

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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They say that sometimes things happen for a reason. I used to think that this was a lot of bullshit. Until one day, I finally understood what they were talking about. My first interest in Doggie Sex had been a mistake. Since that first time, I now consciously went after it whole hearted.

That first time I had a dog fuck me had been a complete surprise to me. Now, I was taking every opportunity to sneak my dog into my room to have him fuck me. I would go to work in the daytime, the hours seeming to last forever as I waited for the cover of darkness, as the whole house slept to finally be able to be with my canine lover.

I would be sitting in my chair, squirming as I remembered how he had moved me around my room, the force of his strokes, as he fucked me, pushing me forward. I would sit in my chair and tighten my ass, trying to get that feeling of his prick in me, my cock getting harder as I remember the feeling of his knot growing, locked tight in my ass. I would actually leave my desk and go to the bathroom and grab my dick in my pants, having to re-arrange it so that it wouldn't show, the force of my hard-on pushing against my pants.

Finally, I would get home and there he would be, waiting to greet me. I would sometimes, in my horny folly, debate if it would be possible to sneak him into my room in broad daylight, and what excuse I could come up with for not opening my door, should anyone knock on it. But finally, it would get late enough, everyone would be in his or her bed, and I would finally be able to sneak to the door.

There he would be, sitting on the steps, wagging his tail in anticipation of what he knew was to come. He didn't care about being caught or anything. All he knew was that he was going to get to fuck his bitch again. I would bring him into my room, slowly undress, almost teasing him as he jumped up at me. At these times, I could clearly see the tip of his dick peeking out of its sheath as he tried to mount me, even though I was standing. Sometimes, I would walk around the room as if I were doing something else and had no intention of letting him fuck me. But finally, I would be able to wait no longer and, he also sensed it coming for he would start turning around and pushing me with his nose, I would get down on all fours in front of him.

He would quickly get around behind me, sometimes in his haste even trying to mount me from the front, climb up on my back, grab my waist with his forelegs, and proceed to hump me. I would quickly reach back and guide him into me and then put my hands down and let him get on with his work. He would immediately start fucking me like it was the first time for him. For him, there was never any let up. He fucked me just as hard the first time as every other after that. Slamming into me as hard as possible, his only thought to get as much of his prick into me so that he could get his knot solidly locked in me.

I would arch my back, spread my knees to get lower and give him more access, sometimes, reaching back with one hand to pull my ass cheeks apart to allow him greater access to my asshole. He would immediately pull himself closer and I would feel his balls slapping against me as he fucked me hard. The moment he knew the knot was in my ass, he would slow his strokes, pumping into me a little softer. He knew that he had me and that I wasn't going anywhere until his knot came out. I was now properly his bitch and he was going to plant his sperm in me, and I had no choice.

I would crouch there, reveling in the feel of his prick moving in me, his knot pressing on my asshole from the inside. I knew there was nothing I could do but wait until this dog had finished servicing me. I loved the feel of it. The thought that I was nothing more to him than a bitch, to fuck and impregnate. The filling feeling as the knot swelled and locked in place. I could feel it tugging on me

every time he pulled back for another stroke and it drove me crazy. As he fucked me, I would be jerking my prick so hard that I would sometimes find fingernail marks on it after. At that time, though, the only thing on my mind was that prick up my ass and that knot moving in me. Nothing else mattered.

And that was why the situation arose in the first place. That need to have my dog fuck me overwhelmed my common sense one night and I almost paid for it dearly.

My family was a travelling one. My mother was a flight attendant, a Steward, and my brother worked for an Oil Company. This would sometimes allow me the opportunity to have the house all to myself when they were both away at the same time. One of my sisters was at University so she wasn't a problem, except at holidays, and the other one was married and lived away. On those occasions when I had the house to myself, I would immediately, upon getting home in the evening, set things up to get my dog in the house and quickly fucking me. The advantage of this was that, on occasion, I was able to get fucked by my dog twice in one night. This was heaven to me. Not once, but twice, to have him tied to me in the same day.

