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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Hi everyone, my name is Katie, I'm 20 years old. My first mating experience with my dog was about a year ago, and I'd like to share the story!

I've always been a very dedicated animal lover from a very young age. I was the kind of kid who would try to beat up guys twice my size if I saw them hurting a puppy or a kitten. I grew up around animals all my life, and have always been very active in crusading for animal rights. Needless to say, this would give me some initial conflicting feelings, but more on that later.

I started college two years ago as an 18 year old virgin with virtually no sex drive. I was always very focused on academics and had no time for dating, nor had I ever met a boy I had really clicked with. I tried dorm life for the first few months, but it was NOT for me. Luckily, I was able to get off campus housing fairly easily, and had moved into my own place by my second semester of freshman year. Once I moved in the desire to get a dog was almost instantaneous. Home just wasn't home to me unless you had a dog run to greet you at the door. I was at the local pound less than a week later and immediately fell in love with Buster. He jumped up on his cage door and cocked his head at me, and I was in love. It took me three weeks to go through the adoption procedure because he's part pit and the pound had some of those ridiculous, discriminatory rules about adopting out pits and pit mixes, but if I get started on that I'll be here for days. ANYWAY, suffice to say I eventually brought Buster home and we settled into a nice routine.

To talk about my entire sexual awakening would take a while, so let's just say that a few weeks passed and I met a guy. After a disastrous first attempt at a sexual encounter, I was left hurt, upset, and frustrated in more way than one. After much internal debate and paranoia, I found a discreet online website and ordered my first vibrator. The first night I settled in to play with it, I was in for another nasty shock: It just wouldn't fit. I'd always been a small girl but I was working under the assumption that with a little practice and a lot of will, it wouldn't be a problem. I was wrong. It took me almost a month of finger play to manage to get the vibrator inside of myself. When I did, it was a bit uncomfortable and unpleasant, but I figured it was nothing more practice wouldn't fix.

As it turns out I was right, and after about three months of work, I was able to comfortably take about five inches of the vibrator, and had become quite an old hand at masturbation. It should be noted that when I masturbated, I would make Buster stay outside in the living area. He objected at first, but had soon settled in to the routine. I'm pretty sure he began to be able to smell my arousal, and would look at me with his sad eyes, whine, and go settle into his dog bed, almost as if he were my own personal orgasm timer. "Alright mom, you have thirty minutes before I start getting impatient!" As cliched as this sounds, and it does, I know, this was the routine up until the night I didn't close the door all the way. I was getting down to business, shall we say, when I felt Buster jump on the bed. I immediately went to put him out of the room, but he had other plans, sticking his nose in my crotch and starting to lick. My visceral reaction went from arousal to shock and horror at myself, and I forced him out the room, with him sniffing at me and trying to lick as I walked the entire time. Once I had the door shut, he started crying, and I felt so guilty that I quickly threw on my robe and abandoned play for that night.

Once again, this was a mistake. I had neglected to wear clothes under the robe, but once I settled in on the sofa with Buster laying on my feet, I got so engrossed in a tv show that I just kind of forgot about it. That is until I went to feed Buster. I was still a bit frustrated from my earlier self coitus interruptus, when I reached into the cabinet for a can, my robe came a bit undone and I rubbed up against one of the lower cabinet handles. At that point, I was horny enough that I couldn't even bother to feel guilty, I just wanted it to hit that same spot at that same angle as many times as possible. Let's not mince words, I basically ended up humping a cabinet knob. This is what I had come to. I don't remember how long this went on, but I was interrupted by a cold nose right between my spread legs, licking. I knew it was Buster, I knew I had to stop him, but I was so close to an

orgasm that just a few licks pushed me over the edge. I came harder than I ever had before, and barely put up a fight when Buster kept licking me, even sliding down against the cabinet to give him better access. I was in a bit of a haze, but soon got my bearings about me and realized I was letting my dog preform oral sex on me in the middle of my kitchen. Once again, the familiar feelings of shame took over, and I quickly got to my knees to get up.

I'm sure you know what's coming, but that was another mistake. Before I knew it, Buster was on my back. The weight made me fall down to all fours, and I could feel his penis pushing against my bottom. I tried to stand up, but he was too heavy, and when I moved it only gave him better access. Against my better judgment, I stayed still on the floor and let him up against my thigh until he came. When I felt him spurt on me, I was so ashamed I ran to my room and shut the door, leaving poor Buster alone and confused in the kitchen.

