

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



A tumultuous family event finally allowed me to fulfil one of my fantasies or at least test part of one. It became a real happening and I could not imagine it turning out much better than it did. It's not quite the absolute fantasy, but it has satisfied some of my curiosity, something that will be evident in some of the other stories on this page.

To take care of young Holly, just for a whole day would have been fine. I am sure I could have satisfied my perverted curiosity in a day, subject to some level of privacy, but the wife often goes out shopping and even if she's only gone for an exercise run, that leaves me at least an hour to indulge. However the time with Holly was indefinite, due to the medical situation Holly's folks were in. But, it was at least one day and more likely to be two or more.

Excited beyond belief, I picked her up from her home, collecting essential things to keep her happy. I knew what they would be, being intimately familiar with them all. She was so good in the car, showing no signs of distress on coming away with me, alone in the car for the three-mile journey between homes.

I knew Frances would be at home preparing breakfast when we arrived and she greeted Holly in the usual way of lots of fussing and settling down. Holly wanted to play as usual and after our fruit and toast, I indulged her with toy fun indoors. It was a perfect December day. Clear blue sky, bright sunshine and everything crisp with frost and it was suggested we all walk later. It wasn't easy to stop playing, as she is totally play related and nags pleasantly until she gets the message that this old man is tired and wants to sit quietly with the newspapers or TV. Frances played a little with her, but had chores to do and left Holly and I in the kitchen.

The time I had would be sufficient to just try something, after all this was a daring experiment, without any guides to how it should take place, without the question of why?

Why? Haven't a clue - but the thoughts and fantasies of something similar to this have occupied my brain and spilled out in several stories.

A writer can always imagine, that's where success lies. A fertile imagination is however very necessary and luckily I have one.

Holly must like Marmite I reckoned, although never having seen her taste it. She must do, she's English and that particular non-meat extract spread is revered in many homes. It is in ours and all the ingredients for a quickie test case number one were on the table beside me in the large, yellow screw topped jar.

As soon as I opened the peculiar shaped jar, why is it that daft shape? Holly wandered to my side. Now that was a good sign. I gave her a small piece of toast with a lavish spread of Marmite and the pleasure on her cute face was evident as she rapidly ate it. I reckoned I could try several little plans with her, hearing Frances busy overhead in the bathroom. Her movement upstairs in that particular room reminded me I hadn't showered that morning, having had the urgent, almost wakeup call to go and collect Holly. My relatively clean but un-refresh body was to be the main focus of this experiment and I discarded the Marmite idea for a moment, thinking that other such delicacies might also tempt Holly.

I called her over again and it was a willing eager Holly, hoping for more Marmite that trotted to my side. With a shaking hand, in anticipation of either a failure or success, I perched on the edge of my chair and pulled the front of my tracksuit bottoms down, lodging them and my boxer shorts under my hefty dangling bollocks. Holly looked quizzically, her pretty head tilted to one side, at my flaccid cock; its helmet still sheathed.

I edged forward a little more, realising that my bottoms, which I didn't dare take off, were only below my crotch and forming a slight barrier to Holly if she came forward. They slid down some more as I whispered to her in comforting but insistent tones, at the same time wobbling my cock around invitingly.

Holly's head went from side to side, then she shuffled forward. I watched her nostrils flare as indeed did mine as I rolled my thick foreskin back. The slight but present cheesy smeg under the rim of my knob was powerful and this was the plan I wanted testing. How would she react to natural scent other than manufactured ones?

"Holly, Holly, here; there's a good girl," I wooed her gently.

Her button nose inched forward and I could feel her hot breath on my purple-headed prick. God knows what I would have done if she thought it was an edible offering, but she ate stuff off fingers so I guessed I wasn't in too much danger. There was no danger; no interest either as she backed away. I wanked my cock a little and offered it in what I thought would be an enticing way. Holly was not the least bit interested, which surprised me to some extent, knowing the way dogs like to stuff their noses into both male and female crotches at any chance they get.

