

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'm a biology major, seriously interested in wolves, and I was working on my undergraduate thesis. I had been out in the field for a week, tracking the wolf pack, mapping their territory. I was tracking the wolves using the GPS collar I had managed to put on one of the females a few days earlier, by shooting the wolf with a tranquilizer.

Yesterday, I was watching the pack and I witnessed the alpha male mating with three different females. I was fascinated to watch the wolves flirt with each other, playing and bumping into each other, as the male kept trying to sniff the female and she would keep spinning around, not letting him get more than a quick smell, playing hard to get for a little bit before she submitted to him. Finally, after 10 or 15 minutes of foreplay, she would stand still. The male would put his head over her back and then he would mount her. I could see the red tip of his penis come out of its sheath and he would dance around a little bit finding her vagina before entering the female with one long thrust.

I hate to admit it but watching them was turning me on. I had seen dogs mating when I was maybe five, and while I don't think I ever consciously thought about it, this incident must have affected me quite deeply. Looking back on it, it may have even influenced my decision to research wolves. But I would never admit it, of course. Not even to myself. I was a good girl. Went to church with my folks every Sunday. Never wore makeup. Always dressed modestly. And yet, despite my conscious denial, in my deepest self, watching these wolves was turning me on.

Anyway, as I watched the wolves mating, I found myself imagining myself as the female wolf, underneath the big alpha. I wondered what it felt like. I felt my vagina get a little wet. Ashamed, I quickly got up and headed back to camp.

I had just finished writing up my daily notes and was looking forward to my first bath in almost a week. Here in Idaho, there are lots of hot springs, and it was my lucky day that earlier I had stumbled onto a suitable one as I was looking for a spot to set up camp for the night. I was wading across the creek when I felt the water get really warm. I waded around a bit and found where the hot water was coming up through the gravel on the bottom of the creek.

I grabbed some rocks and built a little dike around the spring, arranging them so that they would allow a nice warm pool to form in the creek bed, about two feet deep and with a clean, gravelly bottom. I went up the hill a little ways to set up camp while my new bath tub warmed up.

Currently I was way out in the boonies. I hadn't seen another human the entire trip. Because of this, I decided to just walk down to the spring in the nude. I would never go to a nudist beach or any place that had other humans around, even if they were nude. I was raised in a very conservative household, and while I'm not a prude or anything, I don't think I could ever bring myself to be naked in front of other people, even if they were naked as well. But out here, that was different. Being naked in the outdoors is awesome. You get to feel the breeze on parts of your body that normally never get to breathe. You get to feel a little naughty without really doing anything naughty.

I grabbed a towel, and wearing nothing but the flip flops I wore around camp in the evenings, started down the hill to the creek. I stepped off the trail about a hundred feet from the camp to tinkle. Not really paying attention, I failed to notice a large bulk moving through the tall grass parallel to my path.

Just as I squatted down, a HUGE gray wolf stepped out of some bushes. It was the big alpha male I had been watching earlier! I was sure for a minute that I was a goner; but oddly, he didn't attack. He wasn't acting at all aggressive, either. I quickly realized the wolf was more curious than anything. He just looked at me, ears cocked forwards, sniffing the air. Although I was still scared to death, I

realized I might get out of this situation if I played my cards right.

I really needed to pee now after the wolf scared me half to death, so I said what the heck, relaxed, and just let it flow, wolf or no wolf. The wolf's ears perked up as he heard the sound. He watched me as I finished peeing, and I could see his nostrils moving as he investigated my smell. The wolf began slowly coming towards me. I started to rise, but the wolf growled deep in his chest, so I quickly squatted back down. He came closer, to within about five feet, and put his head down close to the ground, his nose quivering as he continued to investigate. The wolf edged closer, his nose almost touching the ground. I realized he wanted to investigate the spot where I'd just tinkled. I didn't want to stand up again and possibly cause an attack, so I crawled on my hands and knees away from the spot. When I'd moved maybe five feet away, I turned, still on my hands and knees, to watch the wolf. He moved to the spot where I'd urinated, and began to very actively investigate the spot, smelling and blowing his breath out with little . He moved to stand directly over the damp ground, and lifting his leg a little, urinated directly on the same spot. I distinctly remember thinking, "What's he think he's doing? That's what he did with the females this afternoon! I'm human!"

As a wolf researcher, I knew that canines in general can smell where a woman is in her monthly cycle. It suddenly came to me that I was probably ovulating about now - right in the middle of my fertile phase, and I had just sprayed a puddle of sex pheromones on the ground in front of this wolf. As far as he was concerned, I had just announced that I was in full heat. And him peeing on the same spot meant he was interested. I felt a flutter in my belly. The next few minutes were going to be interesting.

He walked directly over to me. Not wanting to startle him or make him growl again, I stayed on my hands and knees. He went around behind me and started sniffing my vagina. As he smelled me, his muzzle touched my puss. I could feel his breath on my pussy lips. I didn't want to admit it but feeling his nose on my vulva as he smelled me, was turning me on a little. And then he licked me. Oh my God, the shock that went through my body. He walked on around until he was directly behind me, and really went to work on me. His nose was jammed in my puss, and he was lapping my clit over and over. I began to realize that he wasn't going to hurt me, and as I did, I relaxed and began to focus on the licking. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I opened my knees to give him better access. I felt so dirty. I opened my knees a little more.

