

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## **An Autobiography on my Zoophilic Love Life**

### Chapter 1 – Me

My name is Amanda. I'm a 20 year old woman living in North Carolina. I've always been plain. Auburn, shoulder length hair. (Ginger Pride!!!) Chest flat as a board, although volleyball and soccer has toned my butt into something preferable to guys. So skinny it scares my mother (and Grandmother more) and that my doctor told me I'm on the brink of being underweight (working on that). Blue eyes. Super thick eyebrows (people called me brows in High school...) Nothing special about me. I focused on my grades in high school, and most guys just knew me as "that girl". I had no sex appeal, seeing as I was even flatter in high school. The only thing I had to vouch for me was my butt. From what I can gather, it's small but it has a nice shape. Not to sound unconfident, but if I had to pick the part of my body I'm proudest of, it would be my butt. Apparently, all through high school it was labeled as "hidden treasure". I won't lie, I enjoyed that... I wasn't popular at all. I generally kept to myself for reasons I prefer not to say. So yes, I am quite the loner. Fits the zoophile profile quite nicely, doesn't it? (<- sarcasm for those who didn't catch it.) People just tend to annoy me. I've always been an animal person.

I am open about my Zoophilia with my immediate family. (But only my immediate family) They still accept me for who I am. Wonderful people. Of course they don't know I've ever actually had sexual contact with an animal. I just told them I was sexually attracted to male dogs. I don't think they even realize that it is in fact possible to have sex with a dog. Lol... I am also pretty open online, and have now started to show my face to "strangers". The Zoophilic community is great, which is why I'm as comfortable as I am.

I just recently moved out of my mom's single parent home from San Antonio. I never knew my father. He's probably drunk in some bar, being pissed on by his friends as I write. (Game of Thrones reference to all the fans reading) My mother was a prostitute and a stripper. My sister and I are the bastards of the same asshole. But this isn't a rant. Lol...

I'm now happily going to NCSU and studying toxicology. This may be a weird goal, but it's been my life goal to be a forensic toxicologist. Besides the great pay, it's always been an interest of mine. The chemistry between life and chemicals is fascinating.

I've been living life here in North Carolina for almost a year now, going to school and working as a lab assistant. And let me just say, this state is great. The people are loving, the temperatures are perfect, mountains in the west, beaches on the east. It's great. I'm living comfortably in a 3 bedroom duplex, paying rent to the jackass who lives next door, Andre. Yes, he is a jackass. Not that he tries to be. He's literally the stereotypical Jamaican hippie guy that plays loud reggae music and smokes. I know he smokes, because when he opens his door, apart from his head sticking paranoid through the small crack (that he could obviously make a lot wider for himself to prevent his neck from snapping), smoke blows out almost uncontrollably. It's as if the smoke is just dying to get out of there. I'm not sure what he's smoking, but from how red his eyes are, it's probably good. Yes, it bothers me that I'm living next to a stoner. My mother constantly tells me to find somewhere else to live in case I get sucked into some trouble. But I figure if there's no evidence I was a part of it, what can the authorities do? So, let him smoke.

But Andres a nice guy for the most part, other than the fact that I have to occasionally text him and tell him to turn his music down. He does me a lot of favors, and I'm pretty sure he has a crush on me. I don't really want to say I take advantage of him, but as I write this, I kinda realize that I do...

Oops. Need to work on that.

He's got a dog that I love. I mean love. I love that dog so much. His name is Reggae, and he's some kind of mutt. No idea what he is, and neither does Andre. But he's huge! When he stands up, he can put his paws on my shoulders (and he does often, unfortunately for my shoulders). Now I'm not tall, but I'm no shorty either! I'm somewhere around 5'6 or 5'7. Not really sure. Reggae is pretty well built in comparison to how skinny he is. He's short-haired, so you can really see how defined his muscles are. He's a light brown, but unexplainably got black strips. It's like his hairs might be two toned in color; black at the root, light brown at the tips. He is incredibly strong, and heavy. When he's standing and resting his weight on my shoulders (bad habit of his) he can pull me down to the floor.

I'm going to say now, since you all know this is a zoo story, that at this point in time, I had no interest at all sexually for animals. I was 100% into human males (And even in them, I didn't have much sexual interest). But I loved Reggae for his personality alone. I started to realize his appearance and "novelty" later □ I like to use the word "novelty" for his cock.