Plan B. My finger immediately went into the Marmite jar still opened. Her nose crinkled once more as my brown sticky digit transferred from the table top to within reach of her. I raised my feet to keep her at a distance, as I smeared my unwashed dick head with the spread. The offer was made again and within seconds, I marvelled at how easy it had been to get this gorgeous little terrier bitch to lick my cock.

Her year old tongue worked rapidly and efficiently, its heat sending all the right signals through my brain. I applied finger pressure at the root of my penis, deep into my grey pubic hairs, a method I often use to induce the start of an erection. It worked as always and my cock became more engorged with blood as Holly lapped keenly over its entire length.

I hoisted my balls and she dutifully applied her tongue to the rough-hewn sac and I realised that with the hose like growth of my dick she couldn't reach its entire length. Her access was denied by the soft bridge of material formed by my trackie bottoms stretched between my legs. In the quiet morning kitchen, I could hear Frances being busy upstairs and knew that I could get my clothes sorted in a flash. I urged her up and she perched her forelegs up on the trackies.

I sat back with pleasure raking through me, watching the tiny tongue explore every crevasse and wrinkle of my not so solid hard on. Occasionally I would wince as her razor sharp ratting teeth scraped the delicate surfaces of my glans, but it was a brief, in fact exhilarating sensation when it happened, heightening the ecstasy even further.

She was very thorough and seemed to get more enthusiastic as she licked. I tried to wank, without upsetting her motions and then decided to let her get on with it. I could hopefully try further plans as the day went on. Even if this were as far I got with Holly I would be satisfied. Her diligence at seeking out the tiny folds of my foreskin, under the lower ridges of my knob was astounding; maybe that was where the tastes were concentrated. She did lose interest and backed away, looking quizzically once more but a few more words of encouragement brought her forward again.

To have some one else licking your dick is one hell of a pleasure and it was a long time since Frances had done it. She was not a great lover of oral; therefore I had not much experience of it. Holly was mind-blowingly good.

Things went silent above and I guessed it might be prudent to end this part of the plan and see what

transpired over the day.

Frances, who was on a knife-edge of frenzied anticipation, decided to go and visit Holly's owners, who were in the maternity ward hoping to produce their first child. Because we were very close to them, she knew she would get access. She correctly assumed I would want to stay and look after Holly, as it was an unfamiliar situation for her. My wife did not know how grateful I was when she left. At least an hour and possibly two with the journey time thrown in. I could hardly contain my excitement.

At last she left and I hatched my plan, but first clearing up some odd jobs. I took the Marmite pot, a carton of yoghurt and some paper towel up to my office and stripped off my clothes, thinking that getting naked with an animal would be the best way to bond. Holly dutifully followed me around as she always did, liking lots of human contact. The problem was when opening the containers; her snout immediately went onto red alert.

I managed to smear Marmite on my arse crack and then in great anticipation I knelt down. She seemed a bit bemused but soon her keen nostrils found the source of this meaty scent and her nose and tongue homed in on my arsehole. To say it was heavenly was an understatement. I haven't had my arse licked since a mistress who loved doing it and introduced me to it back in the 70s.

Holly's hot tongue licked daintily on my sphincter and I reached round to extend the opening as much as possible. Some of the Marmite had slithered down to my ballocks and she found that, licking the under side of my hanging sac with great enthusiasm. She was coughing a little on the strong, salty taste, maybe that I'd been too lavish with the helpings. I stood up, it prevented her from leaping and licking straight away and coated my cock and balls with a thin layer of yoghurt, her lips drooling, big brown eyes agog, ears pricked at the known scent.

Back on the floor I decided to sit and lay back against my desk. The little bitch shot straight between my thighs and went into a frenzied lapping of my floppy but growing prick. I was actually getting aroused without any hand stimulation, which is usually needed at my advanced age. Again the sharp reminder of her teeth made me wince but it was minimal and she gained even more enthusiasm as I encouraged her with little noises and the whisper of 'Good girl'.

Her actions became more frantic and erotic and surprised me. Then she shifted to the sides of my balls and lapped ferociously at each one. It was bliss and it made me wonder what a much larger tongue would be like and my mind switched to the ultimate fantasy mentioned earlier. To have a big male in my care. Big tongue, big smells and the possibility of feeling it's cock growing in my hands. Maybe licking it.

