

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Hi, my name is Stacy, I'm 18-years-old and a senior in high school. I am rather short for my age, at five foot five, and have green eyes and red hair that flows down to my well-shaped butt. My mom and sister likewise have long, matching hair.

My family has four large wolfhounds, a lab, a Rottweiler, a huge Great Dane, and a massive Saint Bernard, all of them male, and not neutered. You could say my family collects dogs. The reason we don't neuter them is that my mom believes that it is immoral and unnatural. When my daddy was here, he tried to convince her to neuter the dogs, but to no avail.

My family has always been very open about sex, and I mean very open. My own mother showed me how to masturbate, with the reasoning that I wouldn't be as inclined to have sex with guys if I knew how to pleasure myself. She also signed me up for a full sexual education course, despite protests from the teacher. She even bought my older sister and me vibrators on our sixteenth birthdays and showed us how to obtain maximum pleasure from them. In my family, it isn't uncommon for me to be admitted into my sister's bedroom to find her masturbating. We don't mind watching each other and sometimes even helping.

Despite this knowledge of sex, I had never broken my hymen and remained a complete virgin. Even when I masturbated, I only rubbed the outside, or put the vibrator to my clitoris. Therefore, nothing larger than my finger has ever been inside my vagina. The doctor's checkups hurt like crazy too cos I'm tight down there. The doctor, a nice man in his forties we called Dr. Jack, and whom I had a slight crush on, would often press me to let him break my hymen with his finger.

"You'd feel a lot less pain that way," he'd explain.

However, I always said no, that I wanted to lose my virginity the real way, with the right man on our engagement night.

So, on this particular weekend, my big sister, Karen, and my mom, Julie, were heading out of town.

My mom was saying, "Now, be good for mommy, and don't throw any wild parties, you promise?"

"I promise," I said.

She handed me a list and said, "Here's the emergency contacts, as well as Greg's number if the dogs are too much for you, and Dr. Jack's number in case you need medical attention."

I blushed slightly, took the list, and mumbled a quick goodbye. I waved until my family drove off, then, with a sigh, walked back into the house.

I took off my socks, shoes, shirt, and bra, leaving me with only my panties on. I absentmindedly stroked my nipples, feeling the wonderful feelings going through my body. I sat down on the beanbag chair in the living room and began to masturbate. Just then, I heard a loud sound behind me and whirled around. It was only Buster, the Labrador retriever. He yapped again and put his paws on my shoulders. He then began to hump the air, and his penis began to come out of its sheath.

I stared at it, horrified, and pushed him away, yelling, "Bad Buster! Down, boy!"

He gave me a wounded look and went over to the corner of the room to slowly lick his engorged

member, every occasionally shooting me another wounded look.

I sighed and said, "I know what you want, Buster, but I'm not a dog, I'm a human, we're not sexually compatible."

Later on that night, shortly after dinner, I took my vibrator and thankfully turned it on. Putting it to my clit, I moaned with relief. I hadn't been able to masturbate all day, because the dogs kept bothering me whenever I tried. I had already put them in the large converted garage we used to keep them in at night, so they wouldn't keep us up with barking.

I moaned again and pressed the vibrator harder. Just then, I heard a loud crash from downstairs. I stifled a shriek and turned off my vibrator. I hurriedly put on my nightshirt and walked downstairs cautiously, one hand on the railing to steady myself.

Halfway down the stairs, I stepped on a CD case and lost my balance. I crashed over the railing, landing tummy-first on the beanbag chair. The impact astounded me. I heard a sound behind me, but was unable to look, as I'm kinda temporarily paralyzed from a combination of the fall and the fear I now felt. I felt the shape sniff my crotch, and then I almost laughed aloud with relief. I would have if I could have caught my breath.

It was only Buster. He and the other dogs must have busted out of the garage into the house again. I started to push myself up, but my arms gave way, and my legs were still numb from the impact of the fall. I decided to lay there for a minute and regain my breath. Just then, I felt something wet and soft caress my crotch, and I shrieked. Then I realized it was only Buster again, and I relaxed. I reached back with a very weak arm and tried to shoo him away, but he licked my hand and went back to licking my crotch.

