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BEASTIALITY STORIES



I have had a couple of male readers make comments to me recently that all went roughly along the same lines. "You do great stories about women with dogs, but what about us men?" I have therefore written this story to help redress this balance. In my defence, I know that men and women are built differently so any anatomical errors are down to my ignorance, (sorry)

The whisky burned my throat as I stared at the roaring fire, the tears stinging my eyes before they rolled down my cheeks. Turning to Buster, my faithful companion I said with my voice breaking. "Yeah, I miss her as well."

Buster looked at me with his big brown eyes and it was almost like I could see the sadness in them. He was a Hovawart who as well as being highly intelligent and loyal, had a loving personality. His parents were both mountain rescue dogs and we only got him as my wife Denise was friends with the owners. He had been with us since he was a puppy and now fully grown, he was a little over 85 pounds. His black coat was lustrous, with tight curls and wonderful tan markings. I had stained his fur more than once with my tears as I cried myself to sleep. He had been my faithful companion, hardly ever leaving my side since my wife dropped down dead exactly a year ago today. Our bond was her, as not only had we both loved her deeply, we had both fucked her on frequent occasions.

Denise and I set up home together after we had finished university the year before and enjoyed an excellent and exciting sex life. We didn't share with others as both of us had sown our wild oats at the start of university, but what we did do often was role play. Creating scenarios ranging from her being a school girl, only just legal, through to trying to recreate Lady Chatterly's lover. The former was just a couple of purchases from the local charity shop, but the latter did involve a certain degree of risk. Particularly when I fucked her against a tree in the local park, her long legs wrapped around me as I pumped into her. It was in those early days of our relationship, long before we got Buster, that Denise had casually bought up the subject of dog sex.

We were in bed and she had her mouth wrapped around my cock when she broke off from her sucking, "Danny, what do you think women who fuck dogs?"

This was her way as she would often ask the strangest of very direct questions at the oddest of moments, but this question was the most 'out of left field' of all time. When she saw that my reaction wasn't bad, she expanded little by little until finally, she admitted that she used to have sex regularly with their family labrador back on her parent's farm in Wales.

That evening we searched the internet for dog porn videos and stories and had the wildest sex you can imagine. I remember fucking her from behind as we watched a woman on screen being fucked by a black labrador as I shouted, "That could have been you and Ronnie." At that point, Denise came so hard I could feel her pussy ripple around my cock as she squirted her juices.

Over the next couple of years, we tried to hook up with a selection of owners through various online sites but without success. Most were either fakes or picture collectors so we continued to watch videos and read stories which always cumulated in a mutual wild sexual explosion.

After a few years of frustrating attempts at contact, Denise decided that we should get our own dog. After making a series of phone we travelled back to the Black Mountains in Wales to stay at her parent's farm. From there she borrowed her father's battered Land Rover and took me to see an old couple who lived even deeper in the mountains.

As I am English the old woman looked at me suspiciously and conversed with Denise entirely in Welsh. I tried as best as I could to engage with the old man but he just ignored me. After a few failed attempts the old woman broke off her conversation with Denise and looking at me said, "It is pointless talking with Dalwyn he doesn't speak English," then returned to conversing with Denise.

At one point I saw Denise blush before she started to giggle, the pair casting glances in my direction. Then turning to me Denise said, "Blodwyn has agreed to give us a male puppy for training..." then she paused, looking at me with embarrassment before she went on, "...and she has offered for me to meet the father."

The old woman nodded and spat out a sentence to the old man who left the cottage without a word, leaving me to try to understand my wife's phrasing.

"Are you OK with it?" Denise asked me in a tone that was full of both eagerness and hope.

It took me a moment to understand what she meant and I couldn't help blurting out, "A dog is going to fuck you?... Here in front of everyone?" I couldn't quite believe what I was hearing.

I think Denise took my outburst as reluctance as she hurriedly went on, "Don't worry about Dalwyn and Blodwyn, they have seen me with dogs many times, it was Blodwyn who helped me with my first time many years ago."

"And I am glad she has found a man who understands her needs...even if he is English," Blodwyn said as Dalwyn entered the room with a large Black and Tan dog alongside him.

