

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



*You will get a sentimental
feeling when you hear
voices singing, "Let's be jolly,
pack my ass with border collie..."*

We live "out here on the edge of the prairie," as the guy on the radio used to say, and when the wind comes rushing down the plain this time of year, there is no sweetly waving wheat; it just drops from bitter to lethally cold. You can argue whether or not it's the most wonderful time of the year, I suppose, but opinions aside, late December on the northern plains is cold. Taking your pants off in a drafty barn is not to be recommended. That's a frustrating problem for Lad and me.

Lad's my border collie, my best friend, and... well, he's far more than a friend. He's a big, handsome, black and white boy with gleaming amber eyes; he's smart, he's cocky, he's emphatically, intoxicatingly male, and he likes to fuck a lot. I like helping him out with that. Nothing's nicer than catching the look in his eye, realizing we both want it, and dashing out to a secluded place in the hay where I can hike my ass up and let him take me however he wants. But we depend on the seclusion that the barn affords us. Living with family means that doing it in the house is almost entirely out of the question, because it's very, very rare that there isn't someone else hanging around, especially in winter. I have no idea what the consequences would be if someone caught us going at it, but I have no urge to find out. So when it's a deep freeze out there we just do without, for the most part. The tension builds and builds, and subzero temperatures do nothing to take the edge off it. By the time a few weeks have gone by, my mind can scarcely turn away from the thought of getting a belly full of warm collie cum, or a rough doggy stuffing and a long, wet, leisurely, tight tie.

Last year, as Christmas was drawing near, the weather had been exceptionally harsh. Chest-high snow drifts stood between us and the barn, and I was near the breaking point. Lad must have been too. He is usually well-mannered, but more and more frequently, he was bumping me with his head to get my attention, giving me the eye, and trying to herd me around. I was genuinely considering the possibility of building an igloo and trying to get it warm inside, when the thought of Christmas Eve came into my head, shining like a golden beacon... Christmas Eve, and a two-hour church service. Plus travel time! A girl and her dog could do a lot with two hours alone.

When the day came, I did something that I very rarely do, and flat-out lied to my parents, telling them that I was feeling unwell. I asked to stay home, and they agreed without questioning anything too closely. It seemed like they might have seen through the lie, but were letting it slide. Perhaps they just understood, in a general way, that I wanted some time alone, and they were willing to let me have that as a little day-before-Christmas gift. I felt shabby about doing it, though — skipping church for some dogfucking. You wrestle a bit with your self-image when you do something like that. I made a mental note to try to make it up to my parents at some point.

I lay in my room, reading, with only about ten percent of my brain engaged, until the rest of the family was ready to go. They checked with me one more time, and I said that, yes, I still wanted to stay home. The truck pulled out of the driveway, and I watched the headlights recede down the long, dark township road. I waited until they were out of sight, then forced myself to wait another ten minutes to be sure there wouldn't be any early return for some forgotten item.

The coast seemed to be clear. I let Lad in. He's well insulated and good at finding cozy places to curl up, and generally seems happier when he's not cooped up indoors, so he mostly stays outside in all but the most dangerous weather. Nonetheless, he was happy to come inside. For a few minutes, he just trotted around busily inspecting all the indoor stuff, including the big Christmas tree in the living room, which he regarded with some evident suspicion. After that, though, he came to me and gave me an, "OK, what now?" look. "Hey, come on," I said, and he followed me to my room.

I had my own, smaller Christmas tree in my room. It had been cut only a few days before, and there was still a fresh, frosty smell of pine about it. There's a plush, furry rug on the floor, too. I lay down there, looking up at the soft, colorful glow of the lights on the tree, shining out from the depths of the thick needles. I patted my chest and Lad lay down on top of me, paws reaching up to my shoulders. He has a big barrel of a chest, and it felt strong and solid against mine, nestled between my breasts and radiating warmth. He scooted a little farther up my body so that he could lick my face. I brushed my hair out of the way, laced my hands around his back, and opened my mouth. Our teeth clicked lightly as he licked inside, as deep as he could reach, and I squeezed him tight, reveling in the closeness, the contact, and the anticipation. Lad's white tail tip swished back and forth, brushing my knees as he wriggled happily under the touch of my fingers and continued licking my neck and face. You'd think, after the long wait, I would have been rushing to get to business. Now that we were so close, though, it felt good to linger, to watch the lights, and drift into a blissful state of affection, warmth, and desire all mixed together.