I remember one day I took a leave of absence from work while they were both out of the country. That day, I think my dog must have fucked me at least four times. I almost died that day from the amount of times I came. I remember for days after, both my ass and my dick were sore, but it was worth every moment of that prick slamming in me.

Everyone was away that night and I had planned to go out with some friends. I was waiting for them to come and pick me up and my dog was continuously pushing me with his nose and wagging his tail. He had gotten accustomed to the routine that when we were alone, he was going to get to fuck me and he was probably wondering what the delay was. I would push him away and tell him to get down, but every time I got up, he would start prancing and spinning around. The thing of it was that it was not only driving him crazy, it was making me as horny as \*hell\*. I mean think about it. How many of us can claim to have someone, or something, so eager to fuck us that it was willing to go at the drop of a hat.

Finally, I looked at the clock and decided that I had enough time for at least one fuck before I went out. I locked all the doors, stripped and got down on all fours. He immediately mounted me and started fucking me like crazy. Maybe it was the added anticipation of how I had kept him waiting for hours, but the moment he got his legs around me and his prick in me, that dog started fucking me like he was losing his mind. Normally, once he has his knot in, he slows down. Not tonight.

He kept ramming me, knot and all and I went wild. He had fucked me before, but never this savagely. I couldn't believe the force he was fucking me with. I actually had to brace myself, the force of his strokes were pushing me forward. I swear that dog wanted to put his entire body up my ass that night. I went with it and pushed back into him, grinding my ass as he fucked it, jerking my prick and groaning from the sensations of that savage fucking. I clenched and unclenched my ass, to milk and massage his prick as it slid up and down in me, squeezing it inside me to give him as good a ride as possible, feeling the knot swelling in place and trying to squeeze it as hard as I could with my ass.

Finally he came and not too long after that, so did I. Only then did I realise that I wasn't supposed to let him tie with me. They were coming to pick me up in about twenty minutes. I figured that I probably still had enough time for his knot to go down. The longest he had ever tied with me up till that time was about 15 minutes so I figured that I still had quite a margin for safety.

Unfortunately, that was the night my "posse" came up with the brilliant idea of going to pick up all

those who were ready now. They figured that while that was being done, those who were late would have time to finish up before we got back to them. About 5 minutes into the tie, I heard a car pull up in our driveway. I immediately panicked. The problem was that if a person came to the side window and really tried hard enough, they could see into the living room. The last thing I wanted was one of my friends to see me like this, on all fours, a dog on my back, his prick locked in my asshole.

I did something that I do not normally encourage my dog to do. I made him dismount and turn on me. Now we were ass to ass like two real dogs. The only thought on my mind was to get away from the living room and go somewhere that anyone looking in couldn't see me. I started walking forward, his prick still locked in my ass, dragging him backwards with me across the floor. This is a slow process as you can feel the knot pulling on you very strongly from inside you. You can't force him to walk too fast as it can also be painful to have that knot tugging you from inside. I finally made it to the bedroom door and opened it and slowly went inside.

While this was going on, I could hear one of my best friends, Larry, calling from the front door. He pushed the bell and banged on the door a few times. He knew my mom hated when they did that, but he also knew she was out of the country.

I had a problem as I really didn't want to attempt to turn around and close the bedroom door behind me, the pain from the knot was getting to be a little too much at this time, so I just pulled him in behind me as far as I could and stopped. I figured that Larry would probably give up after a while and think that I had gone on ahead to meet them. I was wrong.

One of the problems with having best friends is that they often learn ways into your house when your parents are around and you aren't supposed to have guests after a certain hour in the house as this was not considered "good manners" on a week night. I had probably been laying there for about two or three minutes, my head resting on my arms my ass high in the air, my dog still tied to me when I felt him start to wag his tail.

Have you ever had one of those moments in life when, you know that if you turn around, you are going to see something you really don't want to see, and maybe if you don't, it will go away? Somehow, I just knew that if I turned my head, I would see Larry standing there in the doorway. He had probably climbed in via the trellis by my sis's room or through the good old basement exit; good for late night sneak away parties on a weeknight.