Well this Andre guy. He travels a lot, which I remembered he had mentioned during my moving-in process. So on spring break I was planning to go visit my Mother and little sister in Dallas. Buuut, Andre was leaving somewhere too. For three damn weeks, and he asked me to take care of Reggae. To be honest, I'd much rather spend my spring break alone with Reggae than with my family (who I know would just start to annoy me by the third day). As horrible as that sounds, it's true.

I accepted with almost no thought, and even persuaded him to let me have Reggae two days early. The second I received the text I went to Andre's house and picked up all of Reggae's stuff, including the beast himself. Once inside of Andre's house I was finally able to see what was in there. A large TV mounted to the wall, a small coffee table with all sorts of glass pipes, bowls, and all kinds of other things that I had no idea of what they were. I'm still surprised he didn't try to hide it. When he caught what my eyes were looking at in fascination, he looked at me tentatively. I looked at him back.

"My hobby." He joked with his awesome accent. (Never mentioned I LOVE his accent)

"You must really trust me." I said, my gaze turning back to the table, Reggae sniffing my legs off.

"I do" he said, still looking unsure. An awkward silence followed.

"So what are you, some kind of alchemist?" I joked to break the silence. He laughed and I bent over in a bowed position to show Reggae I knew he was there. He licked my hands almost clean off and galloped off into a distant room. He immediately came back dragging a very large Valentine's Day teddy bear. He dragged it to my feet and looked at me proudly, as if he had just saved the world. I laughed and took it from him, thanking him. It was damp, and pretty torn up. At this point, Andre was in the kitchen shuffling around for what I assumed to be Reggae's stuff. He called out with laughter.

"He humps that thing, just a warning!" I dropped the bear and looked at Reggae.

"You're so gross" I laughed at him. He wagged his tail faster at my giggles. His thick tail slapping the couch powerfully with thick thumps; it was like a whip. While Andre was cluttering around I sat down on his couch and looked at his coffee table. It happened to be, yep, marijuana. I pet Reggae while studying all the bowls and tools he had laying around messily. I realized he was packaging some of it, in Ziploc bags. I immediately realized he must sell this stuff. Which could probably explain all the nice things in his house... I don't like to jump to conclusions, but that's probably the

truth.

Meanwhile, Reggae was sitting with his head in between my thighs \*not licking... yet ;)\* and staring up at me. The TV was on Cartoon Network, and Reggae music was playing softly in the background, coming from Andre's room. Eventually, Andre came into the living room with a plastic Wal-Mart bag full of doggy things. He even handed me the key to his place. Yeah, he really did trust me. He told me to use the key if I needed to get more supplies for reggae, or if I needed to "Take flight". For a second I wasn't sure what he meant, but then I realized he was talking about smoking his marijuana. I laughed and said no thank you. I then took Reggae to my place. And bid him safe travels and farewell.

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## **Chapter 2 - Joshua**

Reggae didn't even seem to notice that he was living in a different house with a different person. From day one, he acted the same way; needy, mischievous, naughty, destructive, etc. Andre obviously didn't train him well. Reggae obviously thought he was in charge; the alpha, so by day two I decided he wasn't going to change. I just made sure to rearrange my house to make it Reggae proof.

Now as I mentioned before, I'm a rookie to relationships and sexuality. I'd been studying in a Starbucks, and a guy came up to me and just started flirting with me. I was bewildered. He wasn't bad looking either. I mean, he was nothing special but he was like me from what I could see; Plain. We talked for a good hour and I surprised myself with how well I did. There was never an awkward pause, I never stuttered, or said anything stupid. I immediately became more confident and asked him out. Yes, I asked him out first. I wasn't even sure who I was anymore. Lol. He accepted to take me somewhere nice and we exchanged numbers. His name was Joshua.

Things with Joshua were going great. He was funny, smart, witty, and slowly became more good looking to me, which I found strange. I'm not sure if he was trying to look better, or if my emotions were fooling me. By the third date, he took me to his house. He was 21 and already living in a very nice house. He had it going on. Unfortunately, this is where it gets bad.

