

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I am a married bi woman, 50 years old NOW but when I was 19 my husband was assigned to a year in Alaska (he was in the Army). I spent that year on his parent's farm in central MO. They had several dogs and Rag Tag, the dominant male was always sticking his nose in my ass and pussy smelling me.

His dad just laughed but didn't pull or push him away. His mom told me to just yell at him and he would stop bothering me! She also told me later while holding a pair of my soiled white panties, and as she was talking, she opened them up to reveal a very large poop streak that I made in them. We would end up taking in more detail in years to come about my messy panties, a conversation that would tell her a lot more about my childhood abuse by both men and women.

I tried to follow her advice but Rag Tag was very persistent about smelling me, especially with sticking his nose against my butt hole! I found that time after time he would smell and lick my butt cheeks. He would really go wild after I would go poop. A couple of times I will admit that I didn't wipe after pooping and then just stood and turned by butt toward Rag Tag.

He would shove his nose into my butt cheeks and then would push his tongue deeper against my dirty butt hole. It did feel really good, so good that I started to let him lick my dirty butt hole each time after I would go poop. He also went wild when I would get my periods. Seemed my bloody pussy was a treat for him and he would lick and lick. I remember having mixed thoughts about what I was doing but couldn't get myself to stop making myself available to Rag Tag each evening when I was getting ready for my shower.

After weeks of Rag Tag bugging me I found him in the basement again when I went down to take my shower. I was already naked sitting on the toilet peeing and pooping. Before I knew what was happening he had his whole head between my legs licking my pee and my pussy but almost as if he was trying to actually eat my pussy and just lick it! I yelled at him several times and that's when I heard my father in law open the basement door and ask if I was ok. I told him yes and that I was just yelling at Rag Tag.

I heard the basement door shut so I went to push the dog away from me. He finally moved so I stood up and walked over to the shower stall. I thought this might be a sign that I needed to stop letting him lick my pussy and butt hole each night. Rag Tag jumped up, knocking me down and then jumped on top of me. He was licking my pussy again and this time he his dog cock right in my face. I started to yell at him when I opened my mouth I found it filled with his cock. God it was big, hot and wet!

Rag Tag started fucking my mouth really hard and was pushing his nose fairly deep into my pussy. I was pushing and pushing but he wasn't moving off of me. Then all of a sudden Rag Tag flew away pulling his cock from my mouth. I looked up to see my father in law standing over me. He reached out with his hand and helped me get to my feet. He asked if I was ok, and I told him yes and that I was just totally shocked by what the dog had been able to do to me. He told me that he thought I was much stronger than that too!

All this time I was standing there naked talking to my father in law! He told me to go ahead and do my shower and we would talk more later! Strange thing was, he never did talk about this again, but Rag Tag kept showing up in the basement or the barn or in the garden when I was there.

I finally did get taken by Rag Tag which was half his ongoing effort and half my fault. I was down in the garden and I was picking green beans that afternoon. It was a hot day so I just had on a summer dress and headed down to the garden. Within minutes of me being on my hands and knees Rag Tag

jumped up on me, pushing my face to the dirt and started humping me. His paws pushed my dress up on my back so he had a clear shot at my pussy.

With no panties on, he worked his cock inside my pussy in just a few strokes. I remember thanking God that he didn't push his cock into my butt hole. I tried to move away but he weighed way too much. Then I made my next big mistake and I started screaming!

My father in law, my mother in law, and two of the farm hands came running and saw me being fucked by Rag Tag. It seemed like forever, but my father in law finally walked down the hill to me and pulled him off my back. We were still tied butt to butt for about another 15 minutes when his dog cock finally popped out and that was that. I was so embarrassed, I stayed down on my hands and knees just crying and crying! Once Rag Tag popped out of me, my mother in law helped me to my feet and we went into the basement.

Once there, she helped me with a shower. In less than an hour their family doctor and the local vet were standing in my bedroom. The doctor did an examination of my pussy while the vet shared his insight on how dogs mate, the length of their cocks, the size of their knot and the makeup of their sperm. I remember hearing the vet tell my mother in law not to worry because there was no way I would get pregnant from dog sperm!

I felt bad enough having been bred by a dog, especially in front of my family but this made it even worse living through it again with both of these doctors! They both decided I would be ok and only minor tearing had occurred in my pussy. They did recommend that I douched once an hour for the next six hours to clean the dog cum and dog germs from my pussy and probably from my uterus because Rag Tag was so large! My mother in law helped me each time I douched, pushing the nozzle in until it went through my cervix.

I only stayed on the farm a few more weeks until I left to live with my oldest sister in Kansas City. It took years for me to get the nerve to visit the farm again after that! I did tell my husband right away, especially after having a long talk with his mother the following morning. She told me I couldn't lie about this happening, so I had no choice but to tell Bob.

Bob was a wonderful man about this and told me, in his return letter, that it just didn't matter; that he still loved me and hoped I would be ok. He also shared with me that the military base in Kansas had a mental health clinic if I felt that would help.

I didn't speak of this with my sister or any of my other family but after about a month I kept having very bad dreams about being raped by Rag Tag. So I went to my first doctor's appointment at the clinic on the base. The doctor turned out to be a woman, which made me feel much better. When she first asked me why I was there I thought she was going to fall out of her chair when I told her about the dog rape!

This lady was good - she talked me through my fears, my anger, my sadness, and then really blew my mind when I started talking to me about my sexual feelings! It took three appointments before she started asking me to tell her all the details about my "doggy" dreams. At first it was scary, even painful but little by little I found it easier to share openly with her not only about my dreams but even answered about the rape itself and about the multiple playful events in the basement that led up to the rape. This Doctor, just like my mother in law, told me that my allowing Rag Tag to lick my pussy and my butt hole definitely had a direct cause for him wanting and NEEDING to breed his bitch! I was shocked that the Doctor would call me his bitch!

Kathy, Dr. Heisenberg, shared with me that she had contacted three other doctors on my case and

was consulting with them on my sexual issues and my progress. Each of these doctors visited once during one of my follow-on clinic appointments with Dr. Heisenberg and seemed to have their own set of questions. With their help I was finally able to accept that being raped by Rag Tag wasn't ALL my fault and that my sexual feeling that continued to exist in my dreams about having sex with dogs didn't make me a bad person. But each of them told me I had to share these desires for bestiality with my husband once he returned from Turkey.

These same doctors helped me accept that although the rape by a dog was a bad thing, the sexual feeling it awoke in me were feeling that I could choose to use for my sexual pleasure in the future or not. They helped me understand about masturbation (which till now had never really helped me cum by myself) and the positive effects it holds for each of us as humans. They also shared that masturbation for military wives is a good thing, especially while our husbands are on assignment.

This has been over 20 years now but every now and then, while we're making love with my husband and he is taking me from behind, it will make me start to pant and finally bark! It drives me totally wild and makes to cum on the spot. I will tell you that although I have thought about it over and over and over, we have never gotten a dog of our own.

Now as for my visit back to the farm, well let's just say that my mother in law still gets to see my shit streaks in my white panties, my father in law seems to ensure that Duke (one of Rag Tag sons) is always in the basement when I go down to shower, and Bob is always there to help Duke mount me and then to take many pictures of my breeding over and over. I also know that my father in law has made MANY moves on his smartphone (that Bob purchased for him!) and continued to share them with his drinking friends and online too!

The End