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I had been in sexual relationships before but this....This was something different...

To properly say where this story begins would have to be at the adoption centre in the city where I had just moved to, perhaps a month and a half after relocating. I was new on the job, and new to the area, one which was vastly bigger and denser than the city I had come from and personally, felt a bit lost in the whole ordeal. After a relationship with my last boyfriend which had lasted probably about four months longer than it should have, surviving more or less only on physical desires and pleasures, I was single and couldn't have been happier with this decision. I felt free like a bird....But lonely, still. I wasn't ready for another relationship- not yet, not emotionally, not even physically, or at least not in the traditional way. I had left behind my cat who, after growing accustomed to going indoors and out at her leisure, would not adapt to a strictly indoor life with my neighbour, so she could continue to prowl the fields and woods out in their backyard as she would have normally. I wasn't necessarily trying to fill in that void by taking a trip to the shelter, but I was in need of a companion, and since I figured the exercise from walking a dog couldn't hurt, I opted for a canine this time instead.

Of course, there was the usual plethora of possible companions to choose from- would I take home the sad-eyed mutt who reminded me most of that Benji dog from the movies? Or would I go for the pedigree Dalmatian who whined and wagged his tail as I passed by? I tried to put things into the best perspective possible; what breed of dog could I handle while working- one which didn't require too much maintenance, a quiet dog, and preferably one that was already an adult so I wouldn't have to go through the whole training process. I walked past kennel after kennel until out of the blue, as I glanced in one, I saw him. He was sitting there, calm as you please with his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth in a comical sort of smile. He looked like he would be laughing, but with a gentle, friendly kind of laugh. I kneeled down and put my hand up to the kennel wires and he immediately washed my fingers with a good-natured lick.

And this was how I met Jet, who would later ride home with me in the back seat of my car, sitting there with the same, happy smile on his face. Jet was a German Shepherd Golden Retriever mix and had both beautiful looks and a beautiful disposition. He had a square build, like the golden, and the long fur as well, but the markings and muzzle of a German shepherd. He was five years old then, and had been brought to the kennel by the family of a lady who had owned him and had passed away a week ago. He was fairly well trained and had gone through a couple of obedience classes, and after being assured that he had never bitten anyone or even bared his teeth, the papers were signed and he came home with me.

The first couple of weeks he turned my house into a home. It was quiet still, for jet wouldn't bark unless I got him riled up by getting out the leash and asking him 'Who wants to go for a walk?' And even then the answer was a polite, 'yes!' though quiet enough to show he was hesitant to bark at all. He slept on the floor by my bed at night, and sometimes at 2:00 in the morning when I couldn't sleep, he sympathized by sitting by me as I sat in the kitchen, munching on cookies and reading the news, oftentimes with his large, soft head in my lap, nudging me now and again for a pet.

Jet was also insistent that he be in the same room with me, though a simple 'No, Jet,' was enough to tell him that he should simply lay outside and wait until I was finished in the bathroom, or getting dressed. For the first while, I didn't dress or undress in front of him, though after a while, those kindly brown eyes weren't scrutinizing at all, and nor were they judgmental. If anything, he was happy to see me, naked or fully clothed, just as long as I was there. Eventually this led to him being allowed in the bathroom while I showered and got ready in the morning, and soon he would obediently follow me into and out of the bathroom before and after my morning or evening shower

or bath, content to lie on the ground whilst I bathed.

One night, however, I had had a particularly rough day at work. I was still the new person, and the paperwork had done nothing but pile up all week, and though it was Friday night, I simply was in no mood to go out and do anything, because I was too stressed and tired. Deciding that a hot shower and a night in my puffy bathrobe would help quiet my nerves, I ran the taps and jumped into the moisture and heat, with Jet laying obediently just outside the shower. When I got out, I realized that I had forgotten my bathrobe in the bedroom, so I, seeing as I lived alone and Jet had seen my 'downstairs' countless times, walked the distance nude after toweling myself off to sit down on the bed and, enjoying the freedom of being at home after work, clean, and nude, I flopped backwards, with my hands folded across my bare chest and legs hanging over the side of the bed. Still feeling the warmth of the shower on my skin, keeping me warm, I closed my eyes, musing to myself how glad I was I had already shut the blinds in my bedroom. I concentrated on nothing, trying to find utter peace and tranquility in my present state, listening only to the sounds of my own breathing and the gently pant of Jet, who sat next to my bed.

