

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



© by Ken C.

"You silly bugger, Ralph," I shouted and quickly stood up straight, sending my Great Dane puppy tumbling back over himself.

He wasn't hurt, just surprised he'd ended up doing a backflip and got up with his tongue lolling and looking at his cute, dumb self. Embarrassingly for me, my two mates (both of them straight) were in the room and saw the whole thing and were pissing themselves laughing.

"Don't ever get a Great Dane for a dog," I said. "They're as horny as goats growing up and as big as a pony when they've grown up." '

Ralph was your typical example of a 6-month-old Great Dane pup. 50% legs, 25% body, 0% brain, and 25% balls, cock, and hormones. Ralph (the family named him that after an old honeymooners TV episode where Morty suggested the name Ralph and said that way the dog would come to another dog that barked (rolf, rolf, rolf-get it.), had only just had his balls drop down. I hadn't yet bothered to get him booked in at our vet to get him spayed.

That 25% balls and cock I wrote about Ralph isn't made up. His red rocket had to have been nine inches long if it were an inch. His nut sack already hung low between his back legs, enough to show his two huge balls. The shit was certainly damned better hung than I was, to boot, and just as horny. Mind you, while he wanted to mount anything, I preferred being mounted by guys and not mounting girls.

The dog was forever desperately trying to mount anything and everything, not standing up or sitting down at a table. Sitting on a lounge, or lounge chair even saw anyone being mounted from the front, his red rocket well out of his sheath and dripping. I'm 5'7", and already, when he stood on his back legs, he was as tall as I am and bloody heavy to boot. As furious as I was with Ralph, which had caused the hysterics among my two mates, it was hard not to love the stupid mutt.

Like all Great Danes, he had a sweet, gentle temperament, although boisterously clumsy to match it. The biggest drawbacks to having them were that they drooled badly, ate like pigs the size of horses, took up the entire back seat of a car, and left the rear windows lathered in drool as well as the back seat. At four months of age, I gave up using the car's inside rear mirror and used the outside mirrors because when he wasn't hanging out the rear windows, was sitting in the middle of the back seat and blocking my rearview mirror.

The only other problem with owning a Dane was seeing little children hide behind their parents in the street if I was out walking Ralph and passing them. If they'd only understood, the mutt was simply curious to sniff them when he'd dragged me physically towards a frightened family minding their own business and walking somewhere.

After my mates left, I sat back on the lounge to watch some TV and was immediately getting horny. Great Dane advanced, trying to mount me. After finally getting him calmed down and lying on the floor, I sat back to watch the show in peace, which soon had my hand choking the chicken and as frisky as Ralph normally was. I was sort of between boyfriends and hadn't had a cock in me for several weeks, which was sort of driving me bat-shit.

Looking down at Ralph sprawled out in front of me also saw me look at his wet red cock still out of his sheath in all its glory. Idly thinking I'd like some cock right then made me start thinking about Ralph's dick, and should I consider wondering if, before he even got to enjoy being a male dog, he'd lose the reasons very soon. Did he even think that or possibly understand? What if it were me? Would I like it if someone cut off my balls without having any say? Although I preferred to be the

girlfriend in a screw or possible relationship, I'd fucked my fair share of guys, too, and still did occasionally.

That got me thinking. Should I consider asking my parents about not getting Ralph fixed since I wouldn't want my nuts lopped off? Otherwise, he'd get to use that dick (and the breeder had asked me when I picked him up if I'd consider allowing him to use Ralph for stud duties once he turned 12 months old?) The dog was certainly well-hung and still growing, too.

Slowly my mind dropped down to my dick which I was presently throttling and enjoying the sensation. I wanted (not needed) to blow a load and no time but the present was better to do that, so my hand sped up. Soon I was beyond caring what I thought and tugged faster and faster till the python spat and my undies and hand were covered in warm slimy jizz as I tried to catch my breath.

My grunts must have awoken Ralph because I had no sooner started coming down from my jack-off session than I was feeling my dog's body straddling me on the lounge, his back hips desperately thrusting away at air and his head and mouth brushing under my left arm and trying to find a way inside the shorts I was wearing. My thoughts simply leaped to feminine, and I needed some dick inside of me right now, and I didn't care whose dick it was as long as it was big, hard, and horny.

