

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



As the summer sun began to end, signaling the approaching end of my high school days, I couldn't help but feel a mix of excitement and sadness. Soon ( I thought), I would be leaving home to embark on a new chapter of my life at college. The prospect of independence both thrilled and terrified me, but my dad, always the pillar of support, (especially since my mom passed away from the same heart defect that almost got me), had a surprise in store to ease my transition.

I fought some really bad anxiety from 18 till about almost 20 y/o. I can talk about it now but at that time being alone without feeling safe really crippled me. One evening, as I sat on the porch swing, the gentle breeze caressed my face, carrying the scent of freshly cut grass. Dad parked the mower in the garage, walked over and said "Sweetheart, I know how nervous you are about heading off to college. So, I've been thinking. How about we get a puppy?"

My heart skipped a beat, and a wide smile stretched across my face. "Really, Dad? A puppy?"

Dad nodded, his enthusiasm mirroring mine. "Yes, and not just any puppy. We'll get a German Shepherd, one that we can train together before you leave."

My eyes sparkled with excitement as I envisioned a loyal companion by my side, navigating the ups and downs of college life. "I love it, Dad! Let's do it!"

Days turned into weeks, and our anticipation grew as we eagerly awaited the arrival of our new family member. Finally, the day arrived. Dad and I made our way to the breeder's home, where a litter of adorable German Shepherd puppies played and tumbled.

Among them was a little ball of fur with dark, intelligent eyes. I scooped him up in my arms, and instantly, our connection was forged. He licked my face, his tiny tail wagging furiously. "Diesel," I whispered, naming him after my father's strong, steady heartbeat.

As the weeks passed, Diesel became a cherished member of our family. Dad took his training seriously, dedicating hours to honing Diesel's natural instincts and teaching him essential commands. We marveled at Diesel's progress, his intelligence and eagerness to please shining through.

A few months before I was due to leave for college, Dad surprised me again. He had arranged for Diesel to receive intensive training with the very best in the field. These experts, accustomed to training police dogs, would transform Diesel into a disciplined, reliable, and protecting companion.

The training period was intense, but Diesel's determination matched that of his trainers. With each passing week, his skills grew, and his bond with me deepened. Me and Diesel became an inseparable team, our connection a testament to our shared dedication.

Finally, the day came for me to bid farewell to my childhood home and embark on my college journey. As I packed the last of my belongings into the car, Diesel sat at my side, his intelligent eyes filled with understanding.

"Dad, I can't believe this day is here," I said, fighting back tears. Dad placed a comforting hand on my shoulder. "I know it's difficult, sweetheart, but remember, Diesel is here for you. He's trained to protect and support you. You won't be alone."

As we pulled out of the driveway, Diesel sat tall and proud in the backseat, his head turned towards me, as if to say, "I've got your back."

**\*\* Fast forward 2ish years \*\***

*A few things about me since I can't really work it into the narrative. I have never thought about anything zoo related. Not a one. I didn't even know it was a thing people did. I've also always had a high sex drive. I think I was 12 the first time I grinded on my pillow. And I love being outdoors. Running, hiking, fishing, hunting, boating, skiing, etc. If I can, I will be outside as much as I can. Also when my mom passed she left me enough money for school, to live, and be able to rent a modest house. She passed from the same reason all my pics have the giant scar down my breast bone. Yes it hurt, yes I lost my entire sophomore year of HS recovering, yes I'm ok now. Thankfully I never stayed in the dorms b/c I couldn't keep Diesel with me.*

So one morning, I woke up feeling the warmth of the sun streaming through my bedroom window. It was a beautiful morning, and I knew it was the perfect time to go for a jog with my best good boi, Diesel. I slipped into my running shorts and shoes, put my hair in a ponytail, and grabbed the leash, eagerly anticipating our outdoor adventure.

As I stepped outside, the fresh scent of blooming flowers greeted my senses, and I couldn't help but smile. Diesel wagged his tail excitedly, ready for our daily exercise routine. With a click of the leash, we set off, our feet pounding on the pavement.

