

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Just why in hell am I unlucky enough to have this sort of shit happen to me, I think as my body involuntarily spasm jerked against the movements of my completely unexpected intruder, who was now well entrenched in my asshole, pumping more of his sperm into me.

The bloody mongrel that caused my predicament, well, that is what I think of him NOW, had, at the time, looked starved and neglected when I first saw it from my bedroom window, wondering around in the garden, seemingly intent on smelling everything and appearing to eat something. However, I have no idea what he might have found to eat out there at the time.

Typical me, though. I felt sorry for the lost monstrous beast. I went to the kitchen and found some leftovers, which I put onto a plastic plate and opened the back door to encourage the huge bugger inside to eat. Quicker than a bullet he was through the back door and hoovering up the food within seconds.

At first, I felt quite sorry for the thing, as it must have been either lost or possibly dumped, and being your typical sucker for a lost pet. So, I acted like the RSPCA and offered food and water. The problem happened when I stooped down to place a bowl of water beside the now-empty plastic plate.

Nowadays, I live alone after my long-term girlfriend walked out on me, so normally, I'd wander around the house now wearing nothing but a T-shirt and bugger all else. Wish I'd worn something that morning because on bending down to put the water dish down without spilling it, then while trying to turn around and stand up again, I was unceremoniously knocked to the floor on my hands and knees. While trying to get up again, I suddenly had a heavy weight on my back, frantically thrusting with two huge paws wrapped around my stomach. The beast must have weighed a ton, and I was stunned to find I couldn't stand up again because of his weight.

"NO WAY, Jose," I said to myself as I tried to stand up again before the mutt went too far.

Still, I quickly decided to stay on all fours when the mongrel menacingly started growling in my right ear when I tried to stand up. 'Fucking great,' I thought, knowing that at almost any second, the dog's cock would find my back door opening and roger me totally. The damned mongrel definitely seemed intent on doing just that as I felt five or six lightning-fast hard jabs hit either just above or just below my back door entry, with the lower ones inflicting considerable pain to my ball sack and what caused me to drop my head down automatically between my hands till my face was almost touching the linoleum.

My body's reflex reaction also unintentionally allowed Mr. Mongrel to have a perfect angle of entry, and I felt my brain explode in pain as I felt my back door brutally forced open without the slightest pause.

It felt like a cross between a telegraph pole and a rocket had been rammed up my asshole, as well as causing intense burning pain to the insides of my anus. I'd fucked a few girl's assholes in my time and did so being slow and careful while always using plenty of lubricants, so Mr. Mongrel's jackhammer 'slam, bam, I'm going to get in as far as I can' method sans lube had me unashamedly screaming in pain and breathing frantically trying to cope with the blindingly painful rape.

If you've never had a dog try and mount you, take my advice. Don't even consider trying it! My arsehole felt like it was being ripped open by something 3 feet THICK and god knows how long. All the while, his thrusts were incredibly fast, and my entire body was being involuntarily shoved forward toward the kitchen wall till the wall impeded any further movement.

I could certainly feel something extremely hard and large trying to force its way inside of me, which my anal muscles were thankfully still able to stop. I knew what it was, having read enough porn in my time. With my head and face scrunched up against a kitchen wall and unable to move, Mr. Mongrel must have thought up a new tactic to try and get as far as possible inside of me.

I'd felt a couple of very warm squirts inside of me, which I'd hoped was only his sperm and not his pee. A slight easing in the dog's penis coarseness, plus a slightly slippery feel inside of me, confirmed that my worst fear hadn't happened. I now had a bit of dog lubricant in me to help my intruder's path to be easier. Obviously, my assailant must have had the same idea, as I felt his two front paws work their way further up toward my chest as Mr. Mongrel made a concerted push to try and force his knot inside me...I was thinking, 'Oh my poor fucking asshole!'

I then experienced the shock of having his humungous knot being forced into me regardless of how my tiny resisting opening reacted to his invasion. The slow and relentless forced opening of my back passage by something far too big for my mind to comprehend saw me moan and scream as, for about 30 seconds, The Mongrel deliberately pushed himself into me regardless of my screams and contortions. I swear I feared my anus would rip open as I felt something about the size of a grapefruit being inexorably forced inside me. Finally, I felt a sudden fullness inside me, and my opening suddenly closed in around my intruder, leaving both of us either gasping for air in exhaustion or panting from overexertion.

My stomach now felt like I needed to be sick with so much crammed inside my asshole. I quickly realized that Mr. Mongrel was now also happily inseminating me with as much sperm as he could ejaculate into me. I swear I could feel my stomach expanding the more sperm he pumped into me.

What I didn't expect was to find my insides suddenly being pushed and shoved in several different directions as I found my Rapist suddenly trying to dismount from me and try to turn around. I swear the turn was much more painful than the fucking because my insides felt every twist and turn, and my screams were much louder than the entry of the knotting. Fuck, it hurt. 'How the hell could female dogs cope with being mated?' I wondered.

For perhaps 15, possibly 20 minutes, Mr. Mongrel didn't move a muscle. Well, that's not entirely accurate. At least ONE muscle was certainly moving around a bit if only to continue inseminating me with doggy sperm. I used the lull while he bred me to work myself back up onto my hands and knees. This allowed me to breathe a little easier and also allowed my brain to watch in horror as my stomach bloated out quite noticeably with dog sperm. A 'lot' of dog sperm, in fact, judging from the swell of my stomach.

I knew there was one last thing that had to happen...and that was Mr. Mongrel's pulling out. He didn't give me any warning as he simply tried to walk away. Unfortunately for him (actually for me), it wasn't going to be that easy. I did my best trying to grab onto one of his back legs to make him stop, still, as with the mounting. His bloody curdling growl saw me timidly letting go of his hind leg, and I started silently praying my asshole wouldn't be torn in two.

I did my best to help push him out, but it still bloody hurt like bejesus. Imagine trying to shit half a watermelon. With all the screaming I'd already done, how none of the neighbors phoned for the police to investigate amazes me. I screamed blue murder and had to endure having my insides almost ripped out of my body till I finally expelled Mr. Mongrel's weapon.

The loud 'popping noise' as the dog's cock was finally expelled from inside really shocked me. You wouldn't believe the volume of sperm and human excrement that immediately followed. I couldn't prevent any of it because I was lying on my side, too exhausted to try and prevent any of it from

happening.

When I finally managed to make my way to the bathroom, showering was nothing short of excruciating. There was no way I was going to go to a hospital to get checked out, even knowing I was dribbling blood from my asshole. So the next week saw me phoning work claiming illness while I stayed at home with a T-shirt between my legs inside my undies. When I finally felt able to, I drove down to the shops and bought a packet of feminine hygiene pads, so I only ended up losing three T-shirts.

As for the dog, kind-hearted (stupid) me, I've kept him, although I don't walk around the house without jeans on now. After almost a month, I feel almost back to normal. However, I think my back door is slightly ajar now because I lose most of my fingers in it while wiping myself after a poop.

Strangely enough, although I'd never thought of myself as being gay, I now own a couple of vibrating plugs that I like to insert in myself a night. The orgasms when I cum with the vibrator on are incredible. I'm even thinking about 'Dick' (that's what I named the dog-obvious when you think about it), giving me another going over.

*The End*