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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One - My First Time!

Hey everyone, my name is Ashley. You can call me Robin, because Ashley is a fairly common name.

I want to tell you about my experiences, but we need to get some things out of the way, first.

I get a lot of: "You're a dude, you don't act like a chick". Oh, I'm sorry. You have a penis between your legs, so that makes you the authority on how women should portray themselves?

My experiences are my own. I've been blessed to have everything I need readily at hand for me, and I don't take anything for granted. I'm a 20 year old woman who is in College, who wants to finally let people know her tales. I've had a dog, and a horse. But today, I'm going to leave the story about my very first experience (but definitely not my last!) with my dog.

So my parents were gone for most of the night, gone to a big dinner with people I never knew or cared about. One of those big fancy hat parties. My brother was out with his friends and wouldn't be home until a while, and my sister had moved out of the house almost a year before. It was just me, and Bernie. Bernie is my Alaskan Husky, we've had him for a long time. As long as I can remember, just about. He's your typical Husky, blindingly white coat with black on his back, and the most beautiful blue eyes you've ever seen. We had him since he was a puppy, rescued from the pound. I was just a young girl when we got him, but I knew the basics of animal care.

My granddad owns a ranch down by Malibu beach, where I spent many summers, learning how to ride, and ranch. So I practically grew up as a farmgirl, with dirt between my toes and a constant tan. I loved it, every moment. And because of my active lifestyle, I had broken my hymen, but I was still a virgin, no penis had ever been in me. Which you'd find surprising if you knew exactly how sexually active I was as a young woman.

Which brings me back to the start. With the house to myself, I decided to look up porn without having to hunch over and constantly keep my ears on alert. I took my sweet time, working myself to climax, when eventually Bernie quietly nosed his way into the room.

I had been too preoccupied with the video, when I suddenly felt a rough, and utterly stimulating tongue brush up against my clit. Bernie had taken to licking me over and over, and I jumped, startled, but the pleasure of his licks led me to spread my legs wider. We sat there for the better part of an hour, Bernie licking me to many amazing orgasms, until finally I felt spent. I pushed him away, and in my curious thoughts, I looked up "sex with animals" in the search bar.

And my lord, I was taken into a world I never dreamed existed. It was absolutely amazing what I found, and in a short amount of time, I learned so much. I was horny again almost immediately, watching all these things these women did to those dogs, and I knew I definitely wanted to try it. So, as I had seen on the videos, I rolled Bernie on his back, and began to give him a belly rub. I kept cooing to him "Who's a good boy?" and praised him for being such a loving dog. My eyes, however, were planted squarely on their target; his big bulging sheath with those two glorious orbs underneath (I never thought of it then, but today I realize how lucky I was that Bernie had his manhood. He still does, today).

Slowly, I lowered by belly rubs to my target, until I was finally giving him more of an in-sheath handjob, than a belly rub. Again, I had been a sexually active girl, so I knew from many experiences how to stroke and suck...I was always just too afraid to actually have sex. Well, Bernie eventually got excited enough that I leaned forward, and popped him into my mouth. Salty, and musky, but it was

an entirely foreign, forbidden, and male taste that drove my mind in high gear, and set my heart racing faster than it was. I was so turned on that I could feel myself twitching, and knew that I would cum from just a touch. But this was about pleasing Bernie, not me. So I continued to work at it, gently feeling those glorious balls in my hands, until finally, he blew. Shot a huge load of his doggy cum into my surprised mouth, but I swallowed all of it in great gulps. A good girl should always clean up her messes.

So after that, I was done for a while. I kept letting Bernie lick me to orgasm for several more hours, until I was just too sore to let him continue. But later that weekend, I would let him mount me. He fucked me brutally, and I absolutely loved it. I loved his dominance over me as he attempted to knot. He didn't manage to knot me that day, but I literally drew a blank in my mind when he came inside me. He practically filled me up, and it was so hot and amazing, it sent me into a whirlwind of an orgasm.

I've been a Beast girl ever since.

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## **Part Two - My First Knot!**

It wasn't that long after my first time, I'd let Bernie fuck me in all sorts of positions. My favorite being Missionary (easier on my poor knees!).

But I couldn't let him mount me all the time, what with my family hanging around the house. Much too risky, but every single night I would suck him off. Yes, I would swallow. I didn't feel like getting out of bed, or making a sticky mess of my sheets.

Bernie always slept at the foot of my bed, even before I started fucking him, so my folks never payed any attention to how excited he seemed whenever it was bedtime. Which was fine for me!

He never quite knotted me, mainly because I would use my hands to keep him pushed too far down to get his knot in me, but one day I decided to try it. Again, had the house to myself (my brother was one of those kids who hated being around his parents, and my folks were always going out doing stuff, I never asked what). So I got on my hands and knees, and let him go to work.

