

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Part of my training in journalism was being taught to keep a journal of my daily experiences and thoughts. The content of each incident was supposedly less critical than any reflections you might make later about these experiences. This is one such narrative.

My widowed father died when I was twenty-eight, a year ago now. He left me his townhouse and the general estate. It gave me a vehicle and a posh place to stay for that summer with some fantastic chattels. This meant I didn't have to go out and find work immediately after leaving graduate school. My elder brother received an investment portfolio of much wealth. Although not a close family, these were sad times. Nevertheless, these unexpected family gifts were very gratefully appreciated.

I moved into the Boston townhouse, not knowing whether it suited me. After spending a few weeks alone in the prominent dwelling, I felt strange, lonely, and sometimes just plain frightened by my new environment. The place was so famous that it had an echo that caused many strange sounds, especially at night. I decided to stay on and see if my feelings improved over the coming summer months.

One morning, after another sleepless night, I went to the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA) kennel to see about getting a watchdog for security and, hopefully, a bit of companionship. I knew it was a risk should I sell the house in the autumn, but I decided to do it anyway.

The pound staff showed me several dogs they thought could suit my need. One of these was a young male Rottweiler. I believe he was 15 months old. He appeared a bit large but very friendly and seemed to like me. I knew I was healthy but rather unfit, overweight many pounds after years of sitting exams, writing reports, and writing a thesis.

Honestly, I am not too inclined to be physically active in the first place. When I was told about the dog's playful and energetic exercise requirements, I doubted whether I would have the staying power. Another problem was he didn't seem to bark. Nevertheless, he was beautiful, and at the same time, he seemed very affectionate and healthy. They told me that it was an older man who had brought in the dog. The owner claimed he couldn't take care of him anymore because of his failing health.

So regardless of my initial fears, I thought this dog might be right for me. He was certainly big enough to scare anybody away. Yet he had been undoubtedly friendly towards me.

Also, the staff told me that intelligent dogs like Rottweilers would adjust their bond, I think they said, to the nature and behavior of their owners. He could be taught to be lazy, just like me. I asked why they were so anxious to sell him. Their quick answer was that he had been in the pound for only nine days and was not yet institutionalized. His personality had not yet suffered from losing his previous owner, and lastly, it is always good for a dog, especially a happy one, to get placed as quickly as possible.

That did it, two orphans living together, I thought. As he was called, I wrote a cheque out for Brutus and took him straight to the recommended vet to get him checked out. He was found to be in great shape, so I asked how to care for him and was given lots of instructional materials along with some coaching tips. One parting piece of advice was for me to think about neutering him because he had grown as large as he was expected to get. I immediately disliked the vet. I could not understand why anyone would want to damage such a beautiful, healthy dog.

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I took him home and let him explore his new home, room by room, even the basement, which I had yet to explore myself. I put his old mat from the pound and a freshwater bowl in a suitable place in the kitchen, and he seemed to understand that was his place. After reading all the material over the day, I talked at great lengths to get him used to my voice. Secondly, I gave him a bath, which the pound staff said needed to be made into a ritual in our bonding training. The vet also noted that it was essential to have a physical relationship with him if he was going to bond with me. So I understood there would be lots of talking, walking, and patting, all done to reinforce friendliness.

At first, Brutus was unsure about the bath water routine, but they accepted my attention. I administered the suggested Johnson's Baby shampoo and washed his head to toe. I became apprehensive after a while when I noticed that as I passed near his genitals, he would start to prance in place. He was sensitive about me touching him there. Within a few seconds, his sheath became firm and stretched, causing his penis tip to emerge from its pocket. I was fascinated by his red cock's beveled pointed shape.

As I had only limited experience with any male reproductive organs, this one appeared quite different, actually exciting for some reason. I had messed around with boys, yet this penis was intriguingly different. So feeling secure in my own house and somewhat curious, I touched him again. He immediately winced and swung his head around to lick my hand.

I watched as his penis became much firmer until its tip poked out still further. It made me a little anxious, so I assumed I had moved past his comfort point, so I stopped. After rinsing and drying Brutus, I pondered about the experience and realized the sexuality of the bath routine had made a sizable impression on me.

I initially believed I would experience a simple pet and owner relationship, but now I was unsure. I now realized that Brutus was a living being, an individual with feelings and emotions and would respond to my actions. I had to admit that today was full of new experiences and ideas.

