

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Mr. Wallace, my neighbor, owns a good-looking taffy colored Labrador. His name is Pete, and the dog is not Mr. Wallace. Wallace always walks him on a leash. It's a good thing because I think the beast has a thing for me and eyes me hungrily whenever we meet. I think he thinks of my left leg as a good bone to eat and bury.

"Hello, Jeff," Mr. Wallace said today.

He also eyes me like he'd like to gnaw on my "bone." Wallace is a "Mr. Wallace" but he isn't one of the fathers of my friends. He is a youngish guy, maybe thirty, and lives alone on the top floor of a two-story house. I know he works at Grandma's Attic, an antique store in town. These factors add up to suggest that he plays on that other team...maybe Pete too.

Later that afternoon, I was home alone after school. I was taking a nap on the daybed just inside the hall to the living room. I was lying on my back, my hand, almost by itself, strayed under my waistband and was getting friendly with my warm, stiff friend. My attention was just brought that delicious pre-cum feeling. I was not actually about to spew, but I was hung in that suspended time between that my hips were getting buzzy, and my cock head was oozing sperm bubbles.

That time was hypnotic, and I was zoned out, but my droopy eyes snapped open as a blur of a butterscotch-colored hairy canine burst through the screen door. The screen lay on the floor, and the dog stopped, and his warm brown eyes regarded me possessively.

"Pete, scram, go home, no, no, no."

Those last words were shouted out as Pete undressed me. Sounds crazy, huh? But his big teeth pulled off my tee shirt, and he tugged my pants to my ankles, baring my naked tush. (No underwear! What do you expect? Less wash to do.)

Pete paused a moment dripping saliva on my butt cheeks and then went to work. His tongue must be as big as a throw rug as it lapped my tender ass hole. A dog's tongue can be a wonderful thing when it does that to you. Its roughness is like a thousand caresses. In five seconds I was reduced to a squeaking maiden getting her hymen attacked.

I turned over with difficulty to try to get my anal target into a protected position, but that was a bad idea. He finished the job of pulling off my sports pants, leaned his muscular chest against the back of my eighteen-year-old hairless thighs, and pushed. My feet were now at my ears, and Pete's now evident prick was hard and red and about to storm my virgin shit hole.

It was at the hole. It tickled...at first, but then it entered a bit. "Oh shit!" I said to him as if he might understand, but he was too busy wallowing in his heavy sexual yearnings.

My "Oh shit" was repeated several times but then morphed into "Oh, P-e-e-et..." as he sunk deeper into my now embarrassingly cooperating ass. I loved this action but wouldn't let myself admit it. I fought the, the, the, call a spade a spade...RAPE, but my fighting only made Pete hang on tighter and got him started into a rapid fuck motion.

In some states, a man may marry a man. Now, I was wondering if I might get a license to marry Pete. I was fast falling in love with his prick and the motion. My cock was dripped more than I had ever known before. I knew that this dumb dog was bringing me to a heavy cum. Just as I was falling into it, I felt hot dog spooge spitting into my hot hole. Pete hung on like he was in a Kansas tornado, the two of us, man and beast, sharing a profoundly intimate moment of mutual cum.

When it was over, I reached for a cigarette. I offered one to Pete, but he ignored me. As I smoked, suddenly, I realized that I had been attacked. The more I thought of his smug owner and the way Pete had had his way with me, the madder I got. I sat up on the bed and dialed 911. Pete, meanwhile, had settled down on the end-of-the-day bed and was taking a post-sex nap.

I reported the emergency to the lady, and she asked me if the “man” had been known to me before. When she heard it was a dog, she assumed that was my characterization of my attacker.

“A policeman will be there within fifteen minutes.”

I tried to stay awake, but sex got me as much as Pete, and I slipped into a hard nap.

I woke up to find a tall, lanky police cadet shaking my shoulder. Apparently, I didn’t rate a real policeman.

