

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I'm a dog fucker. yeah, that's right. You read me. I'm a zoophile: that is, I have a sexual attraction for animals. Always have done, always will do.

Now we've got that little inflammatory statement out of the way, lets get onto the other introductions, shall we?

My name's Jane. I'm 31, and I live.. ohh. Lets just say the United Kingdom, shall we? No point getting self incriminating. I'm a tall redhead, with large (E size do you?) breasts, but otherwise fit and healthy - I have to be, to keep up with my dogs! I own a smallholding, a sort of mini farm, with 2 dogs, a horse, a couple of pigs and a bunch of chickens. I don't do anything with the chickens. they're there strictly for eggs (hey, a girl has to eat!), but the others I love dearly. Not that i don't love the chickens.. but.. oh. you know what i mean. I mean.. how does one fuck a bird anyway?

I don't run the smallholding cos of the zoo side of me, by the way. The smallholding I inherited from my grandpa, and I've come to love the life - its hard, and solitary, but a good life for all that. And I have my loves with me. I help some people, on the 'net, to find lovers of their own, help them get started, but I don't share my loves, with one exception. That would make me analogous to a pimp, and I wouldn't do that to my boys.

Jake is the leader of the two. if they're both horny, he generally gets to go first. He's a large German shepherd, very protective of me, but once he knows you're a friend, he'll happily cuddle up to you and sit next to you for hours if you scratch his ears. He's got a lovely large cock, with a suitably sized knot, and he's a keen, passionate and good lover.

Fred is the younger, a Labrador, with a Labrador's daftness and energy. He'll love you to death if you let him, and is always the first out the door for walkies. While not as large as Jake, he can go on for quite some time with all that energy, leaving me wrung out from all the orgasms, and the bed below us sopping wet from all the cum.

Do I have a human lover, I hear you ask? Oh yes. His name's Bob. and yes, he knows. Quite often joins in, in fact, something that I adore. He doesn't live with me - he's divorced, with a couple of children who live with him, so his first priority is them. And that's fine with me, I like my space, and this is an ideal situation for us both - we get our rocks off... a little company when we need it, without all that angst and agony that so many others seem to go through. We've had this arrangemet now for about 5 years and .. it works. Why rock the boat?

But you're not here to hear all about the romantic side of my love life, now, are you? No, you wanna hear about the dog sex. People always wanna hear about that. it fascinates them, cos its so different, I suppose. Well, lets see. Which one shall I tell you about? the first time I did it with a dog? Nah. There are tons of "first time" stories out there. The first time with Jake? hmmm. I would, but, ya know.. I went slow with both my boys, getting them used to it, showing them what was what.. it was bloody hard work, and not so erotic. How about.. ohhh. Yes. THAT time... definetly.

Bob had popped round for the night. His kids were with their mom, he was at a loose end. It was a cold night, in fact, a ferocious storm was brewing, the wind howling against the house, but we were all wrapped up warm, snug as a bug in a rug, in fact, in the toasty warm living room before the fire. The animals were all bedded down for the night, the pigs in their den, the horse in the stable, and the chickens locked up in the hen house away from foxes, and the boys were in with me and Bob. We were lounging on the sofa, watching not very much on the box, when Bob suddenly leaned across to me and whispered "Hey. I'm horny. are you?"

I have to admit, I burst out laughing. "why the blue hazes are you whispering?" I asked. Bob shrugged, with a sheepish grin.

"Dunno. seemed the thing to do." I grinned back at him, and instead of answering his question, sat up and pulled my t-shirt off, followed by my bra, while his hands went to the button of my jeans and began to pull those and my knickers off. Once naked I lay there on the sofa, legs spread, watching Bob get up and pull his clothes off, hand between my legs, stroking my clit as I watched him reveal his hard, wiry body.

okay, yes. so I like sex. so, sue me.

