

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Foreword

Why Dogs? This story is a possible explanation of my sexual fascination with them.

Invariably something sexual in ones early life formulates and later “turns” everyone ‘onto’ some sexual theme that then excites them for life. This is why I personally do not believe that people of either sex are born homosexual. Naturally if the first “thrill” of sex involves a same sex partnership then this will clearly help to formulate that young person’s future sexuality.

In my own humble opinion this is the reason why minors must at all costs be legally protected and kept safe from each and every sexual predator, of either sex.

It’s so sad but those ‘innocents’ abused by adults often do become abusers too in later life.

A lot depends on the young person but if we protect them and leave them alone to form sexual preferences naturally with their own peers they will usually find what “does it” for them, invariably this involves what passes for fairly ‘normal’ sexual relationships.

Occasionally however wires do get crossed. In the case of Bestiality exciting someone it could even be the result of an old teenage glimpse of dogs copulating in the street and just feeling sexy over that sight? Perhaps spying on others being sexy with dogs? Who knows why?

Whatever, I do know that this is what “did it” for me, spying on my Aunt. These are very accurate true accounts from a long time ago ... long before the internet “corrupted” us all.

Do please note despite being “naive” sexually I was in my twenties, thus far from a child.

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## Chapter One

Once when in my early twenties I had some “domestic” problems with my partner, David.

I walked out and went to spend summer with my Aunt on a smallholding in a remote part of South Wales. Meg was a widow aged around forty living on her own ever since my Uncle Dylan had been killed in a mine accident ten years earlier. I think the Miners Union obtained a decent compensation amount for her, she now seemed quite well off and she and Dylan having had no children had always had a soft spot for me, her younger sister’s daughter.

She kept chickens, a goat, several orphaned lambs, a cat and two Labrador dogs for company. The Labs were lovely, one black and one golden, named, ‘Bill’ and ‘Ben’.

Her old farm cottage was remote, well off the beaten track or any real road. The two dogs would howl like banshees if a stranger dared to approach their lonely track but just greeted people with a welcoming bark when the few folk they knew well approached, my Aunt could truthfully tell you just who was approaching up the track by the sound of the dogs barks. I had no idea how she did it but after they barked she’d say,

“There’s Glyn top farm with the eggs, get them off him at the gate Bach”. She would be right.

Her dogs were highly trained, one of her hobbies was dog obedience training, she had done it for years and won cash prizes and exhibitions at exhibitions at local fetes. She had even once trained

Border collie sheepdogs, winning trials when younger at my Granddads old hill farm.

Local people in the village, even farmers were forever asking her advice about various dogs, breeds, illnesses, training etc. She was definitely a respected canine "expert" in that valley.

I stayed with her all that summer, I chilled out walking by the river next to her land with the dogs, fed the goat and totally relaxed away from the hassle, bustle and bitchiness of the city life I had been used to. I just loved the peace away from the crowds and the city and David.

The thing I missed most was that the few local men I met were unbelievably shy of girls, no one my own age dared even speak to me in eight weeks but I enjoyed the chill out after my "relationship" trouble at home. I had lived with David for six months, truthfully the only thing I missed him for was sex, he had been my first and good at it. That's probably why I was still masturbating a lot while thinking about him, even in Wales. I hated myself but did it most nights in bed and sometimes on hot days, in the barn. Once I even played with myself next to a secluded pool down by the river, it excited me so much that I was in the open air doing it that I invented a fantasy that some shy local man was in the bushes and so excited by watching me that he was wanking himself. In reality highly unlikely, we were miles away from anywhere populated but the thought excited me immensely. I lay back on the river bank with my hand down my pants and came frantically at the thought of what a slut I was being!

Perhaps it was the hot August weather but I seemed to be in a constant state of excitement.

One very hot day my Aunt strangely sent me on a somewhat odd errand to the Coop shop in the local village. She put her list and some money in a purse on the table. It was odd because I remember studying it and thinking that half the stuff on it we already had in the fridge. I certainly didn't complain though, I was a little bored and looking forward to the long three miles country walk along the remote lane by the river with the two dogs for company, perhaps she had sensed that I was bored and had just sent me off for that walk on purpose.

'I might even visit my "secluded sexy pool" again', I thought, my hormones kicking in again.

