

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by kerijane

I grew up in the American foster care system, a short and skinny little cracker girl with boy-short hair, thick glasses, a flat chest, and a fat ass. I was as weird and awkward as I was unpretty, so I didn't have friends. I just never knew what to say. Finding the right thing was a torturous, high-anxiety event for me, and no matter what came out of my mouth, it was always stupid and wrong.

I caught on quickly, though; it wasn't long before I quit trying. Didn't help that I liked girls and hated crowds of more than one, had learning and attention disabilities, and some occasionally obvious but undiagnosed anxiety and impulse control issues. Kids were relentless, and they taught me quickly that being invisible was okay. Stay in your lane, skag on the outside, and shut your mouth. The days will go easier that way.

I bounced around among homes from a young age. Some were better than others, and the reasons they moved me were often no one's fault but my own. Halfway through seventh grade, they put me with a family of four with a son and daughter named Kyle and Heather, two years and three years older than me. They were okay kids, never mean or anything, and ignored me most of the time. Kyle had a habit of doing his grooming when I was in the shower and never seemed to have a problem walking in on me sitting on the pot like I was his little brother or something.

We shared the bathroom, and everyone seemed to think this was normal life, so I let it go. The parents were career-minded, and the whole family focused on the kids' sports, so no one paid much attention to me. And that was cool. I wasn't interested in sports, and I wasn't their kid. They fed, clothed, treated me fine, and didn't breathe down my neck so I wouldn't complain. This was the best place I'd ever lived, the least stressful, and I did not want to rock the boat.

I had chores like a real kid—washing dishes, taking out the garbage, mowing the yard, cleaning the upstairs bathroom, and vacuuming the house every other week. Taking care of the dog defaulted to me because no one else ever had time. I fed, walked, and played with him, and he slept beside me most nights, watched TV with me on the couch, kept me company when I was doing house or homework, and always greeted me at the door when I got home from school. He listened to me when I needed to vent and licked away my tears when I cried.

His name was Rowdy, and he was a four-year-old mutt. He had the slick black and brown coat typical of a Rottweiler but seemed a little bigger than the pics I'd seen, a little taller and thicker too. He was protective of his people, which could be scary because he was a big dog and sounded like Rowdy would rip your throat out when he got serious. You'd never know it unless you were one of his people, but Rowdy was a real sweetheart. He was the Mrs.'s father's dog, living on a farm for the first year of his life, but when the grandfather passed away, the family adopted Rowdy. He was with them a while before I arrived, but it didn't take long for him to become my best and only friend.

It was a January night in almost my third year living there, my birthday, which no one ever remembered. Nobody knew the day I was born, including me, so it wasn't a big deal. Everybody went to the ball game, and it was my week to vacuum, so I decided to finish it. I liked the away games because I got the house to myself until 10:00 and could spend the time running around without clothes on. I liked the feeling that living naked was natural for me, that I was made to be doing chores with my body bare for the world to look at.

I had always had a thing for being naked, a mile-wide exhibitionist streak running through my soul, but nudity always made me feel less than human, and I think more than anything, I liked feeling that way. I'm not a complex animal, so maybe I was a little pervert.

I remember nights lying on my belly watching TV when I was younger, with my body under the couch from the waist down. My pants would be around my ankles because the room was full of people, and nobody knew about it but me. Being half-naked among them felt naughty and exciting. Later I lived in a house with a little enclosed porch off the bathroom where they put the washer and dryer.

It exited to the backyard, and sometimes at night, I would get out of the shower and run around the perimeter of the fence until I got too scared of getting caught to keep going. Half hoping one of my schoolmates would walk by and see me. I was fourteen years old when I got my period. Puberty didn't help my boobs, but it gave me long nipples and plenty of ass. This was when I started noticing my body wanting dark and taboo things.

Anyways, as soon as the foster parents were out of the driveway on away game nights, my clothes came off.

In no time, I was dancing around the house, pushing the vacuum, and singing with music pumping out through the boom box speakers. It was just fun. What wasn't fun was digging the socks and shoes and cups and microwave popcorn bags out from under the living room couch, but I got down there and did it anyways because nobody else would, and that's just the kind of fastidious little bitch I was. And that's when I felt Rowdy behind me. I could do nothing but freeze with my bare ass in the air. It seemed funny and a little weird, but it tickled nicely, and I wasn't about to move.