Bob took one look at me once he was naked and knelt before me, his head going straight for the good stuff. He does so love pussy. I felt his tongue slide into my cunt, wiggle a little there, then press firmly against the top of the tunnel and he licked upwards, in one smooth movement, up to my clit. I groaned, twined my fingers in his hair, and pulled him closer. He nibbled on my clit, then sucked hard on it. the smell of lust pervaded the air, and the boys sat up. They knew that smell. Jake came over, snuffling around, as if to say.. "hey, me too!". I've always loved that about the boys. they ain't backwards in coming forwards, if you know what I mean. They know what they like, and they're not embarrassed about it. Seems far more sensible to me, I think, than human hangups. But I digress.

Bob shifted to make some room for Jake, and I spread my legs further. Jake dived in besides Bob, and I was treated to the sight of both of them licking me, canine and human. Jake gave Bob a few kisses too - they'd come to like and accept him, which was something we were hoping for. Jake's cock began to peek out of his sheath, and I reached over to pull him around a lil, towards me, so I could stroke his cock. A dog's cock is very different to a man's. it looks different: angry red, pointed, and shaped differently, much spongier in texture, while still being firm. Its mostly covered in a sheath, when not aroused, but when they get going, it comes out to play, including the knot. Jake doesn't like a lot of foreplay, and he's not that interested in me giving him head either. He has one interest only: get in, fuck, come, and sleep. Which makes him sound like a lot of men you girls probably know, but he doesn't come THAT quick!! Bob looked at Jake, knowing from experience that Jake would be ready very soon, and got up to let me move.

"Hang on a sec, Bob. I wanna try something newish. Lay down on the floor, would you?" Bob looked at me quizzically, but did so - he was game to try pretty much anything with me. I straddled him, while Jake paced impatiently around me, while I knelt over Bob, held his cock and pushed my cunt over him, sliding home quickly and easily, grinding down onto him. I leaned forward to give him a kiss, and that was all Jake needed. He jumped up, mounted me, and I pulled his legs around me and reached back to give him a helping hand. He was thrusting already, trying to get his cock into a hole, but I wanted him in my ass. I'd taken him there before, although not with Bob in my cunt at the same time - Bob had cottoned onto my intentions by now and I could tell he was very very turned on by it all. I guided Jake's cock to my wrinkled asshole, and as soon as he felt the way was clear, that was it, he thrust in, and home.

Both Bob and I groaned. With Bob's cock in my cunt, I was tighter in my ass anyway, and Jake was large. I could feel Jake squirting away already as he humped me, his fur stroking my back in a way that I always loved.. like a warm, sensual blanket. I was stretched so wide, and it felt SO good. Jake kept humping away, like a piston, Bob not moving at all, letting the feeling of the dog's movement in my ass do all the work for him. We'd talked about this, but weren't sure it would ever happen: and now it was. I squeezed my muscles, Jake humped harder, squirting away, slamming more and more of his large cock into me each time. I looked over at Fred. He was watching, his tail thumping the floor, panting, awaiting his turn as he usually did. Then, knowing Jake was in for the long haul, I put my head down, and focused on orgasm, my ass stretched wide by Jake's pistoning cock, feeling the

knot banging against the entrance, wanting in too. I reached back, pulled my ass cheeks wide to help, then yelped as the knot started to slide in. Bob looked up at me, concerned, then groaned, as he felt the extra pressure against his cock, and I breathlessly nodded at Bob to reassure him, closed my eyes, groaning with pleasure as I felt the knot slide home, and Jake stopped moving so much. I focused on being filled, on Jake's cock squirting within me, feeling the heat and fullness within my ass, Bob's cock in my cunt, grinding down onto him, I was so nearly.. nearly there.. I slid a hand between us and flicked my clit and that was enough to push me over, I threw my head back, crying out, shuddering as I came, my fingernails digging into Bob's arm, hearing Bob's cries joining mine, my pulsating cunt triggered his orgasm too.. Jake slid off me and turned around, still locked rump to rump, and we stayed there, my head hanging down, both of us panting.

After a while I felt Bob soften and slide out of me. He wriggled out from under me and, on his knees, crawled around to examine where Jake and I were knotted, to make sure there was no damage done.