"I have to...get to the...phone... to call the doctor...Jack..." I say to myself.

I tried again to push myself to my feet, giving it all I had. I felt blackness close in, and I fainted.

When I awoke some minutes later, I felt extremely horny. I couldn't figure out why until I remembered Buster licking my crotch. I looked back, and sure enough, he's still there, licking from the base of my vagina, curling his tongue up into my pussy, and tweaking my clitoris with the end of his tongue. I moaned with pleasure; I couldn't help myself.

I was slowly losing my will to leave, and I was only a couple licks away from an orgasm. I realized that Buster must have found me lying on the floor, smelled the juices in my pussy, and decided that I was in heat. That thought froze me; if he thought I was a bitch in heat, he would probably try to mate with me again! I struggled now to get up, but Buster growled at me, and I flopped back down, scared. Buster had never been very friendly, which was unusual for a lab. He always had been very dominant, even with me and my mom and sister.

I knew he would bite me if I tried to get up again, and desperately, I tried to think of a way to get out of this. Before I could, however, I felt his front paws slide past my shoulders and onto the beanbag chair. I could feel him humping and began to scream. This was a very bad idea because it brought the other seven dogs running. They were growling until they realized what was happening, and then they sat on the ground, tapping their tails.

I repeatedly screamed, not noticing one of the wolfhounds, Warg, sneaking up on me. Suddenly he jumped on my head and began thrusting in my face. I screamed again, and that was when two things

happened at once. First, Warg hit my mouth with his growing cock, and thrust in hard and deep, nearly gagging me, and causing me to unclench my legs involuntarily.

Second, Buster took his chance and thrust into my now-gushing pussy with his large cock. I cried and moaned and thrashed around, making muffled screams and shrieks, but it was no good. Soon I resigned myself to my fate and simply took it. The pain in my pussy had been incredible at first, but now I was beginning to feel a little pleasure mixed with the pain. I thought to myself that if I had to do this, I might as well enjoy it, so I reached under my tummy and, upon finding my clitoris, began to rub it vigorously.

After a few minutes, I was having a great time, and the tears leaking from my eyes were ones of pleasure instead of pain and horror. After about half an hour, I felt my orgasm building. Just then, Buster thrust in hard, I felt his knot enter me, and my world exploded in a wonderful orgasm. I moaned, opening my mouth wider, and Warg took his shot and thrust his knot into my mouth.

I gagged, trying not to choke, and breathed through my nose. Warg's cock was now sticking down my throat, slightly past my trachea, and the dog's knot was rapidly expanding in my mouth. I felt like I had swallowed the world's biggest jawbreaker. Then Warg stopped thrusting and began to pump cum down my throat, with Buster orgasming in tandem.

I cried and cried, and tried not to choke to death with the giant cock in my mouth. After what seemed like ages, they both finally pulled out. I gasped for breath, sucking air into my starved lungs until I felt something behind me and gasped. It was Bernie, our Saint Bernard. I felt him mount me, with no foreplay and knew there was nothing I could do. Imagine my horror when his massive cock hit my asshole, and he thrust in! I felt like my ass was going to explode.

I cried out and moaned in pain, expecting and wishing to die any minute. Then Big Mac, the Great Dane, darted in and starts licking my pussy. I've masturbated many times, but only once have I felt an orgasm like the one Big Mac and Bernie gave me. It lasted until Big Mac got his knot in my asshole, which hurt so much I stopped in the middle of an orgasm.

When Bernie finally pulled out of me with a plop, shit began to pile on the ground, simply gushing out of my ass as if I had an enema. The pile of shit and cum collected on the ground, and I sighed with relief, until the next dog in line, one of the other wolfhounds, mounted me.

I spent the rest of the evening like that, being mounted one dog after another. Eventually, I had to pee, and I just peed while Big Mac's huge cock was inside me. I spent the rest of the night cleaning up from being the dogs' bitch.

I shall never forget that dogs' day.

The End