

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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In order to set the stage for my story, I should start by saying that at the time the events that follow took place, I'd been into foot and piss fetish action with other guys. This typically included mutual foot jobs—jerking each other off using our bare feet, as well as cumming and pissing on each other's feet.

Anyway, my next-door neighbor, the Macks, had a big, beautiful male Great Dane named Gray. I was in college at the time and always horny, and I would often watch from my bedroom window as four-year-old Gray would be let out into the backyard to take a piss. Even from my window, I could see how big the dog's sheath-covered cock was, as well as the nice stream of piss shooting out from it. While most other male dogs spurt-pissed from one tree to the next, Gray would remain at his one favorite tree, pissing an unusually steady stream against it.

I would stroke my hard cock as I watched Gray piss, fantasizing about getting into the kind of foot-and-piss action that I'd only done with other guys up until then. Unfortunately, I'd never gotten any further than petting Gray, as there was never an opportunity to be alone with him.

But as luck would have it, the Macks—except for oldest son Ted, was going away for the weekend that summer and asked if I would let Gray out while Ted was at work. Wow, would I! The very thought of being alone with Gray made my heart pound and my dick harden.

My welcome duty came the next day, a Friday. Ted was about to leave for work, having already fed and let Gray out to do his business. I went over to get the key from Ted, telling him I'd let Gray out later that morning after I finished my run. Ted gave me a sly smile and warned me that, based on his own experience, the scent of sweat sometimes seemed to arouse Gray. He suggested that I might want to shower before coming over to let Gray out. Having thanked Ted for the warning, my mind was racing ahead, and I determined that I'd be sure to arrive good and sweaty to let Gray out.

My mid-morning run was longer than usual, and intentionally so. It didn't take me long to get all sweated up, especially since it was a hot summer day. My tank top, shorts, jock, socks, and sneakers were all well-saturated and giving off a sweaty scent by the time I reached Gray's house.

Gray came up to greet me as I entered the house and started sniffing me, as I'd hoped. My state of horniness surged as he began probing my ripe crotch with his snout. I walked over and sat down on the couch, first removing my tank top, which I let Gray sniff. I then took my sneakers and socks off, which he sniffed with even more interest. I stuck my sweaty feet out toward him, which he likewise sniffed and then began to lick. This new sensation was way hot and made my fully hard dick strain against the confines of my sweaty jock.

Although interested in my sweaty body areas and clearly excited, Gray was not initiating anything sexual. So, I figured I'd help things along.

With Gray's attention momentarily diverted to sniffing the inside of my sneaker, I slid my running shorts down and off. This left me wearing only my jock—ripe with male scent. I eased myself forward on the couch, spread my legs to give Gray better access, and beckoned him to me.

He immediately started to sniff and lick my jock-covered hard-on and balls.

Totally enjoying the feel of Gray's tongue through my jock, my eyes became excitedly fixed on his huge, sheathed cock and equally big balls, which I now desperately wanted to stroke with my bare foot. Not wanting to startle or maybe agitate him, I started by rubbing his underside along the belly, working my foot slowly toward my intended target.

Finally, I reached his sheathed cock and started to stroke it gently with my bare foot. Now sexually stimulated, Gray's pink pointed cock began to emerge from its sheath, and he started to hump the bottom of my bare foot. To give him an increased humping area, my other foot joined the foot fucking action. In between his humping thrusts, I continued to stroke Gray's now totally emerged, fully engorged organ, as well as his ample balls, with both of my feet—now slick with Gray's oozing pre-cum.

This was the first time I'd ever seen a dog's erect penis, and I was totally awed by the length and width of Gray's dick. It was every bit as big as mine, which was now straining for release.

So, interrupting the foot job and humping action, I slid my jock off. My freed cock—twitching, throbbing, and oozing pre-cum was never harder. Needing no persuasion, Gray began giving my cock, balls, and even my ass trench an incredible lick job. Without doubt, the sensations afforded by Gray's tongue far exceeded any blow job I'd received up until then. It was all I could do to keep from cumming. All the while, Gray continued to hump the air with his massive, unsheathed dick intermittently.

Suddenly, I was struck by a wild urge—to have Gray hump my cock and balls. To that end, I slowly eased myself forward and partially off the couch, positioning my groin as close as I could to Gray's still-humping dick. I then started to hump upward at a fast pace, just inches from Gray's dick. He must have gotten the idea because he eased his upper body onto the couch with his paws on either side of me.

With both of us now in hump mode, our cocks came into contact, and I let Gray hump away on my eager cock and balls. This was beyond hot, and my sexual excitation hit new heights. It didn't take long before Gray began to shoot his runny cum load all over my cock, balls, and stomach. The amount of discharge was staggering. I, too, wanted to cum badly but decided to hold off a bit longer.

