

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



My name is Christine and I'm thirty-five years old woman who was raped by a dog. The only reason that I'm writing this is in response to the stupid stories that I've read on the Internet regarding dog rape. I now know that a woman can be raped by a dog but if that happens the woman sure as hell isn't going to start having great orgasms and wanting to suck his dick.

I submit the following:

Two years ago I lived 12 miles east of Seattle. The house I was renting had an attached garage and a medium lawn. It wasn't a fine house but the rent fit my budget.

I was cutting my lawn on a Saturday morning and I was startled by the sudden sound of a car's tires screeching to a stop on the roadway near me. As I looked up I saw a dog that had narrowly escaped death running across the road and into the woods. The driver honked his horn and yelled at the dog, then he sped away.

As the car drove out of sight the dog cautiously emerged from the woods and sat down. I had never seen him before and I figured he was lost. I called to him and it was obvious that he heard me but for some reason he ignored me. With a shrug I went back to cutting the lawn and soon forgot about him.

After finishing with the lawn I went into the house, made lunch, and watched the noon news. Just as the news was ending I heard a dog whining so I went to my screen door and saw the dog sitting on the front porch. He was the dog who had almost been killed by the car a few hours earlier. He was a large, mixed breed, probably shepherd and lab, and was a least 120 pounds. I noticed that he didn't have a collar but from his appearance it seemed that was taken care of by someone.

I was sure that he was lost and his owner would be looking to claim him. I went to the kitchen and got him a bowl of water and set it near him on the porch. When I did this he backed away from me and wouldn't touch the water until I went back in the house and closed the screen door.

After I had done this he really went after the water and lapped the bowl dry. I sat by the door and talked to him in a soothing voice but he remained aloof and when I started to join him on the porch he backed away and headed towards the edge of the road.

Just then, a car moving at high speed, came around the bend and, for a moment, I thought the dog would panic, do something stupid, and be killed. The driver sounded his horn and the dog bolted towards my house. "If I don't do something soon this dog is going to get killed," I thought.

I needed to figure out a way to keep him safe. I refilled the bowl with water and walked around the garage, opened the side door and set the bowl on the floor. I turned on the lights, left the door open and walked a short distance away. After a few minutes he went for the water and I quietly approached the door on his blind side and closed it. I would get him some food later and figure out some way to find his owner.

I heard the phone ringing and went back into the house. The call was from a friend and as we chatted I told her about the dog and asked if she knew of anyone in the area who might have a lost dog. She had heard nothing but promised to call back if anything developed. After the call I wrote out a list for grocery shopping and included a couple of cans of dog food.

I took a quick shower, towed dry, and put on a bathrobe while I began drying my hair. As I was doing this I thought I heard the dog barking in the garage so I turned the dryer off and opened the door a crack to check on him. He was sitting at the far side of the garage near the side door and I

noticed that the bowl was empty again.

"You're a thirsty dog aren't you?" I said to him.

I stepped into the garage and as I did I closed the door and he moved away from me. "You don't trust people do you boy?" I said. He was a strange dog, he just sat down and watched me as I walked over to get the bowl. As I started to reach for the bowl he jumped up and stalked towards me, baring his teeth, and growling in a very frightening way. I froze. I didn't understand him at all. I was just trying to be kind to him and all of a sudden he was threatening me. I sensed that if I made a run for the door he would be all over me before I moved three feet. "What's going on boy?" I said in a small quavering voice.

I was standing with my back against the side of the garage and he continued to approach me in his menacing way. When he was about five feet from me he turned towards the wall of the garage and herded me away from the wall and into the center of the garage. I moved slowly and stopped when he started growling again. I had never been that scared in my life. I couldn't talk. I couldn't move. I just stood there. Suddenly everything was a blur.

He barked and then lunged at me. I screamed and put my arms up in front of me but the force of his lunge knocked me to the floor. I landed on my back striking my head on the concrete floor. Hot sparks of pain shot through my head and I saw him approaching me with fangs drawn. The only thing I thought of was that he might try to bite my throat and if he did I would die in that garage. I rolled onto my stomach and started to get up but before I could he was straddling my back. He stood over me with his head just above my ears and I could smell his foul breath.

I didn't turn my head to look at him because I was sure that he would bite my face. For a minute he just stood there, not growling, not moving. Then he backed up and grabbed the hem of my bathrobe, pulled it towards my head, dropped it, and started sniffing my crotch. After a moment he started licking my pussy and I didn't move. I started feeling sick in my stomach as I realized that this horrible animal was going to try to rape me.

After licking me for a short time he became very excited and tried to mount me but it wasn't working for him because I was flat on my stomach. Suddenly he bite into my butt cheek and I screamed in shock and pain. I came up off the floor a little and he tried to mount me again. It still didn't work for him and he stepped back and bite me harder then before. I was trapped and we both knew it. If I didn't get into the mating position he was going to make wish that I had. I raised myself up on all fours while my tears of fear, anguish, and humiliation wet the floor.

Then he mounted me and locked his powerful forearms around my waist. My bathrobe was no longer covering my butt and I could feel his cock poking and prodding in his search for my pussy. I had the urge to squirm away when his cock found my opening but I was certain that if I did he would tear me apart. As he started pushing up inside of me I was surprised at how easily he was sliding into me. His cock was leaking pre-cum and making my pussy slippery.

