

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) 2018 by unknown

My name is Tracy and I am 37 years old. I would like to tell you a story about what happened to me in my younger years that changed the course of my life substantially. You may not believe it, but that's up to you.

When I was 19, my family and I lived just outside Richmond, Virginia, on a small, 40 acre farm. My dad was an engineer for a local construction firm and my mom was a secretary for a plumbing supply company. They usually were away during the day except for those occasional days off. My older brother was often home early in the day, but he usually left during the summer days to hang out with his friends. Frequently, I found myself all alone with little to do but watch TV.

The day had begun like any other day during the summer vacation from school. Mom and dad were gone and I was all alone. It was ten in the morning and I already realized it was going to be a miserable summer. It was only early June and the heat was unbearable. I showered and put on a halter top and thin, loose shorts. Being cool was the first thought of my mind that day.

I had grown substantially since the prior year and had evolved into a pretty young lady. I had suffered the curse of my monthly period starting about seven months prior and could feel the time approaching for this month's period. I hated it, but it did make my budding breasts tender and sensitive.

As my nipples rubbed the cloth of the top I was wearing, they stiffened. They topped off the crown of my 34B breasts nicely, although they were not big nipples like my mother had. I hoped to have her DD size breasts, but my slender build seem to say that would never happen.

As I moved around the house that morning, the arousal caused by the constant rubbing was beginning to have its impact on me. While I had received some explanation of sex in our school health class, and of course my mother had told me about "the day" I would understand it all, I was still quiet unsure of what it really was all about.

All I knew was that there was a stirring in my lower belly that felt strange — strange good that is. Sometimes in bed, I would lay there and rub my breasts. I remember the time when my breasts had just started to develop I would feel the tenderness of my nipples as they swelled. And how the color of the area around the nipple stretched as the mounds of milk producing flesh grew. I hated my training bra and could not wait to have "real" breasts.

Well, now I had them. Proud and firm, with small, but sensitive nipples to tip them. Why even some of the boys at school remarked on them pointing out at times. That made me feel good to know that I was an object of their notice. My brother had said several times that my "boobs were looking good." Dad also remarked to mom one day that "his little girl was growing up." Mom agreed and that conversation ended abruptly as I got closer to the conversation.

The thought of watching TV again was not one I enjoyed. The shows were stupid and who cared about daytime game shows. So I decided to go for a walk around the property and enjoy the little coolness still available from the morning.

I stepped out onto the porch and felt a slight breeze that dried the light sweat on my forehead. Our home was at the end of about a half mile long dirt road which ended near the small barn we used to store things. It also housed hay for our pet llama. Aside from our ten acres, which was mostly fields, we were surrounded by woods on three sides and a large cornfield to the last side. Our closest neighbor was about one mile away. Dad purchased the property, as I later learned, to have some privacy.

Well we did. Seldom if ever did we have visitors or salesmen come to the house. As I looked out over the field and walked, I was joined by our dog Gus. Why dad named him that I'll never know, but he was a good dog. A cross between a black and tan hound and one of the neighbor's German shepherds. I looked down at Gus and said "its gonna be hot with all that fur Gus." His eyes seemed to understand and he just moved along with me as I walked.

Near the edge of our property was a small grove of trees through which a stream ran. The coolness of the water often served to soothe hot feet and often we would sit on the banks and let the cool water run over our bare feet. Today was another of those days. I slipped off my sandals and put my feet into the water. The chill made my nipples stiffen to almost a painfully taunt state. I soon began to appreciate the beauty of the area as I lay back on the moss covered, slightly sloping bank.

Peering up through the trees I could see rays of sunlight beaming down, lighting the foliage around me and warming my skin when it struck me. It was a stark contrast to the coolness of the water running over my feet. As I lay there, I closed my eyes and relaxed.

Suddenly, I remember hearing a wheezing noise and was startled to see Gus standing near me. I had forgotten he was there. "Gus, leave me alone" I said. Gus just groaned as he moved about two feet and flopped to the ground. He too was tired of nothing to do I guess.

A small fly landed on my face and as I swatted it away, my hand brushed over my right breast. The sensations combined with the ones in my premenstrual crotch region and elicited a slight groan from my lips. I liked the feeling and continued to stroke my breasts, moving my other hand up so each could pinch my nipples and massage the firm handful of flesh beneath it.

It was not long before my crotch was wet and a very stirring feeling was in my stomach. It was not an itch, but an uncomfortable sensation that I simply could not get past. One of my hands drifted down to my crotch and I could feel the wetness on my underwear beneath the shorts. My fingers traveled into my panty waistband and then into that split between the lower lips.

As they brushed through the light hair and beneath it, I shuddered with sensation. My finger lingered in the spot where I was most sensitive. Around the tiny hard knob it went slowly, coated with my own moisture. This sucked my clothes had to come off.

I raised up enough to remove my shorts and panties, carefully laying the shorts out so I could lay on them. I was now naked from the waist down and in the privacy of the wooded area, was beginning to become highly aroused. Gus was looking at me panting from where he lay. Lay back again, this time spreading my legs to provide open access to my inner body.

I had never had sex. My virginity was well intact, but I knew enough to know that sex was the schools saw to that. Not that we girls did not talk about it too. My hand began to lightly stroke my pleasure center. Soon my eyes were closed and as my fingers did the work physically, my mind was wandering to the day I would have some hot guy make love to me and open me completely.