I could feel his warm breath on my leg, and when I hadn't moved for a while, he licked my knee and I giggled, lifting a hand just to show him that I was alive and well. He seemed to take this for a good answer, but was persistent. Jet had never been an attention craver- he was content with simply being around me, though perhaps it was the scent of my clean, bare skin that drove him to do it. I heard him stand up and move, and figured he was going to go lie in the corner of his bed, though instead I felt the soft brush of his fur against the inside of my leg and had opened my eyes to see where he was when I felt moisture and warmth on my genitals.

I sat up quickly, though the movement didn't deter Jet, who quietly and calmly resumed giving me oral pleasure. I put my hand down to move his muzzle away, though for the first time he resisted. He didn't growl or show any sign of wanting to bite, but was persistent- as was his tongue and pleasingly cold nose. I was tense at first- this wasn't right...Was it?...Ohh, but yes, yes it was. I slowly leaned back and pushed my hips further out over the edge of the bed, spreading my legs and allowing him to continue. I didn't care that my bedroom door was open- the house doors were locked, and I would hear if someone came in or rang the doorbell....Well, I might have, had I not been so lost in oblivion.

I began to moan softly as he continued to lick, though soon even that wasn't enough. Fingering through his thick fur to his red collar I pulled him closer and he was happy to oblige, always aiming to please. His licks became more urgent, and I could feel his breath quickening as well as I became more and more sexually excited. I quickly began to lust for more, however, and it wasn't long before I was down on the ground with him. At first he seemed content simply licking and snuffling, until I noticed the small peak of pinkish red peeking out from between his legs. That was enough to tell me that he was ready...Or so I assumed. I'd never done this type of thing before, though I was sure it would work. We both had sexual organs, right? And both of us were definitely in the mood.

I encouraged him to straddle me, but at first he did nothing but lick my face- he was new to this too, and though I had expected him to dig right in, he seemed a bit lost as well. 'Oh well,' I thought, 'We'll learn together.' Instinctively, I reached down with one hand to finger the area in which I had seen his penis. I could feel it poking in and out of the sheath, and he pumped his hips a few times, but he never seemed to bring it all the way out. Perhaps he needed more encouragement, I thought, and perhaps, since dogs don't generally engage in sex unless they're aiming for puppies, he needed to know exactly, precisely, what I wanted him to do with it.

So I moved a bit, grabbing a pillow off the bed and shoving it under my lower back to raise my pelvis to his level. Again I stimulated him until I could feel the tip poking out, and at that moment I lifted

my hips until I could feel him more or less right where I wanted him. He seemed to understand the feeling too- he had, afterall, bred female dogs before, and knew what to do with his stuff...He (and I too) were both just getting the whole translation process in gear. He felt the wetness of my opening, however, and his hips began to pump right away. At first I let him, figuring he'd get it right away, and I too began to pump my hips, though it wasn't nearly as pleasurable as it could have been. Only every now and again would our frantically pumping hips match up, and a small score happen- though without any deep penetration.

This wasn't quite working, and both of us were getting sexually frustrated, until I reached down again and gently, though firmly, grasped his sheath to direct him, and as soon as I felt his tip prod the opening of my vagina, I moaned and suddenly he lunged forward again and again, and with my hand guiding him, he entered, at last.

Such sweet sovereignty it was to be ruled by a dog. I hadn't ever seen a dog penis before, and glancing down, I was mystified as I saw him growing by each pump of his hips. He grew and already I could feel his penis belching semen inside of me, much hotter and acidic than normal semen. I writhed beneath him in the beautiful agony of pleasure, moth of my hands now buried in his fur as he continued to thrust away, quick, pulsating thrusts, the heat of him stirring me all the way to my soul as he reached further inside of me than any man ever had. His motions became faster and faster, and I, who would normally keep mum during the entire process, was wailing like a demon-possessed woman, until his movements became restricted, and with a flood of warm liquid, I myself ejaculated, the mysterious g-spot ejaculation just as we finished, together.

Naturally, though, neither of us could move. Jet knew this, and settled down on top of me, a big, fuzzy blanket, licking my face while he panted, like the tender kisses of a lover just after making incredible love. Eventually, his knot would shrink, and he would pull out, dripping and satisfied, but until then, I was in heaven, holding to my breast the wonderful creature who had fixed all my stress issues with one affair, the animal who had made my house a home, and the one who had showed me just how much we can teach each other.