

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I found a guy online who was into K9 sex and was willing to share his dog with me. Frank owned a male Rottweiler named Bruno. However, because Frank lived over three hours away by car, it took us an age to actually get together. Also, because sex with animals is against the law in my country, we ended up chatting for a long, long time, just in case the police were setting us up. Eventually, we found a weekend slot that worked for both of us, so I went for it.

I drove down to his place on Saturday afternoon so that we could hang out and drink a few beers and then watch some K9 porn and do some K9 sex. I was very nervous about it all, more nervous than I would normally be when sex was involved.

“How rough would it be?” I thought. “Would I like it? Would Frank keep the dog’s knot out of my asshole?”

When I got there, Frank offered me a beer—I was going to need to get drunk for the big event.

It was a warm summer’s day, so we sat on the patio, drank beer, and talked about K9 sex: How did Frank get started? Who else had he introduced Bruno to? I felt honored that Frank had chosen me. He eventually called Bruno over so that we could meet face-to-face. By then, I had drunk about three beers, but still, I needed more. The dog was actually quite friendly and let me pet him. However, he was very energetic and rambunctious. So, I began to get nervous about the sex side of things because the dog was so big and unruly. Frank and I went inside to watch some K9 porn – I had brought a gay DVD, and he had a couple of straight ones. We watched Frank’s K9 movies first – women getting the knot, etc. Then we watched my DVD. Frank was very interested in the scenes depicting a leather master dominating his two K9 slaves as Doberman Pincers were mounting them. We talked about what I wanted, and I showed him a scene where a slave gets mounted and fucked, but doesn’t take the knot. I then told Frank that I wouldn’t be able to take Bruno’s knot.

I had downed six beers by that time and was really buzzing. Frank asked me if I was ready for the main event. I gulped and nodded my head.

“Stand up, Stewie,” said Frank, “and strip off completely. I want to see you bare-assed in front of my dog.”

Frank gave me the once-over and picked up my clothes. He then asked me to give him a twirl before handing me a tube of lube and a white sweatshirt. I was then told to lube my asshole, put on the sweatshirt, and follow him into a side room where Bruno was waiting. The dog began to go haywire! Evidently, he knew what was about to go down and was very keen on the idea. His red cockhead was already poking out of its sheath, and he was jumping up at the both of us.

“Okay,” said Frank, “I’m going to show you what happens. It’s all very fast once he gets going.”

Frank dropped his jeans and underwear as Bruno stood up on his hind legs behind Frank, and grabbed him around the waist. Frank then got down on all fours as Bruno began humping away like mad. I could hear Frank say, “Oh, yeah!” when Bruno’s cock found its target. The dog then pulled away a few minutes later.

“Damn it,” said Frank as he stood up. “I didn’t want him to get that far. I hope he’s still up for it.”

Bruno kept jumping up at the both of us, so I figured he was up for it.

“Bend over, Stewie,” continued Frank. “Offer him your asshole, and wiggle it about a little. Let’s see

if he wants to lick your hole.”

The dog’s tongue went straight to my anus in an instant. He rimmed me out like a true professional. It felt so good!

“He’s ready,” said Frank, laughing. “Get down on all fours and let him mount you.”

Bruno leaped on me and grabbed me around the midriff. His claws scratched the hell out of my thighs as he mounted me. I got down on all-fours, and as I did so, Bruno humped my ass like crazy. Unfortunately, he couldn’t find my hole. Evidently, I was a bit higher up than Frank had been. Frank reached under Bruno and tried to guide his canine cock into my hole. The stabbing motion of the dog felt great. And then BAM! That red missile found my hole, and damn, if the dog didn’t just shove it all the way in, hard! It burned going in but felt magic as it filled the void.

The dog’s cock felt quite thin, like a finger, but once Bruno knew he was inside my asshole, his cock began to swell; and it got really thick! The dog still kept humping me as his cock stretched my hole. It felt wonderful! Frank asked me if I wanted to take the knot, and I said no way! So, he held back the dog’s knot to simulate us being tied together. Bruno was now shooting his load deep inside my asshole and filling my inner sanctum with his puppy juice.

Frank took hold of my cock and began to slowly wank me off as he held onto the dog’s knot with his other hand.

“We must do this again, Stewie,” said Frank. “I know my friends would love to see you sucking Bruno’s cock, and then taking it up the ass.”

I moaned with pleasure and wiggled my ass.

I then managed to fuck myself for about five minutes with Bruno’s cock. I could feel his puppy juice begin to ooze out of my asshole, and even though I wanted more sex, I kind of wanted to see the dog’s huge cock, and perhaps taste his cockhead. Frank told Bruno to pull out of my asshole while he still kept his hand gripped behind the knot. Bruno’s cock slipped out of my asshole with a wet, slurping sound as his puppy juice ran down my inner thighs. Frank continued to stroke my cock as I moaned and groaned and panted like a dog.

