

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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For some time, I was embarrassed by one of my deepest kinks. Which is pretty dark in itself, but as an imaginative girl, it gets even darker in my thoughts. I always wanted to share it with people to relieve the vast amount of stress I have built up over the years fantasizing about it, but... unfortunately, this is not the kind of kink that is easy to express and reveal in front of your boyfriend or girlfriends. To this day, I still don't dare to come up with it to any of my boyfriends, not in person or by text.

I just kept fantasizing about it, watching videos and reading many stories. I never imagined I would find it deeply arousing. And I mean aroused as nothing else could get me. I thought about sharing my stories here and telling how I learned about this kink to relieve stress and share my thoughts so people would better understand the 'whys' and 'hows.' This is how I discovered that I am deeply aroused and get soaking wet for bestiality.

It relates to an event when I just crossed the line of 18. It happened just a few days after my 18th birthday.

Back then, I had a fun boyfriend who helped me discover some of my kinks and sent me down the road I'm still on. I wasn't the kind of girl who could talk openly about sex, or anything related to it, at least not without getting embarrassed and my face turning bright pink or dark red in embarrassment. I could get uncomfortable just by hearing other people talking about it, and when they did, I did the blushing instead of them.

He was the longest relationship I've had, and it took me some time to get used to being relaxed around him and having sex for the first time. I guess it didn't help either to have parents who never told me anything about sex themselves. Being too conservative to have decent talks with me, even when you know that the first time happens when a young girl shows fertility signs.

Once I was brave enough, though, I discovered nothing was embarrassing about sex, and having a boyfriend who never pushed me or rushed me into anything was the best I could wish for. I've become comfortable after some time to have sex regularly. Because, and don't get me wrong, I loved it. I enjoyed the sensation like nothing else when I first orgasmed.

You wouldn't guess how young I was when that happened, and I don't even dare share it. It happened when I first heard my parents having sex, and even though I never knew how it was supposed to be done and what was happening exactly, I felt turned on. So much so that I had to rub my girly pussy with my head buried in the pillow. I loved it so much. I just got hooked on it. Sharing it with someone else was the first real hurdle for me, and once I got through it, it was the years of my life I enjoyed the most to this day.

He was the first guy I dressed up for, the first guy I did role-playing with, the first guy who made me comfortable to even talk about sex, and not just the dirty texting part. I was always curious about why we feel certain things and how our kinks and instincts work. After all these years, I can share some thoughts that might help me understand it.

It was a weekend in January some nine years ago. I was raised in a middle western European country, in the capital city's suburbs. I was with my first boyfriend, and we stayed for a night at one of his more distant relatives' houses in a small town while the parents were away. I had to lie to my parents that we would have adult company, as they would never let me stay somewhere without being watched over, but we were all past 18 at that point, and we were adults, albeit on the raw and green side of adulthood.

It was a two-story house. My boyfriend's second cousin lived there with her parents. If I remember correctly, it was the only occasion I'd seen her. We were always keen on visiting each other's families infrequently, as we had much more fun together, just the two of us.

We had some drinks, I am not into drinking, but since it was just days after my 18th birthday, we drank wine, which was what I expected. We were bored as we didn't know each other, so we went to bed and slept. We were in the guest room on the ground floor, and my boyfriend's cousin was up in her room on the first story.

And I have to mention here that they had a dog.

A dog they named Thor, a large, monstrous, fit Great Dane, and his name fit his build. He was friendly once he sniffed around us and was told we were friends. He should have been outside the house, but since it was January and cold as hell (and his parents were away), he was inside for the night. He had pillows laid on the floor in the hallway.

We didn't plan to have sex there, even though we both felt like it. I was too afraid of being caught, embarrassed, or even heard. I was still years away from my first public place experience. Back then, I was only comfortable having sex when it was just the two of us anywhere.

We went to bed around 11 pm and probably kissed for a full hour with my boyfriend, touching each other. Still, I wasn't comfortable with anything more, and my sweet spouse (God bless him) wasn't pushy. He would have never wanted me to do anything I wasn't comfortable with. Other guys probably would have gone crazy by then. So we kissed passionately for about an hour and fell asleep, but I could only sleep well in my bed or my boyfriend's bed, but nowhere else.

And since I couldn't sleep, my instincts repeatedly woke me up, and I felt the need to go to the bathroom well after midnight. It was probably past 2 am at that point.

I left our room and had to climb the stairs to the first floor, thankfully not in full darkness, as they had some dim blue night lights in the corridor. My eyes were glued together. I was between being awake and dreaming, so I didn't even notice Thor wasn't sleeping downstairs.

I went past our host's bedroom but didn't recognize anything extraordinary yet.