"It won't be long, I think," he said to me, and I nodded, still not really up to words. but it wasn't over yet: Fred was horny, and with Bob bending over to examine me, he'd inadvertently presented Fred with an opportunity. Fred leaped up, mounted, startling Bob. "HEY!" he yelled, but it was too late, Fred was already pressing home with an unerring instinct. I chuckled weakly, and Bob, knowing it was too late, simply put his head down, and tried to relax. I could see, as I never had before, the dog's cock sliding in, a little at first, as he achieved penetration, sliding back and forth, then deeper with each stroke, solidly pumping away in the way that only dogs can. I felt a shaft of arousal spear through my cunt and clit, and I realised I was all horny again, just as Jake slid from my ass leaving me bereft and empty. I rolled onto my side as Jake went to lie on his bed, licking his cock clean, not moving my eyes from Bob and Fred except to make sure Jake was okay. I lay there, weakly, watching that lovely cock slide deeper and deeper, listening to Bob moan with pleasure, and I knew how he was feeling.. there is nothing quite like it.

At that point, I saw the knot. Large, compared to the rest of the shaft, it was slapping against the edge of Bob's asshole, wanting in, and Fred was determined to get it in. He pushed, hard, on the end of each downstroke, Bob's cries filling the air, and I looked underneath him to see his cock was hard again, absolutely rock solid. I grinned, took the opportunity and wriggled underneath him, reaching up to engulf his cock with my mouth. I felt a grateful groan as I did, from Bob, and could see that knot almost in his ass, shifted my own ass so that Bob could reach my cunt, if he wanted, and then, with an almost audible pop, it slid home.

I felt Bob's head dip into my cunt, his tongue sliding straight into my vagina. He's always loved the taste of cum, whether his, or the dogs. I pulled his head in deep against me, his tongue laving all over my lips, my clit, within my wetness... my own tongue flickered over his cock within my mouth, feeling it jerk as I flickered over the frenulum, and I knew he wouldn't be long, which was good, cos I was pretty close too, and just as he bit my clit, I felt the ridge along the base of his cock pulsate and I knew he was coming. I jammed him deep down my throat, quickly, my eyes and nose almost pressed into Fred's balls. Breathed deeply, smelling Bob, Fred, a husky scent of sex that I would know anywhere and stiffened as Bob bit me again, jerking wildly as my own orgasm span through my body.

I lay back on the floor, releasing Bob's head from my cunt, and waited. Bob rested his head on my tummy for a while, a moment of peace and closeness that we both cherished. I looked over at Jake. He was already asleep, nose tucked up his bum, looking supremely content and happy. then Fred's knot popped clear, and he pulled out. Cum dribbled out of Bob's hole, onto my face, and I opened my mouth to taste it, savouring the taste on my tongue. I wriggled out from underneath Bob, sat up, and kissed him, deeply, my tongue wrapping around his, sharing the taste of his ass, the cum, the passion, our lust. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Fred heading for his bed, intent on sleep, much

like Jake.

We broke apart, and Bob looked at me, and chuckled. "I get it now," he said. "I didn't before, I only found it so hot, watching you fuck them. but I never understood the whole.. being filled, thing. And I do now. My god, Jane, it was ... " and I nodded, smiling. We'd added an extra dimension to our love of the dogs.. and I couldn't wait to introduce him to the pigs. Or the horse. But not tonight: tonight, we were going nowhere - we crawled onto the sofa, pulled a blanket over us, and cuddled down into sleep, content, sated, in our own way, as our beloved dogs were.

So that's how Bob discovered he liked dogsex more than he thought he did. And he did, you know, go on to love the pigs and horse in his own way, just as I did. But that's a tale for another day - and I bet, if you haven't already spilled your own cum over the words on this screen, that you're well on the way to it. Don't let me stop you.. who knows. maybe one day you'll have a dog of your own, and you'll experience that incredible sensation of dog cock sliding up you, filling you, locking with you...