

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was a little annoyed to receive a routine email from the local agricultural society of which I'm a member and notice that the sender had failed to use the BCC feature, so there was my personal email address openly broadcast to all 150 members. Darn! Therefore, I wasn't stunned when I received an email a few days later from Milo, a farmer and dog breeder whom I knew slightly from Agricultural Society meetings and such.

'I heard somewhere,' the email read, 'that you are looking to obtain a Labradoodle puppy. While I don't have any just now, I do have a beautiful, healthy three-year-old standard size poodle bitch that I'd be prepared to have bred with a Lab for you. I also have a two-year-old Lab male with good bloodlines. If you're interested, let me know and you can have first dibs on the litter.'

I was very interested, having wanted one of these intelligent and beautiful dogs for quite some time, so I emailed right back, expressing interest and asking how to proceed. Milo responded, suggesting I come over, see the prospective parents and if satisfied, leave a fifty-dollar deposit and sign an order for a puppy for delivery within six months for two hundred dollars. Now that's a very good price for a well-bred pup around here so a couple of hours later, I was pulling into Milo's yard.

I parked my bright red F-150 in the yard beside his raised black F-250 and looked around. The house and yard seem well kept, lawns recently mowed, paint fresh and bright, but no one seemed to be around and no farm dog came to greet me. Thinking I heard a voice around the barn, I headed that way and soon discovered Milo leaning on a fence and watching seven large dogs playing in a two-acre fenced enclosure. He greeted me courteously and nodded toward the dogs.

"They all get a ninety-minute run twice per day," Milo said, "but some are a little aggressive toward the others so they have to go out in three groups. Come on, I'll show you Duchess."

Duchess, it turned out, was slightly larger than usual standard size poodle, all white with a regal bearing. However, she was clearly happy to see us and was a healthy, happy, well-trained animal. Reluctantly leaving her pen, we walked through a series of lanes to another large enclosure where four black labs were lolling. They all came toward us at a run and I guessed correctly that the largest, fastest of the group was 'Dickens' who's proposed mate Duchess. Dickens is a beautiful sleek black dog with the happy somewhat over-exuberant personality of many Labradors on display. Milo reached and grabbed Dickens's collar to guide him out of the pen into the fenced laneway where we stood. Dickens immediately took off at a dead run to the far end of the laneway about two hundred meters distant and back to our feet, all in about thirty seconds it seemed.

"He's a healthy one," Milo observed.

Dickens, panting, nudged his nose under my skirt and licked my leg.

"Would you like to see the breeding facility?" Milo enquired.

The facility turned out to be a cool, fenced, high-roofed open building, fresh smelling with a layer of clean straw for a floor. Centered, was an unfamiliar piece of equipment, its purpose becoming apparent as we walked closer to examine it. Somewhat resembling an open crate made of painted tubular steel open at one end, it featured a broad leather collar and several leather straps, clearly intended to restrain a bitch during the breeding process. There was even a leather-padded rest for her chin and a shelf on which rested an assortment of lotions and potions.

Milo was standing very close to me as we examined the device, and I could feel his body heat through the thin cotton dress I was wearing. All at once, his hand was on my ass and his strong arm was turning me towards him. I looked up enquiringly, and he kissed me full on the lips. Now, I hadn't really been expecting this and perhaps I should have been more cautious. However, intent on obtaining a well-bred puppy at a very good price, I had just dived right in.

Certainly, Milo was not a bad-looking man in a rustic sort of way. He was clean, fresh smelling. Even his breath and mouth felt fresh and clean, I reflected during the long, protracted kiss. There was no point in struggling or screaming. We were a couple of miles from the nearest neighbor and separated from the road by several hundred meters and multiple buildings. The only problem, I guessed, was that he was my elder by, perhaps fifteen years or more.

Still, as the moments dragged on, the movements of his tongue in my mouth and his hand on my butt became downright arousing. After all, I'm no virgin. I'm a mature lusty woman with more than her fair share of lusts, desires, and fantasies. Therefore, as Milo's hand inched my skirt up and he began to finger my sensitive spots, I felt the juices begin to flow. Milo noticed my damp panties and became bolder, pulling me close so I could feel his rising manhood through the fabric of our clothes.