Eventually, though, desire is always going to win out, especially when it's been pent up for so long. I reached between us, under Lad's belly, and gave his sheath a light rub back and forth. A little bit of warmth on my wrist let me know that the tip of his cock was coming out. I guided him into a sitting position, right on my hips, so I could look up over his white chest to his muzzle, which was now hanging slightly open, and down the space between us to a head-on view of his emerging pink cock, pointing straight at me. I stroked him very gently a few more times. A dribble leaked out onto my wrist, then a couple of modest spurts followed, and after that the first strong jets came. I angled him up lightly with my hand and got a few splashes on my neck and my chin. A stray jerk sent one spritz into my ear, of all places, then I got him aimed where I wanted him and let the warm salty fluid splash on my lips. His hips began to buck, and as much as I loved the taste of him, I was soaking wet inside my pants and aching to get him inside me. Carefully, I brought my hand to my face and licked up the pool of doggy juice that had accumulated in my palm. Then I patted the floor beside me. He hopped off and stood watching me intensely as I stripped off — which takes a minute or two when you're layered up for winter — until I was totally bare. Lad pressed against my legs, looking up at me in anticipation, and I admired a view of the two of us in the mirror, myself and my glossy, sleek, athletic boy.

He nosed my crotch and, still standing, I spread my legs and let him lick. His tongue flattened against my pussy as he eagerly lapped up juice, his ears pushed back, his head wedged into my legs, his eyes looking up at me. Everything was wet and slippery and I was so heated up that I was already letting out barely stifled yelps as his tongue worked me over. The fur on his muzzle was soon lathered with cream. I turned and leaned forward a little, bracing one arm against the wall and pulling my cheeks apart with my free hand. Lad dove back in with enthusiasm, his tongue strokes now sweeping up over my asshole... and then he pushed hard against the opening and licked right up inside my ass. I think my eyes actually crossed a little, and my legs went wobbly. The arm on the wall kept me upright, but I felt on the verge of collapsing. I could feel the hardness of his teeth pressed right up against the rim of my ass as he did everything he could to get his tongue deep up in me. Fur tickled my cheeks and inner thighs, and his tongue squirmed, flexed, and slid in and out with a light rasp. I reached around with my other hand, resting my forehead against the wall, and pulled myself as wide open as I could, hoping to help him get even just a little deeper. He obliged for a moment, pushing hard. Then he withdrew his tongue from my ass, gave me a few more licks all around my ass, pussy, and thighs (which were as lathered as his muzzle by this point), and startled me with a light nip and one assertive "woof!" which sufficed to get his message across.

I turned toward him and ruffled his head fur, but he stepped back from my touch and turned his eyes up at me with a sharp look: "Stop messing around and get in position!" Happy to oblige, I got down on all fours, legs spread wide enough to make room for him, ass up at a height and angle determined

by practical experience. He positioned himself and mounted up without any further prelude, front paws clutching around my waist. As soon as he had me in his grip, he was humping and jabbing his cock at me. He hit my pussy, and that aching desire to get him fully inside me intensified as if all the previous weeks' frustrations were distilled down into one blindingly horny moment. But he pulled back! The little bastard pulled back and aimed higher, nailing my well-licked ass dead center on the next stroke. Now, I know very well he prefers that, and I'm usually happy to let him stuff my ass as long and hard as he wants. There's nothing wrong with an ass-full of dog, in fact, there's everything right about it. It's the fullest of full feelings. But at that particular moment, a deeper urge drove me to reach back, hold him by the root, and aim him back down into my pussy again. He grumbled — he actually grumbled at me, a low noise down in his throat — but his hindquarters were going on automatic. He humped forward again full force, slid into me, and grumbled no more as he tightened his forelegs around me and began pounding.