Somehow, I managed to get a good look at Bruno’s huge cock. It was all pinkish and veined and spurting watery jets of spunk every few seconds. I knew that I had to taste it. Frank stopped stroking my cock, so that I could get the canine cock into my mouth. Squirt after squirt hit my tongue and ran down my throat. I swallowed the spunk, and it didn’t taste very pleasant. I then put the tip of the cock to my lips so that I could tongue the dog’s cockhead. Frank then ordered me to suck on his cock, and like the wimp I am, I obeyed. I put his cock into my mouth and waited for him to climax.

“Good boy, Stewie,” he said to me. “Now, suck on my cock like Bruno does. And don’t stop until you’ve swallowed every last drop.”

After it was all over, I felt really weird. The sex had been hot and different and a real turn-on, but it also made me feel dirty and ashamed. I drove home in a haze, thinking, “What did I just do?”

Two days later, I was still wanking myself off on the strength of that K9 experience. My only hope was that Frank would be able to arrange another meeting soon, and one that came with an appreciative audience of horny fans.

A week later, I was more than happy to meet up with Frank again.

“Stewie’s ass is perfect for K9 cock, Dave,” said Frank to his friend. “I’m so glad he decided to visit my farm again.”

“So, Stewie,” asked Dave. “Are you ready for today’s sex romp?”

“Sure thing, Dave,” I replied, smiling. “How many will be watching me?”

“About 20,” he replied.

“Where are they now?” I asked.

“They’re all in the old barn,” he replied. “Frank had the place renovated and spruced up for guys like you.”

My cock began to stiffen as I wondered what kinky pleasures awaited me in the old barn.

Oscar stepped out of the barn as we approached. I smiled as he waved me a friendly hello.

“How are you, bitch?” he asked.

“Fine,” I said, “and raring to go.”

“Good,” he chuckled. “That ass of yours is going to get a good workout today.”

“So, what’s the plan?” I asked eagerly.

“Simple, really,” replied Oscar. “You walk into the barn and do a circuit around the centerpiece. Then remove all your clothes and do another circuit. I then want you to stroke your cock as you do another circuit.”

“Huh, why?” I queried.

“Your fans are all seated around the barn, and they want to see your naked body before the main event takes place,” replied Oscar. “So, when you’re stark-bollock-naked, I will enter the barn and introduce you to the audience.”

“Now, there are a lot of important people inside the barn, Stewie,” said Frank. “So, don’t let me down, and don’t refuse any of my instructions. Just do as you’re told, or you’re out.”

“Okay, Frank,” I said. “You know I won’t let you down.”

“Well, make sure you don’t, bitch,” said Dave.

I shyly entered the barn to an impressive round of applause. I tried to keep my focus on the centerpiece, but I did have to check out the newly refurbished interior. Everything was either jet black or bright white, and there were dozens of comfy chairs around a central, open stage. Bright lights shone from the walls, which blinded my view of the men who sat in the chairs.

“He’s a good-looking wimp,” said a man on my left.

I smiled and quickly got into my stride. I completed the first circuit and began to undress. As I did so, I glanced at the centerpiece, which was covered by a large white sheet. Knowing that it would only be revealed to me when Oscar was good and ready, I shrugged and began my second circuit.

There were lots of appreciative oohs and aahs coming from the enthusiastic crowd. I could already hear faint slapping from several of the chairs, so I guessed that some of the voyeurs had their cocks out and were jerking at the sight of my naked body.

"He's got a lovely dick," said a man on my right.

I paused in front of the nearest chair and gave my six-inch cock a couple of hard tugs.

"One more circuit," said Dave as he came up behind me. "However, this time, you pause at each chair, bend over, and show the man your tight hole."

"Sure thing," I grinned.

I heard at least three men pant and grunt as they shed their loads during my final circuit. I guessed that they couldn't wait to see me being fucked. As I completed the circuit, Oscar reached for the white sheet that covered the centerpiece. He pulled it back and away, uncovering what looked like a black workout bench but with clamps and clasps attached to it. I gulped. Dave motioned me forward, and biting my lip, I stumbled forward. I had given Oscar my word, so I wasn't going to back out now.

I looked at the workout bench and gulped again. It did have padding on it, so it felt quite comfortable when I was secured, face down, to it. My wrists were secured by leather straps, with another strap looped over the small of my back, pressing my upper body into the padded surface. There was a small opening where my crotch rested, which allowed my cock and hairless ball-sac to hang free.

My legs were strapped to the lower part of the bench, with two more straps secured around my ankles.

"This is Stewie the bitch," boomed Oscar, "your entertainment for the day. We have scoured the Internet and found a truly desirable 22-year-old wimp. A slave in this particular field of sexual entertainment. This young man has yet to experience the true pleasure of becoming an obedient bitch. So, give him a round of applause."

