

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



A quick check of my watch reads almost 3 am. I moved quietly and quickly through the dark woods. My path is familiar to me, as I have taken it many times before. There was no moon out tonight; I was hidden well by the darkness. Dressed in camouflage sweat pants and shirt, black baseball hat, and boots, I felt like a soldier on patrol again. My pants were tented with my hard-on, pointing my way like a compass as I moved.

It bobbed from side to side as I walked from lack of underwear. Only the necessities tonight were needed. The sound of an occasional twig snapping under my feet was all that was heard. I moved from being deep in the trees to the clearing I was headed for. As I neared the area, I started to whistle low. I heard the sound I was listening for, dog tags tinkling in the night. He was out of his doghouse waiting for me.

Again, I whispered, "Here, boy."

I heard his dog chain being drug on the ground as I approached. I looked for lights on in the trailer that his owners lived in at the far end of the property. The trailer faced the road, and the dog was at the back of the lot. With no lights on, I made my way to him. The stars were bright and beautiful tonight. As I came upon him, he was wagging his tail and was so happy to see me again. I rubbed his ears as I made friends again.

He and I had become good buddies over the past year. Always meeting late at night. The dog's house was against the woods, providing good cover for us both. In the darkness, I crouched down beside him and rubbed his big head and neck. He was a big black dog with broad shoulders and strong hips, an impressive specimen. Short-haired and smelled strong of dog.

He stayed outside all the time and seemed happy to be there. I know I was happy he was here! He went right to humping air as I sat there watching him. His hips bucked like a jackhammer as I groped his sheath. He swelled fast in my hand, and I had to release him quickly. He pushed his weight against my body, trying to make me assume the position he wanted from me. I pulled my sweatpants open at the top, and my cock swung free.

He caught my smell instantly and went for my cock head. His large tongue lapped over my sensitive head, cleaning the pre-cum I had been leaking since I got there. I admired and rubbed his strong back as he sniffed and licked his way to my balls. My pubes were wet with dog spit and slobber when he backed away.

He sat back and looked at me while I took in the moment. A slight breeze blew across the field as I readied myself for what came next. I took one more quick check of the area before going for it. I stood and pulled off my camouflage pants slowly. Again scanning the night to be sure we were alone. The dog stood up also, and his tail wagged while he watched me. When my last boot cleared the pants leg, I stood nude from the waist down. The dog sniffed my cock head again as I draped my pants over the roof of the doghouse.

As I turned, his noise went to my butt cheeks, and he began to lick. He found my hole fast and dug deep to get at it. I bowed my legs some so he could get at me better. My balls swung as he lightly tapped them, licking. I spit in my hand and jacked my cock as he licked me. That tongue was pure pleasure in my hole as he dug as deep as he could get. When he stopped, I knew it was time, and I got on my hands and knees in the dirt. With my hips in the air, he sniffed at me and jumped on my back.

His front legs went up under my sweatshirt, and he clamped down hard on my lower stomach. My

slim hips sunk into the well his hind legs made, and he began humping. I had to pull my shirt lower with my one free arm to help with the scratches his front claws were making. As I got the fabric under one of his paws, he found my hole and sunk in deep. Quick rabbit humps told me he had already gotten in past his knot.

As I felt the fullness in me grow, I lowered my body and pushed against him. This let him know I was his and not going anywhere. I could feel him relax and lay his head on my shoulder. We lay quietly together and enjoyed each other. His one hind leg would lift off the ground every once in a while like he could make his cock go deeper.

The familiar fullness I had grown to know from him was mine again. His cock twitched like a squirt gun in my guts as we made puppies together. I clicked my stopwatch on my arm to time how long we would be together tonight. Relaxing under him, I let my mind go and enjoyed the sex act.

In the distance, I can hear a freight train that winds through the woods I had just left. It was a lonesome kind of sound that made me glad I was with him. Its powerful locomotive reminds me of the strength this dog has to hump. He relaxes more and raises his head off my shoulder. I can feel the wetness of his slobber now on my shirt. I talk to him low, and this makes his tail wag. I can feel it deep in my bowls as his cock moves with it.

He licks the back of my crew cut head between pants. I turn my head towards him, and he licks my mouth. I open it, and his tongue makes its way in a few times. I stick out mine to meet his as we exchange spit. My back aches from holding his weight as I adjust our mount. He clamps my sides again super tight, thinking I am trying to escape him. I stop my movement and all is calm again. I can feel some overflow drip down from my ball sack and hit the ground. My insides are serving him well.

In what seems like a half hour, I feel his fullness dwindle, and he slips from my ass. He jumps off me and instantly goes to licking my fresh, sperm-filled asshole. My hard cock, still pressed against my lower belly, reminds me I need to cum also. As he licked me clean, I began to jack my cock. It doesn't take many pumps, and I'm almost there. The dog can sense my closeness and begins to lick up under my hanging balls. I turn on my side to give better access for him and continue to beat my cock.

My naked butt cheeks sit in the dirt as his tongue licks at my cock head. I continue to move my hand up and down my shaft. As my cum shoots, the dog licks faster and gets all he can. I fall back on the ground as the dog continues to lick my sensitive head. I have to push him away as it softens. Fully satisfied, I sit up and watch the dog. He cleans his sheath and then heads for his water bowl. The sound of him drinking is what I hear as I get up.

I grab my sweatpants and head over to him. I kneel, pat his head, and hug his neck before I leave. He sniffed again at my backside as I stand to leave. I enter the woods, still naked from the waist down, feeling free as the wind dries my butt cheeks. When I get close to home, I stop and pull my pants back on. I look at my watch. We were one for over 25 minutes. I walk on with a smile on my face and a gut full of him with me.

The End