He was rock hard. My eyes widened a bit and I let out an escalating sequence of "Oh! Ohhh!" sounds as the first strokes forced me open. Even as wet and ready as I was, he felt thick and tight inside me. He has no notion whatsoever of taking things slowly, so my tank went from zero to way over full in an eyeblink as his strong hindquarters whipped forward. His furry balls were swinging and bouncing off my legs, and my breasts swung beneath me as well, slightly out of phase. They aren't big, but they were tender and sensitive, and I just felt flat-out sexy with them swinging and swaying like that, my body transferring the impact as Lad's furry belly flattened repeatedly against my ass. The soft fur rubbing my bare skin made the long shaft of dog dick seem all the harder up inside me. He made an involuntary little "wuff" sound right near my ear, and somehow that quiet, primal sound really got me, pushed me to a new level of desire. "All in!" I whispered. "Get it all in! Come on, boy!"

It wasn't as if I needed to say anything — Lad was going to put it all in whether I asked for it or not. His feet danced briefly, shoring up his stance. The thrusts were still coming fast, but now each one made my opening widen and flex as the first swell of his knot popped in. The bulge dragged my lips out as he pulled back, then popped in again, each time just a little bigger than the time before. I heard another low "wuff! uff!" and though I can't ever match his tempo stroke for stroke, I timed the next one and pushed back hard against him just as he drove forward. He stretched me wide open as his full girth slid past the entrance, and then it really was all in. My muscles instinctively squeezed the very base of him, tight behind the knot, holding us together and giving his body the signal to fill me with hot collie sperm. Since he's already spraying and spritzing by the time he begins mounting me, I don't really feel any one particular moment of ejaculation from him, but his motion changes when it's that time. After a few last spastic shoves and tugs, he relaxed and let some of the weight off his legs and onto my back. His dick began a very steady, rhythmic twitch and pulse. The individual spurts are almost impossible to sense, but I was certainly aware of a gradually growing heat, and a sloshy sort of pressure which became more noticeable when I rocked my hips back and forth. This part gets really dreamy for me, as everything is super sensitive. Every little rocking motion, every tug, squeeze, and shift is amplified into shudders that go all the way up my body. I let my arms down so that my face was right at the floor and simply drifted back and forth over the border between pleasant, warm fullness and intense, quaking tremors.

Since our time was limited, I was keeping an eye on the clock, and I can tell you we stayed tied for just about eight minutes. That doesn't sound long, but time stretches out when we're locked together like that. I don't know how he decides when he's finished; sometimes it's longer, sometimes shorter. Eight minutes was pretty typical. His body changed from a relaxed, steady weight pressing down on me to fidgeting and tugging, and as he pulled back, my opening swelled and leaked out droplets and streamers of still very warm doggy cum. I put one hand back so I could feel the bulge at my opening as he pulled back, and it was soon dripping with sweet, spermy collie juice. I gave him a couple of last squeezes inside me as he tried to release himself, and then helped him out with a little

push. The knot popped through the opening, the rest of his shaft sprang out, and the dribbles and drops turned into a gusher that coated my hand and sprayed over the back of my legs. Lad tottered off to start cleaning himself up — he's never been one to spend time cleaning me up, afterward — while I brought my carefully cupped hand up to my mouth and drank. I'm normally not too interested in my own taste, but I adore the taste of the two of us all mixed together and churned up. If I had a portal gun, I'd use it to get a close-up view of Lad pulling out, then dive in and lick myself out. Lacking that possibility, I licked my hand clean of the frothy, lathered cream that stuck to it, and rolled over on my back, staring off into space. Lad's clean-up noises seemed to be coming from a great distance, even though I knew he was right there in the room with me. I was still just somewhere out on another plane.

I came back to earth with Lad nosing me gently. I sat up, and he sat facing me. I scooted closer to scratch his neck, ears and chest fur, and gave him a kiss on the muzzle. Under his belly, there was nothing to see but smooth fur. He dick was sheathed again, and I could just see the outline of his balls against the floor. Strange to think that their contents were now dripping out of me. I gave him another scritch and whispered, "Love you, pup."

