

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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As I drove along the old road passed Michigan City I was sorry now I had taken highway twenty instead of the toll road. I guess it was the thrill of going to the Edgar Degas exhibit at the Art Institute in Chicago. I walked the halls of the Institute remembering all those years I spent there in art school. Deciding to drive the old route back home like old times and perhaps even stop at that delightful little dinner at the halfway point. For five years I had driven this road and I was amazed at how much had changed from what I remembered. Before the toll road there were restaurants, filling stations, and all kinds of quaint little shops. Now it was just miles of empty building that once were businesses and closed filling stations. I was getting so sleepy I could barely stay awake. I passed the building that once held the dinner and it had a closed sign on it, From the looks of the sign it had been closed for years.

Slowing and pulling into the dinner's weed choked parking lot I just had to get a little shut eye. Unbuttoning my jeans and pulling out my cock and stroking it I dialed into some soft music. I planed on just getting a few minutes of sleep and then I would leave. With that soft music and the wine from the show I must have just drifted off to asleep. I have no idea how long I slept but suddenly I had this light in my face. And then this light swung down to my crotch. Damn it all I had been playing with myself and I was still hard as a rock. Finally focussing I could see the big hat and I knew I was in trouble. It was the state police. Well, at least it wasn't some gang of thugs to rob me.

The officer ordered me to get out of the car very slowly and not make any sudden moves or Bruno would tear me apart. Then I heard the growling turning I saw the white teeth of a Doberman bared and he was a mean looking motherfucker. As the dog sat glaring at me the officer began patting me down. When he got to my crotch he really got a good feel of me. Then he said I had to be up to something and he was going to find out what it was. Protesting and looking like a fool with my dick hanging out he said I had just two choices. First, he could run me in and charge me with indecent exposure, drunkenness and lewd behavior or second, I could strip and put out. I thought he was joking, I had to prostitute myself or get arrested for prostitution. What a choice, of course I would put out.

I started stripping as he'd ordered me to. I was afraid even to put my clothes into the car and just let them drop. When he had me completely naked that damn dog started smelling my ass. Then he ordered me to get on all fours. Hesitating I felt the instant pain of his boot in my balls and I dropped fast. "Now you fucking queer you want it you're going to get it" was all he said as he led the dog up to me and told him to mount. I was afraid to move as I felt that dick of the dog penetrate my ass. Frightened I tried to shake him off but he started growling. The officer warned me to stay still and let Bruno screw me or he would tear me to pieces. He was in heat and I was now his bitch. As he began forcing more of that expanding cock of his up my ass I began crying in shame at letting a dog fuck me. I begged him to let me go telling him I was sorry I would never come here again. By then his dog, Bruno had really got himself worked up into my ass and was humping me like a real bitch.

Suddenly I felt this knot building in my ass I began to giggle saying the damn dog was tied to me. Once I was over the initial shock of being a dogs bitch I began to moan in pleasure as he pumped. The officer leaned on the car with a light on us watching and saying "You make a great little bitch for my dog. Bruno's been horny as hell". He kept the light on my face enjoying watching me getting fucked by his dog. He leaned there for better part of a half hour until finally he started to soften. Then I heard the zipper and as the dog freed himself from my ass the officer stepped around simply saying that now that I was all slicked up he might as well get a fuck from the bitch. I was hot, but when that stud rammed his cock into my ass I almost fainted. He had one hell of a cock on him. He pumped my ass like a man that had been without sex for a long time. The more he worked with that rod of his the harder I begged him for it.

If I was going to be their damn bitch I was going to get as much of that cock as I could. When I felt him shoot he pulled out. Swearing and coming around to my face he demanded I clean him off. His meat was covered with his and the dog's cum. Looking up into his face for just an instant I let my lips slide down that huge rod of his and working him with my tongue and I felt him responding. Now hot over again he grabbed my ears and really started working me until finally with his balls on my chin he gave me his load. Pulling out of me then he backed off zipping up and told me to dress and get out of there. He and Bruno sat there in his cruiser watching me as I hurriedly dressed and got the hell out of there. I swore I would never drive that road again.

As I pulled away from his patrol car I began to think what it was like being fucked by a dog. The more I thought about what a thrill it had been and remembering that hunky cop I started getting hard again. I thanked my lucky stars he didn't run me in or I would be out of a job as soon as it hit the paper. In South Bend no one ever admitted to being gay because it was the kiss of death for any job. I was grateful for him letting me off but I was even more grateful for him having his dog fuck me. I would never have known how good bestiality could be. I loved being screwed by that animal more than I did a man. Now when I went to bed at night I dreamed of dogs, not men. That's when I started trying to find something about it on the net. I had little luck because it was one of those taboo subjects and there was practically nothing listed.