“What’s the story here, dude.” He took in my still bare butt. “Hey, is that dog vicious?”

Pete opened one eye and then went back to sleep.

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I looked over this Ichabod Crane of a fellow whose cutely knit eyebrows were showing concern. I lifted my arm and presented my hand to him. He stared down at it, then proffered his delicious hand with ridiculously long tapered fingers. As I grasped his cool hand, I wondered if he had a long prick with a tapered head.

“Name is Cadet Officer Sean Reilly,” he said with a voice slightly hoarse with, I think, beginning “like.”

“Jeff here.” Then, remembering my call to 911, I answered the question in his eyes. “I was sleeping, and that dog climbed on top of me and forced me to have sex with him.”

Young Officer Reilly’s pretty gray eyes opened wide. In his life, his short life, he had never heard of anything like that. Of course, when he was about eleven years old, he did have fun stimulating Prince, his police dog (what else?), in spitting out cloudy gobs of sex fluid, and that often caused him to shoot his immature spunk simultaneously.

“It just doesn’t seem possible to me, sir.”

“Look, you can see for yourself. Take off your uniform pants, lie on your belly, and see what happens.”

“That is totally against some regulation, I am sure,” but the front of his plain front, tight uniform showed some interest.

I was sitting up now. This boy was excitingly dense—the best kind of boy. “Surely you know that it is SOP to reenact the crime?”

A dim bulb in his head flickered. “Oh yes, that’s true.” He shrugged his shoulders and, standing on one long leg, removed his heavy lace-up shoe. Then he pulled off his thick gray socks.

Oh, that foot. A great foot. A foot to be greatly admired. Highly arched, impossibly long toes, and there was a slight fragrance of feet in the room.

Next, he slid off his pants (28-36). His long, slim, hairless legs with a nice calf muscle came into view. He turned away from decorously to remove his briefs. I was touched that they were greatly stretched out, and there was a hole in the rear with a two-inch circumference.

Down they went. His cheeks were blushing—those cheeks down there. Wasting no time, he lay down on the bed I had just vacated and waited.

Pete's head was up, then his body as he slowly hunt-walked toward the bed. The boy cop's ass was on display. What a piece of work. The halves thrust out in muscular arcs, and they revealed the dark valley between. Each cheek was decorated with a large dimple. I felt that I needed all my willpower to resist stroking them.

By now, Pete had that look on his face that showed he had slipped from sleepy pet dog to canine despoiler of humans. Out came that tongue, or rather, it unfolded like a map of the Amazon River. The dog resumed what was for him a familiar position, his rear paws on each side of a waiting ass. He closed his eyes as if he was about to lick a juicy steak and sniffed.

"Oh my, oh my," Sean mumbled.

But when Pete began licking the boy's virgin anal entry, a slight look of pleasure wreathed Sean's boyish face. It was a look of unexpected joy. Do you know about happy endings? This was a happy beginning.

I watched the boy and the dog getting acquainted, smiling down at them with avuncular pride, but this warm, emotional scene was broken as the dog's owner, Mr. Wallace burst into the room.

"What have we here? You guys taking advantage of my innocent dog?" Mr. Wallace said.

"Are you kidding, Mr. Wallace? Your dog is a pillager and a raper. He actually fucked me, and now Officer Sean is being prepped for an assault," I said.

For the first time, Mr. Wallace regarded the body before him. His senses were immediately assailed, as mine had been, at the sight of this perfect work of art buttocks. His soft face began to mutate into a mask of sexual interest and robotic, and he began to remove his clothes.

"Oh, Heavens! That arse! It's so cute. I am quite overcome," Mr. Wallace moaned.

Hell, my room had become like a gym locker room. But my annoyance changed as I saw the body that my neighbor revealed. This guy must work out daily. He was a bit hairy but in a nice way. His chest was a study in muscular development, and his abs and down to his heavy thighs were in perfect symmetry. His prick was thick and curved, and it was now displayed like a rhino horn.

