

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



The following account is factual, a little erotic, but was primarily shared to help other people with a curious nature like my own.

A few years back, I owned a large breed K9 that was used to protect the ranch. After a few years, I couldn't resist my curiosity any more and found myself stimulating him manually on several occasions. Eventually I would entice him to mount me, but he was not very aggressive, and he would lose interest quickly after a few quick insertions. Although his penis seemed very small for such a large breed, it was very smooth and slippery, and fit comfortably inside me. I found the experience to be very erotic, and would reach orgasm quickly afterwards.

On one notable day, I thought it would be exciting to get a quick session in with him before my mother was coming to visit for dinner. I think the idea of being so taboo, and sneaky was what made this activity so alluring. The consequence of getting caught in the act, in our intolerant society, would be devastating.

Although I usually had to coax him into mounting me, something was different about his attitude on this particular day. I bent over on all fours and reached back to stroke his penis within its sheath. Normally, I would have to pull him into me, but this time he lunged forward and sunk his shaft into my ass while gripping me tightly around my waist. He pounded me with relentless, short, forceful strokes for one of the most intense minutes of my life. Well... up until the next few minutes of my life.

With a determination, he slipped his poker deeper into me than I had ever felt it go before (or anything else for that matter). I struggled to hold up under his weight as he aggressively pulled me closer until I could feel his soft balls against my bum. I could feel he was a bit too deep and was poking me a little internally. This was surprising, because I knew I could take a flexible dildo up to 8 inches without discomfort, and had never seen his bone get much bigger than 5 inches long, (and only about a finger's width).

I could feel that he was also growing much thicker than I'd ever managed to get him before. After the initial pounding, the penetration began to settle into an extremely pleasurable and erotic experience. He slowed his pace and began to relax on top of me while he pulsed and pumped...and pumped me full of his semen. As he let go of me and began to support his own weight again, I was able to use one of my hands on myself. It didn't take much to send me over the edge into a full-body orgasm. My sphincter began to clinch as I came, thus pulling him painfully deeper again. I was disgusted that my animal was cumming in me, but overwhelmed by my pleasure at the same time. I realised that he had never reached orgasm before in our previous play.

Soon after his thrusting had slowed, he started to dismount me and carry on his way like he normally would after a quick poke. I was finished with my orgasm, feeling a bit shameful of my act, and was more than ready to remove him from my constricted anal cavity, (and get myself cleaned up before my Mum arrived). I was already half way to my trembling feet, when we both realised that something had gone wrong. As we tried to separate, I felt like my guts were being turned inside out. Much to both our shock and horror, he had become lodged inside of me, or "tied" as I would later learn it is called.

I had no other choice but to collapse back to the floor and try to find a comfortable position to weather this predicament. To make matters worse, I could feel him getting bigger and bigger with each pulsing gush of blood into his organ. I began to panic and tried to pull him out. Not a chance. We had already reached a point of no return.

The pressure on the inside of my tailbone was becoming intense, but only rivalled by the gouging of my colon at the other end. He stepped over me, (leaving conspicuous scratch marks on my back), and faced the other direction. The feeling of his inflated organ spinning 180 degrees in me was enough to make me black-out, but for some reason, created a much better angle for me to accommodate. I also used this opportunity to hold his tail and keep him from injuring me with a sudden pull-out.

My dog was initially as panicked as myself. I was shaking and as scared as I have ever been. I didn't know what was happening, nor how long I would be stuck. In fact, I wasn't really sure why we were stuck. I did my best to calm my friend with my shaky voice. He seemed intent on keeping a tension on the tie and was pulling away from me with all of his four powerful limbs.

After about ten minutes, my opening had relaxed enough to slip a finger inside myself to assess the situation. His bulb had inflated to the size of my fist and was rock hard. I couldn't even understand how it could fit inside me. I pressed on it in vain to see if I could reduce it, but no luck. I knew that my Mum would show any minute and I had to get out of this some how. Throughout the tie, I could feel his cum still being pumped into me, with only small amounts leaking around the knot to stream down my thigh.

Although I'm not religious, I think I promised through my tears to all gods and saviours that I would never try this again if I could just get free. I have read about loggers who have cut off their own arms with a pocketknife to get out from under fallen trees. I probably might have tried that option if it would have helped in this situation.

I knew I was out of time, so I devised a plan. I knew that there is a window during the start of my orgasm that my anal sphincter will go into dilation. I quickly went to work on myself again and did my best to knock out another one. This was no easy task, since the first O had left me weak and completely drained. To do so, I had to take the risk of letting go of my K9's tail.

About 30 minutes into this ordeal, my dog's knot was beginning to shrink just as I began to cum. It slipped out violently from his pulling, splashing cum everywhere....and leaving me damaged for weeks. (If I had only cum a few seconds later, he probably would have been small enough by then to not cause any damage). I sent him and his dangling, red monstrosity into the back yard as I pulled up my pants over my cum-soaked legs. To my disbelief, his tool was the size of a man's, plus a 3in knot at the base.

After mopping up the puddles on the floor, I ran up to answer the door for my mother. She took one look and said, "honey, what's wrong with you? You're white as a ghost." I managed a few unconvincing excuses with my shaking voice, but she continued to look at me with suspicion. I did my best to clear my head, but couldn't ignore the rumbling and gurgling of my cum-filled guts through out the rest of the evening....not to mention one terribly battered and stretched ass.

I hope this account of my amateur experience will help you avoid the same misfortune. I was lucky to escape serious injury, so be aware of the K-9's unusual anatomy for your own safety.