

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My name is Pat and I just turned 22. For the first sixteen years of my life I lived on a small farm in Oregon with my parents. We had the usual assortment of animals about, a couple of milk cows, several barn cats and a couple of dogs. Buck was a male shepherd mix and Princess was a collie mix bitch. They were perhaps the best and closest friends I had, since I had no brothers or sisters and there were few children my age in the neighborhood. The summer months were the best, though they were also the loneliest. School was out and I didn't see anyone my age for weeks at a time.

My father was busy trying to make a go of the farm and mom had her own interests with the local church ladies, so I was pretty much on my own most of the time. As I grew into that magical time called puberty, I started to take more interest in my body and the animals around me. The first time I really watched Buck mating with a female, turned me on tremendously. I was mesmerized as I watched him thrusting into her and when he tied and they stood tail to tail, I walked all around them, taking in every detail. I ran my hand between the bitches hind legs where he was in her, feeling her swollen lips around his knot. I smelled and tasted the fluid that dripped from her.

I was desperately excited, with an erection like a fencepost. I jerked off watching them and came harder and more copiously than I ever had before. When Buck finally slipped out of her and stood there, his still hard cock dangling and dripping, I caught some of his seed in my hand and greedily licked it from my fingers. He wasn't a really big dog, but he was hung far better than I was, longer and thicker and there was this knot at the base of his cock that was truly huge. Nearly the size of a tennis ball. I reached down and stroked his cock, but he must have been kinda sensitive and tender at the moment, because he backed away and growled at me.

That night as I lay in my bed; I jerked off several more times, each time coming hard enough to scare me, replaying the scene in my mind, seeing myself as the bitch. I thought about it a lot and whenever I did; I got a hardon that wouldn't quit, so of course eventually I had to try it.

My chance didn't come until several days later. Relatives were visiting and I didn't have an opportunity to be alone with Buck. True there were cousins my age in the house, and the oldest boy who was sharing my room wound up fucking me several times while in my mind's eye, I was being bred by Buck. I couldn't stop thinking of my dog and what I wanted him to do to me.

Finally they left and things around the house returned to normal. It was planting season and dad was out in the fields and would be there all day. Mom was in town shopping and wouldn't return until the afternoon leaving me finally free to explore the fantasy that had been consuming my imagination for so many days.

Nervously I called Buck to me and pulled down my pants and shorts. I got down on my hands and knees and ruffled his furry head and ears. He sniffed me all over, then stuck his cold nose between my legs. He sniffed my already hard prick and gave it a few licks. Then he nosed my asshole and started licking it. I nearly came on the spot! His tongue was incredible, long and wide and seemed to instinctively know where I would find it most excruciatingly exciting. If I thought I had a hardon before, I now had a raging monster between my legs. I was so hard it hurt and precum slicked the tip, dripping on the rug. Buck continued to torture me with his tongue, licking deeper into my ass which opened for him. It was almost as if he wanted to climb in there, tongue first.

He soon had reduced me to a whimpering puddle of willingness. He could have done anything to me and I wouldn't have minded a bit. All I wanted was more of that tongue. Finally he tired of licking and rested his head on my rump, testing to see if I would submit to further advances. Since I didn't object or try to get away from him, he mounted me, clasping me with strong forepaws, his dewclaws

digging into my sides to convince me not to resist or try to get away. Not that I wanted to. I was his bitch to use however he wished and that suited me just fine.

I would like to say it was gloriously wonderful and the finest sexual experience of my life to that point and it certainly was all of that. It was also one of the most painful as well. I said before that Buck though not being a large dog, was truly gifted in the cock department. I didn't realize just how big he was until he was in me and had tied, making further objection from me moot. I knelt there with him deep in me and thrusting hard and fast, tears rolled down my cheeks as his cock swelled, stretching my ass wider than I believed possible. He finally quit trying to drill his way through me and lay on my back, paws still holding me tight with his cock throbbing deep within me. My own ass was throbbing pretty good too, stretched painfully wide by the huge fist of dog meat planted deep within, I closed my eyes and waited for nature to take its course, allowing him to soften and slip from me. I could feel warm fluid running down my legs and dripping from my balls, his seed and hopefully not too much of my blood.

Finally he was able to withdraw and I was able to flop onto the rug. I lay there for some time, with my ass throbbing from its recent ordeal. Buck's seed ran from me in a flood pooling around my amazingly still hard cock and balls. Buck sniffed and licked at himself for a moment, then went back to work on my ass with his tongue. The first couple of swipes, had me yelping since I was sensitive and tender in the extreme. Soon, though his licking started blotting out the pain, leaving me with a feeling of relaxed well-being. I rolled onto my back and started jerking myself off. Buck helped and hindered by nosing and licking everywhere. I came long and hard, painting my belly and chest. Some even hit me in the face. Buck lapped up every bit, then licked my cock greedy for more.