I turned on the lights in the bedroom, and it felt like an ice pick stabbed into my brain. It woke me up in an instant. I had to pee, the floor was cold as ice, and the whole bathroom felt freezing, so I got out as quickly as possible. And once I was on my way back to our bedroom, I saw some light coming out of our host's bedroom, and since I was awake now, I could hear her moaning. I heard the same moaning when I found out my parents were having sex as a young girl.

I instantly knew what she was doing, or so I thought. My curiosity was already reaching its peak years ago. I watched tons of porn videos, read many stories, read an unhealthy amount of hentai, and even had a few toys by then, and I was already fantasizing about maybe kissing a girl in my wet dreams. I wanted to take a peak and see her masturbating for a few seconds, so I approached her door. Her voice sounded distant, so I felt safe peeking through the keyhole.

I was in the deepest shock of my life.

Our host was in her bed, on all fours, facing sideways, and Thor, their monstrous canine dog, was mounting her, hugging her tiny waist as tight as he could.

And no, they weren't having sex.

They were fucking like wild animals.

I thought I was hearing her moaning, but I couldn't be more wrong. Her head was buried into her pillow, and she was screaming so loudly into it that it couldn't keep her voice back enough from me to hear it in the corridor.

I could tell they weren't doing it for the first time. She was rubbing her clit. Thor was humping her so forcefully that he got her sliding further and further on her bed with every thrust. And, oh God, she was soaking wet. I could see her pussy drooling crazy amounts of her juices. I could guess she had come all over the dog's cock many times by then. Her brains were melting, and she was squirting it all out in ecstasy. I've never seen a woman like this in my entire life (to this point). Not even in videos or any hentai I've read.

Her soaking pussy made a puddle on her bed sheets, and I could see that fluid sloshing around. Thor was fucking her into her pussy juices. She was screaming crazily loud. I guess she couldn't even think straight anymore, she was cumming constantly, and Thor never stopped. He kept humping her melting pussy. He fucked her into submission. It was so crazily intense that I couldn't compare it to anything I'd seen.

Not like I was such a fan of hardcore porn where men did their thing 'hard.' So I hadn't seen much like girls using their throat or getting double penetrated. I was always the loving, passionate type with intimate lovemaking and slow build-ups. But I could tell this was much more intense than any hardcore porn. She gripped the sheets with both hands, trying to hold onto something, screaming deeply from the back of her guts, and Thor was mercilessly fucking the soul out of her.

She was his toy, and Thor used her like one. They were like friends with benefits. They wanted something from each other and took it. No strings attached.

She was cumming. Her thighs were shaking, as they were a tiny bit chunky, I could see her flesh swaying and wobbling as Thor kept pounding her, his paws were hooked into her thin pajama top, and I think I'd seen signs of the fabric tearing from his paws. She wasn't thinking straight. Imagine having to explain that to your mom. And that probably wasn't the only top of hers that got torn into shreds by Thor. Later on, I found out girls usually make their dogs wear something on their paws to avoid scratch marks and tearing their clothes, but at that moment, I couldn't think either.

I explained this in all the details I could remember, but it happened fast. If people see something that gets them in deep shock, either in a good or bad way, time feels like slowing down. I could feel my body pumping so high amounts of adrenaline into my bloodstream that I was afraid of getting a heart attack. The adrenaline helped me think, and my first thought was that Thor might hear the floor cracking under me and find out about my presence, so I left in a moment, afraid of being caught there.

My second thought was that this was the most arousing, nastiest, perviest, the fucking hottest thing I've seen in my life - and it still is. I've even felt my ovaries twitching like they sometimes do before I'm going to be on my period.

I was hurrying back to our bedroom, and on my way, I felt my thighs rubbing together under my pajama shorts, and I was soaked like crazy. My burning, hot juices made my thighs slimy. I had deep dark stains on my light blue shorts.

I knew I had to run back, so I did as fast I could go down the stairs, tried to close the door behind me as quietly as possible, and I saw my boyfriend trying to roll from one side to the other as he was probably looking for me, because we used to sleep hugging each other, cuddling up.

It was the first night I knew it wouldn't be like this.

I woke him up by throwing the blanket off of him, drew down his shorts and got his half-erect cock in my hands, gripped him tight, and kissed him as deep as I could. He couldn't say a word because I didn't let him. I didn't want to hear a word. I wanted to fuck as our host did with Thor and make myself cum.

I was in so much heat like never before, and I got so excited I soaked my boyfriend's cock in like 15 seconds and came immediately. I didn't even have the composure to turn on my belly and let him mount me as needed.

It was the craziest night for me, and it still is.

Unfortunately, I was still a coward and never dared to discuss this with anyone. Not even to my boyfriend, let alone to his distant cousin.

I kept it for myself, and soon enough, I was fantasizing about it way too much without being able to relieve my built-up stress and play out my deepest, darkest kink. Soon my mind started to open up slowly, though. But that's for the next story.

The End