

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



One Sunday afternoon, I had gone for a ride on my Harley, heading up into the mountains, stumbling on a small neighborhood of five homes. All contained large amounts of property, a couple running along a small stream, three bordering the mountains and stopping at the entrance to the community, looking at the homes, instantly falling in love with his small community.

I had a good job and a very well-paying job, but I inherited a large sum of money from my grandfather. The amount was large enough to let me easily purchase one of these homes, but none seemed to be for sale. A good friend of mine is a real estate agent, sending her a text explaining where I was and the fact if any of these came for sale, please lock it in if possible. She knew where I was at, replying to me that she'd contact each owner to see if a sale was possible.

I re-visited the same place several times. A few weeks after contacting Jenny, she came back to me. One of the homes against the mountains would be listing their place within the week. I made an offer for more than they were planning to list it for, a no-brainer, my offer was accepted, and within the month, I was in my new home, the two moving guys unloading my belongings into the perfect home.

Shortly after the movers left, one of my neighbors, a very attractive older lady, came to welcome me into the neighborhood. Stella and I hit it off immediately. She had been married, and her parents were the ones who owned the whole valley. She and a husband that had passed away developed the other lots for sale. Setting on my front porch, sharing the beers she had brought, we talked about the walking paths that had been put in after everyone was settled in and how enjoyable they were, then she got a serious look on her face.

"One thing you need to be aware of is a wild dog, a Rottweiler type of dog. He is bigger than any I've ever seen," Stella said. "He has the ability to hypnotize you, to bring you under his control, to use you as he feels at any time. I would caution you on not looking at him, not letting him make any contact with you in any way."

I could see the concern she had in her eyes, but a hypnotic dog was a little more than I could get my arms around, but not wanting to show any way of disbelief.

"Where did this dog come from?" I asked.

She shook her head, telling me it had been here when she was a young girl, she had a feeling it had hypnotized her mom, and when her older sister was nineteen, it became part of her life, eventually causing her to take her own life from the shame. Then she went on to tell me the previous family who had owned this home had left due to the wife becoming involved with the dog, and the husband couldn't accept it.

That is when I rolled my eyes, realizing she had to be telling me some tale. "You mean a dog who hypnotized your sister and mom is still around doing the same thing today?" Shaking my head, I said, "I have a hard time believing all of this. Dogs just don't live that long." Then still curious, I said, "But even if I did believe you, what does he do to you when he brings you under his spell?"

That is when I noticed she became extremely embarrassed, dropping her head. "He took over my body when I returned from college. He still controls me today." Then lowering her voice, she added, "He has sex with you—deeply satisfying sex too. Sex you are ashamed of having, but when he wants you, there is no resisting him. You just drop down on all fours."

That was a total shock to me. I had never heard of anyone having sex with an animal, never heard of one as old as this dog seems to be, never realized this very attractive lady, had just openly admitted

to having sexual relations with this super dog, my mouth dropped open, but I was unable to say anything. Realizing she had embarrassed me, she stood.

"Maybe it is a good time for me to go," Stella said. "Again, welcome to the neighborhood, and do be careful. All of the women in these homes are under his influence. I would hope you are strong enough to resist him."

Then she was gone.

I sat on the porch for the longest time, not sure what to make of all of this, finally getting my laptop, bringing it back outside, refreshing my beer, and starting to look up sex with animals. It looked like dogs were the most popular. That is when I discovered it was called Bestiality or Zoophilia. There were numerous sites showing clips of women and men being taken by dogs, pigs, and even sometimes women would be taking on a horse. Although personally knowing how big a horse's penis is (my grandfather raised horses), there was no way I could even imagine anything that big inside me.

I was on the front porch, looking and reading everything on the subject I could find, realizing it was getting really late, so turning in, taking a shower, laying on my bed nude, running my hands over my bare breasts, down between my legs, trying to picture what it would be like to have a dog put his large cock inside me. That is how I fell asleep.

The next morning was a relaxing day. After breakfast, I was back on the computer, looking at the same type of sites. The funny thing was, that was when I first noticed that dogs had knots. From the sites I could see, it became large, just before he ejaculated inside his bitch, locking his seed inside her and slowly coming out when the size became smaller. Sat back, in a dream-like state, thinking of him in me, his hard cock locked inside me, the warm cum filling my pussy, and him staying like that until the knot shrunk down in size.