We began making out. This was my first time having any kind of contact whatsoever with a man. Not to mention the contact I was making was with him standing over me on his couch, hungrily eating my face. I kept slowly pushing him off, but he kept coming back harder and harder. He reeked of arrogance, which was new. It turned me off completely, and the more I pushed, the harder he gripped my wrists. He became very rough, I think unintentionally, and he really started to hurt me. He pinned me to the couch and began biting my neck. Yes! Biting! Fucking ouch! When I started to whimper he came to his senses, and loosened his grip. I then pushed him off, and left. I never called him. He never called me. I think we both know where that was going. Somewhere dangerous. I never saw Joshua again. I hope he doesn't hurt any girls. Maybe I'm just extremely cautious, and maybe rough sex like that is common for some? But regardless. It sucked. It's ironic, because I don't mind when Reggae is completely and utterly dominant over my body. Similar to the very way Joshua tried to be. I guess Reggae just does it better ☐ Onward.

Since then I've been left sexually frustrated and confused. I began touching myself a lot more often. Almost every night. It drove Reggae crazy, but I never took notice. As I slowly became a pro at masturbation, I ordered a vibrator from a female toy site. It was a small vibrator, and even so it was still pretty tight. One night, I was in my bed, messing around. Reggae usually just sits there and watches with wide-eyed interest, but that night, he jumped on the bed, and dove in between my

thighs. I literally screamed out in ecstasy. I initially wanted him to stop, but I was so close to orgasm that I became frozen. I sat there, stiff as a statue as I let my neighbor's dog lick me to orgasm. I screamed and my body shook. This was something completely different. I couldn't control myself. I had spasms, and Reggae jumped off the bed looking at me as if I were possessed. I scared him, and when I came to my senses, I felt sick. I felt dirty, and I felt like I'd taken advantage of Reggae. And he wasn't even my dog! I felt like I'd betrayed Andre too. In general, I just felt like shit.

I dragged Reggae out of my room, and closed the door. I sat on the floor and just wanted to cry. Reggae scratched at the door in protest, and I yelled at him to stop. He of course didn't listen. After all, he is the Alpha... I got up after ten minutes or so and took a shower. No matter how much I scrubbed, I just felt dirty. After my shower, I sat in my bed in the fetal position for a couple of hours just thinking about how good Reggae's tongue actually felt, and the difference in orgasm. It was like it was a completely different type of orgasm. Something different than the orgasms I gave myself.

That night before I went to sleep, I was still hornier than ever. Reggae was still locked out of my room, and I would occasionally hear him sniffing at the door desperately. I ignored it, and began to play with myself reluctantly. Unfortunately, I just couldn't get off with the thought of Reggae and Andre in my head. My frustration was literally so high at this point, that I pushed everything off of my nightstand in anger, and sat on my bed criss-cross, no panties on, tattered white t-shirt, breathing heavily, and probably looking like a crazed cave woman. I usually wasn't this hot headed, but it really opened my eyes to what lack of sex and sexual frustration can do to a person.

Reggae was sniffing outside again. I said "fuck it" and let him in. He jumped on the bed happily, and I leaned back, pussy exposed. I stared at him.

"Lick." I said. He stared back. "Reggae, lick." He just stared at me, then turned his head to the door. "Reggae, please. Please just lick me." I begged. I felt pathetic. I was begging my neighbor's dog to lick my sopping wet pussy. In my non-zoophilic mind, I was as low as low gets.

At this point, I still wasn't interested in Reggae, I was just exploiting him to get that amazing orgasm he had given me hours before that. Reggae looked back at me, and then jumped off the bed. I must've scared him earlier with my banshee orgasm. I exploded. "REGGAE LICK ME, DAMN IT!"

I stopped in heavy thought, and realized what I'd become. I was abusing Reggae. I felt like the shittiest shit in the world. And I cried myself to sleep.

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### **Chapter 3 - Thank god for the Internet**

Two days passed and I was starting to feel a little better about Reggae's display of affection. I hadn't masturbated since b/c all I could fantasize about that would take me to orgasm city, was Reggae's amazing tongue. And no matter how hard I tried to fantasize about something else, when that orgasm would build up, I'd think about Reggae, how bad I'd felt, and stop. Making the frustration ten times worse. By this time, I had enough pent up frustration to have sex every day for a year and a half.