He stood and gave me another one of those imperative barks of his. It clearly wasn't, "I love you too," but rather, "Again!" I couldn't blame him. I wanted more, too, and the clock said we had time for it. I gave my ass an experimental probe with one finger. As I expected, I was so loose and relaxed that it sank in with scarcely any resistance. My ass was hot for my dog, and my dog is always insatiably hot for a shot at his girl's asshole.

However relaxed and receptive I may have been, I knew that "skipping the lube and hoping for the best" is not a great idea. I walked squishily over to my nightstand, where I keep a small tube of plausibly deniable lubricant, and took care of the necessary, if somewhat clinical, preparation.

This time, I knelt down at the side of my bed, resting my head and arms comfortably on the mattress. My arms still didn't really want to hold my weight up, so the support of the bed felt good. Lad zipped around behind me without being called. He sniffed my pussy, and I wondered passingly if he could recognize the smell of his own seed leaking out of me. He gave it a few cursory licks. I could have enjoyed a much longer licking, but a border collie on a mission doesn't get distracted by side issues. Two speckled paws went up on my back. For a moment, he stood tall above me, his pose the very image of confident male canine dominance. Then the paws came down with a slight scrape of claws along my side, and I felt his hindquarters start to jerk. In this position I couldn't see underneath myself, so I had to imagine the first inches of pink emerging from his sheath, seeking an entrance.

My swollen pussy must have been a hard target to miss, because he hit it right away. He started humping wildly as soon as his dick found a warm spot. For a few seconds it seemed like he was going to top off my pussy with a second load of collie cum, like, in case the first quart didn't quite get the job done. But just as I was getting ready to really settle in and enjoy the repeat performance, he slipped out of me on the backstroke. I winced in frustration. Before I could react, or reach back to guide him, another thrust came. I don't know if he aimed deliberately, but the tip went just in my anus. I made a little "ah!" sound, muffled by the bedsheets. Then, without pulling back at all, he doubled up and bucked forward. Like I said before, he has no notion of going slowly. I couldn't help letting out a surprised "oof!" and then, "ohmygosh" as a considerable length of dog opened my asshole and lanced up into my guts. Lad's comment on the matter was a deeply satisfied "wurrff."

(Now, you know very well that some of the details here are embroidered, or cobbled together from different experiences. Nobody really remembers every thrust and jab of a dogfuck in the kind of detail that makes a good story later on. But that blitz-fast, two-stroke changeover from pussy to ass burned itself into my memory; that was a new one.)

When Laddie gets it in my ass, there is a very faint ache at first, but nothing really painful (and as much as I like pleasing him, I wouldn't go for it if it hurt). Once he enters, there's mostly just an overwhelming need to get him buried deep, and the faint little twinges as he pushes in are like progress markers. I had positioned myself so that I'd be looking across the bed at the mirror, and I saw Lad's head over my own with a wicked doggy grin as his fur rippled and his shoulders flexed. I loved the way we looked together as partners, something I had never gotten to see clearly before.

Evidently happy with where he had his dick now, he dug in and let me have it. He didn't come anywhere close to slipping out again, preferring to keep the strokes short and fast. In the mirror, I could see the tip of his tail bobbing and weaving around his back end like a chaotic pendulum. Still, he kept his dick moving in and out like a piston, with a remarkably steady cadence for the pace he'd set, and my body warmed to the rhythm. I watched the mirror, fascinated, seeing a glow of pleasure bloom on my own face as Lad's eyes gleamed and his fur rubbed the length of my body.

My hole stretched and squeezed around the growing ball of Lad's knot as it traveled back and forth. It would slip all the way inside my tight ring of muscle, which contracted behind it with a deliciously satisfying snap of closure. Then he'd pull back, making me stretch even wider, taut and tense; then sink back in again. The tip, meanwhile, was hosing my far inner regions. Each push and pull produced an accompanying squelch and slurp as copious dog sperm accumulated, saturating the passage. My cozy little bedroom, which had smelled at first of pine, was acquiring a slight but definite whiff of assfucking as well.