When, at length, he released his grip on me, I dropped to my knees in the soft straw and tugged off his cowboy boots. His jeans and underwear followed, allowing his heavily veined seven-inch cock to spring forward. Cupping his exceptionally large ball-sac in one hand and his cock in the other, I began running the tip of my tongue round and round under the rim of his mushroom cap. He responded almost at once with a bubble of pre-cum for my tongue. Bouncing his balls with my left hand, I grasped his cock just below the head and pulled downward to open the slot. Burrowing into his cock slot with my tongue tip was rewarded with more deposits of pre-cum. However, he'd had enough of me taking the lead.

Lifting me to my feet, he turned me around and pushed me forward, so I have to grab the top bar of the breeding crate. He flipped up my skirt and made my panties disappear, spit on his hand and began to finger my hole in earnest. I know he had at least three of his big fingers inside of me, thrusting and pushing deep, repeatedly until I began to gasp and cry in a building orgasm.

"Maybe you need to become my breeding bitch," I heard him say, but failed to recognize the significance.

With at least three of his fingers firmly planted in my back hole and his other hand firmly grasping the back of my neck, I mindlessly let him guide me down and forward into the big breeding crate. The cross straps were quickly and expertly secured across under my belly and across my back. The second pair of straps, quickly secured, went across just under my breasts and over my back. The wide collar, clipped to a ring, followed. The straps were not tight and didn't hurt. I could move side to side and, to an extent, forward and back. I just couldn't turn or escape. In fact, when Milo reinserted his fingers into me, I kept thrusting back onto his hard hand and actually whimpered when he withdrew his fingers again.

When the first smack of leather struck the exposed flesh of my sensitive rear, I screamed. I couldn't believe Milo was actually whipping me with a belt! Nevertheless, he did it again, each time on a slightly different spot but often hitting right on the delicate skin around my pussy. When he stopped, my entire rear was burning. The cool lotion he then applied, served to reduce the burn slightly and he worked it thoroughly into my hole but suddenly I felt pressure against my opening and I knew it was his big mushroom knob and I knew that cockhead was going to plunge into my anus with the unstoppable power of an engine piston, and it did!

I screamed again and heard dogs barking somewhere. Now Milo's large cock was inside of me and, well-lubricated, I have to admit, it felt just fine. He went after me methodically, slow, then fast, approaching with a right twist, then a left, thrusting up against my backbone, then standing tall and thrusting down toward my belly. My pendulous breasts, which had long since fallen out of the front of my low-cut sundress, swung in counterpoint to his thrusting as I braced myself against his assault on my body, trapped inside the breeding pen.

Despite my embarrassing position, I orgasmed several times, waves of passion washing over me each time, and when I sensed Milo switching to the overdrive of his own passion, I couldn't prevent my primitive body from responding yet again and humping back against him within the confines of the crate. I felt the rush of his cum gush up into me, and with a few last grunts, he was done. He was finished but he wasn't done with me.

I wriggled within the crate, wondering what he would say if anything when he turned me loose. Then I sensed him fussing with something behind me, felt a sudden cold sensation on my bottom and thighs, and heard the sound of a spray can. I smelt an unfamiliar, but strangely musky odor and heard Milo give a short, sharp whistle.

"OK, Dickens," he chuckled. "It's your turn. Do your thing, boy."

I immediately felt the Lab's cold nose on my swollen pussy and then paws up on my buttocks and back, and the unmistakable feel of his slim cock thrusting enthusiastically into my hole, responding to the powerful breeding bitch-hormones Milo had sprayed all over my rear.

"Milo..." I shouted. "Let me out of here."

However, he just laughed and came around to the front of the crate, where he could slap my face a few times with his now-flaccid cock. Meanwhile, Dickens was picking up speed and I recalled, with much trepidation, reading that once a big dog is inside a bitch, his cock inflates a large ball at the base to keep him in place until he's all finished placing his sperm. Indeed, from the pressure inside of me, there was no doubt what Dickens had done.

I was furious with Milo with the stunt he had pulled on me and was mentally planning the revenge I would wreak upon him, when I realized with even more embarrassment, that my primitive body was responding very positively to Dickens enthusiastic efforts. The tides rolled in, the fireworks short-circuited my brain and my loins quivered with passion and pleasure. Even after climaxing multiple times, I was vaguely disappointed when Dickens completed his task and wandered off after a perfunctory lick or two of my pussy. I just hung there on the straps, spent.

"Well, that was certainly something to watch."