I had been on Chatango a lot lately. Probably due to my lonely nights in that duplex. The few friends I had often told me I needed to get out more, being stuck in the house was "unhealthy". Now I can say it's only unhealthy if you don't have a dog to fuck you silly every couple days. But that's later.

Anyway, Chatango is a PM site for those who don't know. I was talking to random people, and I talked to a girl named Jennifer. We started talking the day after Reggae's performance, and when the

conversation came to dogs, I became anxious. I'm not sure why. We quickly became friends (internet friends at least) and talked throughout most of the day. She had a German Shepherd named Shadow, and she started to talk about how he humps a stuffed animal often. I was amazed because Reggae does the same thing. She laughed about how fast and hard Shadow seemed to "Dominate" the thing, and overall she just seemed to glorify the activity her dog practiced. Thrown off by this, I asked her about it. Here's the conversation:

Jen: Lol, he humps it so fast and hard. I mean, he's a big dog and that bear really takes a beating he can literally hump the stuffing out of it.

Me: ...lol... that's weird.

Jen: What's weird about it?

Me: ...Idk...

Jen: Think about it. You ever go a really long time without sex?

Me: yea?

Jen: It's frustrating right?

Me: You have no idea

Jen: lol, well imagine if you were a dog, and you could never, ever do anything to get rid of that stress.

Me: Sucks.

Jen: hell yeah, they can't even masturbate. I mean, we can at least get off ourselves.

Jen: I feel bad for him. I wish I could help him some how you kno?

Jen: Rubbing his dick against that teddy bear is the closest thing he can get to masturbation

Me: You let him do it?

Jen: Yeah, I watch him. Do you stop that dog you're watching? You said he humps too right?

Me: yea. I usually just let him now. I used to stop it. But, he does it so often.

Jen: But do you watch him? Lol. It's ok if you do. It's not weird

Me: Yea.. I do.. lol..

Me: To be honest.... It kind of turns me on..... how strong he is.....

Jen: hell yeah, Dogs are so strong, and they would make the ultimate lovers.

Me: lol.. haha.

Jen: Let me let you in on a secret

Jen: And I'm only telling you this because I'm anomomys on the internet. Lol

Me: Yea?

Jen: I kinda have sex with Shadow

Me: ...

Jen: ahah.

Me: How?

Jen: Doggy style. Duh.

Me: to be honest... I've thought about it...

Jen: No way! You could be a zoophile

Me: Is that what it's called?... I don't think I'm a zoophile. Lol.... It was just one of those weird thoughts...

Jen: no way, ur a zoo gurl, nybody that's not a zoo won't have those thoughts

Me: ...

Jen introduced me to the world of Zoophilia. After a couple of days I reluctantly told her how interested I was becoming in Zoophilia. She had introduced me to sites like this one (HELL YEAH) and shown me media. It was something so strange, so alien, so taboo. The taboo part, is the part that I loved. There was some serious kink involved with it. And I loved it.

She eventually convinced me that I should let Reggae lick me. And that it was actually something he

wanted! By this time I'd only had about a week left with Reggae, and she made it her personal goal to help Reggae lick me to heaven. The trouble was Reggae no longer wanted to lick. Our theory was that I had scared him the first time he did it with my noisy orgasm. He thought it was something wrong, and so he was no longer interested. With Jen's help, I was able to get Reggae to lick me to Orgasm two days before Andre came home. And I enjoyed them.

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## **Chapter 4 - Those Last Two Days**

Jen had to go to class. I told her I'd talk to her later and walked out of my office to go make lunch. As I walked through my living room the beast Reggae was snoozing on the couch. He looked up at me seemingly hopeful, but he saw I still had my pants on and went back to sleep. I smiled at him modestly. I was feeling lazy and wanted to get done eating quickly so I made cereal. I ate the cereal quickly. Excitement building the closer I got to finishing it. I drank my cereal sweetened milk and threw the bowl in the sink almost violently. I happily ran and jumped on the couch full of giggles. I quickly pulled my pants and panties down together as I spoke to Reggae.