The breeze brushed against my face as we jogged along the familiar path. The golden rays of the sun danced through the trees, casting playful shadows on the ground. Diesel trotted beside me, his tongue lolling happily.

We continued our journey, passing by neighbors walking their dogs and children playing in the park. The rhythmic thumping of my sneakers on the pavement created a soothing soundtrack to my thoughts. It was a peaceful moment, a chance to clear my mind and enjoy the simplicity of the outdoors.

After a refreshing jog, probably around 40 minutes, Diesel and I made our way back home. I could feel the sweat clinging to my skin, a testament to the effort we had put into our exercise. As I settled on a chair by the pool, I basked in the warmth of the sun, relishing in the coolness of the water nearby.

Diesel, always eager for attention, ambled over and sat by my feet. His tail wagged in anticipation, and I couldn't resist giving him a pat on the head. Suddenly, without warning, Diesel's wet tongue darted out and licked the salty sweat off my thighs.

I burst into laughter, tickled by his unexpected gesture. Diesel's playful eyes stared back at me, his tongue hanging out in contentment. It was a sweet moment between us, a reminder of the unbreakable bond we shared. He really seemed to love tasting my skin.

But he kept licking, moving closer and closer up my thighs. I swear to you I've never once thought about Diesel that way, but in that moment I was overcome with curiosity. It may have been b/c I was feeling lonely, and just needed to feel loved, but in that moment I quite thinking and just gave in to desire.

I stood up without giving it a second thought, pulled my jogging shorts down and off over my shoes, then sat back down, giving him full access to all of me. Diesel immediately ran his rough tongue between my lips, right across my tiny clit.

It was like electricity shot from my feet to my brain and I needed more. The best I can remember I leaned back, wrapped my forearms around my thighs, and pulled my feet behind my head, giving his

tongue deeper access to explore.

He started licking faster, running his tongue from my hole to my clit. Over and over again. I was in a daze, I honestly just stopped all thinking and gave in to primal lust. I couldn't get enough. I have no idea how long we were out there but at some point stood up, gave him the command to follow me, and walked right into my room.

I was filled with desire, I may have stopped myself if I took a second to think about what I was doing but I just couldn't. Wearing nothing but a sports bra and tennis shoes, I got down on my knees, placed my forehead on the floor, and waited to see what would happen.

He went back to licking but b/c of the position I was in he licked more of my asshole than my clit. I wiggled my ass back and forth for awhile, just wanting more of something. I guess he finally got tired of licking and instinctively mounted me like a bitch.

Believe me when I say he did not hit his mark on the first try. It was random humping, hitting my thigh, my lips, everywhere except where I needed it. But all of a sudden he found what we both needed. It was an entire new feeling for me.

When a man takes me from behind he's already fully hard, but Diesel started out thin, but grew inside me in seconds. And his dick was way warmer than any man I've been with. It felt so new, and good. I loved being about to give the love back to him that he has done for me.

Then.....he began to swell. It felt like a couple golf balls pushing my insides open. I had NO IDEA about the knot at all. It was a little uncomfortable for a little bit but I acclimated soon enough. He kept pulsing inside me. Way longer than any man has ever before.

Just jets of warm, wet fluid over and over and over.... At the time I wish I could string a single thought together b/c I would have commanded him to "STAY" as that is a command he obeys, but I was too overcome with lust.

All of a sudden, in one swoop, he pulled back, removing knot and all out of me, leaving me to topple sideways on the floor. I think he licked me a little afterwards but quickly went to his doggy bed and started licking himself. The next few minutes are a blur and I really don't know what happen.

I just know I couldn't move and I was happier than I have been in a long time. After an unknown amount of time I was able to get up and get in the shower. After cleaning up I went into the kitchen and cooked us both a good breakfast. Bacon, eggs, some left over flank steak, the works.

Today we still enjoy each other, however we are way better at it now that we are accustomed to how each others bodies work.