Maybe even the possibilities of letting it mount me and stuff my arsehole. 'Watch out for the knot' I hear you say.

Occasionally Holly would back off and look a touch disinterested and I must admit I had the odd pang of guilt feelings, but the pleasure level was intense. Then suddenly the phone rang and we both started. I had to answer and the ensuing conversation killed all further levels of the plan. But the call carried wonderful news and I was overjoyed

Sunday was impossible to get intimate with her. Taken up with hospital visiting, long country walks and then out to dinner. Holly was happy as always and in the one brief moment I was alone with her, at the end of breakfast, I swiftly pulled down my trackies and waggled my genitals at her. It was purely to see if she would respond and remember. Without hesitation, she trotted over eagerly and I got a few delicious licks before having to close up and get on with the day.

The following day was fragmented into short, drop trackies and lick sessions without any longevity. Holly responded alertly as soon as I started to meddle with the waistband of my bottoms. She is such a bright little thing and learned fast. I expected the call to return her to her rightful home, but I was fulfilled in the sense that my plan had worked and knew that if ever the time came for longer sessions, I would know the way forward. When complications at the hospital were notified and we were asked if Holly could lodge with us a day or possibly two longer, you can guess our answer, for Frances loved having her and I was falling in lust.

Tuesday settled into the same as Monday but we soon knew that Holly would be staying a few days more.

On Wednesday things went very well, in that I knew Frances would be out most of the morning. I bided my time, if a little impatiently to see my dear wife depart. Chores and small jobs took up maybe half an hour and soon I was ready to accelerate my bestial relations. It had occurred to me whether to try vaginal stimulation with the little bitch.

What I haven't mentioned is that Holly was in season. The Sunday walks seemed fraught with danger as we set out, in that there would be many dogs in the huge gathering of country people out in the forest. Yet only one large Spaniel type persisted its sniffing her rear until its owner reclaimed it, without any fornicatory frights for the still young terrier. She would often sit and lick her fanny, which we could see was bloated and occasionally she spotted the floor with minute drops of blood.

My upstairs room was turned into my bordello as I stripped off and laid out several aids to experimenting more with man canine relationships. Holly showed no interest in my cock wagging around as I fussed over preparations. I reckoned she would need the visual and verbal stimulation that had so far proved successful. The lack of interest was helpful.

I decided to try with a full erection to start with. I cranked it up and she wandered around aimlessly, the wayward little bitch. Not the slightest bit interested in my foreplay, but I was speeding up the blood flows by viewing some porn on the computer. Up it came spurred on by bestial scenes on the screen, my heightened state and heavy wrist action. Swiftly I applied the yoghurt with a paintbrush, a bit of the preparation, as I didn't want it on my hands, which distracted her. Holly was nose up and fussing around my feet in an instant.

I reverted to the sitting back and leaning position, having applied the unction to my arsehole as well. She was in straight away and in order to interest her in one direction, she was given full access to my hardon, as I couldn't tell if it would stay hard for too long. It was staggering to have her lap, albeit in search of one of her favourite treats, so energetically. Soon the creamy substance was gone, but still she worked on my cock. Six and bit inches of solid state, blood engorged, human dick was mercilessly and wonderfully licked over its entire skin surface by the keen little bitch. The teeth rasped occasionally, but I was now prepared for the sudden sting and it seemed less each time.

She became very keen and I didn't want to wank it as the sensations were superb and maybe my hand would put her off. My precum oozed and she sucked it away. I leaned back and lifted my butt and she sought the untouched yoghurt round my ring piece. However this position was becoming uncomfortable, so I pushed her away unceremoniously, like a cheap tart deserves and walked into the room where there is a large floor space. A panting Holly followed me eagerly.

I got down on hands and knees and encouraged her, like in a bitch position and with gentle verbal urgings she became more animated and shuffled under me lapping at my dangling genitals. The more I urged her she responded and became excited running round me and through the arches of my legs, arms and torso, licking all the time whatever flesh was in front of her.