"I know you already ate but you still look hungry. Desert, boy?" I said to him seductively. That's what I liked about Reggae. Had I said that to a guy, it probably would've sounded cornier than ethanol. Cheesier than provolone. They would've laughed at me. But Reggae could care less, as long as he was scraping away my tensions with his tongue. He hopped up in a second and trotted over to the couch. Immediately, as if we'd been doing this for years, he started to lick. And omfg did he lick. A pro. He's a fucking pro. His broad tongue covered up my little slit completely with each stroke. He slowly loosened me up with his saliva and soon enough there was enough saliva to be dripping onto the couch. I could care less. There was nothing that was going to stop Reggae and I from having this moment. He was relentless. It was as if there was something hidden within me that he just had to have. He used the front of his teeth and nibbled a bit at my insides. I squirmed and writhed in pleasure, trying hard to keep my voice down. Wet sounds, my moans, and my Reggae's tail slapping my coffee table hard were the only sounds to be heard. He licked away at me for twenty wondrous minutes, giving me orgasm after precious orgasm. A little sore, my pussy lips tender and red, i stood up and pet Reggae on the head, giving him praise.

The next day, I was in the kitchen baking a cake for Andre when he came back. I usually don't do this kind of thing, but with all the attention his dog was giving me, he definitely deserved a cake. Hell, if anybody deserved a cake, honestly it'd be Reggae. Lol.

I was finishing up my cake in my underwear. Yes, in my underwear. My lounge around the house uniform is panties and a t-shirt. Comfort at its best, am I Right ladies? Anywho, I was finishing the cake when Reggae came up from behind me, and forcefully put his snout into my pussy from behind. I shuddered. He was so strong. Just pushing his head in there, shuffling his powerful snout around, trying to get past the barrier of my orange panties. I put down the knife and waited to see what he would do. He forced his snout in a bit rougher and took big long sniffs. He took his head out and sneezed. I laughed and stayed in my position. He gave me a look like "Turn around, bitch". But I just stayed pressed up against the counter, and arched my back for him. He reluctantly began to just lick my panties. A new sensation. Omfg it felt so good. To feel his tongue touching, yet not touching my pussy was just so amazing. Within six or seven strokes of his tongue, he seemed to forget my panties were there, and he licked enthusiastically. Within a minute my panties were soaked! A combination of doggy drool and my sopping slit created the best natural lubricant ever created. I wasn't able to take it anymore and I slid my panties over my left ass cheek. He took more whiffs and buried in once again. This time more excitedly since he was now unhindered to my treasure cove. I stopped him after 10 minutes or so and he tried jumping up on my shoulders. I ran to the couch in the living



room, teasing him. He chased me all the way, as if he were just dying to get his tongue back in me. I sat down giggling uncontrollably and he, face fully focused and unamused, quickly dove back into my pussy. #Determination

Once he got bored and I too sore, he walked away and around the coffee table to his bed. I caught a glimpse of his now exposed “novelty”... I was amazed, and so excited. I’d known it was there in the back of my head, but thus far, actually pleasuring him had never crossed my mind. I had been selfish. I remembered what Jen had said about animals being just as sexually stressed as humans can be with lack of sex. I remembered back 3 weeks ago when I had been sexually deprived out of my mind. I felt like shit, once again. I hobbled over to his bed (I was still a little jittery and sore) and sat down next to him. He looked at me with hopeful eyes, as if wondering “Oh boy! What’s next?” He stood up and licked my face. I ignored the licking and immediately crawled to the side of him and looked at his cock. It was protruding past the sheath about two inches. It was red, and weird looking, but in an indescribable way, it was beautiful. It was definitely more appealing than a man’s penis, and definitely bigger. I could tell that the rest of this thing was probably huge.