Denise had stripped off in the meantime and as she folded her clothes neatly, she asked a question of Blodwyn. The old woman just smiled and nodded as she spat out a couple of sentences in Welsh. Denise laughed loudly and then looked at me as she said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I asked if Gruffudd was trained and she assured me he is although he may be a little rusty as it has been a month since he last fucked my mother."

My head was spinning as I realised that I was about to see my wife fucked by the same dog that had fucked my mother-in-law. The vision of Margaret popped into my head and try as I might I couldn't reconcile the picture of this prim and proper woman, who wouldn't even allow swearing in the house, getting on all fours and being fucked by a dog. There were so many questions I wanted to ask but the noises my wife was making made me forget everything else.

She was on all fours with her ass in the air, her head lowered as the dog licked at her from behind. Denise had always enjoyed oral sex and she would be very vocal when she came, but the noises she was making were amazing. I could see his long pink tongue twisting and lapping with far greater coverage and dexterity than I could ever dream of. His red cock had emerged from its furry sheath and throbbed under him dripping pre-cum to the flagged floor.

"I think they are both ready," Blodwyn said softly from beside me. I could see that Dalwyn had fished out his cock and was working it slowly as he watched the scene intently. I didn't object when Blodwyn unzipped me, releasing my raging erection and letting my jeans and boxers fall to my ankles. She started to work my cock as she issued a short command and the dog rose up, beginning its frantic jabbing motions.

"Help her," Blodwyn said, releasing my cock, allowing me to shuffle forward and grasp the dog's cock. I had never held another cock other than my own and it felt strange as it was so much warmer than mine. I could tell instantly that the dog was about the same thickness as me but a little longer than my seven inches, plus of course his knot. I positioned the tip of the dog's cock at my wife's

opening and the dog forced its way through my hand and into her body.

Stepping back I saw the front paws gripping her hips and levering himself in, fucking her with a speed I wouldn't have believed possible if I wasn't witnessing it. I had watched many videos with Denise but now seeing it in person there was nothing that could have prepared me for the sheer intensity of the act.

I could feel Blodwyn's hand back on my cock, working it with greater speed in her firm grip. Dalwyn had risen from his chair and was now working his cock at a fast pace. I wondered for a brief moment if he was going to be involved with Denise, something we had never discussed.

"Don't panic," Blodwyn said, "he never touches unless it has been agreed beforehand." Then she cackled as she added, "Even though your Denise used to give excellent blow jobs."

The dog was slamming into Denise and I could tell by her noises that she was close to cumming. I could see the dog's knot was banging against her pussy lips almost entering her.

Dalwyn was first, his seed jetting out and hitting Denise full in the face. My own seed joined his, the first spurt hitting the side of my wife's head. She turned towards me blindly as the rest of my jets splashed on her face along with Dalwyn's. Blodwyn didn't stop until she was satisfied that every drop had been drained from my balls.

As Denise started to cum, I saw the dog's knot slip into her followed by the knot swelling making her groan in pleasure. I knew that it would be expanding inside her, locking them together, as the dog prepared to breed. Her initial orgasm had now transformed into one rolling orgasm as the dog lay across her back, panting happily as it emptied its balls.

Later as Denise drove the borrowed Land Rover slowly back to her parent's farm she said quietly, "So what do you think?"

I paused for a moment before I replied, "That was one of the hottest things I have ever seen in my entire life. I can't wait until he is ready." Then I looked down on the small bundle of fur in my lap and said softly, "Hey Buster you gonna fuck Mommy good?"

Denise laughed happily, "Buster, that's a great name."

By the time Buster was five years old he was not only fully trained in fucking humans, it was something he did with great enthusiasm with one particular human, my wife.

It was funny to witness his behaviour when he got horny. He would start by following Denise around the house, nudging her with his nose, trying to get her to understand that she needed to get on all fours, ready to be bred. I would often hear Denise laugh followed by, "You are incorrigible," or, "I really should be making dinner."

