

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was a hot day that summer and I was sitting on the porch of our little two-story house that Sunday afternoon I was what I was going to do this summer vacation. I was glad now I was eighteen and would be able to move out after graduation. Since mother had married Steve Keller and moved to the country to live with him she paid little attention to me. I could hear them at night screwing and they way she screamed and moaned for more I knew he was hung like an animal. As for Steve, her new husband, he seemed to like that damn dog of his more than me. Brutus his dog had accepted mother the day she moved into Steve's house but he was always growling and glaring at me. I was deathly afraid of his big Doberman. When the call came about Grandmother being sick Mother said she would come to look after her. I knew it was going to be one long summer alone with Steve and Brutus and I begged her to let me go with her. She said she was only going to be gone three months and it was too expensive.

I watched as Steve and Mother pull away and decided to go in and watch TV. I lay there on the sofa and Brutus lay on the floor watching my every move. It was getting dark when I heard Steve pull up in the long gravel drive. He was carrying a bag and as he entered he told me to wash up for supper. Setting to bowls on the table he filled them with some dumb Chinese food telling it was his favorite and for me to eat up. Then taking a steak from the refrigerator he cut it in pieced and put it on a plate for Brutus. I muttered that was the steak mother had fixed for my supper and all Steve said was for me to shut up and eat. Grumbling I told him he that fed that damn dog of his better than he did me. Coming over and grabbing up my dish he slammed it to the floor telling me if I was going to act like a bitch dog I might as well eat like one.

When I tried to get up he put his foot on my back pushing me to the floor telling me to eat like a good dog. Now afraid of him I went down on all fours and began licking at my food. As Brutus gulped his food he kept glancing over at me. When he'd finished his steak he walked over licking my face like a playmate. It was the first time the dog was ever friendly to me. Steve sat there watching to make sure I ate then getting up dug through one of the kitchen drawers pulling out a dog collar. Reaching down putting it on me saying when he gave me the same respect that Brutus did I could take the collar off. Looking up at him he was smiling and leaning down patted my head like one of his pets. It was the first time Steve had ever made a move to be friendly even if it was a cruel joke. I wore that collar all that evening until I went to bed.

When I got up that next morning I'd had this crazy dream of me being Steve's pet dog and how wonderful he treated me. Thinking I would get even with him for that stuff yesterday I decided to play the part of his dog. Drying off I combed my hair down around my face and staying naked put that color on. Slipping down the stairs I sat at that bowl waiting for him to come down for breakfast and feed his animals. Suddenly Brutus was sitting there next to me. Looking over and licking my face he ran his nose into my ass sniffing me like a bitch. That's how Steve found us, me sitting there naked with a collar on and Brutus sniffing my ass. Before I could even say anything he said I made a dam cute little bitch dog. Going along with the joke he fixed my breakfast and putting it into the dish. Then calling out "Come and eat Sammy and Brutus'. He fed the same thing to Brutus. We kept the joke up all day and he was wonderful to me. He talked laughed and even took us out in the yard to play catch. Determined to make my point I played catch like a dog. I of course was at a disadvantage playing the dog because my mouth was smaller than the dogs.

Finally, when we went into the house to finish the joke I licked his hand when he petted my head. We played that dog game all day. I thought for sure that he would tell me to stop it when it got to be bedtime. Crawling into bed that night I really did feel like a dog. It was at dawn when I awoke and he was standing over my bed. Putting a coke collar around my neck he said he was taking his pets out for a walk so they could relieve themselves. He led us around telling me I'd better shit and then

he would take us in for our breakfast. Now I felt the joke was going to far but when I tried to get up he pulled on the choke chain forcing me down on all fours again. That was when it happened. I felt that cold nose of that hound up my ass and before I could move he was up on his hind legs trying to hump me. As Brutus mounted my ass Steve yanked up on my chain forcing me to stay on my knees and hold still or choke.

I begged him to let me up but laughing he said I was the one playing a bitch so I was going to get fucked like a bitch. The dog had managed now to get that cock of his up my ass and was really going at me. Suddenly I began to realize I loved it and spreading my legs made it easy for Brutus to move even further up my back and into my ass. He began moving like a machine humping my ass. I felt that knot swelling up my ass and his warm fluid filling me. Steve was now having fits of laughter as he watched his two animals

copulating. I tried to move away from Brutus but I found he was locked in my asshole. Great fucking show Sammy, now Brutus has his own bitch to fuck. Finally, when he dismounted and I ran into the house crying like a baby. I had just let a dog fuck me.

I stayed in my room the rest of the day and I must confess when I got over the shock of it I really liked being fucked by that dog. That night I went to bed naked leaving my door open a little hoping he would try again. Around midnight, I felt that cold nose nudging me. It was Brutus and he was hot again looking for his new bitch. Now I knew what it was all about and I really wanted him this time. Crawling out of bed I knelt with my chest on the bed letting him mount my ass again. He was really going at it and when I felt that knot swell again I knew what to expect. As his cock locked into my ass I waited for that wonderful hot feeling of his cum. That was when Steve threw on the lights. This time he just sat on the bed and rubbed the back of my neck like a pet telling me I was a good little bitch.

When the dog finally got off of me he slipped out of the room and down to his bed. Steve walked over to the door and shutting it told me to just stay there. Seconds later he was standing there naked with his cock swelling and beginning to ooze. Softly saying while I was still slick from Brutus he wanted to fuck his bitch boy now. He slid right in and I began whimpering as that big cock of his stretched me wide open. Slapping me on the back he demanded me to keep my mouth shut and take it like a bitch with some kind of breeding. He stayed getting his nuts off but when he came I missed the feeling of that knot up my ass. Pulling me up he told me I would be sleeping with him as his bitch until Mother got back. We fell into quite a routine after that. Steve would screw me at night and I learned to blow him in the morning. After getting up he would walk us letting Brutus hump me. I had really become a bitch and I looked forward to being fucked.

It was just what seemed like one short summer and Mother returned. Seeing the change in how we were getting along she was absolutely delighted at how things had changed. She thought it was wonderful Steve had remodeled a room in the barn for me to stay while I was attending Jr. Collage. I could live at home and still go to school. He even hugged me in the morning when I would come to the house for breakfast. She loved it when he and I would go for long walks with the dog. He would always walk me back to the barn were Steve had fixed up that new bedroom for me. He had even put in a new stall in the barn for me telling me I was one of his prize animals. I would then always strip getting down on all fours to crawl into my stall where I would service them like a good bitch. Then when they left I would go to my room and study. I now thought of Steve as my master more than my stepfather.