

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Waiting in line for the rental car, I am pretty nervous. It is hot and muggy, very sunny, and somewhat oppressive. But, as I am going to be naked for much of my outdoor time here, maybe it won't be so bad. The airport was crowded, the car rental office was crowded, and people were swarming everywhere. I have never been to this part of Florida and have never been here alone. I am supposed to drive to the house of someone I have never met before to meet another person that I also have never met.

It was Spring Break at my school, so I told my parents I was going to visit friends and go down to Florida. I am in Florida and will be going down a lot while I am here, but I am not seeing friends. Strangers in a strange place - hope the address is easy to find - it's about 60 miles from the airport. When I get there I am to meet a Hungarian guy that I have had some correspondence with on e-mail. He is a porn film director, and I am here to make at least one beast porn film - which is exciting, terrifying, and intense.

The "script" they sent me calls for me to suck off and then be fucked by several large dogs, as well as several guys. Its supposed to be about my experiences as a beast bottom. I have been fucked by several mid-sized dogs and two large dogs, but not ones with really big equipment. So I am a bit nervous about that aspect. But I get to put out by a swimming pool, on a beach, and in a park. Further my partners will include an English Sheepdog and a Rottweiler. Exciting but scary. I am not in the habit of bottoming for special breeds - just mutts.

See, I had written some porn stories that involved me and my dog Hooker or me and my friend Ned and his dogs - zoo boys, both of us. I have gotten a lot of responses from people all over the world. There were a lot of suggestions that I make a beast porn film and write a story about being in beast porn movies. This kind of intrigued me - the idea of lots of people all over the world watching me do things with guys and dogs was really, really arousing. I am sort of an exhibitionist, and the idea of being watched doing such taboo things is very, very sexy to me.

One of the suggestions was from a guy who lives in Hungary. Apparently, Hungary is the world's best porn capital. Surprise, that, but you can learn things from Wikipedia. I love Hungarian gay guy porn - what I have seen is the best. So the idea of hot Hungarian porn dudes getting it on with dogs makes me heat up with desire - almost as much as imagining them getting it on with me.

This Hungarian director had liked my stories, and had liked the digital pictures that I had sent to him. And he liked my online performance for him in which I had stripped and made myself available to a couple of dildos, my fingers, and a cucumber. He is going to be in America to make some 'American boy' films - with guys in their late teens or early twenties who like to have fun with dogs - maybe some other animals. He asked me if I wanted to participate. I tentatively said yes.

After picking up the car, I start driving north towards my destination. The car has good air conditioning, so I am not too uncomfortable. Still, I decide to stop someplace to change into more appropriate clothes than what I am wearing. I stop at a beach and find the restroom. I quickly strip out of my clothes. Decide to take a dip. I mean, they can't start the film without me, right? So I got into my Speedos and went out to the beach. I like to swim in the ocean - as a swimmer I do most of it in a pool - so this is a treat. I run as fast as I can into the surf and dive into the water. I swim out a distance and submerge, then come back to shore and go back to my car.

I decide to go commando, so I put on some very loose shorts, a t-shirt and some flops, then drive on. The house turns out to be in a nice neighborhood right on the water. I get out of the car and approach the house - my heart beating at top speed. This is it. I am going in. I ring the doorbell.

There is a long, long wait and I am just about to leave when it opens. A handsome, trim-looking man about 35 with an obviously expensive haircut opens the door – this must be the lawyer who owns the house. He is suspicious about why I am there. I tell him my name is Bryan, and I'm here for the movies.

He looks relieved and invites me in. "I should have recognized you from your pictures."

"Well, I wasn't wearing any clothes in the pictures, and I often had a dildo in my mouth or up my butt, so maybe the hat and shorts and the closed mouth fooled you."

"Laszlo is out by the pool, wanna go back there?"

"Yeah, sure."

We head through the house to the pool area. When we get there, a film shoot for a movie scene is actually taking place.

A handsome Latino boy is kneeling on all fours beside a dog, with the dog's cock in his mouth, sucking away vigorously. I begin to bone up quickly. I can see his cheeks bulging as he thrusts his head forward to get a bit more cock in his mouth. Tom, the owner of the house, notices this and whispers, "We started without you."