I'm not proud of my actions, but until then the thought of Buster as anything other than a companion had never crossed my mind. I felt dirty, and sick, and like I had hurt and taken advantage of Buster. After that, I was very careful to lock the door while masturbating, and shower after each time, so the scent didn't lead to a repeat performance. Things went back to normal immediately with Buster, of course, but I couldn't stop feeling bad about what I'd done and even worse at the fact that I had liked it. I became obsessed with the memory, until it was nearly the only fantasy that could bring me to orgasm, but I pushed it down for Buster's sake, as I perceived this as something I was doing to hurt him, as something he didn't want. I couldn't be farther from the truth on THAT matter, but at the time I felt just terrible. It wasn't until three months later that I gave into my desires enough to research things online, which was, incidentally, the first time I ever found this forum. With my mind a bit more at ease and finals over, I decided to spend my summer indulging my new found curiosity, if Buster would have me. It turns out that was a very, very silly concern.

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As I mentioned before, I had decided to experiment with Buster. I spent quite a while reading FAQs and Guides and Tips, and quite a while soul searching to make sure this was what I wanted. As I said, I had always been an animal activist, and was afraid that I was going to compromise all of my ideals. I couldn't deny my growing arousal at the thought of having sex with Buster, though, and I soon made the promise to myself that if I ever felt that Buster was reluctant, or not enjoying it, I would stop cold turkey. Adopt him out and never own a dog again if I couldn't contain myself. Looking back it seems rash, but like I said I was a total novice.

I decided to start off small, and try to get him to lick me. I had read all the tips and decided on the night I would try. I had a card table that would be the perfect height for the task, as Buster is a tall dog, and I'm vertically challenged. What? That's we call it nowadays! I covered it with blankets and pillows for padding, and laid out what I had dubbed my 'lick kit:' peanut butter, honey, powdered sugar, even chicken broth and a turkey baster, as I knew it was Buster's favorite in case he needed the extra motivation. What can I say, I'm a planner. The entire time I was setting up, Buster was on the couch looking at me like I was a crazy person. I turned around, undressed, climbed on the table, and had a crotch full of Buster snout almost immediately.

I have to admit, I was taken off guard, and almost disappointed for a second because I had planned so thoroughly! That was soon out of my head though, and Buster's tongue got to working on me. Aside from the first, rushed experience with Buster, I had never received oral sex before. I felt like I was going to explode out of my skin. I've mentioned before that I'm small and Buster is a pretty big dog, and his tongue positively covered my slit, licking in long, rough stroke after long rough stroke. Each time he would hit my clit I would shudder almost violently. It was so different from pleasuring myself, so much more intense. I came, hard, and in short order, but Buster just started licking

harder and harder, worming his tongue inside of me a bit, trying to get to the moisture. As he refocused his attentions on my hole, his cold nose kept bumping against my clit, driving me totally crazy. I had come again shortly after, and Buster was still at it. I was so sensitive that I had to push him off of me, eventually opening the container of chicken broth as a distraction and reward for a job that had been quite well done.

As I recovered my breathing and thought processes, I looked over to see that Buster was erect, and out of his sheath. I was momentarily terrified, as it was much thicker and a bit longer than the vibrator I had just managed to accommodate. I knew there was no way it was fitting in that night. As he finished up the broth, I hobbled over to him (still sensitive and a bit sore from stretching my legs so far apart) and took his penis into my hand. I took a moment to let the novelty sink in. I had seen male penises before and even given a few clumsy blowjobs, and even seen pictures of a dog penis online, but it was nothing compared to holding one in my hand. It was a bit slimy and red and pointed, and I instinctively started to stroke it. After a few second Buster whined, and I realized that things had gotten a bit dry. I moved my hand between my legs and moistened it, before moving it back to Buster's penis. I took a moment to marvel at the fact that I had just used my own cum to lubricate my dog's penis, and got a bit of a thrill at how naughty I was being, before really getting into things. Buster started humping my hand, and I positioned my other hand behind it, making a bit of a makeshift pussy for him, feeling bad that I couldn't offer him the real thing at that point. He came, jerking in my hands, and I couldn't resist tasting a bit. Buster retreated to the corner to lick himself, and I leaned down on the way to the bathroom to rub his ears and give him a kiss on the head. All in all, my first attempt was a resounding success.

