

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The first time this happened was over a year ago when I was 20. But I'll have to start back when I went away to college when I was 18 so that you will fully understand.

In the fall of 1987 I moved away from home to go to a small college about two hours away from my parents. The college was doing it's best to try and accommodate the increase in incoming freshmen and limited dorm space by making double rooms into triples. Well, I've never been much of a people person, and not knowing anyone at the college, I had my parents help me find an off campus apartment for me instead. I found a great one bedroom apartment right around the corner from campus, it was cheap, pretty big and they allowed pets. This last point was important, because my parents didn't want me to live alone, but I didn't want to have to put up with anyone but myself. So my parent bought me a dog to keep me company and protect me.

I had to laugh when they brought him over to me at the apartment the day after I moved in. They said "We'll get you a watchdog so you can take him with you when you walk around campus at night, and guard the house while you sleep." and there they stood in my doorway with a little tiny puppy only a couple of months old. He was so cute, a little fuzzball. Some watchdog.

I named him Teddy because he looked just like a little fuzzy teddy-bear and my mother assured me he'd grow up to be a BIG teddy bear. He was a mix between several breeds, OK a mutt, but a BIG mutt, you could tell by the size of his paws at that age, and by the energy this little guy had. Mother said she was too afraid to get an already grow up watchdog, for fear that it might not be very friendly, and she also said Teddy would get big fast enough.

Teddy was a great friend, he was always there to greet me when I came home after classes, he always kept me company when I was studying, and he'd snuggle right up next to me at night in bed. Sometimes I think it was because of Teddy that I didn't have many friends at college, certainly no boyfriends, but then again, I didn't have many in high school either, so thank God for Teddy.

I've always been big into fantasies. I love to read SF and fantasy books, imagining that I'm a princess being swept off her feet by a handsome prince, making love to him for hours in a bed of royal silks and goose down. I usually get pretty hot and bothered while I read stories like that, and they usually (assuming I'm alone) force me to put down the book, close the shades, strip off my clothes and pretend I'm right there in the story, and I'm being made love to. I've had some pretty wild orgasms that way.

I remember the first time I did this at my new apartment with Teddy right there by my side. He had only been there a week or so, and was still just a pup, but I remember he kept trying to see what I was doing, lying there on the bed. He got up and walked right down between my legs and tried to push my hands out of the way with his head. I was really embarrassed and I kept pushing him away. Finally I was forced to get up and put him in the other room until I was finished. For the next few months, I just used to close the door before I fantasized.

Teddy grew. Over the next semester Teddy grew pretty quickly, and over that summer, Teddy got to be a very big dog. We still don't know what breeds are in Teddy, but I'd guess some Sheepdog, gives him his height and fuzziness, but he's not as wide as a sheepdog, that suggests maybe some German Shepherd, or Doberman or something else tall, but lean. Who knows, who cares!

Fall and my Sophomore year rolled around. I liked the apartment so much, and it was really the only place around that would take Teddy, that I had reserved a place in the building for that school year. It was good to be out of my parents place again, to have a little privacy and a place to take my new

boyfriend. I met him during the summer at the beach. He seemed like a nice enough guy at the time. We made love whenever we could find a place to be alone. He lived at home, and I moved back home for the summer.

Within two weeks after moving back to school, when I finally had my apartment back, we split up! Looking back on it, I'm not really sure what hurt more, losing his company, or just the sex. Anyway, it wasn't long before I was back on my bed fantasizing again.

Then, one Saturday night, about two months after the start of the semester, it happened. I was reading one of those sappy romance novels, not my usual reading but something to read to help get me in the mood. There I was, sprawled out on my bed, stark naked, working up a pretty good sweat reading about this poor girl who was about to make love to a guy who was cheating on her big-time. I was so horny, but I was also pretty mad thinking about my boyfriend at the same time. I needed a new man to sweep me off my feet and make me explode in orgasm. I was making myself crazy.

Suddenly, up on my bed jumps Teddy, scared the hell out of me, but I realized I hadn't closed the door completely. I got up and quickly escorted him to the door which I closed behind him, laid back down and suddenly had the most bizarre thought of my life. I laid there getting myself hotter and hotter, but could not get the thought out of my mind. I began to think that it was the thought that was helping to make me so hot and wet. Finally I got up, walked to the door and went into the living room. There was Teddy stretched out on the living room floor. He quickly got up and ran over to me, as he always does. As I stood there, it was obvious that Teddy could smell my heat, he kept nosing me and sniffing. I really hope people don't think I'm some kind of sicko or something, but I had thoughts flying through my mind of what I could attempt, and it was making me hotter all the time.

Finally I could stand it no more and I sat down on the floor. Teddy seemed really excited about all of this because he kept running around me, nosing me and playfully growling. I can't say I had ever really paid much attention to Teddy's 'parts' before, but I definitely noticed them this time, he was aroused. My mind was racing, trying to figure out what I should do, I was shaking with anticipation. Finally I leaned forward onto my hands and spread my knees on the floor, the next thing I felt was a nose, then a big wet tongue go right across my crotch. Oh God, I could have orgasmed right then and there, I couldn't believe I letting him doing that. I looked back and Teddy was just humping the air, his nose up in the air and he was going around in circles.

He was DEFINITELY aroused.

I reached around behind myself and snapped my fingers and called to Teddy. Again Teddy's tongue lashed across my crotch. This time I grabbed his collar and pulled it forward. Teddy suddenly leaped up onto my back, his pelvis still thrusting into the air. It was at this moment I realized that I had no shirt on, and Teddy's nails dug into my back as he stood there above me. I was a little afraid, Teddy kept thrusting into the air just behind me. What if he hurts me, what if he won't stop. A sudden wave of panic swept over me and I started to try to get up. At that same moment, I felt a stab of pain as Teddy struck my clit in a poorly guided attempt to get inside me. The next thing I knew, teddy struck home. Oh God, I felt waves of emotions hit me all at once. Fear, Pain, Panic, ECSTASY, It was incredible. Teddy kept on thrusting into me, each time he moved in a little closer, so he went a little deeper.

I lost track of everything around me as I had an orgasm like I'd never had before (and still have never had since). I very nearly passed out, but when it was over I can still remember the weirdest problem. Teddy tried to back away from me, but I swear it felt like he was stuck. He pulled pretty hard and nearly pulled me backwards. I almost panicked, but I just thought to myself to relax and loosen up my grip on him. He pulled again and with still quite a bit of resistance, pulled free. I sat

there on the floor practically freaking out thinking about what had just happened. I noticed quite a burning sensation on my back, and shoulders. As I got up to go into the bathroom to look, I felt Teddy's sperm sliding down my inner thigh. This made me shiver at my perversion.

It turned out that I had gotten scratched up pretty well on my back. That hurt for several day after. But I'll tell you, Teddy and I had sex many more times after that for the rest of the year, I learned to wear a winter coat that I had to protect my back. It's now my Junior year here at college and I finally have a boyfriend again, I met him also on the beach last summer, and so far, we are still together. I don't think I could ever tell him about me and Teddy, he'd probably leave me in a second. So this brings me to a question, am I sick and perverted? Am I the only person to do this? I didn't really see any harm in it. I'd like to hear about anyone else's experiences with their pets.

The End