

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Marta. I am from Spain. The story I am about to tell you is true. It happened about five years ago in a small village on the coast of Spain. I was on holiday with my boyfriend Arturo, and we were staying for a week in a little beach cottage that his family owns.

Arturo had gone on a day trip to visit some friends in another village 30 kilometers up the coast, and I decided to stay behind and do some sunbathing. I stripped off my clothes and grabbed a beach towel, sunscreen, and a book. The cottage overlooks a beach that is clothing optional, so it was perfectly acceptable to stroll down to the beach completely nude.

I walked down the beach for a while until I reached a secluded spot that was surrounded by large boulders on three sides. I had found this place earlier in the week, and had been using it for nude sunbathing every day since. This spot was like a private little cove, and gave me some privacy. I am not a prude, but at the time, I did not feel comfortable being nude before a crowd.

I spread out my beach towel, put on some sunscreen, and began to read my book. Before long, the warm sun on my back and the sound of the sea had gradually lulled me to sleep. Suddenly, I was jolted awake by the sensation of a cold wet nose being pressed into the crack of my buttocks. I yelped in surprised, and turned to see a large black and tan dog standing over me!

I screamed when he pushed his nose between my thighs. Rolling over, I tried to sit up, but my reaction only made him angry, and he bared his teeth and growled menacingly at me. I was paralyzed with fear. I knew that if I tried to get up and run, this beast would tear me apart, so I just lay there on my back. I did not know what he wanted. I wished that I had some food to distract him with, so I could escape.

He settled down after a moment, and began sniffing around my crotch again. When he began to push his snout between my thighs, I clamped them together to deny him access. He responded by growling again, so I forced myself to relax and spread my legs a little bit. I cringed when I felt his rough tongue brush over my labia. I began crying and pleaded with him to leave me alone, but his licking only intensified. I was really afraid that at any moment, he would tear apart my vagina with his sharp fangs.

Suddenly, I heard a man shouting in Spanish, "Macho! Macho! Donde estas?" (Macho! Macho! Where are you?) I called out in Spanish, "Help! I am over here behind the rocks!" I took a risk angering the dog by shouting, but I just had to get help. A man walked into view a moment later.

"Ah, so there you are you bad boy! Macho! Leave that lady alone!" he scolded the dog. Macho looked back at his master for a second, and then went right back to licking me. The man just shrugged his shoulders and said, "He is a stubborn son-of-a-bitch. Oh... I beg your pardon senorita, my name is Rolando. I see that you and Macho have already become acquainted."

His casual attitude shocked me. "You call this becoming acquainted? Your dog is sexually assaulting me! Get him off me now!" My would-be rescuer shook his head and said apologetically, "I am sorry senorita, but I don't have much control over him when he finds a desirable woman." His words puzzled me. "What do you mean 'desirable woman'? What are you talking about? Can't you just grab him by his collar and pull him off me?"

Rolando shook his head and held up his right arm. It was covered at the wrist by a bandage. "I tried to get between him and another woman last week, and he took a chunk out of my arm. Sorry, but I am not going to try that again!" I asked, "He attacked another woman? What did he do to her?" His answer made me gasp. "He licked her too, and after that... some other things." In a trembling voice I asked, "What other things?"

"Macho loves females... human females. a former girlfriend taught him how to pleasure her with his tongue and she also used to let him mount her. Now that she has gone, he is lonely. I think he misses the sex, so he is satisfying his needs with other women. " I spat out, "That is disgusting! I am not letting a dog do that to me!" He replied, "That is what the other woman said too, but after Macho was finished with her, she was singing a different tune! If you do not want him to start biting you, you had better cooperate and give him what he wants!"

I realized with despair that I would not be rescued by this man. In fact, while we had been talking, his once flaccid organ had risen to full erection. He was a handsome man, tall and muscular, and under other circumstances, I would have swooned at the sight of his large manhood, but now his excitement at my predicament only angered me. "You sick bastard! You are enjoying this!" He nodded and said, "Yes, I do enjoy watching Macho when he takes a woman." I watched as he reached down and began stroking his penis. He retracted his long foreskin, and I could see the head was coated with pre-ejaculate.

