural lubrication eased his way in. Dane was vigorously playing his part too. So much energy... so much tenacity... a tireless force of nature hammering me down, pinning my hands to the floor to support his attack. Frustrated by his tedious progress, the beast added intensity to velocity. Somehow, I envisioned my knotting before feeling it. It must have been his furry muscle tensing all over my body, before he rammed mercilessly in. I fainted under the pain as I thought my vagina was torn apart...

When I regain consciousness, I felt hopeless... and uncontrollably stuffed. Dane knot was filling in my vagina, developing, growing, while nested within my treasured room. His forelegs were still insistently pulling my cunt back to him, just to spear me deeper. **"that's a great job... very well-done... you're doing great... only a very few can accept and serve a dog knot the first time... you're almost there... .. now listen carefully... his knot will swell... it will continue to grow into you... that's nature way to ensure efficient insemination... as you must have realized, he tries to reproduce with you after all... his cock opening will align right across your uterus, for his sperm to target your cervix, while his fully grown knot will seal your vagina... just to make sure all his doggy semen stays all warmed-up in your womb..."**

I still blanked from the knot, yet director's kept his clinical explanation to comment my first... breeding: **"now you're only way out is through, so just close your Kegel to softly squeeze him in... a Dane that big... there's nothing else to be done but to let him finish mating you as nature intended... .. just enjoy, and close your Kegel as he tries to get out... relax... and very soon, his sperm will fill you with puppy wannabe"**.

I imagined all sort of things, twisting Director's words with irrational curiosity. It was oddly calm. Dane basically stopped his frantic assault, simply pulling me closer and closer, his knot expanding endlessly... I started to feel very... desired... appeased... proud somehow... having made it there... Directors voice kept blabbering but less for me than for himself... **"relax... the good bitch will soon collect and enjoy her reward... very good... linger... Dane enjoys his bitch cunt as she squeezes him in..."**

I squeezed... too emotionally drained to question anything... I felt a powerful blow of warm jism discharging into my womb... so intense... so warm, almost too hot... so much that it poured out despite his knot firmly sealing my vagina... it was a total mess and I was in a bliss. If you look at the video, you might think that I fainted again, but I remember it all very vividly... I remember the director losing his usual detachment and shouting, **"excellent! That, ladies and gentlemen, is a**

good bitch... very well done... very few could have done it ladies and gentlemen... so look and learn. Dear, it's official, you're now and will forever be one of Dane's bitch". I remember how fast Dane forgot me, turning around as soon as he was done with me, and how little I cared about it. I remember thinking about creamy cake, before jumping to the taste of Dane The First's piss as it dribbled in my throat during my younger years. My mind jumped endlessly like this for at least ten minutes, at which point Dane's knot was small enough to blob out.

The floor was a mess, his cum mixed with my blood pooling under our body. As Dane turned away licking himself, I felt a craving... not to hold him... but to help him out, to show my gratitude... he seemed to appreciate as my tongue splashed over his genitals, sucking all it could on its way. His cum was so thick and so rich. I sucked, and sucked... all over... I wanted this instant to last forever...

Eventually Dane ran away. Not feeling satiated, I tried to step up being him, only to realize that my collar was leashed to the feet of the table. I realized that the director was already gone, leaving a simple note that read: "on your collar is your new tag with your name and owner's details, me. It is locked but the key is on the table. You have one week, unlock yourself from this lifestyle, or send me the key back to the address, accepting my lead and your place at my feet for the coming month".

It felt like nature's call. An exciting road to explore over the summer before enrolling into my vet studies. I almost instantly sent the key back. Despite my sore pussy I felt somehow... understood... like probably never ever before. I needed someone to guide me through my path, and the Director's lead was the best reminder of this. I felt I belong with dogs, but I also felt too tamed by my human education to walk on all four by myself.

Director has never lied to me, and his intentions were always clear. He was the only human I had enough interaction with to fully analyze. He likes controlling... everything... anytime... and probably more than anything else. He is not a bad person, only a frustrated man. I often imagine his mind ejaculating as Dane's cum fill me, not from the sight, but from the closure of a perfectly played out plan. He never ever used me sexually. It somehow saddens me more than anything. Not that I want to... I don't... but I often feel sorry for him, sorry to see how his frustration limits his life. How his mind completely overtook his animal instincts. How his passion was so... contrived... so contrived... probably making him the loneliest men on earth. Though my owner, we both know that he needs me more than the other way around.

My first month as his bitch went very fast. He helped me find a flat near his place, and nearby my new university. Our pet plays were not fancy, only cementing over longer period some ground rules I already experimented before on my own. By the end of the fourth week, I was naturally eating from a bowl shared with Dane, drinking from toilet bowl. I got accustomed being naked most of the time, with a collar and a butt tail. The tail was seldom removed, and it was either to be replaced by a bigger butt plug when we were going out, or either to let me defecate during our night stroll in his garden. Hygiene concerns were haunting me. I had two baths over four weeks.

Director also grounded me mentally. Like during our second day together, when he brought another bitch... a dog one... he tied our leashes to the floor and lined up our pussy before inviting Dane into the room. His choice was immediate, and I could only hear Dane breeding my neighbor my head locked on the floor. That was director's way of reinforcing what I already knew: Dane would not care about which hole he was mounting. He then brought another beast in, which was obviously planned for me as Dane was already occupied. I did not care either, concentrating on the sensual experience of my second knotting. You see I never really understood what other call love, the mental ties associated to it, so the lack of exclusivity was not an issue. Director's action was a considerate reminder though.

