

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Some of you have left wonderful comments on my story "Completely drilled" & have also asked to hear about my experience with my Rotti, so I have decided to include the details of my first time of dog sex.

I don't know what it was really, but I had a fascination with animals from a young age & an interest in male dogs. I think it was because back then, when I was a kid, in our neighbourhood, dogs roamed the streets a lot, unattended and often I would be out walking somewhere & there would be two, or three dogs hard at it with each other in the street & I found it interesting & it often spurred then unknown feelings of excitement in me.

When I was a teen, I let a friend's horny dog lick my pussy, but it went no further than that because my friend was nearby & I didn't want to get sprung, but it was so good.

Anyway, not much occurred between then and now in that area. Apart from guys, sex, children & marriage, I never thought about doing the dirty with animals, and I am now 35 years old.

Then about 2 years ago, my husband got a job working on a large sheep station in the middle of Western Australia. It was 3000 hectares of arid bushland & he worked away a lot & so there was just myself & the kids left at home alone.

We had no dog & someone kept jumping our back fence & snooping around our backyard. I think they were searching for pot, which my husband sometimes grew for personal use, but there wasn't any, because he wasn't there to grow it & I didn't smoke it that much to bother with it myself.

But I got sick & tired of this creep coming into the yard, so I decided to get myself a dog as protection for while Dion was away & to deter the freaky intruder.

I looked in the paper & came across a litter of Rotweiler cross Mastiff puppies for sale for \$100.00 each & decided to go & take a look at them. The mother had a large litter of 14 puppies in total & they were all adorable, but I settled on one medium sized dog, that came & sat on my lap & made himself quite comfortable there.

The kids were stoked to have a puppy to play with & so we took him home to get acquainted. I decided to name him Onya after an aboriginal I had met whilst hitchhiking over to Adelaide.

Because I am not one for howling puppies at night, I would let him sleep on my bed & if I felt him wake up, I would take him out to the toilet. Also, I was not keen to leave him in the back yard at night alone, because I did not trust whoever this person was that was entering our yard at night & was worried they might steal him. I also wanted him as a guard dog, so I did not want him socializing with anyone outside of the family whilst he was young, otherwise there would be no point in having a guard dog, if he was going to let everyone in the neighbourhood waltz in!

On the second night, he woke up & started wandering around the bed, so I got up & took him outside. I took him out the front, because I was paranoid of going into the back yard & also there is a bright street light out the front that illuminates our yard, so I can see anyone & be seen.

It was 2 am and I picked up puppy & took him out the front. for a pee, placing him on the front lawn. Ironically, I was coming out of the front door, when I heard footsteps coming from down the side of the house from the back yard, coming towards me. Darn.....The bastard was in my back yard again!!

I froze, unsure of what to do, because it was dark out there & I was alone & had no idea if this

person was big, small, male or female & didn't want to put myself into a threatening position where I may get hurt.

I could still hear the footsteps coming toward me, they hadn't realised I was there yet.

I couldn't see through the gate into the backyard & I was not prepared to go out there & confront this person, so instead I walked out onto the front lawn with the pup into the light of the street lamp & began talking to the dog.

"There you go" I said "Go on, go to the toilet, there's a good boy..."

I heard the footsteps stop immediately as they heard my voice. I continued to talk to the dog & ignored the intruder, I kept myself out of their sight so they could not see me or Onya, as I did not want them to see he was just a pup.

After the Onya had done his business, I took him back into the house again & ignored the person in the back yard, hoping it would be enough to scare him/her off at the thought that they almost got caught.

I went back into the house & turned on the kitchen light, just to give them a final message & then Onya & I went back to bed.

We walked Onya every day & I think that intruder did get the message because I never earde them at night again in the back yard or jumping my fence.

Onya grew and grew & turned into a big beautiful doggie.

One day, after the kids had gone to school....I had slept in..... I woke & decided to have a shower. Onya had a made a habit of following me around the house & he often followed me into the bathroom & sat by the door & waited for me to come out.

I came out of the shower, dried off & then walked frm the bathroom to the bedroom naked to get dressed. Onya followed. I have never been the most neatest of people when it came to the bedroom & most of my clothes were on the floor as I hadn't done any ironing or folding & so I bent down to hunt through a pile of clothes for something to wear. I couldn't find knickers....most were in the dirty washing....so I got down on my hands & knees to see if any had wound up under the bed & that is when I got a surprise....

Onya was unknowingly behind me & as I got onto my hands & knees to look under the bed, a tongue went right up between my legs!

I jumped at first, turned round & growled at him "Cut that out!"

Starled at the way I yelled, he darted out of the way & I went back to searching for a pair of knickers. Then there he was again....tongue searching....