I was till on my back, and Macho had taken a crouching position between my legs, forcing them wide apart. His rough tongue moved up and down over my sex, licking me from clitoris to rectum. Sometimes he would concentrate on my vaginal opening, forcing his long flexible tongue deep inside me. In spite of my revulsion at being forced to submit to a dog, my body was beginning to show signs of sexual arousal. My nipples were now completely erect, and I could feel the early sensations of an approaching orgasm. I tried to think about something else that would stop it from coming, but it was futile. The sensations this dog was giving me were just too intense!

When my climax swept over me, my body went into spasms, and my hips involuntarily bucked up and down. My breath became ragged, and I was unable to suppress a moan of pleasure. The man grinned down at me and said, "Now then... that was not so bad, was it?" I did not answer him, but I could feel my cheeks redden with shame. "Hey, do not be embarrassed. You are not the only woman who has enjoyed being licked by a dog!"

Just then, Macho rose to his feet and started pushing his nose underneath my buttocks. When I didn't move, he started growling again. I asked, "What does he want now?" Rolando answered, "Is it not obvious, senorita? Look beneath him and you will see his desire!" I looked at the underside of the dog, and gasped. About ten centimeters (4 inches) of bright reddish-pink dog penis had extended from its sheath. I knew that this was just the tip of the iceberg, and this knowledge frightened me. "I think he wants you to get up on your hands and knees. You had best do what he wants, or he will start biting you!" Sure enough, Macho nipped my leg just a moment later. "Ouch! Please make him stop! I will not get on my hands and knees for a dog!" "You will only make things worse for yourself by resisting." he warned.

Macho nipped me again. This time breaking the skin and causing me to bleed. "Ouch! He bit harder this time!" "I warned you. It will only get worse if you don't do what he wants!" Allowing him to lick me was one thing, but the thought of letting this dog mount me was unthinkable. "Please... I do not want to do this!" I pleaded as the tears ran down my cheeks. With a look of sympathy, he said, "Please get on your hands and knees, muchacha. Just do what he wants, and he will not hurt you anymore. It will be okay... you may even find the experience gives you pleasure."

"How could any woman find pleasure with a dog? It is taboo... an unnatural act!" Rolando smiled and answered, "Many women find pleasure with a dog. Just because something is taboo does not lessen the pleasure, in fact, it may increase it. Have you not heard the saying that forbidden fruit tastes sweeter? Besides, such acts have not always been taboo. It is a taboo of the current culture."

I could not come up with a retort to Rolando's logic. But even if I agreed or disagreed, it didn't

matter. Macho wanted me, and he would not be dissuaded by logic. I could see no other options. There was no way I could outrun this dog, and if I did not cooperate with him, he would probably tear me apart. Reluctantly, I got up on my hands and knees, and braced myself for what was to come.

Macho wasted no time. I felt him place his head over my lower back, and then he reared up on his hind legs to mount me. His forelegs encircled my waist with a firm grip, and I winced in pain as his sharp claws scratched my tender skin. I felt the pointy tip of Macho's penis touch my inner thigh. It was so much warmer than a man's organ. I looked underneath to see the reddish-pink organ thrust back and forth between my thighs, as it searched for its target. His shaft had extended a few more centimeters now, and it glistened from its natural lubrication. Macho adjusted his position on my back, and when his penis found its mark, he drove it home in one powerful thrust.

That first thrust caused me to pitch forward, pressing my head down to the ground. He must have forced his entire length into me, because I felt the fur of his sheath tickling my inner labia. Macho began pumping into me at breathtaking speed. His movements were so forceful, he was rocking me back and forth with every thrust. I looked underneath us again, and watched in awe as his long thick tool moved in and out with increasing speed. After penetrating me, its size had noticeably increased. I could see a large bulge beginning to form at the base of his shaft. I had seen mating dogs stuck together, and knew that this must be his knot. I wondered if we would get stuck like that, and the thought made me shudder.