He reaches over and undoes the buttons of my shorts, unzips me, and begins massaging my crotch, which gets hard as can be, while I watch the Latino dude take the German Shepherd's dick deeper into his throat. He gags. You can see his tongue moving behind his cheeks and watch him drool stuff out of his mouth. And I can hear him slurp and suck.

The director seems to pay no attention to me, just to the two cameramen. Tom has unbuttoned my shorts, which now fall to the ground. He pushes me forward, so I step out of my flops and shorts, and then he pulls my t-shirt over my head. I am naked. He pushes me, so I bend over. "Grab your knees."

I do and squat a little for easier access to my butt. I bend my back so he can get his tongue into my crack and brace my hands on my knees. He starts eating my ass, his tongue creating incredible feelings as he sluices my crack and pushes it into my hole. He slides his tongue up and down, and I begin panting frantically. Then another dog trots in. Tom quietly calls the dog over and says, "Lickies."

The dog takes over, his long tongue running back and forth over my ass crack. Tom pulls my cheeks apart. I am moaning and jacking while dog saliva runs down the inner part of my legs. Meanwhile, the Latino dude has lowered his chest onto a padded stool. He is going to get mounted momentarily. His dog comes round behind and rears up, putting his front legs close to the Latino boy's hips on the stool.

The dog starts thrusting vigorously. The person, who I think is the director's assistant, goes over and grabs the dog's dick and puts it between the beautiful Latino boy's cheeks. It quickly sinks out of sight. The Latino boy gives a sigh of ecstasy that turns into a long, drawn-out moan. Turns out later that Pablo, like me, is from a prosperous family and is doing this because he wants to, not because he needs the cash. The dog is pumping really hard now.

I feel open for a second as the dog is pulled away, and Tom's cock slides up into my willing, waiting, wetted-up ass. He's got a fatty, so I groan with pain as it goes in, but I'll bet I will be grunting with pleasure with every thrust when it's in me good. The condom has lube on it, too, so he buries himself in me with one thrust. I grunt with pain. He keeps thrusting away, and it becomes really painful,

then very, very pleasurable.

He slaps a hand over my mouth to keep me from getting too loud and disturbing the filming. The sound of his thighs slapping hard against my butt cheeks is so loud that I don't think some hot talk would change much. I want more cock in me, and I beg for it under my breath, "Give it to me harder," and, "Fuck me, you damm bastard."

He just keeps thrusting away till suddenly. He is jerking, cumming, and filling his condom up. He pulls out. Pablo is lying on his side, as is the dog, who is presumably pumping Pablo full of his juices. The director holds up a sign that says I should put on the mask on the table and let Pablo suck my cock. I look around, see the mask, and put it on. I feel quite strange because Pablo is going mask commando and is as naked as the day he was born. Me too, except for the mask. I walk over, kneel, and let Pablo take me into his mouth.

I am having wilting problems cause I realize that I am on camera and my actions are being filmed. One of the cameras comes up and is right behind my butt. I guess filming my fucking of Pablo's mouth. Then, they move around to the side for an action shot. Pablo must have received some instructions because he reaches under and slides a finger up my lubed crack. Then two. I get stiff as a board again real quick. After a few minutes of this good head, I am getting ready to cum. I spooge in Pablo's mouth. He swallows it all, which later gets him into trouble. I will find out that all spooging should appear on camera.

Then, the scene is over. I get up. Pablo is lying there looking well fucked. We are introduced. He grins and says, "Ola."

I sit for a minute licking his cheeks, then get up and go over to where everyone else is sitting. When he is ready to get up he comes over to where Laszlo, Tom, and the camera men and I are sitting. They are telling me about certain aspects of porn filming - always keep the active parts in the camera view. This means I have to tuck my arm back when I am fucking, use the hand away from the camera, when jacking while sucking, etc. Laszlo has a neat accent, but he is all business.

To him, I am just a depraved American pervert who will do it with dogs. Do it and like it. If I needed the money, he might be more respectful, but as it is, he pretty clearly thinks I am really weird. Pablo sits in my lap. Nice. Laszlo tells me I grunt and moan well, and I had better do that when the dog takes me. He wants to see me suck.