It felt nice & lead me back to the memory I had forgotten of my friend's dog back when I was a teen.

So I decided to continue to kneel there & let him lick at me for a bit. Dion was away & I was horny as hell without him there, so what harm could be done by letting a dog lick my pussy? At least it wasn't another man & Dion would never know!

He licked and licked & it felt real good, so I rolled over & lay on my back on the bedroom floor so he could have a better go. Oh he liked that. I liked it too. It felt real good to have his big rough tongue

lapping at my pussy juices & eating me out! He was burying his tongue as deep into me as he could get it. Licking & licking & I spread my legs wider & held my lips apart for him with my fingers & let him go for it.

He had me moaning loudly as he licked & licked & I was fantasizing about what my husband would think if he were to walk in the door right then & there & see my getting a total lapping by a dog. Thing was, he was miles away & I had no idea of what he would think if he knew.....Best to keep this mine & Onya's little secret...

I played with my nipples while Onya went to town on my wet, horny cleft until I could feel that wonderful tingling feeling inside & knew I wasn't far from climax. As I got closer & closer to cumming, I thrust my hips up shoving my pussy into Onya's face & came all over his tongue, making him lick me even more.

I wanted more.... I wondered if I could get him to screw me? His cock was poking out a little & I wondered if I could teach him to have sex with me. I wondered what it was like to screw a dog & it took me back to the memories of dogs humping each other in the street & watching the male gripping the female tightly with his front legs & ramming into her. This made me real wet to think about & so I thought maybe I would try it.

I started to wank Onya off a bit first to see what his reaction would be. I didn't want to hurt him & had never done this before, so I just rubbed him nice and gentle for a while, squeezing his cock firmly & it must have turned him on because he began thrusting in my hand. The tip of his penis had become swollen & hard & I noticed it looked bigger than before. He was horny, so I was I, so I got onto my knees & showed my backside, with my dripping pussy to his face.

He was back into eating me out again in an instant & although I enjoyed it, I wanted a good fucking, so I backed up against him. At first, he kept walking backwards & licking me, then he tried to mount me, but kept going to one side & poking my leg. Whenever I tried to move in the right direction toward him, he would hop off, walk around me & then try a different spot to hump me, like my face....

I wasn't that keen on sucking swollen doggy dick yet. It was bad enough I was here in this position trying to let a dog screw me as it was. I was fighting with all the morals from my upbringing & thinking "I shouldn't be doing this, it's sooo wrong!" And yet it felt so good & so right.

This wasn't as easy as I thought because Onya was jumping all over the place, keen to have a go, but not having any idea where to put it. He was humping my leg, my side, my face...anywhere but where I wanted it to go.

I stood up, feeling a bit frustrated and real horny by now. "Dammit!" I grumbled. what the hell am I thinking?!!!

Onya stood staring at me, cock half poking out & wagging his tail.... "Bloody dog...." I grumbled.

I decided to have another try. I put a blanket down on the floor to give my sore knees a bit more padding for a start & whenever Onya tried to mount me in the wrong direction, I stopped kneeling, stood up, turned my back end to him & tried again.

Finally he got the message to hump the right end, but he kept getting on, missing & getting off, so I backed up to him on hands & knees and cornered him against the corner of the wall, so he had no where to go. I could feel his cock poking at me & then suddenly HOORAY! He was in and humping wildy.

He was still bouncing all over the place & fell out a few times, but I managed to get him back into me easily enough & he got the hang of staying in one spot. I could feel his cock swelling & growing inside me, getting bigger & bigger & it was the most amazing feeling as he continued to ram himself into me. I had never felt anything like it.

Then suddenly he fell out again, so I got him back into position and tried again. This time he missed my vagina and went up my asshole. I wondered about this as I have never had anal sex, but was so horny & it felt good, so I let him go for it anyway, deciding not to care which hole he was fucking.

He screwed and screwed & his cock grew inside my ass & it felt so good, I was moaning loudly & then I felt him give one more final thrust & blow his doggy load into my moist tight ass. That was all well and good.....

Until he tried to pull out.....

He tried to pull off me and it hurt like hell!! I could feel my ass not wanting to give. And he was really pulling. I was suddenly panicking & thinking, we're stuck & if he pulls out he will really hurt me!

I am trying to tell him to stay and he is having none of it. This being my first time, I had no idea about the knot & if I had known, I would never have let him go up that end....

So he gives a huge tug.....

I scream...

And he rips his cock straight out of my ass.

God it throbbed like hell.

I checked myself. A little blood but nothing serious, even though I throbbed for a good hour or so afterward.

Well that's the last time I let him get into that end!! I learnt my lesson that day. But it wasn't the last time I let him fuck me. He has kept me company many times since then.

The End