Nobody but the doctor had ever touched me there and never like that. Rowdy just sniffed at first, my asshole and then lower, and then he was parting my cheeks and licking my entire crack with that long, warm, sloppy appendage of his like he was going to eat me alive. Et voila! I wasn't scared anymore. I wasn't anything but the hot, quivering mound of meat between my thighs, and I spread my knees so he could have more.

I think I knew what was happening when he climbed atop me then. Still, with this unthinkable scene unfolding and these new sensations assaulting my body, I could not process the very confusing reality of what was happening. I was helpless to do anything about it. It was like I was outside myself watching this monster savage some other girl, and as much as it terrified me, I couldn't make it stop. He was so much bigger than me, so heavy on my back, controlling me, thrusting so fast and so hard that he kept knocking me sideways and himself off.

But slowly, we fell into a rhythm. Our bodies began to sync, and I cried as I parted my legs to accommodate Rowdy. With considerable strain and manual force, he finally penetrated, destroying my hymen and plunging his huge cock inside me. I don't remember it, but I know I must have screamed because I'm a screamer and because, Goddamn, that hurt! Like someone was skewering me with a fence post.

We lived in the suburbs of a small town, a subdivided neighborhood out in the county, with the huge uncurtained windows of the living room overlooking the front yard and the street just beyond it. So I was nervous about that. I was nervous about sex in general and specifically intercourse with a horny animal that outweighed me by more than fifty pounds. I was nervous about getting caught and kicked out of yet another home, but it was my birthday, dammit, and maybe nobody else gave a rat's ass, but I was going to have a good time.

I neither loved nor trusted anyone more in the world than I did that dog, and there was no way I'd rather have celebrated my birthday than by giving him my virginity. Besides that, Rowdy was a big, powerful, handsome beast, and I discovered that I loved being close to him like that. I loved the feeling of his warm, muscular body against my small, soft, naked form and the mass of him on my

back, his forelegs wrapped around my waist, pressing me, tits and elbows, to the hardwood floor beneath him. I felt so small and fragile. I felt like his.

I remember it like it was yesterday, lifting my hips, pressing back to him, relaxing, and opening myself to take all of him into my tight little cunt. I was trying to breathe as he swelled—filling, stretching—the ache between my legs excruciating and blinding and just ‘oh my fucking God!’ I could hear myself whimpering as he bucked. My body rocked, jerked by the pounding because he no longer slid in and out but was knotted inside me. The explosion of his semen in my belly is an experience I will never forget and something I’ve tried desperately to find again, but I guess there’s nothing like your first time.

It’s hard to describe, different than the intercourse with a human, though I feel like I’m being bred when I’m with a man too. What most comes to my mind when I think about that night is the heat of him. Rowdy’s body on top of me, his cock inside me, and his sperm exploding into my vagina. His semen was milky and hot and too much to hold. It leaked out of me around the base of his cock and dripped from my bearded hole.

I panted and wailed and cried my eyes out. I reached for the couch, wrapped both hands around a wooden leg, and straightened my arms, pushing back to help Rowdy drive his organ into me even deeper. It wasn’t even me; my body just took over. It wanted this. It knew what to do, instinctively, like this was what it was made for. I sobbed and moaned between spasms of pain and gulps of air and don’t remember much detail outside myself but heat and raw agony. And I don’t know how long they stood watching before I realized they were there, but I think I probably knew someone had entered the room.

I heard them somewhere on the edge of my senses, and I didn’t care. I only cared about feeling more of this unworldly mess of sensation and emotion ripping through me. I can only describe it as ecstatic but unimaginable pain and euphoria. The ultimate closeness of having another living being inside me, of feeling worthy of the air I was breathing for the first time.

After what seemed like a long time, everything started slowing down. With the molten blaze of sensation and emotion that Rowdy was pumping into me, my shattered mind was finally shocked out of the frenzy by the slowly dawning reality that someone else was here. Someone watched me, naked on the floor, having furious, vocal sex with a dog.

I needed to run, hide, and be anywhere but here. And I needed to do it now. I tried to stand, but I still had 130 pounds of dog on my back and eight thick inches of Rowdy’s cock knotted inside me, tethering me in place by my cunt. I wanted to die right then and there. My life in this house, town, and state was over. Hell, maybe there was no place anywhere for me now.

I glanced back over my shoulder, and my blood froze. There stood Kyle—Kyle and three of his friends, all gawking with stunned looks but whispering excitedly to each other. I couldn’t move. I couldn’t look at the faces of these boys staring at me. What could I do? What was there to say?

I will forever remember the feeling of utter embarrassment and the sheer terror of what these boys were seeing, what they were thinking, and what they would do. When I glanced up again, they were gone.