Everything about this was wrong, but for some reason, my interest was more than peeked, I wondered what he looked like, how he hypnotized you, how he seduced you, and so on, but I knew it was only a dream, not real in any way.

I am one of the lucky ones. Working from home is something I have enjoyed for a long time. Since I didn't really have any neighbors, I began working in the nude or near-nude, leaving a small throw-on at my front door, so if anyone came or I had a delivery, the gown was available to slip on. Since my back yard faced the mountains, I began sunbathing in the nude, forgetting all about the mysterious dog that was just an old wives tale.

I had lived in the home for a month, when one afternoon, I was relaxing in the back, spending my lunch break out there, glancing up on the side of the mountain, I had to look several times. The biggest dog I have ever seen was standing by my fence line. He was so big, closer to a small pony, jet black easily could have been a Rottie, but he was so far off, I wasn't really sure. He was just there, and it looked like he was staring at me. I was in my usual outfit, nude, but since he was only a dog, I wasn't really worried about him. He stared at me for a long time, then just trotted off.

Since he didn't come any closer to me, I dismissed the fact. It was just an overly large dog that had stories swirling around him.

A few days later, I needed to go into town, driving a small convertible, heading out of my garage. He was sitting on his hind legs, just off to the side of the road. The closer I got, then I realized he was absolutely beautiful. His coat was shiny, his size even bigger than I had first imagined. I was slowing down, stopping by the side of him. There was no aggression, but there was something about his eyes. They were deep, dark, extremely hard to not look at. The longer I looked, the more uncomfortable he was making me, then finally able to look away, glancing down between his legs, a large pink cock was poking out of his sheath. I've seen cocks before, even dogs from my research, but this one was like his eyes, hard to look away from.

Finally, I looked back up at his eyes, as before they locked on mine, seeming to look deep into my soul. He easily trotted on down the paved area, allowing me time to try and catch my breath, trying to relax, having never experienced anything like this before. All the way into town and back, I was more than nervous when I came back home, he had made me uneasy, but I had no idea why.

It was a week later, Saturday afternoon, I was laying on my lounge in the back yard, nude as always, the sun was warm, but not hot, being so relaxed, my eyes became heavy, lightly closing them. Suddenly I could feel someone by me, eyes shooting open quickly. He was sitting at the bottom of my chair, his eyes locked on mine.

For some reason, instead of jumping up, I merely laid back, not at all worried or nervous. Standing, he easily leaned forward, his huge tongue licking my pussy, then moving to one side, licked each nipple. Raising his head, his tongue shot inside my mouth, moving so he could kiss me like a man kisses a woman. His tongue exploring my interior for a few moments, then he stepped away and was gone, but he had left his saliva in my mouth, in me.

I lay there, a strange feeling running all through my body. It felt like I was in a sexual or erotic type of haze. Nothing was making any sense. Laying there, unable to move, something was happening to my body, but I had no idea what it was. A warm feeling spread over my body, nipples became hard with a slight tingling, between my legs and my nipples, his rough tongue licking them, was still causing me to feel that tongue, that more than lovely tongue contacting my body.

The rest of Saturday kept me where he had left me after kissing me. The same Sunday, realizing my condition, I sent a text to my company explaining I would be taking some sick time. By Monday morning, I realized I was becoming more and more submissive. Worried, I called Stella to see if she could give me some advice.

When I told her everything that had happened, she said, "Oh Nikki, I'm so sorry. He seduces his women in many different ways, but all of us have experienced his kiss and the effects his saliva has on us. When it has changed you completely, he'll visit you again, and then he'll give you the pleasure you have never experienced before, then you have to decide on your own how to handle what he has done to you."

She told me to call her after he visited me again, then she'd come by and talk.

The week went by day by day, and I spent a lot of time lounging in the back, soaking in the hot tub, and really not worrying about the changes that were taking place with my body. Almost daily, I saw him looking at me from a distance. When I was in the back, he'd be just at the end of the grassed area, fifty feet away, never bothering me, just watching, during the time I couldn't take my eyes off of him. He was absolutely the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. I wanted so badly to go to

him, but I knew somehow this meeting would take place on his timeline and not mine.