One of the cameramen - a pretty attractive guy about 30, is asked to drop his shorts. He does, and he is sporting wood. I am told to get to my knees and service him. Pablo gets off my lap, and I walk over, drop to my knees, and take him in my mouth. I flick my tongue and swallow to the base. The cameraman groans. Good, I like a happy customer. I make some slurky, sloshy sounds while I suck. Laszlo tells me that when I suck the dog, that better happen frequently. I go to work in earnest on the cameraman, swallowing, bobbing my head, pulling off with a pop, and then plunging back onto it again - feeding like a hungry boy. \

My throat feels really full with this one when he fucks it down as far as I can take it. I make sure to moan a lot and make as many sloppy sloshing sounds as I can, but the gagging when he throat fucks me is not added - it's real. I swirl my tongue around and around his cock. The cameraman is tensing up. He grabs my head by the hair, pulls me off, and sprays my face and chest. Even when we are not on camera, I have to take it to the face, I guess.

We have dinner, and it feels strange. Pablo and I are bare as bare can be, and everyone else is fully dressed. Apparently, there is a 'production schedule.' I discover after dinner that I am expected to

shower and clean myself inside and out, and then I am going to do my first scene with a dog. I start sweating and feel nauseous. The scene with Pablo and the dog was a spontaneous moment, and I was really aroused from my fucking.

And still, I wilted like lettuce. This is less spontaneous, and I will be doing it with a dog. Fortunately, the dog is fucking me, not me, the dog, so if I can't get it up, maybe it won't be so bad. My heartbeats accelerate. I feel a bit dizzy. This is a bad idea, and only my hormones and lust are making me do it. As they say, "hot dog". I do like them, and they aren't that easy to find.

After my shower, I stroll out onto the deck by the pool again. A young Rottweiler male is sitting next to Tom, getting his head ruffled. Tom calls me over and introduces me to Biscuit. We started getting acquainted. He sniffs me in my privates, and I pat his head. He gives my dick a get acquainted lick, and it jumps right up in his face. We start wrestling a bit. Laszlo tells me I am too French with the dog, then suck him, then take him up my butt, and I had better be into it.

I try supposed to be into me! It goes nowhere with Laszlo. So I go back to patting Biscuit while I think about this plot for my movie debut. Biscuit has developed an enthusiasm for the inner thigh of my left leg - sniff and lick, sniff and lick. Probably some left-over cum from my earlier fucking that didn't get showered away. While I am patting the dog, the assistant comes up and shoves a lube injector up my ass. He fills me up till I think I am about to burst. Apparently, a difference between beast porn and regular guy porn is that you only get one take. Once the dog gets going, he is going to the end of the line, and no retakes.

I refuse to kneel on the concrete, which is likely to be painful to my knees - especially if I am in front of a rapid-fire no-holes-barred dog fuck. So they lead me over to a grassy lawn right by the front fence - out of sight of the neighbors, but right on the canal, so we will have to be a bit quieter. They set up the lights and sound stuff. I put my mask on. Pablo fluffs me, and I am swiftly very hard. Pablo is beautiful, and he is really, really good at giving head. The Rottweiler guy brings his young male lover.

"Let's start."

Reluctantly I pull my cock out of Pablo's mouth. I go over to the stage where Biscuit is and get down on my knees. My heart is beating so hard I can hear my pulse. I break out into a sweat. When I later see the film, I am glistening all over from sweat. Fuck, this is scary. Then I think of guys all over the world watching me do this. I get worked up a bit. So I start patting Biscuit and stroking his flanks. Suddenly, I throw myself on my back, scoot under him, and bring his muzzle down to my face. I start kissing him, trying to give him some tongue. He starts licking me and drooling all over my face. I can feel my face getting sticky and wet with saliva. This keeps me hard.

I can imagine my face shiny and wet-looking, and I get more enthusiastic about my work. I throw one arm around his shoulders and thrust my hips up to rub my body along his. I start rubbing my hard-on along his side. After a few minutes of this, I let him go, got back on my knees, and put my head between his back legs. He is already starting to emerge from his sheath. I lick his balls a bit, then take his dick in my mouth. I go to town, rotating my tongue, tightening and loosening my lips, pushing my head forward, sucking in with my cheeks.

He gets harder. I do this for a few minutes as the cameraman comes in for a close-up of my profile and mouth. I look over for a second directly into the camera, then am back to business. Biscuit is getting ready. I turn and present my ass. Suddenly I hear the command, "Screw the bastard," and the dog is on my behind.