Fifteen minutes later, Rowdy dismounted and wandered off too. Typical male, I guess. I didn’t get up immediately even though I was free and my knees were killing me, squatting there instead while blood and cum drained from me onto the floor. I wasn’t exactly sure what I was feeling at the time, and it was confusing, but it was also erotic and exciting, being the dirtiest girl I knew.

Everyone else would soon be hearing what a filthy little animal I was, and though the idea of that made my tummy tingle, it didn't seem like so much fun. There would be a meeting of outraged parents, teachers, school administrators, and concerned citizens, all screaming about what a danger I was to the community. When the screaming was done, the state would decide where to send me next and ship me off. At least, that's what I imagined. I had known foster kids before who'd gotten moved for doing bad stuff, and they mostly just disappeared. None of them had screwed the dog, though.

Anyways, things mostly stayed the same. I got some looks, I think, but nobody ever said a word to me about Rowdy, not at school, not at home, nothing. If anyone knew what had happened, they would be hushed about it. I didn't understand because it made no sense. I worried constantly and stayed scared. I knew it couldn't last forever, but I was certainly happy for the reprieve as long as it would last. At least most of me were. I avoided Kyle as best I could, those boys, and pretty much everyone else, and it was working.

But the dread of this thing was hanging over my head like the grinning blade of a guillotine, and as time went on, I wished more and more that it would just drop. That still hadn't happened a month later, but something equally life-altering did. The folks were gone for the weekend celebrating their anniversary, and Heather stayed with a friend. It was a Friday, and I had homework at the library, a book report, or something due on Monday. Kyle called me from upstairs when I walked into the house late that evening.

It still felt weird being around him. He looked at me differently in my small mind; no matter what he said, every word of his mouth sounded like a smirk. Like a good little sister, I dropped my books and ran up to him, busting through his bedroom door with my usual cheery HEY! And my tummy dropped into my shoes. There stood Kyle and a bunch of boys I'd seen around school but who, until now, had never really seen me, grinning like drunk monkeys and groping me with their eyes.

He didn't waste any time getting down to business, either. He said they had a video of me fucking the dog and told me if I did it again, they wouldn't show my 'very excellent performance' to his mom and dad. Or, he thought, maybe I didn't care if they kicked me out of the house. I could go somewhere else. Start anew, right? EVERYBODY wants a butt-fugly dog-fucking girl.

They all laughed at that, but he was right, I knew, and I was getting a headache from trying not to cry about it. God, I HATED that about myself. The last thing I wanted to do was bawl in front of these boys, but I was naturally a bawl baby, and big fat tears were rolling down my cheeks.

I'd gotten a glimpse of this Kyle the night he and his buddies caught me being deflowered by the dog, but I still wanted to believe he was the big brother I'd always dreamed of having. And now he was breaking my heart. I was scared and not sure what to do. I wanted to run, but they'd pushed me into the room and shut the door behind me.

I wanted to yell for help, but there wouldn't be anyone else in the house until probably Sunday afternoon, and nobody else was close enough to hear me scream. The truth was, I was too afraid of pissing them off to try anything. I was surrounded by a room full of high school boys armed with a video of me committing unspeakable sin, and it sank in that they could do with me whatever they wanted.

I wished at the moment that I had a gun so I could shoot myself in the head, but I didn't have a gun, and even if I had, I was way too big a chicken to use it. So I did what they said, with the bunch of them watching and taunting, rooting on the dog and saying mean stuff, sexual stuff about me, like this was a normal thing, like they knew me at all as they'd even known I'd existed before that night

when they caught me naked on the floor a month before.

When Rowdy was finished, and I was squatting there crying and shivering and trying to cover myself, with cum draining out of me once again, they said they'd keep my secret if I kept it too, as long as I did what they told me to. For the next six months, I ran to them, took my clothes off, and spread myself whenever they called.

I can't explain how hard it was initially, not fighting, thrashing, screaming, or swallowing the desperation. The revulsion of their smell, grunts, hands, and breath all over me. The slick grind of their sweaty skin against mine as they pumped themselves into me. Not hating myself for cumming or controlling myself so they wouldn't see my body loving what they were doing to me. Pretending like they didn't know every square inch of my anatomy, inside and out.

This was normal when I passed them in the hall as if nothing had changed. I wasn't even there if I wasn't on the floor with my clothes off and my holes wide open for business. But it did get easier. I learned how to be somewhere else. Whether I was naked with a train of them inside me or gliding through a day at school, numb felt good. I'd been isolated from humanity all my life, though, and when I stopped feeling even that loneliness, I persuaded myself that these boys were doing me a favor.