I dressed myself and went into the bathroom to check myself out. There was a little blood there, but not as much as I feared there might be. Buck hadn't hurt me badly, which relieved and encouraged me. Needless to say, from that day forward, Buck and I got it on at the slightest opportunity, though I didn't let him tie with me again. He was just too big for that and I didn't relish reliving the experience. He did manage to surprise me a couple of times and tie before I realized what was happening. Those ties weren't quite as painful as the first one, but uncomfortable enough.

When I was almost seventeen a couple of things happened to change my life. Buck lost a fight with another dog and had to be put down and my father lost the farm to the bank. The land had always produced a marginal living and a couple of years of drought and several pieces of monumental bad luck rendered staying ahead of the mortgage payments a hopeless task. The bank foreclosed and all that we had was sold at auction.

There was little money left after all the creditors were satisfied, certainly not enough to continue any sort of rural existence. Dad found a job in the city and we moved there shortly before school started. I hated school, the cramped apartment I found myself in and most everything in general. I hated most though the lack of animals around me, the lack of space and privacy and the lack of opportunity for sex. There were a couple of boys in my class whom I thought were sexy looking, but when I made a clumsy attempt to get into their pants, I was branded as the school 'queer', which did little to improve my school experience. Before that I was ignored, now I was harassed and constantly made the target of jokes, jibes and abuse. I became more withdrawn and my grades which were never anything spectacular, suffered further and I finished my senior year with marks which barely allowed me to graduate.

College was out of the question due to my grades as were most of the better paying jobs. I could pump gas, flip burgers or dig ditches. Not too many other opportunities were open to me. I scanned the want ads glumly, looking at page after page of jobs that I hadn't a hope in hell of qualifying for. My parents were constantly prodding me about when I was going to find a job and get out of their

lives and all I could find thus far wouldn't pay the rent on a doghouse. I was getting desperate and depressed.

I remember it was a Monday morning after a particularly bad weekend. My parents had been on my case the whole time, now threatening to throw me out whether I had a job and a place to go or not. If I was desperate before, I was frantic now. I would have taken anything, grasped at any straw. I bummed yet another dollar from my folks and went down to the corner store for the papers.

I thumbed through the want ads, seeing all the usual stuff. Accountants, engineers, medical personnel and the like. Farther from my grasp than the moon. Then I came across an ad for 'kennel help'. It seemed that a large feed company had an experimental farm where they tested new products. One of their lines was a well known brand of dog food. They had a kennel where new products were evaluated and they were looking for someone to help take care of the dogs. Better yet, they were offering room and board.

I would have crawled to get to that interview, but my father was willing to drive me out there. He was as eager to see me out of the house as I was to go. There were only a couple of other applicants and the fact that I had lived on a farm and had actually cared for an animal got me the job. Before my father drove me back home to pack my stuff, I got a chance to look around a little.

The place was huge, acres and acres of fields, barns and other buildings. They were into animal care product testing in a big way. The kennels were an elaborate complex of buildings housing over a hundred dogs. Besides testing foods and the like, their dogs were shown, entered in field trials and offered for stud. I walked down the rows of pens looking at them. Magnificent male and female black labs looked back at me, barking and wagging their tails. Thankfully I was too stunned at my good fortune at getting the job to get a hardon.

I rode back to the city in a daze, the job, visions of all those magnificent male animals and the prospect of freedom, making it hard for me to concentrate on anything my father might have told me. Fortunately, it was stuff I had heard before. 'You're on your own now...Our obligation to you is finished...You're grown, you have a job...Don't plan on returning home, we have other plans for your room...' Thus ended my childhood.

The job didn't actually start for a week, but mom and dad were in a rush to begin their new life without me, so the next day found me mostly packed and the day after that on the bus to the town nearest the farm. I hitched a ride out there and eventually was installed in a room at the bunkhouse. My early arrival caused a bit of a problem since I wasn't suppose to be there for a week and the fellow I was replacing hadn't left yet. They found a room originally meant for storage and a cot. A lot of the other hands there were less than friendly since my early arrival they deemed as kissing up or brown nosing. Plus, I was 'the new kid'. The man I was replacing had been fairly popular as well which didn't make things any easier for me. The only reason I had the job at all was because he had shown up to work drunk once too often.

Since I had arrived before my job officialy existed, I was left with not a lot to do. Town was ten miles or so down the road and there wasn't much to do there either. After you've gawked in all the store windows, watched the two traffic lights change for a while and been stared at by the locals, there's not much left. So a couple of days later found me totally bored and at loose ends.

Since my job was in the kennel, I decided to look it over and see what I had gotten myself into. None of the staff had much time for me, since they were all busy and I wasn't officially an employee yet, so all I could do was poke around and look at the dogs and the facilities. There was an office and feed storage area, several rows of runs and pens, the whelping room and puppy house as well as the

separate facility housing the stud dogs and breeding pens.

I wandered around and soon found myself there. The dogs barked at me and jumped at the gates to their runs, their tails wagging furiously. I stopped at a few cages and rubbed muzzles through the bars. They all seemed friendly enough and licked my fingers. Several reached through the chainlink fence, pawing at me. I stopped at one run and petted it's occupant. He was one of the biggest dogs I'd seen. Magnificent, black, male. I couldn't resist the temptation and opened the gate, entering. He was very excited about that, jumping around and barking. He kept jumping up on me, licking my face and anything else he could reach. He was as I said a very big dog and knocked me down. In a flash I was transformed in his eyes. I was no longer a human to be given some sort of respect and obedience, I was now just another bitch to be dominated, mounted and bred.