Later I went upstairs and took a late afternoon shower to clean up. I ended up stretched out on top of the bed covers reading, as I have become accustomed to doing before supertime. Ah, life was such a difficult task. I open my novel to read for a bit. I have come to enjoy light reading after all those years of textbooks, reference papers, and research. But clearly, I could not concentrate.

After reading the same paragraph three times, I understood I needed to think through my day's experience with my new dog. The vet hadn't said anything about Brutus' reaction to my bathing him. I was confused yet intrigued with my new knowledge. I was also excited and decided to try rewashing Brutus the next day. After satisfying that I was keeping my word to the vet that I would make a special effort to bond with my new pet, I could get back to my book.

I quickly learned I was not used to 3-mile walks each morning to "keep him fit." It exhausted me, I might add. After doing our morning "walkies," I bathed him as before. Sure enough, Brutus was just as firm and exposed as yesterday.

Instead of stopping, I touched him and received his dance and licking reaction. With the surprise now gone, I decided to grasp his penis directly, which I found was warm and smooth to the touch and exciting. He continued to lick my hand, and I continued to hold and gently squeeze him. This routine continued for the next few days of baths until I was assured that he was as trusting in me as I was with him. Also, by this time, by gently squeezing his penis, I had enticed him to have a full erection.

I took this response as acceptance of our mutual behavior. I had been on the Internet exploring dog

autonomy, physiology, and behavior, realizing that I was, in effect, masturbating my dog. Nothing was said about this being abusive in the literature, so we continued. Our walkies improved each day, and a slow spell of masturbation became the order of the day. We both seemed to enjoy these activities, so I think we were bonding. I knew I was feeling better physically and emotionally with these new interests and exercises.

Our routine continued for about a month, with each of us becoming more trusting of the other. When I bathed and then relaxed on the bed, it was not uncommon for Brutus to join me in my room. At one of these times, I was having my period and wearing a tampon. Its insertion created a curiosity in Brutus, who kept trying to investigate my anatomy's oddities.

Finally, I shooed him out of my room and did not allow him back in until I had returned to dry days once more. I had become proficient at both exercising and bonding with Brutus, so I knew that I could now go back to my vet on our next check-up, saying truthfully that I was keeping my dog both physically and emotionally healthy. I also felt good and lost 7 pounds during this time. There were lots of conversations, exercises, and emotional pats with Brutus. I was rather proud of never having been responsible for a pet.

One afternoon while I was on my bed reading, I noticed a mild cramp in my lower abdomen, which told me that I was ovulating as usual. This is a short half-hour episode and not anything other than evidence of my monthly reproductive cycle. I used a hot water bottle and thought nothing of it. That was not the case with Brutus, who was sensing the release of my pheromones.

The next thing I knew, he was up on my bed, his head busily exploring under my towel. He was interested in sniffing between my legs.

Angry at the surprise, I went to push him away, but he was too persistent. He firmly shoved his nose between my legs and then casually flicked his tongue straight inside my vagina. WOW, what a sensation! His tongue's unexpected penetration gave me a real jolt. There was no warning, just a zap, and his tongue was moving inside me. I was not frightened, just stunned and confused.

Physically, his tongue felt strange inside me but not at all unpleasant. Emotionally, it was an unexpected and surprisingly stimulating sensation. As I unsuccessfully tried to shoo him away, my fears quickly ceased to be a concern. I realized he was only doing his dog thing once more. It was no different from one of our park experiences where he first sniffed and then licked the same piece of female dog anatomy, which got him a sharp nip on his hindquarters for his unwanted attention.

I apologized to the female dog's owner for our rudeness. She laughed and said, "Dogs are like that. Next time you will be surprised when she appreciates his affections more. You would think she would be more receptive like we humans, wouldn't you?"

I then knew he was simply masturbating me to test my receptiveness because I was in season, in heat, I believe it's called. He was not hurting me, just exploring me to see if I could be a suitable mate. I now realized I was safe. It was a new experience, and I remained anxious, yet after all my reading only curious. When he got no further rebuke, he started licking me more vigorously.

I was surprised by his dedication and, more impressively, my ready acceptance of his pointed attention. I knew I could stop him by simply turning over, yet I was not being threatened, so I remained still. I let him have his way with me. How prosaic. He gave me the nicest and slowest orgasm within a relatively short period. It was so protracted I was amazed. I hadn't had one like this in a long time, so I relaxed and let it seep through me. It was a new experienced pleasure.