Bill was tied up outside but when I went to untie him my Aunt told me to leave him and just take Ben who was already there, loose in the yard and I just did as she advised.

Ben was my favourite anyway and I was happier controlling him. While both dogs were highly trained Bill was older and reluctant to obey me sometimes, often looking at my Aunt for a second opinion as to whether he should obey me. Ben, the younger golden lab was always fully obedient with me, on first command.

About a mile down the road I cursed as I suddenly realised I had the list but the purse was still on the kitchen table. Turning, we retraced our steps for about twenty minutes along the river

track back home ... Usually Bill would bark out a greeting to us but I noticed with surprise that he was no longer still tied up in the yard as we went in the gate, but was not on the chain.

I wondered why, he had been there when we left and wherever he was, even inside the cottage he invariably greeted friend or foe with his many different barks, Aunt Meg would almost converse with him when she heard the gate catch... "Whosatz?" ... and he'd tell her by a bark!

It was very unusual that neither of them had heard me come back into the yard this time.

I quietly passed the living room window and glancing in saw Aunt Meg sitting in her arm chair with

Bill standing in front of her. I was just about to shout out a greeting to her when my brain suddenly caught up with the message from my eyes. I stopped in my tracks in disbelief before ducking quickly back in the shadows, shocked and totally stunned. Had I really seen what I just thought I'd seen? I had to look again before I made a sound.

Peeping cautiously around the window again I took a second look and confirmed it. I could now see just why neither my Aunt or Bill had heard my approach. They were both too busy.

Aunt Meg had her knickers off, still around one ankle. Her long skirt was hiked well up to her breasts and her right leg was dangling limp over the padded arm of the leather chair leaving her vagina gaping wide open. The dog was licking away at it for all his he was worth as my Aunt frantically masturbated her swollen clitoris with her fingers at the same time.

I looked round the corner, hidden in the afternoon shade but the dog was so intent on my Aunts pussy that even he didn't hear us. His attentions were clearly exciting her wildly, her eyes were closed and it was obvious from the look on her face she was near to climax and loving every second as Bill kept nuzzling greedily at her. She was only a few feet away and I could see clearly that her spread vagina was had now opened up so much that Bill's bulbous black nose was now pushing up inside the lips of my Aunts pussy, physically sliding up out of sight inside her. I could see how swollen and red her clitoris had become by rubbing it.

"My God" I thought. "She's trained him, he's actually screwing her with his big nose."

Despite the fact that I was outside in the open yard seeing her masturbate had excited me so much that I pushed my own hand down the front of my pants and did the same thing to

myself nearly as frantically as my Aunt was doing it.

I watched her intently for perhaps another five minutes or more until she suddenly started shuddering and panting then climaxed heavily with the dog still lapping greedily away at her. Her face twisted as if in pain as she arched her back, grabbed Bill's collar and started thrusting herself hard against the dogs muzzle in an obviously very intense orgasm, the tip of his black nose pushing up back up inside her again as she pulled him into her. Bill did not seem to mind in the least and kept on dutifully licking away at her until she finally let go of him and slouched back, dreamily exhausted but now trying to stop Bill from licking at her.

I ducked away across the yard into the barn. I had already masturbated myself there earlier that morning on top of the hay bales thinking about sex. Far from now being disgusted watching my Aunt masturbating with the dog licking her it made me horny as hell again. Feverishly lifting my thin dress I carried on masturbating myself leaning back against the hay bales.

"I wonder if she lets Ben do it to her too" I thought wildly.

On an impulse I pulled my pants hurriedly to one side offering Ben the chance to do the same thing to me as Bill had to my Aunt. I let him smell my fingers and tried to get him over to lick my pussy that I was baring for him, he wouldn't.

After smelling briefly at me Ben first tried to jump up on me then just pranced around barking excitedly as if it were a play game. The idiot dog gave the game away.

The next thing I heard was Bill barking too inside the house as he heard us, Aunt Meg had no doubt heard us too so I hurriedly pulled down my dress and made a lot of theatrical noise as I went across the yard to the house. When I went in Aunt Meg had rushed upstairs so I just shouted to her that I'd

forgotten the purse, I caught sight of my face in the hall mirror, flushed after playing with myself and was glad my Aunt hadn't seen me in that state.