His knot was surely at full size, but he hadn't settled down yet. He was still trying to push and pull it inside of me. I gave him a real hard ass-squeeze behind the knot as he went deep, and whoops! I was wrong. He hadn't been quite full size yet after all. I don't know if the Christmas spirit made him grow a few sizes that day, or if it was the result of the long pent-up horniness, or what. In any case, when I clamped down on him, his body stilled and he swelled perceptibly to what sure seemed like previously unreachd dimensions. I raised my head from the blankets and checked the mirror. His expression lost all its intensity and glazed over with bliss. I had the impression that his brain had dissolved into happy fog and was abdicating any further responsibility, allowing his balls to take over and finish the job. My own face looked shellshocked — sweaty and happy, but stunned. Collectively, we made a picture that you'd probably caption "fucked into oblivion." I really wanted to take a picture, but thankfully I had just enough brains left to recognize that as a bad idea. I had also deliberately set my phone down out of reach.

I actually felt too sensitive to want to touch myself much, besides which, if I may put it overtly, I don't like getting ass-leakage on my hand when he's tied back there. I contented myself with easing my weight forward and simply allowing everything to relax. I let myself grow comfortable around the seemingly impossible girth of his knot, picturing how inseparably snugly he must be joined to me. Lad's ejaculatory pulses kept up all the while, quiet and steady, as he covered me, held me tight, filled me and over-filled me. The smell in the room was really rich now. I licked my hand to see if there was still any taste of him left from earlier.

Everything was quiet, the lights were dim, and the air was warm and heavy. My body was limp, and I soon found I was having trouble keeping my eyes open. I don't think I fell asleep, but I let my eyes close and my thoughts wander, disconnected and dreamlike. Happy images of past times with Lad came and went — not sex, mostly, but moments of companionship, friendship, shared joys, victories in competition, mastering new tricks, games of chase. Sometimes, from day to day, I wondered how sex could feel so easy and natural with a dog; as memories swirled in the fog of my post-orgasmic brain, it occurred to me that it felt easy because we were already close in so many ways. Putting our bodies together was just another step along the same path we were already traveling. An uncommon step, but a natural one, seen from the right perspective.

Unable, in this position, to give him a normal hug, I wiggled my ass and gave his knot a few squeezes. "Arf, arf," I said, laughing a little at myself. "You like that at all?" There was no reply, but I think he liked it just fine.

I became aware that the wind was howling outside, which meant that the powdery snow on the ground would be drifting. I entertained the idea that our road might be drifted in and my family's return would be delayed, but I knew that my father would cheerfully drive his old truck through drifts you'd need pitons to climb over, and there wasn't going to be any delay.

No, they'd be back on time, and I thought it was important that they didn't cap off their evening by arriving home to find me bent over the bed and ass-tied to the dog. You never know; it's just within the realm of possibility that my mom might say, "Oh! That's different," and never speak of it again, but I saw no point in testing the limits of her confrontation-avoidance. It's also possible that Lad would hear the truck pulling into the driveway and want to run to the front door. I have a much too vivid imagination, and the image of myself bouncing and dragging behind the dog like a wheelless cart as he bounded to the door was off-putting, even though I knew it was comically impossible.

Anyway, we needed to get separated in time... but there's really nothing to do except relax and wait. By the clock, we had plenty of time and nothing to worry about, honestly, but this had already been a longer tie than the first. It was a nice little exercise in self-control to stay patient, breathe deeply, enjoy the feelings and think nice, loose, slippery thoughts. I took advantage of that vivid imagination of mine to visualize the scene from beneath us, looking up between his legs. The bed held the weight of my upper body as I reached back and pulled my cheeks apart, imagining how the tie between us would look from below.