I felt several different emotions at that moment. I felt preternaturally aroused by the situation and it seemed to me as if every sense in my body was alive. I felt that I could actually feel the entire length of my dog's prick inside my, each pulse as it shot another load of sperm into me. I could feel the knot, pulsing just inside my ass, almost feel the veins in it throbbing as it kept hard so that he wouldn't slip out in error. I could swear that I felt a soft breeze in the room that night. I know that there wasn't any such thing, but to me at the time, it felt like a cool wind was blowing across my back. I also felt like I was on the verge of cumming. The feel the prick in me along with the sensation of fear at being discovered had somehow made me even hornier.

I could also swear that I could actually feel the physical presence of Larry's stare across my back like a physical thing. Actually feel it pressing down on me as he looked at me on all fours, my dog ass to ass with me, obviously because his prick was locked in me. I was waiting for the words that would signal the end of my life as I know it. Signal the beginning of the days of shame and degradation. I could actually see my mother crying in my mind's eye, my brother looking at me in disgust. Then he spoke and, at that moment, I understood exactly what that statement meant. Of all the things he could have said, his next words were the last thing I expected to hear.

“Damn, \*that\* looks painful.”

I remember that I completely broke up laughing. There I was, on all fours, ass to ass with a dog, tied to him with his prick locked inside me, my best friend in the doorway behind me, and I think I lost it for a moment. The hysteria of being caught and his statement threw me for a complete loop. I was laughing so hard I accidentally pulled down and forward on my dog. The tug of the knot stopped me in place and I remembered where I was and my present position. I immediately started laughing even harder, tears were running down my face. I was really crying, but for some weird reason, I just couldn't stop laughing. Then I said the last words I never thought would cross my lips.

“Only if you pull too hard..”

At which point I looked back at him, we stared at each other in wonder for a moment, then we both burst out laughing. He eventually came over to me and sat down on the floor next to me. He asked me if I was ok and if there was anything he could do to help. At that point, I did break down crying. The many horrors our minds come up with for a situation like this can probably never equal the actual event. But the last thing I had expected was not only nonchalance, but also acceptance.

As I crouched there, he reached over and tousled my hair and told me, “C'mon man. What's the problem? It's me, man. what the fuck you crying for? Just chill and be cool.”

I finally stopped crying and looked up at him and told him, “Thanks, man. Seriously..thanks man..you have no idea what this means to me..”

“Shit, what the fuck, everybody's got their thing. So what if yours is with your dog. Fuck that — that's between you and him.”

At which point, the pun struck us both and we started giggling again. When we finally stopped, he started asking me things about the sensations I was feeling. I tried to explain it to him as much as I could, what it felt at the start of the fuck, the feel of the prick slipping into you, the sensation as you felt the knot swell inside you, the feeling of it tugging on your asshole from inside. As we talked, I could feel my dog getting softer. I asked him if he could wait outside for a moment and he got up and went out of my room, closing the door behind me. When my dog got small enough to slip out of me, I immediately got up, went to the bathroom and cleaned myself up.

When I finally got myself presentable, I went out to face him, thinking that what just happened had been a fluke and that he would deride me the moment I came through the door. But there he was, plunked on the couch, watching television. His next words re-assured me that everything was going to be ok.

“Will you hurry the fuck up. Everybody's waiting and you know how they bitch if we're late..”

I smiled, picked up my clothes, went into my room and got dressed. Then I went out and had the weirdest night of my life. In the days after that, I waited to see if he would tell any of the others, but nothing had changed, except that every now and then, I would see him give me a small smile and a wink.

The end of this affair came about three weeks later. We were talking one night, just the two of us and he hesitantly asked me if he could ask me something. I told him anything he wanted to ask, I would honestly answer. He then asked me if there was ever the possibility that he could be there a night and see the whole thing from the beginning.