Rolando knelt beside me to have a closer look at the union of dog and woman genitals. "How does it feel?" Between gasps, I answered that it felt much hotter and larger than any man I had ever been with. He nodded his agreement. "Yes, he is bigger than most men... even bigger than me!" I looked down at his large organ and exclaimed, "But you are very well endowed! Surely he is not bigger than you?"

Rolando blushed at my unintentional compliment. "Gracias, senorita, but he is indeed much bigger than I. Very soon, you will feel him get even bigger. He will stop thrusting in long strokes so his knot can swell up inside you. Then you will learn why women find pleasure with a dog."

Rolando fell silent as he watched Macho and I copulate. I watched him from the corner of my eye as he slowly stroked his erection. Then he surprised me with a request. "Your breasts are very lovely, senorita. May I touch them?" I answered, "Thank you, but what if I say no? Will you not touch them anyway?" He shook his head. "No, senorita, I am not like Macho. I do not force women. If you say no, then I will respect your wishes." "Very well... then you may touch them. By the way... my name is Marta." "Thank you, Marta."

Rolando reached out with his free hand and began to softly caress my breasts. His touch sent a pleasant tingle through my whole body. A few minutes passed, and suddenly he began to ejaculate. When his orgasm was finished, he moved his hand to my belly, where he began to rub it in ever-increasing circles. Then he asked, "May I..." I nodded yes before he could finish. His fingers slid down through my pubic hair, until they reached my magical little button.

"Ahh... that feels so nice! Oh yes... rub it a little harder now... Ahh..." The combination of Rolando's fondling of my breasts and clitoris, along with the energetic thrusts of Macho, were definitely having a positive effect on me. I also felt a growing pressure in my vagina, a very full feeling like I had never experienced with any man. Then I remembered what Rolando had said about how Macho's thrusts would change when his knot became lodged inside me.

I looked underneath me to see that indeed, Macho's thrusting had become shallow. He wasn't

withdrawing his shaft anymore, and his knot was no longer visible outside my vagina. "I think his knot is stuck inside me now! Dios mio! my vagina feels so full!" Rolando looked and confirmed that Macho's knot was indeed lodged within me. "Okay Marta, he is tied to you now, and will remain so for at least a half hour. Is it giving you pleasure now?" I panted, "Oh yes!... I have... never felt... anything like this! Oh!..."

That's when I had my first orgasm from a dog's penis. It started as a contraction in my belly and thighs, and then the waves of ecstasy rolled over me. I cried out, "Dios mio! I am coming! I am... coming... Ahh... Mmm... Oh yes!..." That first orgasm gradually tapered off, but Macho showed no sign of fatigue. He just kept thrusting like a jackhammer, and his knot only served to intensify the pleasure. I had two more glorious orgasms, separated by little spasms of pleasure. Suddenly, Macho made a low groaning sound, and then I felt it... a strong rhythmic pulsing from his hot swollen shaft. It was soon followed by a flood of hot dog semen that seemed to go on and on.

When Macho's orgasm finally ended, he was panting heavily from all his efforts to impregnate me. (Of course I knew that this was an impossibility) He just lay stretched out over my back, and patiently waited for his knot to shrink enough to withdraw. My arms and legs trembled from the experience, and it took great effort to remain in this position.

"So, tell me Marta... what do you think of Macho now, eh?" Rolando asked with a knowing grin. I could only look up and weakly smile at him. He was right. I had just been given the best fucking of my life. I no longer cared that society said it was perverted. I knew in my heart that I would do this again.

Macho eventually dismounted, his knot making a wet plopping sound as it came out of me. To my pleasant surprise, he began to lick away all the semen that flowed out of my vagina and down my thighs. His long flexible tongue felt so wonderful, I was tempted to go for another round, but it was getting late.

"Will you and Macho be coming to the beach tomorrow?" I asked hopefully. "If that is what you wish, then of course!" Rolando answered. "Then I will see you tomorrow." He told me his sir name, and said, "Look me up in the phone book and call when you are going to be here."