Then things would go quiet in the kitchen for a short while before I started to hear noises from the pair of them. Strolling into the kitchen I would find Denise on all fours and Buster banging away with a happy look on his face, his tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth. Of course, by the time he had knotted and pumped her full of his cum, I would be randier than a rabbit on Viagra. As Buster pulled free I would take his place driving into Denise's seed-filled pussy, feeling the warmth of Buster's cum coating my cock. As I fucked my wife Buster would crouch behind, licking my balls and asshole, catching as much of his fluid that was leaking out of Denise as he could. Once my cum had

joined his and I had withdrawn, he would once again attend to Denise's pussy with great enthusiasm making her shriek in continuous orgasms.

The 12th of November it happened was one of those bright sunny days that had that chill in the air that made your breath misty. We were giving Buster some exercise before we returned home where Buster would get more exercise in front of our roaring fire. Her and Buster were playing with a ball as we walked through the park. I had walked away slightly to the very tree I had fucked her against when we recreated Lady Chatterly's lover. I looked back to shout to her that this was 'our tree', but she was lying on the floor as Buster raced to catch the ball she had just thrown with a huge effort. She always liked to throw it as far as she could just to see Buster's ears flapping as he raced to collect it before it had stopped moving.

I knew there was something dreadfully wrong when Denise stayed still on the floor, even when Buster dropped the retrieved ball by her side. As I ran to her prone body Buster realised something was wrong as well, as he began nudging her with his nose before starting to whine.

The next few months passed in a blur. The doctor tried to explain to me that Denise had suffered a deep vein thrombosis that had caused a blood clot to travel to her brain killing her instantly. All I kept saying over and over was, "But she wasn't 30 until next year."

The funeral came and passed. The memories of it were like a series of photos taken in a stop-frame photography exhibition, and throughout it all Buster stayed by my side. When we got home I could tell his confusion that his Mistress had gone, as he would search the house for her then lie down watching the front door pining as he waited for her return.

I just about cancelled Christmas that year, declining all invitations from friends who were insisting that, "I shouldn't be alone at this time of year." I could almost hear the relief in their voices when I declined, as I guess no one really wants a nearly 30-year-old widower who had lost his wife six weeks before.

Over the next year, I became a recluse, happy in the company of Buster who was a constant reminder of Denise but remained silent, not forcing me to talk about it. I wasn't always sad but both of us missed her as she has left a huge hole in our lives.

It was the first anniversary of her death and I was working my way through the bottle of very fine whisky that she had given me for my birthday the year before she died. I had hooked up my laptop to the TV allowing the video clips of my wife to play. There were holidays and celebrations, all with Denise centre stage, laughing and dancing as she so often did. Buster had his head in my lap as we watched her together and he started to make whimpering noises that broke my heart. The tears poured freely down my cheeks as I told him how I missed her as well.

Clicking on another folder, I typed in the password and pressed Play All. This time the scene was our bedroom and draped over the bed was my wife, her naked ass pointing towards the camera. Buster entered on screen and started licking as he was enthusiastically encouraged by my wife. When he mounted her, his red cock mashed against her ass seeking her wetness. A hand appeared from off-screen, one I knew was mine and guided him to her opening as I had done so many times. The hand withdrew and Buster began fucking her with a great speed and ferocity, ignoring her squeals of pleasure that sounded from the speakers.

They say dogs rely on smell rather than visual stimulation but something had triggered Buster as his cock emerged from its furry sheath. As we both watched the screen, I started to work his cock, my hand moving up and, slick from his pre-cum. The next video played, this time Buster fucking her in the kitchen in one of their impromptu sessions, and I felt his cock throb. I knew instinctively what was about to happen and without really thinking about it I leaned over and took him in my mouth. The first spurt was so powerful it almost made me withdraw in shock, but I was determined to give him some relief. It wasn't the first time I had tasted Buster as I used to go down on Denise after Buster had fucked her. This was the first time I had tasted him without it being mixed with Denise's juices. It took considerable concentration to keep swallowing as jet after jet gushed into my mouth, my hand on his cock no longer required to keep it coming. I did massage his knot that pulsed in my palm keeping the seed flowing for what seemed like ages. When he finally finished, I released him and he cleaned himself as I reflected on what I had just done.