About a week later I was just watching the reruns and still thinking of that damn cop and his dog. Thinking back he was one great looking piece of meat. Then I heard this knock at the door. I wasn't expecting anyone so getting up to see who it was. I was shocked to see the trouper and his dog standing there in the dim light. Backing away from the door they came in. Smiling broadly he said they had run my plates to find out where I lived and all about me. They were hot and wanted to fuck their bitch again. Stunned but happy I began stripping telling him to get naked and I would really show them both a good time.

I knew the drill this time and I was on all fours for Bruno to start the operation. He was even better this time because I knew enough to crouch and spread my legs more so he could get all the way up my ass. As the officer stood there naked I really got a good look at that hunk. He stood watching as Bruno mounted me and began pumping my ass. The dog was at me like a machine and when I felt him tie I knew he was close. Then he really began to give it to me and suddenly he was shooting into me and with his knot plugging my ass he pumped his cum deep up inside me. It took Bruno about a half hour to finish with me and when he finally pulled out of my ass he gave me a few licks and went to lie down contented.

Now my naked trouper began to crawl up my back like Bruno had done. In a low voice he ordered me to spread them and I felt that tool of his slipping into my hot slick ass. Spreading for him I began begging him to fuck me. Begging wasn't even necessary as suddenly I felt that cock of his plow into my ass. Between the two of them we had one hell of a late night. He was something else again. He was worse than his dog and kept on my ass all night. We did it dog style, missionary style, and every other style he could think of. That boy just loved to fuck and it didn't matter if it was up my ass or down my throat. I was so sore when he was finished with me I could hardly walk them to the door or say good by. Leaning over and giving me a long hot kiss he told me he was Trouper Barney and I would be seeing them in a few days. I watched as they drove off. It was like the trooper said "a good bitch is hard to find". When he came back that next week he told me he wanted exclusive rights to his bitch. What was I to do disobey a state trouper?.

It was almost two days before I saw the squad care pull up again. There was my Trouper Barney and Bruno getting out and coming up the walk. He had a little sack in his hands. Opening the door for them Bruno bounded in and began trying to get at my ass while Barney stepped in closing the door. In that low sexy voice of his he said Bruno was having fits and he knew what he wanted. Rubbing his

crotch he said he was as hot as the dog was. In seconds I was naked and on my knees. Spreading my legs Bruno mounted my ass and tied in seconds. He knew his bitch well now and was in and humping as soon as he'd mounted me. I held still for Bruno to do his business knowing I was in for a good long ride. Barney came around fixing a collar on my neck chucking and saying it was a law all dog owners had to license and collar their dogs. I was now wearing the same kind of collar Bruno had on and it even had an owners tag on it. Barney had registered me as his bitch. Now I knew I really belonged to him.

He seemed different tonight, he was down on all fours and screwing me like always but as he reached around and grabbing my nipples I knew he felt different about me. Before I was just playing his bitch, tonight with my collar and tags he was really treating me like a bitch. Still I loved him screwing me so I said nothing. He and his dog became my only sexual partners. I began to crave them. After our second meeting I'd given him a key so they could come and go as they wished and many nights I was wakened and pulled to the floor to service them. It was always a thrill and I told him so. I had now started begging him to stay with me on the weekends. We went on for months like that and he was beginning to spend more time with me than he was in his own apartment. The more we were together the more demanding he was becoming and the more submissive I became.

I was now so dependent on being with him that I was eager to do anything to make him happy. It was late one weekend when we were having this wild time that I told him I loved him and would do anything for him. It was when he'd finished screwing me when I went to sit down that he began barking his orders, demanding I kneel on the floor. Then rummaging in this bag and pulling out a whip he began to beat me telling me I was a bad dog. Every time I tried to say something he would strike me with the whip until I fell silent. Then he began to give me orders like roll over, Sit up, beg, and I had to do these things or be beaten. When I did them he would praise me and pat my head. I rather began to like playing his dog. After all I was their bitch. After going through all the commands of heal, sit and beg, we had our sex and it was glorious.

As he stood to dress I began playing dog again and licking at his hands. Breaking out into a big smile he promised me a treat next time for being a good bitch. I could hardly wait and on Thursday when I heard them on the porch I was ready for them, I was naked had my collar on and was on my knees when he unlocked and opened the door. He was delighted when he saw me like that. Praising me as a good bitch as usual he let Bruno have first fuck and then he stripped and mounted me. He was wild tonight and as he pumped my ass he told me he had a surprise for me. As I sat at his feet he told me he'd decided to move in so he could take care of me proper like a good master. Getting up and moving into the master bedroom he began to shove my things aside and going to the car bringing his things in. As he reorganized my room to his liking he opened this one large package. Taking out two silver dishes he handed them to me. One was labeled Bruno the other Larry. That was the day my life began as his dog.