Finally I lay flat on the floor, my soft knob end just peeping at my side and she tried to squeeze her nose under me, seeking my groin. I called her round, patting my buttocks and she trotted excitedly round me, sniffing and licking my face, my legs, feet and back until finally the yoghurt homed her in. I spread my legs as wide as possible and pulled my butt open.

Holly went into lick overdrive and my ring piece was mercilessly licked, the more sphincter I could expose. It was amazingly erotic and she was very hot by then. Now and then she would back off and trot round me, straddling my legs and rubbing her belly on my calfs and thighs. She licked the backs of my knees and then went back to my bum. It was quite staggering how much attention she gave it. I was on cloud nine but I think she was in a sort of mating daze.

I let the bum lick go on as long as she wanted and it was a long time before she seemed to tire of it. I wriggled upright and sat with my knees up and legs wide. Immediately she tucked in to my cock, but her more frantic approach seemed to be making her care less about where her teeth might go. Several scrapes and nicks came in quick succession, so I decided to end the affair. To push her away was not easy and for a very malice free animal, she actually snarled at me. It was brief and it shook me as she shows no signs of aggression at any other times. I did not want scars or a visit to the local hospital.

However, with the covering of my crotch, her interest waned and I was able to carry on through the day as normal.

Again the following day, I could repeat the same process, Frances visiting the hospital. Exactly the same methods and equipment were laid out and the bitch bounded eagerly around as she saw me naked and smelt the yoghurt pot. The question of vaginal stimulation crossed my mind, but somehow when stroking her and urging Holly on as she devoured her top treat plastered over my stiffy, I could not – just could not bring myself to touch her pussy.

This presumably means I am not a true bestial, but so what? The idea of having another party stimulating my genitals was sufficient for me to play like this. I had decided to try for a full ejaculation this time, so my erection was fortified with a lace tightly tied round my cock and balls. It's a cock ring in other words and works quite well for maintaining a huge wood for a long time.

When ready, after the sheer pleasure of the little mutt's non-stop action, I sat up and wound up my erection. She reverted to my swinging balls as my hand pumped my dick. Within minutes I spurted the first load and quickly released the knot in the lace. My jism flowed freely and oozed over my knob and I gave Holly free rein. She loved the different odour and taste it was obvious. It was awesome the way she licked me off. To have a full oral would have been great but not amongst those sharp little nippers.

I let her attend to me as long she wanted, as my cock deflated and finally she stepped away. The expression on her face was almost one of guilt and I chuckled some comforting words to her. Her head tilted to one side as dogs do and her tail wagged. I called to her and she trotted to my side and I cuddled her, loving her hairy body heat against my skin.

Holly is not really a cuddling dog, she's a terrier. Just enough to make you feel you have bonded and then she's ready to play ball or with her many toys. I relaxed for some time and she lay quietly, letting me stroke her prostrate little body, rear legs stretched out behind her.

I took a shower later and she waited for me patiently outside a closed bathroom door. Frances came back and no more lusty sessions were possible. The following day was totally blocked with things to do and visiting and the following day Holly was taken home. I did manage to get a leaving lick from

her as Frances got ready upstairs. It always takes her ages and I am ready to go in minutes.

I was ready to go as Holly licked my bared genitals as I held my pants open. I could have got wood then and let her lick me to a semi-hard and that was without any taste stimulant, but I let it be a memory.

My next door neighbours were outside a day or two later, greeting their grand daughter who owns Duke, a young handsome Weimaraner. When they first got him about six months ago and brought him next door to show him off, I marvelled at his sleek skinned athleticism, wobbling sheath and nice pack of gonads, as they fussed round him, while I observed from my window. I wondered if I would get the chance to look after him. Duke is not the friendliest of dogs and when I have been present and he is outside, always on a leash, he seems quite aggressive. Maybe it's me.

I know they had him castrated in an attempt to calm him down and that made me wonder if he still gets a boner or not. I have no way of finding out, unless I do a fairly exhaustive search on the net and it's unlikely I will get him alone as we are not close to our neighbours other than over the fence chats. You never know and then the ultimate fantasy touched on early in this story might well be again experienced...