

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 Turkey (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 while doing laundry one time that if I could wipe my butt just a little better, Rag Tag might not be so interested in me!

My mother in-law shared that thought with me while she was holding a pair of my soiled white panties. As she was talking she opened them up to reveal a very large poop streak that I made in them. We would end up talk in more detail in years to come about my messy panties, a conversation that would tell me a lot more about my mother in law and her childhood abuse!

I tried to follow her advise but Rag Tag was very persistent about smell 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 my butt towards Rag Tag.

He would shove his nose into my butt checks and then would push his tongue deeper against my dirty butt hole. It did feel really good, so good that I started to let me lick my dirty butt hole each time after I would go poop. He also went wild when I would get my period. 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 setting 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 not 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 everything was ok. I told him yes and that I was just yelling at Rag Tag.

I heard the basement door shut so I went back to pushing 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 knocked me down and then jumped on top of me. He was licking my pussy again and this time had his dog cock right in my face. I started to yell at him and 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 in my pussy. I was pushing and pushing but he wasn't moving off of me at all. 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 stronger than that!

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 in 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. It was down in

the garden and I was picking green beans that afternoon. It was a hot day so I just thru on a summer dress and headed down. Within minutes of me being on my knees Rag Tag jumped up on me, pushed my face to the dirt and started humping. His paws pushed my dress up on my back so he had a clear shot at me.

With no panties on, he worked his cock inside my pussy in just a few strokes. I remember later 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, I started screaming.

My father in law, my mother in law, and 2 of the farm hands came running and saw me being fucked by Rag Tag. It seemed like forever, but my father in law finally ran down the hill to me and pulled him off my back. We were still tied so butt to butt we were for about another 15 minutes when he popped out and that was that. I was so embarrassed, I stayed down on my hands and knees just crying and crying. My mother in-law helped me to my feet.

We went into the basement where she helped me with a shower. In less than an hour their family doctor and the local vet was 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 make up of their sperm!

I feel bad enough having been bred by a dog, in front of my family and this made it even worse living through it again with the 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 next 6 hours to clean the dog cum and dog germs that were inside of me. My mother in law helped me each time that made me feel safer like I was with my own mother.

I only stayed on the farm a few more days and then 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 mom the following morning.

She told me couldn't lie about this happening, so I had no choice but to tell him. Bob was a wonderful man about this and told me, in his return letter, that it just didn't matter; 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 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 appt 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 rape.

This lady was good - she talked me through my fears, my anger, my sadness, and then really blew my mind when she started talking to me about my sexual feelings! It took 3 appointments before she started asking me about my 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 answer her direct questions about the rape itself and the multiple, playful events in the basement that led up to the rape.

Kathy, Dr. Hershberg, shared with me that she had contacted three other doctors on my case and was consulting with them on my issues and progress. Each of them visited once during one of my office appointments with Dr Hershberg 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 my fault and that my sexual feelings that continued to exist in my dreams and thoughts didn't make me a bad person.

These doctors helped me accept that although the rape by a dog was a bad thing, the sexual feeling

it awoken in me were feelings that I could chose to use for my please in the future. They helped me understand about masturbation (which till now had never really done to make myself cum) and the positive effect 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.

That is been over 20 years now but every now and then, while we're making loved my husband will take me from behind, pant and bark! It drives me totally wild and makes me 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!

The End