

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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In October of 2008, I decided to go hunt deer from my tree stand, having seen a very likely spot while bird hunting earlier in the year. I walked into the woods in the dark, and found the tree I had located. I climbed about 20 feet up and settled in to wait for a deer to come out of a weed field nearby and head back into the woods. I was overlooking a small glade, dappled in sunshine filtering through the oak and maple leaves that hadn't fallen yet.

About 10 a.m., I was beginning to think about calling it a morning, when I noticed something walking through the woods towards me. I didn't expect a deer to come from that direction at that time of day, but if you hunt long enough, you will learn that anything is possible. For sure I could see a light brown, furry animal coming my way. I stood up and got ready to take a shot. I waited a few more minutes, and then realized I was seeing a large dog, something like a golden retriever.

Then I heard someone whistle, and looked further into the woods. There was a girl following behind the dog, and she was carrying a blanket. They entered the little clearing below me, and she spread the blanket and sat down. She was wearing a green sweater, a green and black plaid pleated skirt, and tennis shoes.

The dog lay down next to her, and rolled over on his back. I was just about to let them know that I was there, when I was shocked to see the girl reach over and start playing with the dog's balls. She was talking to the dog in a low voice, and I couldn't make out what she was saying, not that it mattered. I was mesmerized by the sight.

A few minutes later, I could see that the dog was getting hard. The red tip of his cock was peeking out of his sheath, and the girl moved her hand from his balls to his cock. She began to stroke the sheath back and forth, while the dog laid there and loved it.

Soon the dog's redbone was all exposed, shining in the sun like it was wet. The girl then laid back and pulled her skirt up, revealing a beautiful full red bush and no panties. She pulled her legs up until her knees almost touched her shoulders, put her arms behind her knees, and started patting her pussy and urging the dog to come do her a favor. Not that he needed a lot of encouragement.

He rolled over, got to his feet, and started lapping at her red pussy like an expert. She laid back and closed her eyes, and moaned a little while the dog went to town on her. I watched as that dog licked her pussy for what seemed like 10 minutes. The girl moaned and came several times. Then she rolled over to her hands and knees, reached back and flipped her skirt up over her hips, and kneeled there with her beautiful, heart-shaped ass in the breeze.

I was sure that it wasn't the first time they had done that, because the dog knew precisely what to do next. He reared up and mounted her, hunching forward until his thick, red meat touched her pussy, and then he proceeded to drill his meat into her wet, waiting pussy-hole. She made a lot more noise from being dog-fucked than she did being licked, moaning and groaning, bucking back at the fucking dog.

I saw the dog's onion come out of the sheath, and she really wailed when it went into her pussy. He must have fucked her for 10 minutes or so (I couldn't take my eyes off them to look at my watch!) Then he slowed to a stop and backed off. I wondered if they would get hung up like dogs and bitches do, but his onion and cock just slid out, letting a gush of dog cum run out of her pussy and drip off her clit in a steady stream.

The girl flopped over on her side and just laid there for a while. I'm sure her legs were tired from holding up the weight of that dog. Finally, she got off the blanket, hiked her skirt up again, and

squatted to take a postcoital piss. When she was done, the dog came over and licked the spot on the ground. I don't blame him, I wanted to do it, too!

After they left, I just sat down in my tree-stand, shaking too hard to try to climb down. My own cock was rock-hard, and I had to relieve the pressure. I unbuttoned the fly in my camouflage pants and let Old One-Eye out for some air.

As I sat there stroking, I visualized the scene as the dog ran his tongue up her crack, and how he mounted her. I couldn't hold back very long. I stood up, took a couple more strokes, and blew my load halfway across the clearing, spurt after spurt. 20 minutes later I climbed down and went home.

I will be back there, and I hope they are, too.

The End