

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It seems so long ago to be honest, and it has been ten whole years to the day almost. It was just before Christmas 1987 when I was 20 and dating David, but he went by Dave. He was nice enough and all, the family liked him. I was in love with him for sure. Our relationship was going well I thought but not everything was perfect. He would get into moods from time to time that made me question his commitment to me. As Christmas neared that year I was wondering why, during the month of December, he just didn't seem to call very often.

I got a call from Dave on the 23rd that year. Just two days before Christmas. He was wondering if I could meet him downtown. Sure I said where and when, no problem. We met at the appointed spot and time and went to dinner. It was a nice place, but that is all I recall now, as very shortly afterward the meal arrived at the table, Dave dropped the bombshell. He really didn't have feelings for me as I did for him, and he made that very clear. I cried, he got a bit weepy but was not all choked up. The final blow was about to be thrown up, that he was seeing someone else. I was mortified.

I do not recall much of the trip home on the bus. Stepping off the bus was tough as I was in deep thought about what had happened and was trying to figure out how and or what and when to say something to the family, as they liked him. Does my face show too much?

Later that evening I was in the kitchen and mom came in for some reason and she would be the one to notice the face I was wearing "Something wrong dear?"

"Yeah Dave and I are no more long, a couple. He broke it off with me, and I feel terrible Mom."

"Oh well dear it happens, You will get over it".

I forgot to mention that one family member who I did not pay much attention to was interested in how I felt though. His name was Luther, yes "Luther", he was the family dog and he seemed to know the moment I came home that day, there was something up, he wagged his tail at me when I arrived home but I was not paying attention. It was only later that I put the sequence of events with Luther together so that they could be recounted to you.

My relationship with Luther, who was three at the time, was not good. He seemed to ignore me and I him.

The week between Christmas and New years was tough on me as people were in and out of the house, family and friends and business associated of my parents and a few neighbors and some complete strangers. It seemed like an endless parade of the two-legged type. Since I was not interested in retelling the story, the kitchen and gatherings of girls I avoided like the Titanic.

Luther seemed to be around me more and more, I noticed as I did some things about the house. I had calmed down somewhat, and 1988 was going to be here in a day. I finally, really noticed Luther. I was in the basement "the games room". He was there that day watching me and most of you know the look a dog can give you. With those eyes, which tells you, pat me or come here and say hi or I love you take me outside or who knows what all goes on in a dog's mind.

Early into the New Year Luther slowly, over a week or so, started to come to my room and visit whenever I was home. He would stare at me looking for the pat on the head and a bit of chitchat. This guy was starting to really understand what it was a girl needed. I talked to him more and more.

One evening he started to come to my room and slept on the floor beside my bed. He was, as a rule,

not allowed into the house. He was older now and no one seemed to care. He didn't mess all over the place, except when it was muddy outside and his feet needed to be wiped off.

A few weeks went by with me noticing that Luther was not missing any night now without sleeping in my room. No problem I thought, as long as he doesn't mess things up, all would be OK with me.

One night, about two in the morning, I heard him rustling about. He had put his head on the bed and was looking at me. I gave him the friendly pat on the head. "What do you want boy, I asked". He just looked sad and a bit more whimper came out of his mouth. Maybe he was finding the floor too hard and wanted up on the bed. I helped him up onto the bed. He was quiet after that, and we both fell fast to sleep.

Getting on the bed seemed to become the norm. One night I had finished having my shower and dashed down the hall to my room with only my pink housecoat. I was trying to get to the room before someone saw me. While running down the hall, I gave Luther a very quick pat on the head and said hi boy. He followed me to the bedroom. I shut the door behind us both and lay down on the bed. Luther was at the side wanting up again, which was now the routine.

Up I helped him and he lay down beside me. We both dosed off for a bit but I woke up suddenly because he shook the bed while repositioning himself. I gave him a friendly pat again on his rump, the first thing my hand touched was his cock in the mostly dark room. I was not under the covers and he had his head now down on my belly. I could hear him sniffing something. It was my hot pussy he was sniffing at.

It was right then, that some thoughts crossed my mind that had never even been considered before, until that exact moment. Was he sniffing me because he was thinking I was a female dog or because it was just different. My mind was racing so fast I just could not get hold of it. What was wrong with me, I thought. This is not good thinking material. I shushed him to the floor. What was I going to do now? I am going nuts, I can not be thinking this sort of thing. I was a virgin and here I was thinking about having a dog as my first sex partner.

A few days passed but I could not stop thinking about the whole idea of it. You must understand that I was getting ready to have sex some time soon with Dave but he did not know that. I was committed enough in my own mind to get that far with the thinking of sex and possible marriage and the life we would have together when wham it was gone.

I was thinking about sex more and more, probably because I had these hormones that was telling me something, and Dave was it, but since that was out now, well maybe Luther. Well I thought about it more and finally said to myself that I could possibly explore it just a bit further.

"OK boy get up here on the bed"? I looked at his hair-covered penis. It was not that big. Stop this girl I said to myself. No you can not do this. Luther lay down tight to my body. My mind raced as I thought about it all. Well take off your pajamas, I said to myself, and see how that feels. He was warmer than with the pajamas on. I was starting to get a bit wet. How was that possible. My mind was racing on its own. I could feel that we were going to do something.

Luther made the first move. He smelled me under one of my arms and a bit of tongue licked me there. That felt good. I moved so he could get a better lick in, and he did. I liked it and that was great. I was beginning to think of him in a different way now, and the chemicals in my head were allowing this to take place, and all was in full motion and obviously had me high.