By the end of the month, on the day I moved with Dane in my new flat leaving our farm behind, I found the key on the table, with a similar deal, only that the period was extended to two months. My relationship with Director's kept like this up until now... as you can see from the worn-out collar here around my neck.

University years were slightly schizophrenic, having to live my vet student life, together with my bitch one, both often overlapping on one another. I grew a lot; learning about canines and humans, from both sides, in and out. Experiencing my core nature, and analyzing what both lives meant for me, and how they completed each other. Ultimately, it became all clear that I was attracted by my bitch life and the company of my fellow dogs, more than I was by my vet one.

Attraction is something perverse, and sexual one even more. It took me awhile to clearly pinpoint what turned me on. The root cause of my craving to get a dog's knot buried in my womb. The reason why I enjoyed 'bestiality' that much... even though I strongly dislike this term... 'mating' always felt more... accurate. Titillated by my first experiences with Dane, I found the subject fascinating. As soon as the director owned me, I shared my thoughts with him, and he led me to further study the subject, on a very regular basis. A genuine and sometime unreasonable binge of hard mating followed.

I had them all... familiar big Dane, unruly Shepperd dogs rocking my body around, fierce Rottweiler, Pitbull biting my collar, tiny Chihuahua owning my clitoris, focused Dalmatian, warm Afghan Hound, playful Labrador and Spaniels. I got most breeds mapped out, but I ruled 'breed' out. I enjoyed them all, and my pussy constantly dripped in expectation of dog sex, disregarding on the specimen.

It was not about the girth of their shaft nor the savagery of the penetration. That was the hardest to cope with. You see, it hurts... a lot... bruises from their grab... their claws scratching to get a better grip... and their bites... on my shoulders... neck... my cunt felt worse... imagine a stiff bone with a tennis ball kicked between your legs, and you'd get the idea. It took me several months to discover what orgasm meant. Even now, I only get an orgasm about two thirds of the time a dog is jumping me, but it always feels pleasant. So, no... that was not the reason why I couldn't resist going on all four, ass up in the presence of a stiff male. It was not about that.

It was not about the so-called humiliation, or what some call degradation... I always felt I was exactly where I belonged, and it was higher than my human years, most definitely. When I fuck in public, I quickly center on the dog, almost instantly forgetting the outside world.

It was not about the obedience, or lack of control... even though I did not own my life, I own my senses. Director often like to bond me, tie me, lock me... on benches, chairs, floors... you name it... but this too I quickly overlook as soon as my mate enters the room. My pussy always free to produce pleasure.

It was not about the settings. I enjoyed my Dane's moonlight fuck on the beach as much as the aggressive passion from a pack of horny hounds while leashed in the middle of someone's basement. It gives me the same... fulfilment.

I eventually matured in my research, narrowing the subject... it was something unique to canine. Detecting, identifying, analyzing, mastering the subject. Eventually it down on me a day Dane's was back from the park, sweating all over from his afternoon games. His musky smell invaded the room and well you know... I was all wet... on all four, legs wide apart... almost begging for him to mount me. Strong odor from male dogs simply have that effect on me... the sweatier the stronger my reaction.

I should have never told my master, as he now takes a mean pleasure in taking me to the dog park in mid-day, when dogs are fooling around under the warm sun... well you get the picture... I'm so moist it looks like I wee my pants... when I must have to wear one...

I'm genuinely happy. I live in Director's doghouse behind his mansion, with Dane The Third. I seldom feel textile over my body, mostly naked, in and out, rain and sun, day and night, cold and warm. We dropped the fake tail long ago too, I'm a bitch... and director agreed with me that these artifices only dragged me back to my deficiencies, unnecessarily reminding me of my human shell.

Our enclosure is wide enough for us to play and mate as we will. We have individual cages too, mainly to take us on a trip or to punish us if we behaved wrongly. We bath once a week, potty once a day, feed twice a day... breed endlessly... Director installed camera all around and sell video of my life, but I don't mind, earning my keep simply being me. He also uses us to train other bitches and dog to mate human for his clients. I never cared about the administrative side of the business, focusing on explaining to vanilla girls how to accept dog cock in their cunt.

That's it really... I'm a bitch... nothing more, nothing less... nothing else.

This would be my first and only testimony. Director relinquished to lead me in my next experiment. I'm a bitch, but language is still a very important part of me, invading my exchange and more importantly my thoughts. He refused my agenda, to slowly distance myself from human language...

See, here is my new muzzle. The O ring will allow me to eat, drink, lick... but I will no longer be able to talk. I found someone that agreed to lock me in right after this video is done, for three hours every day this week, just to let enough time for my jaw to adjust. We will increase to six hours next week, and 24/7 by month end if everything goes fine. The muzzle straps also have ear plugs attached. I'm quite excited to see where this will lead me... how this will unleash my natural animality.

My name is Eva... I'm a bitch and this is my life.

I'm leaving Director now, taking Dane with me. The Director he... you lead me so far, I'm truly thankful, but now my lead belongs to Dave. He invested in Bob' kennel, and we'll move in with Vicky tomorrow... This is not an adieu, but a definite goodbye to the relation we once had."

[Vicky appears, muzzles Eva, and secures her padlock tightly in place before the video ends.]

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*Thank you for reading. If you enjoyed it, please take a moment to leave a review at Storyzoone, or go to [Lead\(H\)er page on Smashwords](#) to get the full e-book.*

*Thanks!*  
*Max Kwoa*