I lay in bed that night and knew there was a way I could be closer to my departed wife. The solution was to do what she did which would have an added benefit for Buster. Rolling over I searched in the bottom drawer and found the butt plug that we had used in some of our sex games. Squeezing some gel on it, I managed to insert it into my ass after a little bit of effort. As my anal ring throbbed against the intruder, I already felt closer to Denise. I fell asleep with the wonderful knowledge of knowing what had been in her ass was now in mine.

The next day I removed the butt plug while I showered, reflecting on my decision and wondering if it was the right thing to do. Deciding there was no time like the present I shouted down to Buster and heard him come scrambling up the stairs.

I guess he must have been confused at first to see his Master draped over the bed in the same position his Mistress had often assumed. I felt him sniff inquisitively and then lap with his tongue across my balls and asshole. This wasn't an unknown taste and feeling to us both but there must have been some confusion to him as he couldn't taste Denise. I felt his tongue searching for her pussy, its roughness rasping over my cock. When he couldn't find what he was seeking he returned his attention to my ass. I was relaxed enough from the butt plug that his tongue actually entered my ass making me moan loudly, "Make me your bitch Buster."

I was surprised to hear myself saying it but that was the only thought hammering at my brain. Almost like he understood Buster jumped onto my back and began thrusting. I had play fought with him in the past which had involved him jumping on me but then I was fully clothed. Naked it was totally different as his soft fur caressed my back while his cock left smears of pre-cum across my ass cheeks.

Reaching back, I positioned his cock, as I had often done for Denise, but this time could feel the tip touching me as it sprayed pre-cum. It was this lubricant that allowed him to thrust and enter me, sending me against the bed. I felt him adjust his weight and position which allowed me a brief moment to adjust to his intrusion. Then I felt the sting of his claws as he gripped me before driving himself fully inside.

In our sex games, Denise had often fingered me and on a couple of occasions used a small vibrator. We had even talked about pegging but had never actually got around to doing it, though I have little doubt we would have one day. Nothing I had previously experienced could have prepared me for the savage fury of Buster's assault. The feeling was so intense as he slammed into me, his cock like a battering ram in my bowels. I screamed, cried, wept and even begged at one point but all fell on Buster's deaf ears as he continually pounded me.

Strangely enough, in what was almost an out-of-body experience, the pain gave way to pleasure. I

could feel his cock rubbing against my prostate sending pleasure waves through me. My cock was as hard as steel but I was unable to reach it as Buster pressed me against the bed. Moments later I realised my hand wasn't needed as the prostate stimulation made me spurt jet after jet of cum. Buster was oblivious to my pleasure as he only had one objective in his mind. The banging of his knot against my battered anal ring reminded me of his desire and taking a deep breath I tried to open to accept him.

I am never sure to this day if my acceptance mattered as there was a flash of blinding pain as Buster forced his knot inside my ass. I could feel it swelling as his cock started to shoot spurts of cum so deep in my ass it felt like it was in my belly. As his knot pulsed and throbbed the stimulation caused me to have another ejaculation, albeit much weaker than the first.

We lay locked like that for nearly 30 minutes as I watched the bedside digital clock tick over the minutes. There was longer and longer between each spurt that was gradually getting weaker. Eventually, he pulled away, leaving me exhausted and exposed, to bemused to move. Before I could finally get the coordination to stand, Buster started to lick with his tongue, cleaning the majority of the mess he had made.

As I stood taking my second shower of the day, I kept getting little tremors of pleasure making my knees go weak. I now fully understood what Denise experienced and felt like Buster truly was a bridge to her memory. I also knew that this wasn't going to be the last time Buster fucked me.

Today is the second anniversary of my wife's death and the second year passed a lot easier than the first. I still don't mix with others that well and still decline any offers to, "Set me up with someone new to help me move on," as my friends would put it. I was quite happy with just me and Buster.

Looking down I saw Buster had appeared silently at my side and started to nudge me with his nose. Laughing I said, "You are incorrigible I am trying to fix dinner." Then looking into his loving eyes I sighed happily as I turned off the pan, slipping my joggers to my ankles and getting on all fours.