Nobody had ever wanted me for anything until now, and I made myself believe that I loved the attention. Looking back, I can't honestly say that I didn't. I mean, they made me feel unique. They made me feel special. They didn't do with the other girls what they were doing with me.

Those were some of my life's most painful and humiliating episodes, but I kept my mouth shut and took it all, mostly because they liked it way too much when I cried. Now I can't imagine what they were thinking. This was not normal boys' will-be-boys hijinks. How many girls does this happen to? What kind of people did these little monsters grow up to be? How much do you have to hate someone to treat her like that?

And why? Why me? I was harmless. I was nobody. Most of them didn't even know my name; all I could figure was that my irrelevance was the point. This was the twisted part of human nature rearing its ugly head, and those boys were just the first of many to see that absorbing their darkness was my gift.

Eventually, the novelty wore off for them, but at the beginning, they kept my tonsils well-parted and the rest of me bow-legged and sore. Somebody eventually got wind because they had me moving on by mid-summer. The family couldn't afford to keep me anymore all of a sudden. It's funny, though. Looking back, I always felt I was not Rowdy's first girl. He knew what he was doing exactly when he found me naked on all-fours and reeking of hormones.

I don't think there's a chance that a dog that size can mount a tiny first-time girl like me unless someone has shown him how. My money is on Heather. I think she found out somehow that her dog enjoyed me and asked her brother to keep me occupied until she could get me out of the house. Or I don't know. Maybe I'm a paranoid freak.

As for Rowdy and me, we never hooked up again, and it broke my heart. He left me gaping and empty two times, confused and terrified but regretful of nothing and wishing he'd return and do it again. It was a brutal, magical experience that changed me forever, a life-defining encounter that I still ache to relive. As fucked up as I can sometimes be, I love what I am, and that dog and those boys get most of the credit for what I have become.

My pussy was still dripping when I finally got up off my knees, my thick thighs knotted with cramps

and sticky with blood and cum. I felt filthy and irrelevant, obscene and disposable, made to be banged up, beaten down, and passed around. I had holes and tits, so I was usable, but I was nobody's blood, too homely and expensive to care about for anybody not biologically obligated.

There was no such thing as a family for me. My home was on my hands and knees, and I ached to be back there, small and helpless beneath a monster instinctually driven to plant his seed inside me. I cleaned up the mess I'd made on the floor and finished cleaning the house, but I didn't clean myself. I smelled like sweat and cum and my musk, and that somehow seemed right.

Incidentally, I found out later that Heather had grabbed the wrong color volleyball jersey that morning. The uniforms are different for home and away, and she didn't realize she had the wrong one until she was dressed for the game. And THAT is why Kyle and his goons walked in on me. I don't know whether they had a video, but most of me hope they did, and there's a link somewhere on the internet that you can tap to see a 75-pound teenage virgin getting split in half by a 130-pound dog. I wonder how those guys would react to meeting me now or hearing about my life since that night.

I wish I didn't fantasize about them seeing me out and about and recognizing who I am and what they'd be thinking about me then. I'm not a teenager anymore and still not pretty, but I've given birth, actually have tits now, big enough to sag, and the jiggly mom body, so many guys, seem to wack off over. I wish I could say I didn't miss them, their attention, the physical contact, and them using me in ways they wouldn't use any other woman. But I can't say that and have huge guilt about it.

Stuff that destroys the lives of countless women every day doesn't destroy me, and I live in the constant shadow of that shame. I deserve it, though, so I don't whine. I cope how I'm able, take clothes off, go out half-dress into the night to places I know I shouldn't, hoping someone will put me in my place—give me the pain and humiliation I'm supposed to feel—fix me.

Sometimes I blame the dog and those boys for making me this way, but then I realize that this is just what I am, and I like it. I feel most right on my knees and elbows, lower and lesser than everybody else, at just the right height and in such a perfect position to be used. It's a submissive posture that screams, 'I'M A PIECE OF SHIT!' It comes naturally to me, a big part of the appeal.

I hadn't been with a dog again until the last five years, but there have been many since then.

I never actually came that night. The euphoria I was feeling was the high of Rowdy enjoying my body. I still don't orgasm from intercourse, and that seems right. For me, sex isn't supposed to feel good. Nothing is, except for the pleasure of my pain, making other people feel good.

The End