Two thrusts and he is burying his bone in my back yard in the words of the poet - no help necessary, thank you. Don't know whether that is luck or whether the dude is a professional. It starts a bit narrower, but I can feel it getting thicker and thicker as it sinks into me so fast. Real pain, real pain. I bite my lip. Suddenly, I am being pounded sledgehammer hard. Both cameras close in, one on my butt area for a close-up of the fucking going on and the other right on my face, as I grimace and grin with pain and pleasure.

Somebody grabs my hair and pulls my head back. The camera is pointed full-on at my face and is about two ft. away. I am beginning to pant as if I had run a race. I can feel my butt spasming around Biscuit's cock, and I think my eyes are trying to roll back in my head. When I see the film, I look like I am about to pass out from either ecstasy and/or pain. Too true. At just this moment, a boat motor that seems to be right in front of the fence cuts out. Voices can be heard as some men get out of the bank. I can't concentrate on it too well, given the fucking I am getting, but I can panic a bit - what if it's the police and I get busted while being taken by a dog and showing wood?

I am filled with fear and terror. So here I am, a sex-crazed college boy bottoming for a sex-crazed dog, and I can't make a sound. I don't know if the others are as panicked as I am because Biscuit's weight and enthusiasm are now pushing my face right into the lawn. It is a really vigorous fuck he is throwing into me. And maybe I am hiding from the camera. I bite my lips and keep exhaling. I can't help it. I moan - some pain, a lot of pleasure. Then I moan again, louder than before. This is an incredible fuck.

I am knotted, and practically shriek with pain, and then the pump begins. When he turns ass-to-ass, he gets the command to lie down, and he and I end up on our sides. I am lying there, warm Spring night in Florida, naked and with a dog dick up my butt. I keep quiet. Now I can notice the director and camera people, and they are quietly continuing to film. I wonder what the men out front think of the lights and of my lust moaning.

Suddenly I hear Tom asking them to get off his front lawn and find a legal place to fish. They argue a bit, then get back in the boat, start the motor, and leave. They were fisherman. I am too spent and well fucked to feel relief then, but I do later.

I, meanwhile, am now free of Biscuit's dick and am told to get up on all fours. I try to but fail at the first attempt. Then I do, shaky and sore, and Pablo strides forward and kneels. He buries his face in my hard fucked, sloppy ass and starts licking. I can't help myself. Banged, stretched, and used as I am, I moan and beg for more tongue. Then I hear some whispering, and Pablo gets up, shoves his cock into my ass, and tries to pretend he is a Rottweiler.

Second time in 1/2 an hour that I am being hammered like I am cement that needs to be broken up. Feels great, though. Pablo is a master boy fucker. In and out, fast, then slow, deep, then really quick and shallow, suddenly all the way to the base, and I can feel his pubes scratching my cheeks. I can't help myself. I shoot wildly. Pablo pulls out, grabs my hair, pulls off his condom, and sprays me.

It's over.

Later I watch my copy of the DVD and its really hot. Turns out I will need to make it with Biscuit at least once more to give them more footage to edit. I say okay, but only if Pablo repeats his role as my dude top. I will have multiple matings with the dogs to give them a chance to put together the hottest sequence they can. There is an outdoor shower, and as I am showering up, Laszlo starts asking me about whether I would be willing to suck off a Donkey.

I tell him I am a dog, dude.

He mentions the money, and I am suddenly considering it – even though I really don't need the cash, it's a lot of money. Well, at least compared to the crap dollars I am getting to put out in these movies. You can't make a living being a dog porn star, anyway, for boy/dog stuff. Am I excited by being kind of a whore, or do I just need an excuse for something new?

I point out that I have never, ever even thought about sucking a donkey and don't know how to do it. That doesn't impress him much, he says he can get me the experience I need, pronto. I point out that I have seen donkey hard-ons back home, and my mouth will only open so wide, even with some good teaching. He smirks at me. He says that one day later in the week, we can drive out into the countryside, where there is a donkey that one of the other college boys here for the filming has a craving for.

We are going to go there so Laszlo can film the donkey/dude sex scene, and another dog can take me to the barn scene. He says I should watch Todd do his donkey and see what I think. Hmm. He'd like to see me get fucked by a donkey but will settle for a suck flick. I am still very doubtful.

Tomorrow is the scene with me, Pablo, or Todd, and a dog or two on the beach. I wonder how that is going to be arranged so we don't get watched, busted, covered with sand, or eaten by mosquitoes or alligators.

The End