I picked up the purse and went back off on my errand to the village with Ben, looking at Bill with curious eyes as we left him inside, now whining to come with us.

I was still in a state of excitement when I got to the village Coop think of what I'd just seen. The woman put it down to the hot weather... "You look flushed Bach, too hot for you is it?"

On the way back I again sidetracked from the track down by the pool, put the shopping bag down and leisurely finished off what I'd started in the Barn, Ben just stared at me as I played with myself but this time I was thinking about my Aunt, and imagining I was getting the dog watching me a hard on, not some guy in the bushes ... Again I offered him my bare pussy and again he wouldn't lick it. It didn't matter, I felt totally "filthy" actually offering to let a dog lick my bare cunt ... wow! I came in seconds, even without the dog's help.

When I got back Bill was now tied up outside and looked at us sulkily for leaving him.

"You should sulk my lad," I thought. "You've had far more excitement than a walk today! I should have taken you down to the river! You wouldn't have said no!"

When I went in the house Aunt Meg behaved perfectly normally and took the bag off me, as I helped put the groceries away I realised again that nothing I had brought was urgent and she could have got all of them when going in by car the next day anyway.

It was very hot, I suddenly remembered she had once told me in confidence that when she and Dylan went to Spain the heat had made her feel so sexy the whole week that they hardly left the hotel. That day was one of the hottest days of that South Wales summer, I think Aunt Meg was "on heat" too, like she had been in Spain.

I realised now I had definitely been sidetracked into going to the village for an hour or so to leave her on her own while she found the time to have her 'wicked way' with Bill.

It was hot that night too and I felt very sexy in bed remembering every sexy detail of what I had seen. I touched myself up for half the night fantasizing what it felt like letting a dog lick you until you came. I then dreamed fitfully, mostly of sex, and the dogs licking me too.

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Chapter Two

The next day we went shopping down to Swansea all day in Aunt Megs car. On the way home she suggested we stop for a drink. We walked in the pub and from the greeting it was obvious she knew the Landlady well. We got the drinks and sat on bar stools at the bar while Meg chatted intimately to the Landlady, obviously a close friend. While we sat there the pub's big Alsatian dog came around the bar to us, jumping up and making a huge fuss of both of us, but mainly Aunt Meg, who he obviously knew well. From the Landlady's conversation I learned that evidently he boarded with Meg whenever the couple who owned the pub went abroad.

"I daren't let Kim out by here because of the main road but he loved it running free up the valley at your Aunt's place, you didn't want to come back home again did you Bach?"

'No I bet you didn't' I thought, stroking his head. 'I can guess why, if only you could talk!'

My mind was working overtime now, after yesterdays events and knowing what Meg liked dog's to do to her I gave an involuntary shudder when I saw him blatantly try to stick his nose into the crotch of her jeans. It was turning me on, let alone her! She noticed me looking and reprimanded the dog sternly. The dog backed off, looking puzzled and went to lay down.

The pub was very quiet that afternoon. We stayed a while drinking cold lagers, free I noticed. The second time I visited the toilet I noticed that the dog had got up and followed me down the long passage to the ladies and I took my chance. I was by now in a state of sheer total "excitement" about my Aunt's kink for sexy dogs and a little giddy after the free drinks.

I quickly glanced over my shoulder, then quietly let him into the toilets behind me. I was shaking as I pulled my loose knickers aside and blatantly exposed my now very wet naked pussy an inch in front of the dog's nose. He leapt at me instantly and almost knocked me over in his eagerness to get his tongue at my cunt.

'My God, I knew it, he's another experienced woman licker' I thought as I let him get at me and lick away frantically for all he was worth. It was gorgeous and it felt incredibly sexy.

It was obvious he was just as experienced at licking human pussy as Bill had been with my Aunt. I wondered if he had licked her cunt too? Surely he had. I almost fainted with sheer excitement at the thought and also what I was doing myself when I looked and caught sight of myself in the wall mirror. Here I was, laid back on the sinks in a public toilet with a strange dog licking at my cunt for all it was worth. The thought that anyone could walk in and catch me initially excited me but then suddenly frightened me as I heard a noise from the pub, it sounded like they had noticed the dog missing and were calling him. The realisation of how close I was to being caught and branded a total pervert sobered me up from my excitement.