Both of us were satisfied with the experience. I shifted around to place my hips over the edge of the

bed so my feet were flat on the floor in hopes of encouraging more attention. My legs were now spread, and my vagina opened to invite him. It kept his attention, so I grabbed his head as he brought me to another deep orgasm, a second within minutes.

I was lying back, reveling in my feelings, when I realized he had again jumped up on the bed with his front paws on each side of my breasts and his hind feet on the floor. He quickly tried to mount me in this position. We were both clumsy as he attempted to align our bits to better insert his erection into my vagina. I was thrilled when I felt his cock's tip effortlessly slip inside my open vagina seconds later. I was amazed that this could happen so quickly. It was gentle, quiet, smooth, and pleasantly comfortable.

I was receptive to his licking, so he simply decided to mount me, not realizing that I was not a canine. I immediately thought about the vet's comments that I needed to make a genuine and concerted effort to physically bond with the dog. Well, now I was sure that we had bonded. A thought did come to me right then as to who exactly was the pet. Our interspecies relationship was immediately real and accepted by both of us.

After the tip was better aligned, he smoothly slipped the rest of his penis inside me. He was filling my vagina with a penis larger than anything else I had experienced. Nevertheless, his penis fitted fully and very comfortably inside me. It felt like we were measured to fit together. It also felt so good inside me that he caused me to start to move in concert with his thrusts immediately. Within seconds I felt him slide a larger bulge inside me. I realized it was his knot, which was explained in the reading I had done. Several seconds later, I sensed this bulge begin to swell.

I recognized that Brutus was attempting to inseminate me. I also understood that he was trying to tie with me so he could ejaculate more easily. My sexual education was now being taught to me through experimentation instead of the usual theory. I realized he was going to put his semen inside me. I understood my pet was fertilizing me in the real sense. I enjoyed the idea of being purposely bred for the first time in my life. I was almost remorseful for being inadequate to his genuine efforts to reproduce with me.

I let myself moan for the first time as I orgasmed deeply once more. He stopped moving once he was entirely inside me. I knew this should happen because it indicated he was ready to ejaculate. He pushed his swollen penis firmly inside me, pinning me behind to the edge of the bed. We stayed like this for minutes, waiting. At last, I felt his warm semen squirt inside me, coating my vagina's surfaces.

Never before had I felt anything as lovely as his warm semen being continuously squirted inside my vagina. I wept with emotion as I convulsed into a sense of emotional and physical satisfaction. Novels tell you this emotional state happens, but I have never experienced it before. I am sure it was his first sexual experience. I immediately hoped he was satisfied with me.

He squirted inside me continually, then after a short period, the bulge in his cock relaxed, allowing him to slip out of me as quickly as he went in. This caused a mixture of his semen and fluids to weep out of my vagina, all over my ass, and onto my sheets. He turned to lick my vaginal area until I was clean, but not before he had given me an orgasm once again. I was so exhausted I just remained on my back, still leaking our fluids onto the bed sheets.

After all the time I had spent masturbating Brutus, I was now receiving a receptacle treatment. Besides his hand licking, I was given the first physical stimulus Brutus had offered in return. His attention strangely gratified me.

Until now, the only thing in my vagina beside my fingers was a dildo I had recently bought this summer. I wondered why his warm cock felt so deliciously different. I learned instantly that having a dog's penis enter you and then be held inside your vagina feels very nice.

Still exhausted, I rolled over with my vagina, able to drain off the bed, and simply napped, waking up to his tongue lapping into my open vagina. Of course, I just spread my legs this time, letting him have his way with me again. He tongued me to a stunning orgasm before he started pushing his nose against my behind. I figured out he was trying to get me to turn over, so I got off the bed. I now squatted on the floor on my hands and knees to offer a more normal canine mating posture.

He mounted me as soon as I was settled. I felt his penis probing between my anus and vagina, so I gently guided him into my vagina. He was mating with me like I was a female dog, making my vagina warm and super sensitive. I was overcome by my lust and was encouraging him, which he was doing magnificently without my help anyway. It only took a few minutes before my fluids wept out of me.

Finally, I felt his bulge swelling. When fully inflated, I pretended to myself, and perhaps to Brutus, that I was tied to him. I knew this was a bit of fantasy since I had learned that a women's vagina was larger than those of female canines.

He tried to turn so we were facing in different directions. It was like I was a female dog, so I scooted down, hoping we would remain attached well enough to each other so he would not pop out of me. This made it easier for him to lift his leg over my behind. We managed it and were "locked" together just like we were dog and bitch in heat, as depicted in the literature I've been reading in detail. I couldn't help but start moving my ass to hasten him to squirt.