Yes I was flying somewhat now. I now wanted to take some control and did by flipping myself around. My head was now at the foot of the bed with a pillow to rest it on and Luther stayed where

he was with this funny, questioning look on his face as if to say, what happened? I said to him that all was OK, he seemed content. I wanted him to see my pussy now. I was becoming intoxicated with the mind chemistry going on. I was telling myself to let him have a look at my brown furry patch. He did and he got close as, there was more smell now. I had not had a bath or cleaned myself down there in the past twenty-four hours. He smelled and the first sign of a lick. I just about went off into never-never land. I was twitching and I wanted more now. To hell with the part about if I should be doing this or not. I was going to be doing something and who knew how much or what exactly but I was for sure too far into this now to stop. I did start thinking about how perverted I was becoming, but that was so easy to dismiss, even I was amazed.

I spread my legs. He moved around a bit to get at me better. I spread my pussy lips and that tongue of his hit the mark and I went wild. My butt moved up to meet his tongue. It was funny, I thought, how I seemed to be programmed to instinctively move my hips toward him. He was licking now at a steady pace as I expect that there was a constant dripping going on and he liked it very much it seemed.

Now I had to have a look at his dick. I rolled over a bit and there it was right in front of me. I used one hand now on my pussy and one to touch him. From his sheath was about a half an inch of red blood cock. I could not reach it with my tongue as he was still going at me and I was thinking it might be better to see if I could get him to mount me. Was that the right word I wondered to myself?

The licking stopped. He moved on the bed as I moved to reposition myself too. He was now right between my legs, just lying there. The licking was done it seemed. I told him he was a good boy and sat up to hug him some. He stood up to accept my praise. "Good boy". His tail wagged a bit and then a bit more and finally lots. We were both feeling just fine. He started to lie down again, only before he hit the mattress, I grabbed his front legs and directed them to my stomach. He rested there with no problem.

He shifted his butt around a bit and each time he shuffled about I moved him up and inch or so towards my face. He was now resting on his elbows on my chest. I was patting his head constantly. I needed to check with one hand to see where his cock was in relationship to my pussy. Up until now I had my legs flat on the bed but now I slowly raised my knees up.

This allowed me to hold him on my belly and made it possible for me to feel my way to my bottom. His cock was now within a few inches of my pussy, but a bit to one side. I shifted a bit to line up better and felt down there again. He was in line, but his cock, which was now out about one and a half inches, was pointing too high. I rotated my hips upward "oh" I felt something. His cock was out more I thought, that must be it. He tried to get up but I held him to my chest. With some more wiggle on my part and some on his I felt the tip of it very near the right hole. Yes I needed it in me now.

I positioned myself to pull him up a bit more and hopefully in, "God yes", he was entering me "yes oh yes please put it in me please. I pulled him some more and nature started to take over now as his cock was responding. I could feel it increasing in size a bit more. This is not to say he was big, as he only weighted about 25 Kg. He was taking the initiative now. I arched my pussy toward him and yes he was on his way now. His hind end was humping now. Fast... faster and WOW what speed? I was in heaven.

Things were obviously wet and he was now adding to the pool of fluids I felt but had no idea of how much. I assumed that he was about to stop soon, but had no real idea. He seemed to be building up to something else or a new level. Yes he was, indeed. He caught me by surprise when I felt his whole body thrust forward. Not with just another thrust like the back and forth motions of fucking, but a

different kind of full body thrust. It was like he was planting something of himself in me. I learned later that he was planting something of himself in my knot. That hard thrust was as deep as he ever was until this point. Nothing had ever been in me that far, not even my own finger.

My mind was in seventh heaven now. He was in me deep and full it seemed. He lay on my belly, somewhat content, even though I could feel he wanted to get up, but I just held him there, as I was tied to his knot. We were joined and being my first screw I just had to hold him and enjoy that full feeling in my now not virgin cunt. I just wanted to hold, and hold and enjoy. I move my butt about a bit with him in me. I flexed my snapper muscles around his red probe, squeezing him good. It was not too long as he stated to get small I figured or he was not big enough to stay in. We slipped apart.

I was coming down from a good high now and was feeling guilty, real guilty? I could not get it out of my mind the bit about what we had done that first night. The hell with it, as it was too late, my mind said it was all done now and time to clean up the mess.

The next morning, Luther was in the kitchen when I saw him, he was sleeping in his favorite spot by the door. He saw me but did not come over as he seemed tired and I wondered why ha ha. I went to him and patted his head and asked if he wanted to go outside, the tail started to wag and out he went with renewed energy.

I learned a lot that first night. It was possible. I needed to put a towel on the bed or something before we were to do that again. It would have been a better experience if I had warmed myself up a bit more before we got it on as I did not climax too much. Well you can not plan everything perfect on the first go round can you.

After that night with Luther I was emotionally and physically done with the feelings and thought about Dave. No one asked about him and I was not going to be bringing him up in any conversations. If in all of this there is any regret it is that Luther and I could not speak about what we had done that night and many nights and many more nights that followed.

Luther is a great dog; I know now, that in comparison to other dogs, his cock was small but at the time we seemed to need each other and both of us meshed together well. Putting it simply we fit. We understood each other. I loved him and he me in all ways. We became the best of pals after that first night, no one in the family seemed to figure it out, the time we spent together or anything "thank goodness".

I would also like to hear from others into k9sex and about their first time.

The End