He was on me in an instant, clutching me with fierce determination and thrusting against me. I found myself getting as aroused as he was despite the danger of being discovered. Perhaps the risk heightened the excitement. In any case, My hand found his hard cock and I stimulated him further. He responded by trying to fuck me anywhere he could. He thrust at my ass poking his hard pointed cock into the crack of my ass, leaving growing wet splotches on my pants. He was very determined to get into me and grew more frustrated as each thrust failed to penetrate. He growled his frustration on finding no entrance through my clothes, and tried my face. He mounted me , paws clasp my shoulders and his sheath with the pink pointed tip of his cock dangling before my eyes and started thrusting with all the determination of a very horny dog. I opened my mouth, allowing him to enter. He humped more excitedly, mashing my face into his crotch ,his balls whacking against my chin. His knot popped free and was hammered against my lips as he tried to tie.....

Suddenly my furry rapist was pulled from me and a heavy hand grabbed my shoulder.

„Well, well, well...so ya like dogcock?..“ a gruff voice spoke.

It was my boss and the fellow I was to replace. They looked down at me with nasty expressions on their faces. My boss turned to the hired man...

„I think we have a bitch here who needs breeding..“

An evil grin flowed over both their faces as they grabbed me and hustled me to the first breeding pen. They stripped me with casual roughness, though they kept talking to me like I was a dog.. They called me ‚good girl‘ and talked to me like I was some local farmers dog who had been brought in to be bred to one of their expensive studs. They commented on my lines and lineage and how many pups I might whelp. Despite the semi friendly tone of their voices, they treated me roughly, forcing me to my hands and knees, tying me there and silencing me with a strip of duct tape They took great pleasure talking about my obvious state of heat and readiness for breeding.

My boss disappeared for a moment, then returned leading the dog I had been sucking off. When the stud saw me, he started whining excitedly; straining against his lead, trying to get to me. He knew what this pen was for and why he was there. He was eager to perform his duty.....

„Let's give our little girl dog what she wants..“ my boss said as he released the dog.

Dog sex is never very gentle and this male was less gentle than most. He took me hard; his dewclaws digging into my flanks, as he pushed his his cock into my ass with brutal thrusts. I screamed under the assault, since my ass was dry and I was far too scared to relax. Of course my screams had no effect on him. He was doing what male dogs are designed to do and to him it felt very good indeed. The fact that my ass was noticeably cooler than a female dog's vagina, wasn't nearly as slippery and didn't grip his cock like a bitch meant little to him. He was thrusting into something, was going to tie

with it and that was all that mattered.

„Good girl, take your daddy dog...” the hired man spoke with deceptive gentleness. „When he’s done, there are twenty more waiting for you..” They smirked with evil amusement and settled back to watch.

The big male lab hammered his way into my ass, his knot swelling into a tie. I whimpered at the abuse, as he panted over me, but was helpless to resist his insistent thrusting. His knot filled my ass, stretching it painfully wide. I could feel it throbbing as he started to spill his seed into me. Finally he quit thrusting. He was fully buried, thoroughly engorged and spraying doggy cum deep within me. He slipped from my back, making that clumsy looking step over that dogs do; to stand there rump to rump with me, panting softly while his orgasm continued. I could feel his knot throbbing within me, with each spurt. Finally he was done and slipped from me, pink tinged dogcum running from my tortured hole, down my legs and dripping onto the floor. I slumped a little, groaning softly. My violated ass throbbing in unison with my pounding heart. My human tormentors grinned at each other, snickering.

„I don’t think our little bitch has been bred enough, do you?”

The hired man agreed that more breeding was obviously needed and left the room to return moments later with another dog .

This one knew what the room was for too and didn’t mind that the bitch to be bred wasn’t what he was use to. A bitch was a bitch and a hole was to be filled. He strained at his lead eager to be about it. The leash slipped from the man’s hand or perhaps he just let it go, my second breeding had begun.

How many hours passed and how many dogs had me I’ll never know. The sun had been high in the sky when I entered the breeding shed, but now was coming through the western facing windows, and reddening towards the sunset when the last dog finished spending himself in me and they finally released me. I slumped to the floor, incapable of moving. I lay in a puddle of mixed fluids, semen, precum and blood. My ass throbbed dully, my sides which were scratched and bloodied from the dewclaws of the countless males who had mounted me added their jot of torment Spent, hurting and totally demoralized, I lay there waiting for whatever further torment was in store.

I was pulled roughly to my feet where I stood weaving....

„What should we do with our little bitch now?” the hired man asked.. „Send her back to the city or keep her on?”..

My boss hesitated for a long moment then spoke in a voice that was pure nastiness and full of evil portent. „No, I think we should keep her around for more breeding to the horses”.

The End