I was stunned when I thought about what had just happened. I thought about how quickly I had accepted his semen inside me and how I became so emotionally satisfied. I also thought about the simple circumstances that caused this overwhelming experience. It was so easy and pleasant that I was sure other pairs of dogs and their human mates would have experienced the same outcome. I was immediately perplexed by just how normal this all seemed.

After waiting several minutes, he started squirting his warm sperm inside me. There was so much of his semen that I thought I would leak for hours. I was happy he could ejaculate in such amounts stimulating warm, pleasant feelings in my belly. I couldn't remember sensing such warmth from a man's ejaculation. It made my vagina contract in spasmodic rhythms. We stayed like this for a while before he stepped forward and pulled out.

There was so much semen in my vagina that it ran out all over the floor and me. I was so tired that I lowered my head to my hands and rested before crawling back onto the wet bed to sleep. I was physically and emotionally exhausted.

It was several hours and dark when I finally awoke. I was at first unsure about the afternoon's event, but the soreness in my abdomen and hips quickly confirmed my body's new experience. Moments later, I was aware that I saw the experience as solely positive and surprisingly appropriate for my pet, and I, too, have let it happen. That in itself was a real turn in my sense of self-awareness. I felt satisfied and regular and realized I had moved on to a different plane of consciousness. I had never been so self-reflective before. I was in shock that I was so happy.

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As you can read, I am happy and content with becoming my gentle dog's sexual partner. I think it is because he gives me such basal feelings as I had ever experienced. In private, I have decided to submit whenever he wants me. I am lucky because he is one horny dog who needs little

encouragement.

The humorous aspect of this situation is that Brutus has made several attempts to mate with me when we're in public. These events cause me great anxiety, but they are bemusing to Brutus. I have improved at improvising countermeasures to keep both of us happy. He has certainly changed my sexuality for the better.

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I've had Brutus for three months, and we returned to the vet for our scheduled follow-up check-up. We have screwed so often that I've already lost twenty-one pounds. My vet told me to keep my dog healthy, and Brutus and I are certainly that. I am fitter than ever before. During our check-up, he commented first on my weight loss and improved fitness, along with unexpected news about how Brutus' testicles had enlarged. Concerned, I asked if this was a problem. "Of course not. It just means that Brutus was receiving enough sexual stimulation to enhance his gonads".

I think the vet was sly, saying that the exercises we were doing together were good for us. He carefully suggested that I might have Brutus' dew claws removed while he was still young. He said it reduces the female's discomfort from being scratched when he is servicing her. Brutus is now clawless. However, I wear the red marks on my ribcage with pride. Hence, two anatomical changes have happened to both of us. Brutus lost his dew claws, and I have scratch marks; secondly, he has larger testicles, and I have a noticeably enlarged and beautifully distended vagina.

The vet also asked if I was willing to consider putting Brutus out to stud since he was such a handsome dog. I told him no because I had no pedigree papers for him. But the vet knew that was not the real reason. He looked up, questioning me further, so I told him I would be too jealous. My pretense was gone at that point. The vet smiled, acknowledging my deviant behavior, and confirmed that I was a good dog owner and that Brutus was well and truly bonded with me. I thanked him and told him I had bonderelatedrutus.

He grinned knowingly and opened the door saying, "The bonding is mutually beneficial. See you two in six months."

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I must have turned many shades red after leaving the vet's office. I was so horny from the sly conversation with the vet that I was moist enough to wet my knickers. I felt both anxious and horny at the same time. I was worried about what I had disclosed and horny wanting to celebrate our successful bonding.

We walked the six blocks back to the house as quickly as we could. When we arrived, I was hot, sweaty, and wanton and could not undress in the hallway quickly enough. Clothes and I dropped on the rug. Brutus understood my need perfectly and mounted me immediately, and with his well-practiced aim and my now permanently opened vagina, he could enter me straight away. I moaned and relaxed as our parts now fit comfortably together.

After stroking me to a warm wet orgasm, I was shocked to look back and see the front door was still open, and my brother, wife, and niece were presently stepping through the doorway. I sensed the release of his semen at the exact moment. It was too late to hide as Brutus held me tightly. Brutus would always keep me until we were fully orgasmic. The feelings were so fulfilling that I ignored our audience.

When I was finally conscious of my circumstances and looked back to see our audience, they were

gone.

Oh well!

*The End*