I made it back to the cottage a few minutes before Arturo returned. I did not intend to tell him about my experience with the dog, especially since I intended to have another session tomorrow. Arturo was not a sexually adventurous man. He showed little tolerance for unusual sex practices. I was certain that if he learned of what I had done with a dog, he would become very angry.

My plan to keep this experience a secret was shattered when Arturo noticed the scratches and bite marks on my waist and thighs. I could not think of another excuse for what happened, so I told him the truth. He wanted to call the police to have the dog destroyed and the owner jailed, and could not understand my reluctance to report what happened. After angrily yelling at me for a while, I finally broke down and admitted that I had enjoyed the experience. This was a big mistake. He started slapping me around and saying I was a filthy pervert.

I gathered all my possessions and ran out of the cottage. I walked to a nearby store where I could use a public telephone to call Rolando. After telling him what had happened, he came right away in his car and took me to his home.

I ended up spending the night with Rolando and Macho. He has a lovely hacienda high up on the side of a mountain that overlooks the sea. He was such a gentleman, and made me feel right at home. "Mi casa es tu casa." he announced as we entered the spacious living room. He guided me to

a guest bedroom, and said I was welcome to stay as long as I desired.

I was a little surprised that he was not expecting me to sleep in his bedroom. I had been anticipating our second rendezvous, where I planned to give myself to both him and Macho. I thought perhaps he just needed some encouragement, so I gave it to him. I pouted and said in my sexiest voice, "But I do not like sleeping alone. Could I sleep with you?"

That got me the reaction I wanted. Rolando swept me up in his arms and carried me to his bedroom. I was far too excited to bother with foreplay, and began stripping off my clothes. Rolando did likewise, and we were soon engaged in passionate love-making. He proved to be a considerate lover, bringing me to repeated orgasms with his tongue and beautiful penis before he finally allowed himself to come.

We were engaged in "doggy-style" intercourse when I noticed that Macho had just padded into the bedroom. He just stood there, silently watching his master thrusting into me. I wondered what he was thinking as he observed us. I certainly knew what I was thinking. I wanted him again. I wanted to feel his wonderful tongue, and I longed to feel him thrust inside me. I looked back at Rolando, who was still plunging in and out of me and said, "Macho is waiting for his turn." He grinned and said, "I am nearly done!"

As soon as Rolando had finished, I got off the bed and presented myself to Macho on hands and knees. He came up behind me and began licking his master's semen from my vagina. Rolando fetched a towel from the bathroom. As he wrapped it around my waist, he explained, "This will keep him from scratching you."

As soon as Macho had finished licking me clean, he reared up on his hind legs and mounted me. He had less trouble finding his target this time, and I moaned my approval as I felt his hot slick shaft penetrate me. My vaginal canal was still full of Rolando's seed, so as Macho worked his penis in and out of me, it made wet squishy sounds. Macho's tempo quickened with every thrust, until his shaft nearly became a blur. I began to feel an increasing pressure just inside my vagina, and realized it was caused by Macho's swelling knot.

I looked up at Rolando, who was watching us from the bed, and noticed that he was getting another erection. "Come on down here and let me take care of that." He hopped down and knelt in front of me. I took his fat knob into my mouth, and began sucking it. Using my lips, I retracted his foreskin and twirled my tongue around the sensitive glans underneath.

Macho's knot was soon fully inflated within me, and it put a wonderful pressure against the backside of my clitoris. Every time he pulled back, it sent jolts of pleasure radiating throughout my pelvic area. I was on the verge of a big orgasm, when I felt Macho cut loose with jet after jet of hot semen. That pushed me over the top, and I began my own climax. Both Macho and I were still coming when Rolando joined us. I struggled to keep up with the flow, gulping down everything he gave me.

Epilogue

It's been five years now, and Rolando and I are now husband and wife. We still have Macho, and last year for my birthday, Rolando gave me a puppy. He is black and tan, and looks a lot like Macho. That is because Macho is his father. Rolando secretly bred him to a friend's dog so he could give me this pup. Now that he is one year old, He does not look like a puppy anymore. In fact, he is as big as his father, and feels just as big when he is inside me!