Breathing like a racehorse, he pushed the whimpering dog away, and Mr. Wallace replaced it atop the Cadet. As his big-headed prick bobbed at the entry to Sean's hole, the Cadet signed, and his smiling face now broke into a full toothy grin. He wiggled his ass in invitation. I think he thought the dog was still here. Then, with a cry of need, Mr. Wallace inserted the big head of his prick just inside of the boy's ass. Sean was whimpering in excitement and fear. Wallace grasped the slim waist for purchase and began slight fuck motions to get his cock to move further into that heavenly, dark passage.

Sean emitted a long, soulful "A-a-a-h," much like Columbus did as he stepped on the new continent and spied naked Indians, their chests smeared with buffalo grease. He immediately made plans to invite one or two of the Redmen into his cabin for some in-and-out.

Mr. Wallace was dripping spit as his prong felt the hot ass tube surrounding it. The two fuckers were harmonizing delightfully. Sean's mewling of the police academy song was especially sexy. Wallace, a devotee of Judy Garland, sang, 'Over the Rainbow.' Pete stared at his owner's familiar hole as it opened slightly and then closed as he thrust. The dog acted as if he had been called. In one leap, he was upon Wallace, and Wallace cried out with approval as the dog's slippery red cock slid into its accustomed berth in the man's ass.

Here, you have the scene of scenes. Dog fucking hairy man's ass, man fucking boy's slim ass, boy humping the bed. Everyone is happy except me and my cock. I looked down at my raging hard-on. It had reached the stage of dripping and leaping. I thought about a quick rub-off, but that seemed a cheap way of getting off when the other creatures in the room were having a real fuck fest.

I looked down hungrily at pretty Sean's pushed mouth. Every so often, it opened slightly, and his pink tongue tip slipped out. How nice that hot tongue would feel on my fervent prick. I got into position by kneeling next to the bed and placed my aching cock head right at the boy's lips. His tongue, being on an out beat, swiped across my cockhead, gathering up the honeydew there.

Almost immediately, his mouth opened, dripping spit, I moved forward, and his lips opened and surrounded my cockhead. I waited, and then when I felt his tongue begin to lick away, I felt it ripe to move forward. He lifted his head and swallowed my shaft so that my pubic hair was tickling his chin. He slurped hungrily. I moaned like a helpless calf.

The room was a bacchanalia of male to male to dog to male sex. The pitch of sounds added to the excitement. I already felt my balls whirling, ready to deliver many pulses of jizz to the hungry police boy in training. Behind him, Mr. Wallace's eyes were traveling up as he began to move slower, ready to deposit a week's worth of sperm. Behind him, Pete was making soft yipping sounds as his red penis began to push out his stuff.

Suddenly, everything changed. Pete finished his cum, and his balls, still big, remained for a while in Wallace's ass. But then, one slap on his nose cooled his ardor, and his balls slipped out of Wallace's well-used ass. Wallace dislodged himself from Sean's young ass making the sound like a cork being removed from a bottle. Sean's signed in resignation as his lovely fuck was over. He got up, sliding a bit on the big, slimy puddle he had left on the bed.

Sean put on his hat as a quasi-official attempt. He deepened his voice to an approximation of the way the Sergeant talked. "So, do you wish to make a complaint, Jeff? I don't think you can bring the dog up on charges. As for his owner, I have special feelings for him, or at least his big, er, reputation."

"No," I told the cutie, "let's forget it. Suppose you guys get dressed, and we have a beer or two."

Pete wagged his tail vigorously. Mr. Wallace laughed. "Pete loves beer, but don't get him drunk. He is a menace when he is and wants to fuck everything in sight."

Two hours later and six beers afterward, we were all friends. As we shook hands and paws, Cadet Sean whispered to me, "I'll check by in a few hours to be sure you are okay."

*The End*