The audience clapped as Frank and Oscar reached for a pair of levers on the bench. I let out a whimper of surprise as my arms were pulled outwards so that they were horizontal to my body, in a T-shape position. A third lever raised the upper section of the bench slightly, lifting my chest. In contrast, the lower section bent underneath, bending me at the waist. My cock was now completely exposed as a fourth lever pulled my legs apart into an inverted V-shape position.

"Hmmm, this still won't do," sighed Oscar as he ran his right hand over my ass-cheeks, pushing a finger into my asshole. "We need to widen this out a bit more so we can see the action."

I felt padded clamps being fixed to my ass-cheeks and around my groin. I groaned in pain as Frank and Oscar eased my cheeks apart.

"That's perfect," announced Oscar as the bench, which was mounted on a turntable, began to revolve. This allowed everyone in the barn to get a good view of my exposed asshole.

"I so want my dog to fuck his ass!" said a man at the back.

“Another time,” said Oscar. “See me after the show and we can book you in for a one-on-one meeting.”

It was then that I heard the familiar opening of a jar of Vaseline. Now, I did start to wonder, as we never used Vaseline for anything other than the largest of cocks.

Frank greased up a finger and, without any hesitation, pushed it into my asshole. When he pushed two fingers inside me, I yelped again and gnashed my teeth. I grunted and swore and knew that I was in for a pretty hard time, but still, I didn't give him the satisfaction of crying out. He had said nothing about playing the scaredy-cat so that I wouldn't let him down. I heard some catcalls coming from my fans as three fingers stretched my asshole to the max. Suddenly, a large cock appeared before me, so I opened my mouth to allow it in. I concentrated on slurping as much spittle onto it as possible, knowing that it was about to replace the three fingers.

Sure enough, I felt the cock's mushroom head press against my anus. I relaxed and allowed it to break through my defenses. I let out a whimper of pleasure as I was treated to my favorite activity: being fucked by a hard-standing cock. I squeezed and flexed my ass muscles, trying to milk the seed out of my lover's ball-sac, who, after some five minutes, began thrusting his cock harder and faster into my fully restrained body.

The man let out a yell of satisfaction as he flooded my inner sanctum with spunk.

“Right, now that he's been lubed up properly,” announced Oscar. “Are we ready for the first round of entertainment?”

Yells of joy filled the barn as I began to quiver in anticipation.

“Order! Order!” shouted Oscar. “Now, settle down and be quiet. It's time to introduce Stewie the bitch to his canine lover.”

I heard a growl and a bark from behind me and then a couple of small whines.

“We don't want to scratch up his body,” said Dave. “So, Red the Ted has put socks on Toby's paws.”

I felt something being sprinkled onto my ass-cheeks, and as I shivered and gasped, a rough tongue began to lick my asshole. I had been rimmed before, but not by such a tongue. I tried to move my head just to see what was happening, but Dave stopped me. The black Labrador had his nose between my ass-cheeks. I discovered later that Oscar had sprinkled some sugar onto my ass, which encouraged the dog to rim me. Toby pressed his long tongue against my anus. My whole body shook when the tongue touched the underside of my ball-sac and caught the tip of my uncut cock.

“Oh! Fucking hell!” I yelled as a climax overwhelmed me.

It was then that I felt the dog mount me. I was expecting pain as his claws dug into my sides, but the socks worked a treat. I then felt prodding against my anus and was surprised to feel that Toby's cock wasn't hard. However, with my asshole well-lubed, it didn't take him long to hit the target. I felt a thin, slimy cock enter my inner sanctum. It was nothing to write home about, so I was a little disappointed. Then, as the cock began to swell up with blood, the Labrador began to fuck me hard.

The thrusts began to hit my prostate, and my cock, still erect despite the climax, began to jump around with the force of the inwards thrusts. My mind blanked out as the men surrounding me began to cheer. I groaned loudly as Toby's cock continued to swell. Suddenly, the dog let out a loud growl, and a pain shot through my inner sanctum - it felt like someone was trying to fist me without

any lube.

“Toby’s trying to knot Stewie’s asshole!” announced Red the Ted.

I cried out in pain and no longer wanted the dog to fuck me.

“Oh, that looks so fuckin’ horny!” said Oscar.

The pain lessened as my anus gave way a little more to allow the dog to hump me to a climax. My rectum screamed in a mixture of pain and pleasure as it stretched around the canine knot. I couldn’t help but throw my head back as I felt the dog fill my innards with spunk. It seemed like it would never end, but of course it did. Toby’s cock remained knotted inside me, despite his efforts to pull out. I guess my asshole was just too tight, so we remained coupled together for a good 10 minutes. Finally, the dog managed to extricate himself from his new bitch-boy, which made me extremely happy.

“Okay, everyone,” boomed Oscar. “The show’s over for now. Stewie needs to rest up for a while. He’s going to be with us all week, and Red the Ted has three more dogs in his van, so there’s a lot more shows to see.”

The End