It's a good thing I did, as there was more kink to follow. Gray had by now calmed down and was preoccupied with licking his cock clean. He then got up and walked over to the back door—an indication of his need to go out. To piss, perhaps? I hoped so. Quickly slipping my shorts on over my still-hard cock, I looked out to make sure the coast was clear. The only way to see into the yard was from my second-floor bedroom, and as no one was home at my house, we were good to go.

As I opened the door, Gray made a quick dash for his favorite pissing tree. I quickly followed, arriving at the tree just as Gray cocked his leg. I lifted my bare foot into his warm piss stream. Finally, at long last, my bedroom window fantasy was being fully realized. The sight, aroma, and feel of Gray's steady piss load hitting my foot made for a heady blend of new, wild sensations. With my dick now aching to cum, and with Gray's warm piss still hitting my foot, I lowered my shorts and began to jerk off.

With my foot still saturated with Gray's piss, I laid down on the grass and continued jerking off. Gray turned his attention to my self-pleasuring, poking his snout into the action. In just moments, my aching cock shot multiple spurts of teenage spunk all over my chest, stomach, and pubic area. Gray wasted no time in sniffing and then licking at my mega-spunk deposits. The feel of his tongue against my now overly sensitive dick tip made me near crazy.

As I got back up, and with my dick becoming flaccid, I realized my need to piss. Wondering what Gray's reaction would be, I walked over to his piss tree and began to cut loose a long, steady piss stream against the tree's base. A curious Gray, in an effort to sniff at my offering, got a shot of piss on his snout. He didn't seem to mind, though, and simply wiped his snout off in the grass.

Wondering if Gray would lick piss off of me, as he had my cum, I stopped mid-stream and once again laid down on the grass. I held my dick upward and pissed, saturating my chest, stomach, and pubic area. Sure enough, Gray sniffed and began to lick at my piss. Wow, I couldn't have scripted this piss action with Gray any better. Well, almost.

What I still wanted was for Gray to actually initiate peeing on my foot instead of me sticking my foot into his passive piss stream. But how? Well, it occurred to me that male dogs tend to piss-mark areas where they sniff the piss scent of other male dogs. It also occurred to me that on my morning runs through the local park. There was one particular light pole where I'd often seen male dogs stop to piss. My thinking was that if I could manage to get the male dog piss scent onto my bare foot, Gray might be inclined to piss-mark it for me.

Fortunately, Ted was working again the next day, so letting Gray out would be my repeated duty. This time, during my morning run, I stopped to "rest" near the piss pole, sitting down on a nearby bench and removing my sneakers and socks. During my 20-minute wait, three people stopped to let their male dogs piss against the base of the light pole. Once out of sight and with no one else around, I walked over to the pole with my sneakers and socks in hand and rubbed my right barefoot all over the base of the pole where the dogs had pissed. One spot was still moist where the last dog had lifted his leg, and I could feel myself getting hard.

Slipping my socks and sneakers back on, I completed my run and headed for Gray's house. Once again, Gray greeted me and sniffed me over. But then he headed toward the back door to be let out. Talk about good timing.

I didn't want him to make a run for the tree without first having the opportunity to sniff and, hopefully, piss on my scented foot. So, I squeezed myself out the back door without letting him out. I then quickly removed my right sneaker and sock to expose my dog piss scented foot.

Holding my body against the door to keep Gray from pushing his way out prematurely, I let the door open enough to fit my foot inside and up to Gray's protruding snout.

His focused, intense sniffing was a sure sign that he had detected the scent. As I opened the door, Gray didn't make the usual beeline for the tree but eagerly approached the foot I now extended out toward him. And then, as hoped for, he cocked his leg and let a piss spurt on my foot. Then, sniffing it a second time, he peed on it again—a steadier stream this time.

Way too much for me to further withstand, I quickly lowered my shorts and jock and began to jerk off. This time, I shot my ample load onto my pissy foot, which Gray immediately sniffed at and licked. I figured I might as well complete the scenario, so I then proceeded to piss on my foot. Gray sniffed at my foot—now saturated with a combination of male dog scent, Gray's piss, my cum, and my piss. And once again, his sniffing was followed by delivering yet another warm piss spurt on my foot. Talk about an unbelievably hot finale!

But ecstasy turned to horror when I looked up to see Ted standing in the doorway. I didn't know how long he'd been there, what he'd seen, what he thought, or what he would do. All I knew was that I wanted to run, but I couldn't.

What happened after that may be the basis of a follow-up story.

I would be very interested in hearing from readers who have had any kind of foot and/or piss experiences with male dogs, horses, etc.

*The End*