Milo was all chuckles and joviality as he unbuckled my straps, removed the collar, and helped me to my feet. I was trembling and inarticulate and sucked greedily at the water bottle he put into my hands.

"I could see you were having a right good time there and will want to relive it all," he said.

He held up his cell phone to show me the vivid movie of a woman, clearly me, in the throes of passion as a big, black Labrador, tongue lolling, enthusiastically, services her within a professional bitch-breeding crate.

"This is just my amateur movie, but I had the professional breeding cameras rolling also, so here's a copy of those films as well from three different angles."

He thrust a flash drive into my hand as he escorted me to my truck, still standing there in the yard in the fading sunlight.

I drove home in a bit of a haze, warmed up some supper, showered, washed my hair, and collapsed on my bed in a deep sleep for nearly ten hours. In the morning, I awoke very refreshed and frisky, vaguely aware of lingering wild dreams. Finished morning tasks, I inserted the flash drive into my big-screen smart TV and there I was in brilliant color! Worse, there was no denying the ecstatic pleasure reflected on my face and in my animalistic body language. Intending indignation, I could only wonder at the exquisite pleasure that came vividly to mind as I watched the first twenty minutes of film showing Dickens and me locked in bazaar intercourse and realized I was masturbating myself as I relived the experience.

I fussed and fumed around the house, went outside and washed the truck, came in and had another shower, and finally bowing to the inevitable; I sat at my desk and emailed Milo. 'Hey, we didn't finish the details for my Labradoodle puppy,' I wrote.

He emailed right back. 'You're right. Come on over if you like, and we'll finish up the contract.'

It took about twenty minutes, the road dust boiling up behind my freshly washed Ford before I pulled into his yard and parked once again beside his big, shiny F-250. Milo was quite business-like as we sat at the table in the big farm kitchen. He handed me the standard puppy order form and waited patiently as I read, signed it and wrote him a deposit check. Then he rose, assisted me to my feet and lifted my light dress over my head. I wasn't wearing any panties.

He dropped his jeans and undies, pulled me close, and let me feel his hard manhood against my tummy, then, cupping my butt cheeks in his big hands, lifted me and slowly threaded my body back down onto his wet cock. I lifted my legs and locked my ankles above his buttocks. Walking across the kitchen with me bouncing, impaled on his cock, Milo continued on outside into the bright sunshine and continued across the yard toward his dog breeding compound. Lifting me off his cock, he sat me down in the soft straw beside the breeding crate.

"This is really what you're here for, isn't it," he said with a grin.

He didn't need me to say anything to see my ready assent as he positioned me in the breeding crate and adjusted the straps under my breasts and tummy and across my back.

I positioned my chin on the warm padded leather of the support and wriggled my butt in anticipation of the cool, musty spray, which he soon applied copiously to my backside and inner thighs. Opening my ass a bit with his fingers, he sprayed more inside. Then he went away!

As I knelt there, I realized I was at a remote farm, naked, and outside except for the shed roof above. Yet the bars of the breeding crate and the leather straps supporting yet restraining my torso confine me totally. I quivered a bit from fear of what Milo may have in store for me and quite a bit from sheer anticipation. I could hear dogs in the distance, no doubt greeting Milo as he reached the pens, but otherwise, everything was quiet as quiet can only be this far out in the country. There was a slight breeze, which made me acutely aware of the potent bitch-in-heat hormone now drying cool on my exposed rear, the scent of it puckering my nose. I knelt, exposed for what seemed like a very long time. Then I heard Milo returning, speaking as though to an animal.

"Steady boy, steady," and suddenly, I felt the hot breath and a cool nose probing against my anus. "Steady boy, steady," Milo chanted. "Come and meet Honey..."

There he was, standing tall, a huge Mastiff, possibly two hundred pounds, I thought.

"Honey, this is Gent. Gent, this is Honey. She'll be your bitch for today".

Gent gave my face a friendly lick and reached his head inside the crate to favor my swinging boobs with a series of wet licks as well. Meanwhile, Milo was busy behind me. He first slathered my ass with a slippery salve and worked it into me with his fingers. One, two, three, more salve and one more finger as he opened me wide. My whole body quivered as my tight little asshole stretched wide open and my breasts sanded by Gent's warm, wet tongue.

