

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Bow wow wow.

When I was 17, I had gotten home from the Navy for two weeks leave after boot camp. And I hadn't been laid in six months. Needless to say, I was as horny as a pack of Billy Goats on Viagra. I was staying at my Mom's house, and my neighbor across the street, Jim, was pretty cool, had an old Harley, and two Golden Retrievers. He and his wife Silvia were going on vacation for two weeks, and asked me if I could take care of his dogs. I said sure.

When I met the dogs that evening, they both had the annoying habit of sticking their snouts right in your balls. Then your ass. Constantly. One night. A week into doggie sitting, I was particularly horny after smoking too much of America's finest pot.

I had a plan:

The only problem in the plan was the house next door. It had lots of windows down Jim's long driveway, and the whole family knew me. I'd have to be sneaky, do it commando style. Sniff. I went bare foot, with a black t-shirt, and black swim trunks. A sack held a large jar of Skippy peanut butter.

After I successfully entered the back yard, and went behind the garage I would open a jar of peanut butter, and smear it all over my private parts, then sit in one of two web type lawn chairs, placed up against the back of the garage, and have both dogs lick me to death. (In an area no one could see, except the wood fence to my right.) It was at the end of a back yard. No problem, who goes in their back yard at 11 PM? I then presented my peanut butter package through the bottom of the seat, through the webbing. Kinda felt good, the pressure from the webbing on the top front of my package, and that made it hang down low. Here doggie!

The dogs for some reason didn't go for it, so I had to transfer to the low lawn chair and slouch down, drape my now engorged package over the front of the chair, mere centimeters from the ground. The dogs just sat there, looking. My dick was pointing to nine o'clock, two inches from the dirt. It twitched with my heartbeat, about half an inch. Both dogs saw this and went to work with their enormous tongues. They both obviously had done this before. One went for my huge horse like balls, the other to my purplish member, so hard the pee hole was stretched open.

It took me a long time to cum, the dogs were making loud lapping noises. I was sure to get caught. Branded a pervert, and have to register at the local kennel. We went through a whole jar of Jiffy. A doggie fiesta, licking peanut butter off my balls that had now hit the dirt, so they lapped at the backs of them. Is that possible? Balls have backs? They were licking me like god knows how, play gnawing on my shaft. I think they were both impressed. Minutes passed into hours.

I pulled my feet to behind my head, (double jointed since birth) but that only exposed my asshole to sloppy lapping and whining. The dogs were lapping me in a frenzy now, making lots of noise, even barking. Had to get out of there fast. Well maybe I was being too paranoid, I thought to myself, as huge saliva slick tongues lapped my balls at 78 rpm. Calm down, it's already too late, someone must have called the police. Just relax and have another orgasm. My member was sticking me in the face all bent over like that. What the hell, perversion in a lawn chair, at night in the open, in your neighbors back yard. My dick mere inches from my face. What could go wrong?

I flopped my legs down from behind my head, over the little lawn chairs aluminum arm rests, now slick with lots of my cum, dog saliva and peanut butter. That only made the dogs more determined to get every spec of peanut butter off my engorged spurting member.

Phew, I was getting into an over stimulation of the nervous system trance, orgasms were convulsing

spasms, followed by a trance like murmuring "yes, yesss...ohhh...gurgle..umm that feels good...please stop...please." Because of my paranoia when I did have the big one, it was in one convulsive voiding that got both dogs faces soaked, and sounded like a high pressure hose. I was spent. A light went on in one of the windows down the driveway. Oh no.

I snuck under the windows, in full moonlight back across the street, my t shirt wrapped around the empty jar of Jiffy Peanut Butter. I was wearing swim trunks that were too short, my balls were hanging out one leg, my dick the other. Phew, someone must have seen me when I ran across the street. It was only two am.

The house owner's daughter and I had a bad date years earlier, and I'm sure she watched the whole thing, a little wet probably. Of course a hole in her fence was pointed right at the lawn chairs. Like a setup. I tried to avoid her like the plague, but she finally caught up with me a few weeks later. She smirked at me, and asked "How's the dog business?" "I hear you're really taking your licks."

Jealous perhaps? After all, who put those two chairs behind the garage?

I did this every other night for the two weeks. I ended up with a "secret sauce." The recipe will not be repeated for the sake of dogs everywhere. With the doggie sauce, they went crazy again, whining and crying when the juice ran out.

I had it in a big squirt bottle, and after coating myself, my balls, dick, butt cheeks, nipples, my whole body except my head, they both shut up, and went to work. The female was always gnawing on my balls. Gigantic tongues without any hang ups licking for their lives.

Nothing ever felt like that, or ever will. I was licked clean, body and soul.

Jim and Silvia got back, thanked me for taking such good care of their dogs, and paid me fifty bucks. I said anytime, they were both nice dogs in my book. Heh...uh thanks...the dogs came out and started licking my pants. "Oh well, I have to go."

On a side note the neighbor girl must have watched every one. She seemed friendlier after that. I did get to bend her over her sofa a year or so later. That was fun.