It hurt, alot. But it also sent me into one of the best orgasms of my life, I actually had to put my face to the floor for support, my arms had given way. He shot his cum into me, and I bet many times he filled up my womb with his useless doggy sperm.

First knot, but the time spent waiting afterwards made me realize that it was too risky to do all the time, in case someone walked in on me. So I don't let him knot me too often.

My second knot was a lot less enjoyable, and it was an accident.

He accidentally stuck it in my ass. This day he was far too excited, and managed to mount my ass, fucking me roughly in a hole that felt so foreign, that I hated it immediately (Sorry boys, some women just don't like anal). He kept going until he stuck, and the pain...well, I'll spare the details, but I was sore for 2 weeks. The only good thing I got out of it was feeling his hot love juice fill me up, but that was overshadowed by the pain.

So those were just quick recaps of my "first" 2 knots. I may write about more experiences with Bernie, I definitely have plenty. Or I can write about Hercules, my horse.

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Part Three - My First Horse!

To begin, I practically grew up on my grandpa's farm. From a little girl I was raised to take care of the animals, learning how to ride, and to be a responsible rancher.

This served me well when I grew up. As you'll find out.

Way back, I got to help one of our Mares (Nightingale) give birth to what would become one of our breeding Studs. I got to name him, because it was the first time I helped our stock give birth. It was...an experience, for sure. So I pretty much grew up with Hercules. Later, as Hercules grew, he would start to show signs of wanting to breed. Obvious when his cock would hang a good 2 feet below his stomach. It always turned me on, but I would always ignore it. It was wrong.

Right?

Well, most of you read my first story, with my Dog, Bernie. This was within the same time frame, and most of you messaged me, asking how old I was. For those of you who did, I was the same age at the time of this story. For those of you who don't know the age, message me.

Well, after the incident with Bernie, it didn't take long for me to work up my courage to try a horse. And luckily for me, I happen to have the literal cream of the crop. Hercules was my immediate choice, but I had to set it up just right.

Again, I had been riding from a young age (no, that's not a sexual underage reference) so I had the know-how and the skill to ride by myself. So one day, I asked Grandad if i could overnight up the riding trail. (My Grandfolks live on roughly 100 acres of land, most of which is covered in thick brush. No chance of someone randomly poppin in on me). It took some convincing, but eventually I was allowed to go. I saddled up Hercules, made sure I had my belongings for the overnight, and I was off.

I rode for several hours, enjoying the feel of my soon to be sexual partner underneath me. Strong, and stoic. Calm and friendly. We rode for most of the day, putting some distance between me and the ranch, before we stopped off for the night. I was hot, and caked in dirt from the ride, but I felt good. And excited.

The small clearing I had choosen had a small creek running not 50 feet away, providing relatively clean water for the both of us. I took care of my business while Hercules drank and relaxed, then I set out my bedroll and made ready for the night. I had brough a small can of lighter fluid and a long lighter, so making a small fire was no problem.

Before long, as the night settled in around us, I found myself fidgeting, glancing nervously over at my Stud. I was a wreck, so very eager, yet so very shy to do anything. Well, I had time, and privacy. So Eventually I got up, and crouched underneath his stomach, staring at his sheath.

I had cleaned that thing so many times, I knew exactly how to get him riled up, so I cupped his huge balls in my hands and lifted. They felt extremely heavy, like they were full and needed emptying. Before long, he started to let himself droop down, and I felt extremely flushed, his huge cock hanging in my face.

I decided to get more comfortable, and I took off my jeans, allowing me to bend over easier, before I grabbed that huge dick and began to jerk it off. This was different from me cleaning it, I was actually doing it for the pleasure, not to make it sparkle. But I felt so very naughty and ALIVE with that huge monster in my hands.

It didn't take long until he came (having plenty of experience with horse anatomy, I could work my hands over the stimulating spots) and my lord, it must have been a pint or more, he ended up splattering my shirt, and got it all over my face.

My shirt was my main worry, as good as the cum felt on my skin, so warm and hot, I didn't want it to dry and get crusty. I gave an experimental lick, and found that I instantly loved the taste of his cum. It was faintly nutty with a hint of sweetness, so I cleaned up as much of it with my mouth as I could.

Once he was cleaned off and happy, I took off my shirt and gave myself a quick bath in the creek to scrape off all the cum. I felt wet and incredibly horny, but I resisted the urge to masturbate that night, knowing that bernie could satisfy my need better than my own fingers could.

I got barely any sleep that night as I put Hercules through another orgasm, this time using my mouth to catch up as much of that delicious cream, so as not to waste a single drop. It tastes much better from the tap, by the way.

So the next day I returned, my clothes dried out by the sun, and my thoughts extremely happy. I could have sworn Hercules also had a spring to his step, as well.

I don't get too much time with Herc as much anymore, but that wasn't the last time i had some sweet horse spunk in my belly!