I reluctantly pushed him away to stop him licking me, I ushered him out and then had far more than a pee behind that locked toilet door! I was horny as hell, I came in minutes.

When I walked back into the bar and sat on the bar stool I made a joke about the guard dog following me to the toilet just to make sure I didn't nick the toilet roll and everyone laughed. Embarrassingly the dog now started making as much fuss of me as he had of Aunt Meg and she looked at me thoughtfully as I had to now keep stopping him "getting" my own crotch ... I wouldn't say she was suspicious but as she definitely "knew" dog language well she fully realised he was treating me far differently than he had just 15 minutes earlier!

She looked at me thoughtfully a few times ... and the dog.

We got back home eventually, around 5pm. After a meal my Aunt asked me if I wanted to come to bingo with her. She didn't keep drink in the house but I'd seen that she was quite fond of her lager when she was out socially. She spent a lot of evenings up at the local miners welfare club. I usually went too but I declined to go this time, saying I had a slight headache. My brief sexual encounter with that randy pub dog had wet my appetite, I had other plans...

She eventually got changed and set off but had hardly got her car to the end of the main drive before I had brought both the Lab's in, taken off my knickers and started experimenting.

I started by showing them each my naked pussy in turn, just to see what transpired! Their response was instant and somewhat dramatic! Even more frantic that Kim the Alsatian's had been in the pub toilets earlier that afternoon.

They almost fought over me, the older dog Bill was at my mound like a shot and licking me for all he

was worth. I had never been licked there much before, David, (my partner) would do it if prompted but I knew he didn't really like doing it much and that put me off. The brief tonguing I'd had from Kim that day had been far better than David, Kim had obviously loved licking human pussies and now it felt exactly the same my aunt's dog. He was quite clearly turned on sexually and doing it so enthusiastically that it felt fantastic. Far from doing it under sufferance like David did he was obviously getting himself into a sexual frenzy as he licked away feverishly at my cunt, bucking his hips and thrusting his hardening cock away fucking nothing except "fresh air". I stared in shock realising my cunt was really turning this dog on.

Although all this was exciting me tremendously I started to get frightened at Bill's intensity, especially when after licking me hard he tried forcing his nose up into me as he had my Aunt. Being stood up I fell over backwards onto the couch. He immediately jumped up and tried to mount me, frightening me to death. I felt Bill's wetness rubbing on my bare legs and as I glanced down saw that his red cock was coming right out of its sheath. I realised with a shock that this dog was now making more than a serious attempt to physically screw me. Ben, the younger dog kept getting his head in and sniffing at my pussy experimentally too but Bill kept growling at him fiercely, finally snapping at him and physically forcing him away.

He quite obviously meant literally, "My bitch, go away, I'm fucking her first"

This now really frightened me, the two dogs were fighting over me like a bitch on heat, just as if I wasn't in charge, it was almost like an attempted rape.

His obvious sexual intimidation was panicking me because he was now definitely fully intent on fucking me, humping my thighs and any part of me he could get his hard cock up against.

I did briefly get him down once but as soon as he licked me again he got horny and jumped straight back up to try to mount me again. I even felt him coming, I felt it hot, all over my legs. It scared me but also felt incredibly sexy, the sheer fact I could make even a dog come.

Half of me did want him to stop, but my sexy 'wicked slut' side wanted him to carry on, even keep trying to fuck me, I don't think I would have gone so far as to let him but I just felt so sexually powerful knowing I'd aroused him so much sexually, the shuddering thought was,

"God, I'm giving off such strong sexual vibes I've even turned a dog on. He can tell how much I want sex, I'm a bitch on heat to him. He knows I'm horny and just wants to fuck me!"

Suddenly it dawned on me that Bill was a highly trained dog, he wouldn't have 'dared' show me the aggression he was doing unless it was part of a usual sexual routine that he knew.

He wouldn't suddenly decide he wanted to fuck me, I realised he must have done it before!

I remembered that as I had watched through the window he had tried to jump up once onto my Aunt and she had just stopped him with her normal "wait" signal. This was right hand outstretched, palm down. (up was palm up.)

The thought hit me hard that one or even both her dogs had probably fucked my Aunt! Possibly even the pub Alsatian too! He's been there over a week! Oh no, My God, Help.