Without even thinking, I grabbed his sheath. He quickly looked at me wondering what was up, but he didn’t move away. I looked into his eyes. I know this probably sounds silly, but it was if he was trying to tell me “Do it. Please”. I looked away from those sad puppy dog eyes and realized that it had grown another inch. I looked at it in wonder. In wonder of what to do. How to expose it. Should I just jack him off? I remembered reading on Beastforum that you just peel the sheath back, but I wasn’t sure if it would hurt him. I used my index finger and thumb and just slid it back and forth across his “novelty” until it had grown significantly. He started to raise his back legs in excitement, and he started to hump my fingers pretty calmly. I used my whole hand instead, and he started to hump faster. I could feel his energy pulsing through my hands. Years’ worth of sexual tension being released. In my trance like state, I hadn’t even realized the mess we’d made. He was spraying fluid everywhere. All over my hands and onto the carpet. There was quite a bit. After a few seconds, a large ball like tumor thing began to swell at the shaft. I realized what it was due to my time and help on the internet: The sacred “Knot”. I was so excited that I knew the anatomy of Reggae’s cock, even though it was my first time pleasuring it. He stopped humping and stood there with his erect cock, and he kept spraying.

Initially thinking he’d stop within a couple of seconds, I let him cum on the carpet. After realizing he wasn’t stopping, I ran to the kitchen and got a cup. I loved reggae but I didn’t want his cum soaking my carpet. Lol. He filled the cup up by about 1L and I was amazed. When he was done emptying his balls, he laid back down in his bed after licking himself and relieving his panting with a long drink of water. I took his cum cup to the bathroom and poured it down the sink. I just couldn’t make myself drink it... but it definitely crossed my mind.

## Chapter 5 - Breaking and Entering, with some Humping on the Side

Andre returned and took Reggae back. And since then, I was depressed. I had been having Reggae lick me to orgasm every couple of hours, I won’t lie. I’m not sure why, but my libido suddenly shot off the charts. Maybe it was just because I’d never experienced intense orgasm until I was 20. Not to mention I believe the orgasms I’d been having were ten times more powerful than those that a man can give you. I’d put my life on Reggae’s performance definitely topping that of a man’s, even though I’ve never been eaten out by a man.

Anyway, I’d been craving Reggae for a while, and after seeing his cock, I wanted to take it inside of me. He’d been pleasuring me all this time. The least I could do is return the favor and encase his cock in something warm, wet, and tight. The only thing that I was unsure of, was 1. His size, and 2. His knot. He had to have been about 7 or 8 inches and at least 2 inches in girth. Despite these fears,



I was still willing to let him mount me. The material I'd read and seen gave me confidence that I'd be able to take him. Of course I was expecting pain. I was giving my virginity to a massive dog. But I wanted Reggae to have it, nobody or anything else.

I hatched a pretty horrible plan... I still had Andre's key. So when he left to "work" or wherever he goes and usually doesn't come back until 1:00 in the morning, I used his key and went into his house. It was a lot messier than it was the last time I came over. But nothing unusual. Still the usual smoke, marijuana, reggae music, cartoons, and of course, my beast of a lover laying on the couch. As soon as he saw me he jumped up from the couch and "hugged" me with his massive paws pushing me down to his level. Struggling against his brute strength, I told him to come on, and I brought him next door.

I was all prepared. I'd laid down a quilt my Grandmother had given me (sorry gramma), because I'd heard it gets really messy. And hell, I'd witnessed how messy it gets myself. He's a drooler first off, so his saliva is usually dripping all over the "play area", I get considerably wet just thinking about Reggae. Imagine how wet I get when he's standing over me, muscles tensed, cock bobbing around under him. And he cums like a motherfucker. Lol... That's a lot of fluids to account for, and I was expecting things to get messy. I labeled the large quilt my Grandmother gave me my "fuck mat". Grandma would be so proud. I had fashioned some shorts as an Idea from Beastforum. I'd heard that Reggae's nails might hurt, so I put on shorts and a thick sweater. The spandex shorts I'd been wearing, were cut in the back, exposing my butt and my bare pussy when I was in the doggy position. I was thinking about putting on a skirt and just lifting it up when Reggae used his longsword on me, but I figured I'd get a higher armor rating with the spankies. ( Yes, I'm an avid gamer cx ). I crawled to my fuck mat, Reggae not too far behind me, tail wagging powerfully in excitement. To make a long story short, I couldn't get him to fuck me.

I was so disappointed. He humped at me, and humped at me, and I repositioned, and repositioned, but despite both our efforts, we just couldn't get it right. I could tell he really wanted to bang me, and his frustration was so obvious. Eventually I had him lick me and we called it quits. I was going to bring him back over since it was 6 o'clock and I wasn't sure when Andre was coming home, but then I decided Andre probably wouldn't mind if I had his dog over. Maybe he would if he knew Reggae was trying to stuff me with his dick, but from what he could gather; Reggae was just lying on my couch and watching TV with me. Close enough.