Maybe that motion woke Lad out of his reverie, or maybe it was just time. He pulled back, but it wasn't going to fit out yet. From my imaginary viewpoint beneath us, I would have just seen the curvature of his knot appearing, then disappearing again. From the suddenly much wetter feeling, there must have been a preliminary gush of escaping dog sauce, too. He'd been pumping it in there for fourteen minutes; there was a lot. My imaginary self watching from below was going to get her face glazed when the big flood came.

I was panting as Lad tugged again and again. It's an accelerating process once it starts, though, and it didn't take him long to get out. The last tug wasn't even particularly forceful. He just eased backward. I felt a brief but eye-popping sense of widening, and out he went: knot, shaft, and tip, with a slurpy-suctiony sound and a fountain of dog cum that sprayed my upturned calves. My ass winked shut as his tip sprang out. He lifted one paw over my side, turned, and hopped off. One moment we were tied, the next we were apart, and I was acutely aware of the emptiness. Well, not total emptiness. I rocked my ass side to side — subconsciously trying to wag a nonexistent tail? — and the slosh of liquid told me there was still quite a lot of Laddie swimming around in me. He had been generous. I held it inside, a bit of lingering warmth.

I looked over and saw he was curled up in a comfortable-looking ball. I really wanted to cuddle him, but he was cleaning himself up, and I needed to do the same for myself... and the floor. We can skip over the mopping up. When all that was taken care of, I sat on the rug with my legs in a V, and called him over to me. He lay down between my legs, tucked in neatly, with his chin on my thigh. I often give his coat a brushing when we're seated like this, so it's a familiar position for both of us. Having no brush handy, I just petted him, long strokes from ears to tail. He's not always in a mood to sit still for very long, but that night, he obliged me for a while. He seemed contented.

"You sure love that ass, huh, boy?" He looked at me enquiringly, but decided I wasn't saying anything comprehensible, and laid his chin back down again. I ruffled his fur. "I know you do. I love

having you in me. Stay with me a long time, OK?" Any conversation afterward is always one-sided, but that's not bad. He never says anything dumb or asks annoying questions, and I don't want to talk that much anyway.

A text from my mom let me know that they were on the way home. I told her I'd be in bed. I took a few more minutes to clean up, then lay down under the covers. Lad hopped up and settled into the crook of my knees. I knew he'd probably get up when the family got home, and they'd let him outside. But I was sleepy, and with my head on the pillow and my boy nestled up close, I fell asleep quickly and didn't wake until Christmas morning.

We spent Christmas Day as we have since I was small. It doesn't have quite the same kind of magic as it did back then, but having the family all gathered for a morning together still feels special. Lad joined us inside after breakfast when we opened presents. He got some leftover scrambled eggs as a treat, then enjoyed poking his nose into wrapping paper and supervising all the activity.

Everything was as it should be on a Christmas morning, yet I was aware of a tiny degree of separation between myself and the rest of my family. I love my parents without reservation, and I don't like lying to them, or keeping things hidden from them. I also love Lad, and all the things we do together. Those two facts don't go well together. As time goes on, there's more and more that I have to hide. Part of growing up, I suppose. My mom got Laddie a pretty red jingle bell collar for Christmas, and when I put it on him, I thought how it would jingle when he was slamming his body against mine. I kept that to myself. I also did not sing my improved lyrics to "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree." It was still a really nice Christmas, spent with everyone I love the most.

When I was younger, one of my favorite books was Farley Mowat's "The Dog Who Wouldn't Be." It still is one of my favorites, actually. It's a very funny book, and as a kid I laughed out loud at Mutt's misadventures, but it also shaped how I thought about the relationship between a person and a dog. You don't own a dog. You work and play and grow with them. Lad's lucky I didn't name him Mutt.

The last chapter of that book is a hard one to read, though. Any story about a dog who is loved is going to be bittersweet, at best, if you follow it all the way to the end. I don't think I want to write the last chapter between Lad and me, and I think this will be the last of these little stories. You can imagine a girl and her dog on unending adventures, playing in the barn, finding warmth on cold December days, greeting the first warm day of each new spring together, without end. And... you know.

Arf, arf.