As I mentioned before, I had seen two dogs mating behind our house when I was maybe five. Even then I had wondered what it felt like to the female to be mounted to the male. But I'd repressed those feelings as a teenager. Bestiality is a sin. I'm a good girl.

And now I was finding out for real what bestiality felt like. I was feeling guilty for enjoying something so sinful, so nasty. But I couldn't repress it any longer. I WAS enjoying it. I finally just admitted I was getting turned on, decided screw the guilt, and surrendered to the feeling.

And once that inner conflict was gone, I began to enjoy it a lot. His tongue was hitting my clit just right, and then it was stroking up into my vagina. Over and over again. I was more than enjoying this. I was starting to get really turned on. I felt an orgasm start to build.

And then, just when I was about to cum, he stopped. I thought, "NO!" Suddenly, I felt his neck against my ass, just like with the females yesterday, and I knew he was about to mount me. I was still on the edge of orgasm, so when he mounted me, I didn't move. I felt his front paws go around my waist and his weight come down on my back as he came down on me. He must have weighed 150 pounds. I remember looking down at my legs and seeing his back feet just outside of my calves. I felt the dewclaws on his front legs scratching my waist. I've never been so turned on in my life.

I held perfectly still as I felt his penis poke around my vagina. The hairs on the end of his penis sheath tickled, and I could feel his pre-cum spraying on my vagina and ass. I could feel the slippery tip of his penis searching for my opening. I moved a little to line us up. And then he entered me.

He wasn't gentle about it, either. He shoved his whole cock into me with one thrust. He took a couple of steps forward, and now his back feet were even with my knees. He started to pound me, his loins slapping my ass with every thrust. I could feel the knot on his penis moving in and out of my puss. After several thrusts, his dick started getting bigger. I could really feel the knot as it moved in and out of my pussy.

His cock was really slippery. He was so thick it almost hurt. I was right on the edge between pain and pleasure. I'd never felt anything like it. He thrust into me over and over again. The orgasm that had begun with the licking continued building. It was going to be a big one.

And it hit, right on time. It was huge. It started in my puss and then came up through my body, the tickling, quivering sensations making it all the way to my head. I've never felt anything so good in my life. My vision faded out as I saw red and yellow stars. When I came around again, he was still mounted on me, his cock imbedded in my puss. The ring of muscles around the opening to my vagina contracted around his knot, and it seemed to just pull him deeper in. I felt the tip of his cock bottom out in my puss. It felt amazing.

After a little while, he pulled out of me. A whole lot of his cum and my juices came out with it. The insides of my thighs were completely wet all the way to my knees. I had seen wolves mating before, and I knew they somehow got locked together for a few minutes during mating. I had never seen a fully erect canine penis - when a canine pulls out of the female, his penis usually goes right back into its sheath. However, his penis was still fully erect, and I was fascinated to see what had been in me. His penis was long and red and slimy. At the base of it was a huge bulge. So that's what it looks like in real life, I remember thinking. That's what I must have felt swelling inside me.

He came over and sniffed my pussy. He then started licking, licking up most of my juices and his semen that had leaked out of me. I stayed completely still, letting him do what he willed. I felt incredibly satisfied. I just let him lick until he was done. He then lay on the ground and started licking his cock. I lay down on the ground, completely spent. He continued to lick his cock until it shrank down and went back in the sheath. After a while, he got up and came over and licked my face again. Then he stuck his muzzle down and sniffed and then started licking my pussy. I knew he wanted to fuck me again. I got on my hands and knees and presented my pussy to him. He started licking me. He licked for a long time, and I felt the beginnings of an orgasm. He mounted me, and then, for the second time that day, his penis entered me.

The second time was different from the first. I knew what to expect this time. His cock slid easily into my wet pussy. I felt that bulge start to grow in me again. It felt different than a man's thing. Slipperier, but the huge knot at the base was hitting my G spot like crazy.

He pulled me hard against him, and his sperm began to run out of my pussy. He relaxed his weight onto my back. He licked my cheek, and I immediately turned and opened my mouth to him. The feeling of helplessness as he took me whether I wanted to or not, the feel of his tongue in my mouth, combined with his cock inside of me, entering me from both ends at once in effect, was just about the best sex I have ever experienced. The second orgasm wasn't as intense as the first one, but it was just as satisfying.

After he fucked me for the second time, he spent a good five minutes licking me clean. I noticed that his cock was still fully swollen. The knot was so big the sheath couldn't slide down over it, so there

was a huge pink and white dog cock, huge knot and all, hanging down. Without really thinking about it, I crawled over and grabbed it and put the tip in my mouth. I'd never sucked a guy's dick before. This was the first time I'd ever wanted to. I sucked, and a big squirt of dog cum came out of the end of his dick into my mouth. I felt so deliciously dirty. I can't believe I was that turned on, but I was. I swallowed. And when I did, my pussy twitched again. I reached between my legs and rubbed myself to a third orgasm as I was sucking his cum into my mouth. For the first time in my life, I felt like a dirty slut. I reveled in the feeling. No one was here to judge me. Somehow, seeing those dogs fucking when I was five had warped me. All those repressed feelings were coming out, and it felt GREAT. The couple of times I'd had sex with boys, it had been... unsatisfying, to say the least.