At last, Milo judged I was open enough and called, "Okay, Gent, she's ready for you," and the Mastiff abandoned licking my breasts for a more interesting part of my anatomy.

He thrust his nose deep between my butt cheeks and into my anus, no doubt checking for the source of the bitch-heat he could smell. Then he licked my ass and got himself ready for business. At first, when Gent heaved himself up onto my back, I thought I'd collapse under his weight but Milo adjusted his front paws onto leather supports built into the crate expressly to protect medium-sized bitches bred to larger sires. Despite Milo's stretching and all the lube, Gent's cock felt very large as he forced it into me and I spread my knees as far as the crate would allow.

He took half a dozen short, fast tentative strokes and then pushed in all the way. His cock must have been at half-mast when I saw it while he was licking my boobs. Now it felt about 8 inches or more, sliding all the way up and around the bend in my tunnel. That was where it stayed, with Gent thrusting as though to go even deeper while his big nut swelled up to double size just inside my opening, locking him firmly inside my body.

Having intercourse with a big, experienced breeding dog is like nothing else in the world, including a big, horny man. Once his knot expanded inside me, nothing could get it out until he had placed his sperm as far inside of me as he could reach. There was very little 'in and out,' perhaps an inch or so, but the deep thrusts and pulsing cock sent me almost immediately into a state where my mind floated free of my body watching as I writhed in the straps beneath the mighty mastiff's assault. Few men have ever been able to maneuver their cock past the sharp turn which is located about six inches up into my rear love tunnel, and the exquisite torture of his cock forcing past that stricture and rubbing back and forth on it brought tears to my eyes as I screamed with pleasure and pain.

I have no idea how long the big Mastiff continued to drive his big cock up inside my body. I was only conscious of going from one agonized orgasm to the next, barely aware that the screaming voice in the background was my own. Then something changed! Gent picked up his pace, and his swollen cock grew even larger with the first burst of semen. However, he had more! Three more times I felt his cock swell and inject another load of his cum into me before he stopped thrusting and started licking the back of my neck as his nut shrank and he was finally able to pull out of me. I could stop screaming and hang limply in the leather straps.

"Good boy!" complimented Milo as he led the dog away.

Despite being naked in the shady shed, and despite the light fall breeze, I was drenched with perspiration and grateful when Milo returned and began to wash and wipe me down with fine spray from a convenient nozzle. He washed me as he would a dog, soaping along my spine and then washing downwards. He even rinsed out my sore love hole, but if I thought he was going to let me go, I realized I was wrong when he again poured and massaged lotion into me, then mounted me

much as Gent had done. Though he was a big man with a largish cock, he wasn't as big as the dog, but clearly, he was highly stimulated by having watched my performance with the brute and he thrust into me without any preliminaries.

By this time, of course, my hole was gaping so his peremptory entry caused me no discomfort and the generous application of an aloe lotion soothed the soreness as he distributed it deeply with his veined cock. I was, unfortunately, too tired to take full advantage of his efforts but did try to give him a little push back. I'm not sure he noticed. He was so up he just needed to fuck, which he did, getting off with about five minutes of vigorous humping. He stood there, wiped himself off before releasing me from the crate, and lent me an arm as I stood unsteadily to my feet.

"That was incredible," I managed.

"Glad to oblige," he grinned. "Always have at least one stud needing an outing."

We started back toward the farmhouse. Naked, I felt rivulets of cum—man and dog—streaming down my legs. I stopped and looked down to see it puddling around my ankles before it slowly seeped into the hard-packed earth of the path.

'I'll need another bath,' I thought, but spotting a garden hose near the house, just hosed myself off, the cold water feeling good on my skin, even as I douched to get more of the gooey mixture out of me. But even with all the washing, some of the bitch-heat must have lingered on me because just as I was about to enter the farmhouse to retrieve my dress and puppy contract, a lovely Scotch Collie came bounding up, nose and tail in the air, hard cock swinging below and headed straight for me.

"Neighbor's dog..." growled Milo, "Damned nuisance!"

So I continued in, pulled my unwrinkled dress over my head, straightened my hair with my fingers, and, with a final goodbye, picked up my puppy contract and left.

The Collie was still there and still so eager; he jumped into my truck as soon as I opened the door. I hesitated, wondering how to get him out, and then shrugged.

"What the heck. I may be satiated for now, but later..." I said to myself.

And with that, I drove out of the yard.

The End.