I tried to tell Bill to get down but he was a heavy dog and pinning me down on the couch, he just wouldn't obey me. I tried the signals, calling his name sharply as my Aunt did and gave him the palm down with my right hand. Thankfully he obeyed. He stopped trying to hump me and just stood still. I managed to grab and release his paws gripping tight round my waist and push him away from me as

he relaxed his grip and jumped down.

He began licking himself and I curiously looked his penis, now throbbing and swollen. It was fully out of his sheath and still dripping the thin come he had just spurted all over my legs. I realised with rather strange satisfaction that I had made him come by letting him thrust against me and suddenly feeling safe now and back in charge I massaged his penis gently as he squirted his come in dozens of long squirts until he finally stopped coming. I could feel the wetness in my hand and bizarrely even rubbed some of his come onto my pussy. I had excited him by letting him lick me and touching him and the weirdest thing was I felt sexy about it all, like I would with a man. I had made this male "come" with my body. So sexy.

I managed to get Bill back in the yard after a struggle, with his swollen cock hanging down like a donkey, I prayed no-one would see him but no one ever passed by, it was so remote.

I then coaxed Ben into licking me, which he did very gently and it was exciting, I was half hoping he would try to fuck me as Bill had but he didn't seem to want to try, even when I gave him the up command he just jumped up but didn't really seem to know why he was there even when I rubbed his dick to see if he would get sexy too, but he didn't, except to thrust a bit.

I finally put him out with Bill strangely disappointed that he had not even wanted to try to mount me like Bill had, (not that I would have let him but I felt, well "spurned" ... turned down by a dog! "I bet Kim would have wanted to fuck me," I caught myself thinking. How crazy?

I realised with a shock that Bill's wet come was all over the rug and I soaked it in the bath, leaving a note to say I had spilled some milk on it.

I had a shower and finally went to bed having fantasies about thick red dog cocks! I just kept imagining what would have happened if I had just turned over face down when he tried to mount me. I kept imagining I'd just let him jump up onto my back and guided his thin red pencil cock up into my pussy to let him fuck me. As I masturbated I imagined I could feel the hot sperm he'd shot over my thighs earlier that day flooding into my pussy. I imagined Bill shaking as he ejaculated and pumped his hot seed deep into me with that swollen red cock.

As I thought about it I just kept on and on just wanting to go back downstairs and let either or both of them screw me. A FUCK, I just wanted a FUCK. If a naive "puppies" thought had not stuck in my mind I'm sure would have gone downstairs and done it too. I wanted it badly.

I was now more than ever convinced Meg had been fucked by some of the many dogs she'd trained. She had won loads of awards at Fete's, obedience shows and sheepdog trials with dogs she had owned, all had been highly trained. It excited me unbearably now to know that they had probably all learned a trick Aunt Meg didn't perform in public, like fucking her!

I never got chance to repeat the experience with the dogs in Wales, Law school called but the "fantasy" on that night stayed with me, I thought constantly about being fucked by dogs myself. I mentally built up my masturbation fantasy into a full feature epic. I re-lived and elaborated on my one dog sex night perhaps a thousand times in my fantasies, with both dogs screwing me one after the other for hours, even my Aunt coming home and joining in!

I did resume sex with David but our relationship didn't last long, we eventually separated just a few months after I went back. I do remembering him wondering and being jealous of why I had suddenly developed a liking for sex from the back, "doggy fashion". He was convinced I'd had sex with someone in Wales like that because I'd not been "into" it at all before... (nearly right David, nearly...) He was very straight laced, it's a good job he couldn't read my mind as he was fucking me or his

hair would have curled. "Say woof David, go on, just bark"

"Who was this bloody Bill guy in Wales who's name you keep moaning?" I never told him anything about it, or anyone else for that matter until I met Pete, my (now) ex husband.

I never did anything else physically with a dog either from that Summer in South Wales to several years later until I met Pete, although I thought and masturbated about it a hell of a lot!

In pillow talk we eventually told each other of our secret masturbation fantasies. Pete's was seeing me lick another woman's cunt and her lick mine in a sixty nine. Mine was telling him this true story and my fantasy of being fucked a big dog myself too, just like my Aunt had.

A year later I had done both, but that's yet another story.

The End