So I decided to keep Reggae all night until Andre came back, and then I'd tell him I didn't want Reggae to be lonely so I picked him up. He'd buy it. Hell, it's the truth isn't it? I just didn't add that Reggae would be burying himself in me. Before I'd felt bad. But now, the fact that Andre had no idea what I was doing with his dog was the hugest turn on ever. Idk, it just felt so naughty.

After an hour I crawled back to the fuck mat and started fingering myself in the doggy position to see if Reggae was interested. He was, and he immediately came over and began licking away at my pussy in broad strokes. I could feel the booty shorts getting soaked. I could feel some of my saliva and some of his juices running down the inside of the shorts and down my thighs. He randomly got the urge to hop up on me again, and I arched my back just like the wonderful people on Beastforum advise.

For a split second, just a split second, he slipped in. We both paused as we felt how amazingly good the connection felt. I gasped, and he gripped my hips tighter than he's probably gripped anything in his life. After the brief pause, there was no stopping him. He took off. He humped at me harder than I'd ever thought possible. And though I'd been warned about the strength a horny male dog could plow something, nothing could've ever prepared me for it. He humped, and humped, and slipped out. And he jumped off. I cursed my aggravations. But then I looked at him. The poor thing. He

literally whimpered out in longing as he trotted and paced around me. He wanted me. Badly. He was just about to mount me for round two when the doorbell rang, and I heard Andre's voice jokingly calling me a dog thief through the door.

I looked at Reggae's cock. It was fully exposed. "Put it away!" I hissed at him. He looked at me as if he wanted to say "Get back on the fuck mat, bitch. I'm not done trying." I threw on appropriate clothes and folded the fuck mat and threw it into a corner. I opened the door, probably looking frantic.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, I just took a shower. So what's up?"

"Well, you have my dog for one." He laughed. I opened my mouth stupidly.

"Oh, right! Well here he is. I just didn't want him to be lonely over there."

"Yeah that's fin-" he was cut off. "Oh shit, Reggae put that thing away." He said, looking at Reggae's raging, dripping monster. "I'm so sorry, I've never seen him do that before." He said embarrassed.

"It's fine, he does it almost every time he comes over. I thought it was normal." I laughed.

"Guess he likes you. He's got good taste." He smiled. I looked at him. Probably looking stupid. I was trying to decide whether or not that was flirting, and it probably took me too long to figure out and respond because he just said "...well, we'll be going." In a disappointed kind of voice.

"Right. Good night. Bye Reggae" I managed a smile and closed my door as they walked across the yard to the other side of the building. My disappointment was quickly replaced with a great memory. Fortunately, I had taken pictures of Reggae's Novelty with my iPhone. They were enough to get me off for the night ☐

## Chapter 6 - Penetration at Last

This is getting long so I'll get to the fucking. I'll say that I'm really unsure about people's stories who say they had sex with a dog on the first try or encounter. Let me just say, that it took weeks of trial and error for Reggae to take me successfully, and know with me. And the first couple of times we had, he usually slipped out. I finally found the right position to make it the most comfortable for both of us, while still getting him max penetration, and keeping a tie all the way through until he popped out of me. (And it really is an actual, satisfying "pop" sound! Lol! I didn't think it really "Popped" out. Sorry, idk why I'm so amused by that) For several weeks I was taking Andre's dog to my house and practicing. If I remember correctly, the third week was when we were both masters and we could get perfect penetration within just 5 seconds. The first successful fuck, where he banged me long enough to produce his knot, happened the early in the second week I think. And the first successful tie (as in, he didn't slip out before he was done pumping me full of seed) happened sometime in the late third week.