Over the next month or so, I worked myself up to blowjobs for Buster, which were a bit awkward at first, but Buster soon grew to love. I kept putting off penetration, until one night when Buster got too excited and mounted me from the front. I let him go with it, but after only an inch or two it became too painful for me. I knew I was going to have to do some additional training if I ever wanted to fully make love to Buster, which I definitely did. That very night, I went online and ordered another vibrator, a bit bigger than the old one and a bit smaller than Buster's penis, and got to work.

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I received the new vibrator about a week later, and immediately got to work. This time, however, I left my door open, because let's just say Buster's never tiring tongue helped things along quite well. As it was, it took me only three or four days to fully take the new vibrator, which I felt was an accomplishment, and I got a bit too cocky, pardon the pun. The very next night, after Buster and I had our oral sex sessions, I secured the socks I had made him, and I turned over to let him mount me. He gave me a few licks and jumped up, and I reached back to help him find my hole. As soon as he had found it, he was halfway in with about one stroke and I screamed so loud I'm surprised I didn't alert my neighbors.

See, I'm usually a very logical person. I think things through, I plan, I make sure that I will get the result I want. In my recent sexual fervor, however, I had failed to notice that when I did my estimated measurements, I had neglected to take into account the fact that Buster was a grower. I knew he got a bit bigger in my mouth, but apparently my pussy REALLY excited him, and he had gotten a good inch or two longer and a bit thicker as well. I was, again, pardon the pun, fucked. I managed to get Buster off, and once again I had to severely disappoint my poor boy with a blowjob and handjob.

I guess it speaks to my determination that the next thing I did was go online and order a proper dildo. I figured if I could take a comparable 'male' penis, I could take Buster. Allow me to tell you that the next two months were the most frustrating of my life. I literally had to go inch by inch on

that thing until I eventually bottomed out. I had never been an overly social person in the first place, but I had to put an end to all my 'drop in' visitors at that point, as I had fashioned my own personal practice area by affixing the dildo to a chair so I could lower myself on, and setting up makeshift handrails via a shelving unit and my trusty card table.

After the considerable pain on the last attempt, I probably waited longer than I needed to when it came time for my second shot at things. I will admit that I got a bit drunk first, allowed a very eager Buster to lick me to two mind shattering orgasms, and while I was sopping, immediately dropped onto the dildo. I managed to get the whole thing in, then rode it with a bit of difficulty until it felt more natural. All the while, poor Buster and his massive erection kept giving me the sad puppy eyes. Just a like a dog, eh?

Once I was riding the dildo with relative ease and very little discomfort, I got into position. Buster is a marvelous dog, and despite his obvious preoccupation, he sat where I told him to until I was in position. When I gave him a whistle, he was off and, well, humping. I didn't even have to guide him in this time, he hit home on the first thrust and lunged about four inches into me. I screamed again, but this time it was from the pleasure. Admittedly I'm only comparing this to one disastrous experience with a man, but having Buster's hot cock pumping inside of me felt better than anything else I had ever felt. I quickly forgot to hold myself up in my lust, and fell to my elbows on the low table I was using to adjust the height difference. This only gave Buster a better angle and he slammed the rest of the way into me. I've always rolled my eyes a bit at the 'she could feel his turgid manhood as it plundered the entrance to her womb!' foolishness, but Buster literally did bottom me out on some strokes.

I've seen mating videos that are very stop/start, but my boy stayed strong for what felt like an eternity. He had completely filled, and was pistoning in and out faster than I thought possible. I grabbed the nearest thing available to me to bit down on in an effort to stop crying out so loud, (thank god my neighbors aren't homebodies), and just gave in to the near haze of pure, animal lust I was in. It's great with Buster every time, but for the obvious reasons, nothing will ever compare to that first time. We'd both waited for so long and it was just pure heaven. Luckily I had the presence of mind (barely) to put a hand back and stop his knot when I felt it growing, because it would have split me in two. By the time Buster came, I had already reached two orgasms from his thrusting and my fingers on my clit, and when he shot into me, I clenched again and screamed despite my makeshift gag. That sealed it. I was officially what I've seen referred to as a 'dog cum slut.' I never thought I'd be HAPPY about that, but, hey, life changes, right? Needless to say, sex with Buster has become quite the habit to me over the past year. I keep expecting for the 'magic' to wear off, but things have only gotten better as I've grown more able to take his cock, as it's opened us up for new positions and the like. There's never a dull moment! I did eventually work up to taking his knot, though only about a month or so ago, and it's added a whole new level to my enjoyment of things. Let me know if you'd like a write up on that too, but I'll fully understand if you're sick of hearing me blather.

Thanks for listening!
Katie