It freaked me out. I could swear that I had heard wrong and asked him “..from the beginning of

what?" He then asked me if I would let him be present on one of the nights that I let my dog fuck me. He had apparently been thinking about it a lot and it was driving him up a wall. He had finally decided to ask me, hoping I would let him and not say no. I think I agreed so fast that I can't even remember saying the words, saying "yes..shit.. yes..fuck yes..shit..hell..are you shitting me..man, I would love for you to see it..fuck ..yeah."

He told me he got the message and we set it up one night. I will treasure that night forever. My friend sitting on the couch as I undressed in front of him. It felt like I was not just stripping for my dog, I was also stripping for Larry that night. Getting down on all fours and looking him in the eyes as I felt my dog climb on my back, grab me with his legs, enter me and start fucking me. I don't think we stopped looking at each other the entire time I was being fucked. I didn't even have to help my dog. I couldn't. I was lost in Larry's eyes. It was the most erotic thing in the world that had ever happened to me and I couldn't take my eyes off him. I started groaning and I started to describe the feeling to him. I told him when I felt the knot slip in and when I felt it starting to swell in me. I groaned as I felt the sensations wash over me from the knot tugging on my asshole.

He sat there, and I could see his cock straining against his pants, his hardon was so powerful. I smiled at him and I told him it was ok to take it out and jerk off. He looked like he's been slapped, but he immediately unzipped his pants and his cock shot up straight out of his pants. He started masturbating there on the couch. I crouched there, my eyes never leaving his as I got fucked, jerking my own dick and seeing his hand speeding up and down his shaft. That night, my life felt like it had reached completion. I was getting fuck, my best friend was with me, and we were both going to cum together because of my sexuality. He clenched his teeth and softly screamed when he came. By that time, my dog's knot had swollen in me and I was tied to him. I swear his cum shot about three feet into the air, and I remember Larry arched his back and thrust his hips into the air, with the force of his cumming. When he finally came down, he was still hard. I slowly moved closer to the couch, my dog still draped on my back, his prick still locked in me, and reached up and stoked Larry's cock. He jerked a bit, but he never moved from his place. I started to stoke him up and down, never taking my eyes off him as I jerked him off. I have had lots of sex in my life, but few things can equal the feeling of knowing that I was tied to a dog, and at the same time, I was jerking my best friend's cock for him to cum. When he finally came again, he really did scream.

Since that night, he has seen me get fucked several times. It is something we two alone share and it has made us actually grow closer together as friends. We have never had any kind of sex between us. That wasn't what we were looking for. I was getting what I wanted, and best of all, I was sharing it with my best friend and allowing him to savor some of the pleasure indirectly.

One day, he brought his dog over and let him fuck me. I swore he almost got a heart attack from cumming that day. The sight of me on the ground being fucked by his dog drove him crazy. He was jerking up off the couch with the force of his cumming. Groaning and screaming, thrashing about on the couch like he was losing his mind. I came pretty hard that day myself, his dog being a Doberman and the size of his knot sent me into a frenzy. Not to mention the fact that that dog was STRONG. He was pushing me about the room with the force of his fucking, slamming my ass as he drove his prick into me. There was no need to spread my ass or my legs. That dog drove his knot into my ass in the first five seconds of fucking me and it locked solidly in place seconds later. I could only crouch there in amazement as I felt this huge beast fucking me. It was wonderful. The feel of that huge prick, deep inside me, pushing up into me as far as it could get, the knot swollen and pressing on me like I had never felt before. I remember squirming and squealing as the knot grew and the dog continued to fuck me, no slowing down at all. Just slam..slam..slam..trying to get all of his prick up my asshole and deep into me. I think at one time I actually tried to move away, the sensations were driving me nuts. But the Doberman hopped forward, grabbed my hips tighter with his front legs, pulled himself closer, and continued to fuck me just the same. As far as he was concerned, I wasn't going anywhere

until he was finished fucking me. I loved every second and vowed on that day to one day own a large breed dog like this of my own.

Larry recently moved away, but we still keep in contact. I always look forward to the day I will see him again and know that somewhere out there, there is one person I can share my passion with, who will never judge me or show me disdain, but will always accept me as his friend. I think that is the rarest thing any of us can have and I will never forget, or belittle it, as long as I live.