I had to figure out how the further apart my knees were, the lower I was, and the closer they were, the higher I was. Seems simple now, but back then I had no idea. I had to figure out that I had to actually help guide him. (Now he finds it on his own) I had to figure out that I could take his knot with no problem (I was reluctant to at first) because my pussy would just stretch around it (And might I add it's probably the best, tightest, snuggiest, fit ever made. It's like dogs were meant for G-Spots.) One question I still have, is why Reggae doesn't do this Butt to Butt thing that everyone talks about. He literally just stays in the doggy position until he can fall out. Never any butt to butt. I'd like to experience it to see if it's more pleasurable in that position. If anyone could answer that, it'd be well appreciated. xD

Ok, now to the details of what happens now that we're both old hands at Human/Animal sex.

## Chapter 7 – Reggae and Amanda

The first thing I do when I come home from work or class, is ring Andre's door bell. After I hear nothing but Reggae's barking for a few seconds, I know Andre's not home. I open up the door with the key, and don't even walk inside. Reggae knows the routine. He passes me, runs across the yard, and waits for me at my door. Excitedly, I run behind him, and open my own door. He rushes inside, and literally (I swear he does this) drags the "fuck mat" out of the corner and into the living room. This is living proof that animals can consent to sex, and that they even ask for it, and expect it. If I could, I would build a time machine, and slap the old me and tell her this.

I immediately take off my pants and panties, and get on the fuck mat. I make sure I'm not in a mountable position so all Reggae does is lick. If I'm not wet, this is the safest way to go, because he'll mount me dry, and that's not fun for me. Once I can feel his saliva dripping down my thighs, I'll arch my back, and slap my ass cheek. Sign language for "Fuck me, Stud."

Happy to oblige, this monster of a dog, that probably has 30 pounds on me, takes me like it's his job. He does it with no remorse. He does it like it's his right. He does it like it's his first time taking my pussy every time. He does it like he needs it. He does it with such ravenous determination, just the thought of how bad he wants me is almost enough to make me cum. Like the pro he is, he finds my soaked slit on the second thrust. He grips my hips tight, nails digging into my hips. My punishment for rushing into it instead of putting on my "Mating Gear". I don't care. I want it. I want raw, primal animal sex. I want it to hurt. I want him to punish me, and make me his. I want him to dominate me, and empty his balls into me like I'm nothing but his skanky ass cum receptacle. I want him to drool on my shoulder, and bare his fangs over my head as he puts all the effort he's worth into thrusting his cock in and out of my love tunnel. He shoves inwards, my pussy lips greedily welcoming him into my depths, milking his angry red cock for everything it's worth. He pulls out, my pussy lips hungrily dragging outwards across his cock. I whimper, and moan, and growl as he displays his dominance. His head held high as he takes what's his. For almost two minutes he uses inertia to completely destroy the 100 pounds of weight that I am underneath him. I can feel the way my ass jiggles in his hips. I can feel his forceful paws gripping my hips, notifying me that I am his bitch, and even if I wanted to get away, I probably couldn't. Because I am his to take. I can barely take the beating. Almost every time I feel like I'm on the brink of fainting. But I take it like a bitch. I take it like the dog slut I am for Reggae, my alpha. I let him bury his bone in me for all he's worth, because that's all I'm worth. Before I thought Andre hadn't taught him anything. But without teaching him anything, Reggae had become the best fuck machine I think I'd ever have plow me. When his two minutes of relentless thrusts are up, he shoves his knot into me. I take all 8 inches of it into my petite frame, something I thought would've been impossible four months ago. I lay on the fuck mat, cheek and chest on the floor, ass held high up in the air by Reggae's controlling paws. Helpless as he pumps his seed into me. Helpless as I sit impaled upon his angry red rod. Helpless as I lay uncomfortable for another five minutes, just so my alpha can bust his nuts. So much seed, that not even his knot can stop the cum from spilling out of my depths to join his saliva and my wet juices on the floor. We sit like this for about five minutes (he never had long knots for some reason) until he pops out and cleans himself. I stay in position b/c I already know he's not done with me. I bask in the ambience of what just happened. He leaves. I'm not sure where he's going. It doesn't matter. My duty is to stay here until he returns for round two. I hear him in the kitchen. I can hear him lapping up water greedily. I can hear him panting loudly from the physical activity he just exerted himself into. I can hear him returning to me. I can hear him snuffing my pussy, getting a scent from his bitch. I can hear his claws ripping into the fuck mat as he aggressively grabs my hips once more, and plows me the same way he did 15 minutes ago.

And I love every second of it,  
Amanda