The time passed without recognition and as I enjoyed my activity, I realized Gus had moved near my left side and was sniffing the area just above my hand. I reacted swiftly when his tongue slid out and licked my inner thigh. It was chilling. "GUS" I shouted. He just stared at me, not understanding what he had done. Am not sure I did either.

As I continued Gus took another swipe with his tongue, this time licking directly into my very center. I nearly exploded. The feeling was so great I was paralyzed. I lay there as his tongue licked all of the moisture from me and hit nerves that made me shudder.

I finally had what was my first orgasm and lay on the bank shuddering as wave after wave of emotion drained from my head out onto Gus' tongue. Soon I was exhausted. I pushed Gus away and rolled onto my side. I remained there for ten minutes, too weak to move from that one spot. If this had been so good, what would it be like to have a man inside filling me. The feelings in my stomach still were there and I could feel an emptiness inside me. Little did I know Gus would solve that dilemma.

I decided to go to the house and therefore had to get dressed. The little grove of trees was private enough, but walking home half naked was not going to happen. I rolled to my belly and onto my knees. At that point Gus must have recognized the opportunity and seized the moment.

Before I knew what was going on, Gus was mounted on my back, his front legs wrapped tightly around my small waist. His hips were thrusting, but he was not making contact. I tried to get him off and screamed "Gus, get off of me now!" That effectively did nothing. Suddenly, Gus was close enough. His one hundred pound plus size had allowed him to pull me to him.

I felt something stabbing at my ass and realized what was happening. "Oh MY GOD," he's going to enter me I realized. As I tried to get free, Gus seemed to only tighten his hold.

Suddenly, I felt a stab of pain. Then his hard pointed cock penetrated me, rupturing my virginity and entering my body. The pain subsided rapidly and the feeling of pleasure began to overtake my body. My breasts and nipples ached. I wanted to massage them, but could not get a hand up to do so.

continued to thrust his cock into me and eventually he was as deep as he could get. His thrusting subsided and I thought he was finished. Was I ever wrong! As I pulled forward, I could feel something holding us together. I now know he was hung in me, but I did not at the time. I began to cry as I believed he had injured me.

There were slight blood trails on my inner thigh and now I was unable to get him out of me. For what seemed like an hour he was there standing with me under him. I remember feeling him pulse and how full I felt. Without warning, he suddenly fell out of me. Along with him came a lot of fluid. I collapsed on the ground exhausted.

After a short while, I used the water in the stream to wash my inner thighs. After dressing, I made my way back to the house where my brother said "you look like you have been in a fight." I said nothing, and hoped he had not seen more of Gus' cum running down my inner thigh. I showered and changed again. I needed to feel clean.

For about a year, I was not interested in sex after that. Then boys came into my life. Unfortunately, Gus had already gotten what they wanted. But they seemed happy to shove their cocks into me anyway. I must have gotten fucked 100 times in my senior high year. I craved sex from everyone who wanted to sleep with me. At the age of twenty five, I wondered how it would be to let a dog again mount me, knowing a lot more than when it had first happened. My opportunity came when a neighbor in my apartment complex asked if I could take care of her dog for a day while she attended a family event.

I agreed and was amazed when I discovered a very large and loveable Saint Bernard. And better yet, an un-neutered male. As I went to feed and walk him that evening, I wore a heavy top and a pair of easy to remove shorts. After eating, I took my new lover for a walk and then back to his apartment home. I locked the door and removed my shorts. I purposely wore no panties. I positioned myself on the sofa so that Will could sniff my cunt. He tentatively began but soon had the idea and was lapping my hole like no man ever did.

I was glad I had made the decision to do this. I was ready for it. Will continued until he was ready to fuck something. He was fucking air and trying to mount. I slid my buttocks to the edge of the sofa giving him access. Will was now directly above me and his massive cock was an inch from my opening. Still humping air, I reached down and guided the tip of his cock into my slit. That was all it took. Off like a jackhammer, Will began humping like mad.

I eased further toward him, giving him more access to me. As his cock swelled and went deeper, I was going nuts. Then I felt it. His knot had begun to grow and was trying to enter me. I relaxed and his hard piston like humping suddenly forced that plumb size knot past my pussy lips and right into me. I almost passed out with pleasure. I have never been fuller. My cunt was completely stretched to fit his cock and now he grew even larger.

I fully believe his knot was the size of an orange when he stopped humping. Being so completely filled, I could feel each spasm in his cock and each jet of cum shot from him. For fifteen minutes he pumped cum into me and I begged him not to stop. We remained locked for about 20 minutes before he could withdraw. A gush of about a cup of cum and other fluid rushed from my cunt when he did. I lay limp like a rag from the experience.

Once I regained my strength, I cleaned up and dried the floor of fluids. I patted Will on the head and went home to crash. The next day Cindy, Will's owner, came over to thank me. I told her "no thanks necessary. Will is such a good dog."

She looked at me strangely like she might have understood just how good. I got the opportunity to play with Will several more times, each more intense than the prior one. Then he and Cindy moved away. But it doesn't matter. I still live here with my two dogs, a Great Dane and a Mastiff. All the men I fuck comment on how big the dogs are. I can only agree...