Saturday morning, waking early, showering, fixing a cup of coffee, staying nude, the sun had just hit the backyard. When I opened the door, he was lying there, looking up at me. Finally standing – I swung the door wide, inviting him in. Once inside, he took a tour of the place, going downstairs, then back up, into my bedroom, spare rooms, my office, then back to me.

I had put my coffee down and taken a seat on one of the kitchen chairs. Finally satisfied with what he found he came to me in a slow, steady, smooth way. As soon as he entered the home, it was obvious that his cock was displayed for me to look at. Moving between my legs, licking the inside of my knee, then switching from side to side, he moved slowly closer and closer to my sexual core.

All of this had me in an erotic state, closing my eyes, head back resting on the back of the chair, legs as wide as I could get them, completely enjoying what he was doing to me.

As soon as his tongue touched my pussy, it caused me to let out a small whimper. I'm sure he knew exactly what he was doing to me. His tongue kept licking between my aroused vaginal lips, the roughness of it sending me into a state, never even knew was possible. My legs spread as wide as I could get them, my hands massaging, pulling, and pinching my breasts. Normally I would have exploded in a massive orgasm. Still, somehow, he knew exactly what he was doing, scraping my clit, slowing down, speeding up, the tongue and licking, keeping me on the edge of a climax, driving me further and further into the sexual haze.

I have no idea how long he kept me on the edge, my body, my senses, my whole being had lost all track of time, but eventually, I somehow sensed he needed me to move to the sofa, laying out on my tummy, my legs again spread wide as possible. When I was in position, he picked up the licking again, quickly placing me back in the previous condition he had put me in earlier. The big animal moved from licking to mounting me, his cock sliding inside me so easily. I was so excited and aroused. It had me accept him easily and enjoy how good he felt inside me.

He immediately surprised me by pounding in and out of me, so much faster than any man I'd ever been with. The pounding continued much longer than I had ever imagined. Something I'd never experienced before was the small mini orgasms that began to hit me, washing over me again and again. My pussy was gripping this new loved shaft, praying this would never end. Suddenly I felt his knot pressing against my body. Before I could react, the pressure he was applying slipped the thing inside me, triggering my first real climax, causing my whole body to shake uncontrollably.

Then began something I have no way of describing. He began to flood the deepest part of my pussy with warm, soothing, relaxing as well as highly addicting cum. His seed pumped load after load inside me, feeling it absorbing into my body as fast as he gave it to me. Spread out on my knees, draped over the sofa, my head resting on the cushions, absolute pleasure covering every inch of me, knowing he had chosen me, blessed me with the ultimate satisfaction very few would ever experience. I was thrilled with the knowledge all of his seed would be absorbed in my body, giving me a new look at my life and what I wanted out of it.

I have no idea how long we were like that, him on top of my back, his cock buried deep inside me, the wonderful knot tying us together, his warm seed being pumped into me as if it were never stopping. I was so relaxed, so heavily drugged from his liquid, my eyes slowly closed, drifting me off into a cloudy, hazy area, where only dreams are made of.

When he pulled out of me, a sudden emptiness flooded my whole body, turning to see him lay on his side, his cock still hard coated with our combined juices. Crawling between his legs, holding this

precious body part, licking and cleaning every part of it, before it pulled back up in his body, then laying my head on his massive chest, drifting off to deep and much-needed sleep.

I have no idea how long I slept or how long his seduction took. I only know when I woke, we kissed for a long time. He again licked me, then mounted me, ending with me falling back into a deep sleep when he pulled out of me.

The early morning light woke me, kissing him, then taking a much-needed shower, fixing a cup of coffee and a couple of steaks I had in the fridge for him. While he watched me, it became clear this was to be his new home. I got dressed, grabbed some toast, headed for the store. When I left, he was asleep on the back patio. Arriving home a few hours later, with plenty of dog food as well as a delivery schedule for future needs, he was still just relaxing. Putting out a good amount of dog food, as well as water, he ate most of one bowl, drinking most of the water, then pushing his nose between my legs.

I quickly stripped off all of my clothes, knelt in front of the sofa, spreading my legs wide. He took time to lick me, let his tongue dive deep inside me, as before taking me to the edge of the cliff then keeping me there. Laying there, I realized his concern was bringing me sexually to the needed place before he mounted me. That way, the mini-orgasms, as well as the major ones, would give me all the pleasure anyone could ever dream of.