I cried out in disgust and dread, I knew I had no choice. He was raping me and there was nothing that I could about it. He continued thrusting and I didn't know how my pussy stretched to handle him but it did. Up to a point.

He kept thrusting into me, going deeper and deeper until my pussy resisted any further penetration. At this time I began to feel a tight cramping pain in my guts caused by his cock being pushed in so deep. I was sobbing so hard my chest hurt. "Dear God, please don't let him do this to me," was all I

kept saying, over and over. I was starting to babble and I couldn't stop.

I could feel the pain getting worse. I dropped my head and looked backwards between my legs. I gasped hard as a cold wave of pure terror swept through me. His cock was as thick as my wrist and he still had at least three inches to go before he could lock his knot into me. His knot was half way inflated and it was obvious that it would be as big as a tennis ball very soon. This was as serious as having a gun pointed at me with the hammer back. His cock was way bigger than my pussy.

The pain in my guts was making me sick with pain as he continued to thrust deeper into my pussy but he was making little headway. Just as he felt my pussy trying to refuse him further entry he got pissed. He made a deep threatening growl, gripped my waist tighter and lunged upward into my cunt. I screamed loud enough to break eardrums but he ignored my agony. Bright, flickering lights raced through my head and my body went crazy with pain.

I remember thrashing wildly as I felt the huge pain of his knot being forced into me and my guts cramped so violently that I was swallowed by darkness.

When I woke I was in a world of pain and humiliation. The dog was laying in the corner of the garage ignoring me. I looked at the floor around my crotch and was surprised at how little blood I saw but how much cum there was. I was amazed that I was alive. It seemed like a miracle had happened. How could he have driven a cock that huge into me without puncturing something vital and causing me to hemorrhage?

The last thing I remembered was him setting his knot in my pussy and the large pools of cum on the floor was proof that he had rutted himself to completion. When I had fainted my body must have relaxed and provided just enough flexibility to spare my life.

My pussy and guts ached and I was still feeling nauseous. Never in my life had the thought ever entered my mind that a dog's cock could literally kill me dead! I think I sat on that floor for the better part of an hour staring at nothing. My thoughts slowly started making sense of where I was and what had happened. I was still a little confused but the pain in my body had subsided quite a bit. I was no longer hurting nearly as much as I did when I first woke up.

"I want out of here, I want to go home." Those words sounded so good to me, so reassuring. My home was only 15 feet away and I wanted to be there. I started to stand and that dog was up and threatening me in an instant. I froze. No thoughts. Nothing.

He was growling and baring his teeth as he circled me. Suddenly he reared up and knocked me to the floor. I rolled onto my stomach and as I started to rise he straddled me and seized the back of my neck in his jaws. He lowered his body and I could feel his cock probing around my butt and I knew was going to rape me again. He wanted me to raise up on all fours. I still hurt from his past abuse and I knew that if I didn't show my consent quickly he would hurt me severely, or worse.

As I positioned myself for coming rape I felt rage.

I was angry, deadly angry. I wasn't going to cry any more. I had to do what I had to do if I was going to survive. I wasn't going to feel humiliation anymore. I was going to comply and when I could get away from him I was going to poison him and take great satisfaction in watching him die. I hoped it would not be quick.

As I assumed the mating position he released my neck. He quickly mounted me, found my pussy, and drove his cock in so fast that I gulped air in surprise. My pussy was still soaked from his last assault and on his third thrust he buried his cock to the hilt and locked his knot into me. Although my pussy

was horribly stretched from the last encounter I withstood the extreme pain by biting down hard on my lower lip.

Once he felt his knot fully inflate he knew my escape was impossible and he wasted no time in trying his best to fuck the life out of me.

He had a mean and cruel nature. He wasn't just trying to breed me. He wanted to hurt me with his cock and it showed. He started pumping into me fast and deep and when the pain of his fucking made me gasp for air he would tighten his grip around my waist and jerk me back hard against his cock for even deeper penetration.

On and on he went with savage determination. This must have gone on for ten minutes before I felt him suddenly slow down and his muscles tensed. By this time the pain in my cunt seemed to have gone away. I figured he had just fucked it numb, it didn't matter.

Now he was going to unload in me. The first shot out of his cock stunned my senses. It was hot. I could feel it and it was hotter than my own internal temperature. He stood over me not moving, just unloading his balls into me. About every five seconds he gushed into me. It must have taken two full minutes for him to finish with me.

During that time I did have an orgasm. I didn't want it to happen, it was involuntary. I felt it coming out of nowhere and it gripped me hard and I couldn't help panting. In its own way it was terrific but under the circumstances it really pissed me off. I must have shuddered from its grip on me for a full minute. Yes, it was very intense.

Finally, I felt his last feeble squirt and I knew he was spent. Soon he threw a back leg over me and we were locked butt to butt for another fifteen minutes. When his knot finally shrank he pulled free of me with a wet popping sound and his cum gushed out onto my legs and some sprayed on the floor. He was through with me. He walked to the corner of the pen and sat down with his back to me and started licking his cock.

I cautiously stood up and eased my way toward the door to the house. I quietly entered my house and closed the door securely, never letting my eyes leave him. He heard the door close but he never looked at me. He had what he wanted and that was that.

"Hang in there stud, I know all that power fucking must have made you hungry," I thought. The least I could do was get him a nice big steak. "Coming right up, buddy!"

END