This time, he kept spiking my arousal for what seemed like a long and enjoyable forever time. When he mounted me, the pleasure spiked immediately, letting me enjoy the new mini-orgasms while he pounded my pussy with the speed of a thunderbolt. The knot slipped in easily, as before a major climax exploded inside me. But this time, when he emptied his load inside me, it was completely different than I had received with earlier doses. This one felt so much stronger, so much more erotic than before. My body started a climax that had no end, just rolling over me continually.

Slipping into a sexually erotic haze, I had lost all track of where I was at, what was happening to me, who was with me. I was just small moans and whimpers.

Hours later, he had pulled out of me, was in the backyard sound asleep. My whole body felt different, I couldn't put my finger on it, but I was different. I had just fixed a salad to eat and a soft drink, taking the time to call Stella, explaining what had happened, she had no idea what he had done to me. Every time he emptied his seed inside her, it was wonderful, soaked into her body, she assumed it was making sure she'd be ready for him when he wanted her, but she'd never felt anything like what I was describing. She was also surprised when I told her he'd be moving in on a permanent basis.

The following week let me enjoy becoming his bitch. From my patio, I also noticed he could see the other four homes, occasionally leaving to visit one of them, then returning, I could smell the women he had been with, but I was even more surprised to not be jealous in any way. I had now become his bitch and loved it.

Several things have happened since that special day. I realized I could never leave him since I sometimes had to travel, I resigned from my position. My skin, my body even my smell was somehow different, never realizing what some of the changes were. It did not dawn on me until I decided to run down to my friend's home one morning. It was a good time since my lover was visiting the redhead who lived by the river. I had not been on the road for more than a few minutes when a

beautiful lab came running by, stopping by my side.

He looked at me, sniffed the air, moved quickly between my legs, nuzzling his nose hard into my pussy, causing me to moan. My eyes rolled up in my head. For some reason, internally, I dropped to my knees, pulling down my shorts, slipping them off. He did not hesitate a moment, sniffing, licking, and moving his nose back and forth over my over-aroused velvety lips. Turning to look back, his cock had grown out of his sheath. Almost at that same time, he jumped up on me, his cock sliding easily deep inside me.

Having no idea why I was allowing this, being fucked by a dog in the middle of a street, and even worst, not objecting to this. But just the opposite, I was enjoying it. His cock felt so good pounding me. When his knot slipped in easily, it triggered my first orgasm. Looking down the street, a few feet from me, Stella stood there, staring at me. The look on her face told me she was in shock, but at that time, he unloaded the warm cum deep inside me, triggering my second climax.

When he finally pulled out of me, she helped me back to her place, helping me take a shower. Had I not been embarrassed, this would have been the first step in a sexual encounter, but why I had let this happen, why the dog had been so interested in me was all that was bothering me. Joining her in the kitchen, thanking her for the cup of coffee, we decided the Rottie was responsible for my body changing and becoming so desirable to any male dog that I meant.

It did help to talk to someone, but there were no real answers, so I headed back home, still feeling his cum dripping from my pussy, my companion was waiting for me, I knew he could smell the strange dog on me, but when he mounted me, nothing seemed to have changed, until he unloaded his seed inside me. Like before, this one was just like the previous one. The strength of it washed over me in moments, slipping me into instant sleep.

This time, it was hours before I woke. Again, my body had changed, skin much softer, nipples, breasts, and pussy extremely more sensitive. I was slowly turning into a sexual slut, only interested in becoming a full-time dog's bitch.

Showering, then getting a soft drink, I decided to soak in the hot tub. As soon as I stepped out, my Rottie and three other strange dogs were relaxing. All of them looked at me. One large shepherd got up, pushed his head into my crotch, then licked my pussy, almost causing my legs to collapse. A few more licks caused me to once again drop to my knees, leaning over a lounge chair, totally ready for him to fuck me, then I assumed all of them would take me.

While he was pounding me, it dawned on what he had done to me, and I was becoming a dog's bitch.

A bitch in heat.

I'm in heat all the time now and ready for any canine to enjoy.

The End.