Sliding off of the lounge and quickly getting up, I had Ralph half trying to mount me standing up as I struggled to pull down my shorts and undies in frantic lust. I'd no sooner got them down to my ankles and was trying to bend down to get them off, than Ralph decided now was his chance to do what it was inside his head that Mother Nature had put there. I lost my balance and rolled over onto the floor before struggling to get up on my hands and knees.

As soon as I did, Ralph leaped onto my back like greased lightning and fucking the air behind me as his front paws desperately gripped my sides, which were protected, thank god, by the T-shirt I had on. I managed to get the slight coating of my slimy jizz on one of my fingers up against my hole and wipe it without losing my balance before I felt Ralph's tip find my opening.

I then discovered after several painful jabs into my butt cheek how a dog's dick actually was before I pushed back slightly, letting my legs drop. My bum lifted higher; after that, Ralph found his opening again, and I felt myself being opened slightly before any lightning thrust saw me impaled on his hot thick dick, and my back door felt as if it was on fire; the entry had been so fast and rough.

Ralph seemed to know he was on a good thing and began to jackhammer fuck me frantically. I was simply trying not to clench my back door as he slowly struggled further onto my back and deeper inside me at the same time.

I'd never in all my years of being fucked ever been fucked so fast and desperately before. The initial fast painful entry was now giving way to the more enjoyable in-out motions of a dick fucking a hole, and Ralph was certainly plowing me properly. I'd felt some squirts of something slimy and hot inside of me as he began mounting me. With the token amount of my jizz, I was now well lubricated for his hard fucking motion and was starting to enjoy it so much that I was pushing back, trying to get him further inside of me.

Soon, however, I felt my back door opening being pushed slightly wider. I simply complied with it and tried fake pooping myself, which had my opening being forced slightly wider apart. This seemed to spur Ralph to try forcing himself even further into me, and I felt my back door being painfully forced wider and wider apart while I was quietly screaming at the pain in my asshole. Forcing his front paws slightly more up the sides of my body had me squeal "fuck" before I felt my opening suddenly close around his cock, with my insides now absolutely full.

Then I began to feel a rapidly constant hot squirting inside me while at the same time, I felt his cock also growing thicker inside me. At the same time, the jackhammering had now slowed down and been replaced by a slower but more steady, deep thrusting. I hadn't bothered to douche myself this morning since I hadn't planned on going out for a fuck later on, so my shit for the last day or so was trapped inside of me and being forced deeper inside of me, which makes me feel nauseous and want to vomit.

Ralph was definitely fucking me properly, and I was beginning to think to myself how to stop Dad from getting him fixed now, as man's best friend was definitely mine now, forever. I just wondered how long he'd be hard and remain inside of me since I'd have to get the room tidied up afterward before any of the family got home.

On the floor on all fours, my mind in sexual bliss, I didn't hear the door handle turn. "Oh my god, Chris, what are you doing," screeched my sister Susan as she stood there gazing down at the bestial sex happening before her eyes.

Mom, Dad, and her knew of my sexual leanings and, on the whole, left me in peace provided I didn't do anything stupid, which I feel having the family pet fucking me would be justifiably considered stupid.

"What do you think I'm doing, Susy? I'm letting Ralph fuck me senseless," I answered. Then feeling the familiar tingle down below, I said breathlessly, "Oh, fuck me dead, Ralph. You're making me cum."

I felt my cock explode and a noisy splat as my jizz hit the floor under me, which had my sister kneeling beside me and asking me how it felt being a dog's bitch.

"Bloody fantastic, Susy. The best fuck I've ever had, and trust me, I've had a fair few," I informed her.

"Yeah, I know that for a fact, little brother. I've had to do the family washing occasionally, and I've seen and felt the damp crotch on a few pairs of your undies. So what's Ralph dick feel like?" she asked.

"You should try it for yourself, Suzy. I'll be willing to bet you that none of your boyfriends could ever fuck you this good," I told her. "In fact, I'll even help you out if you want to try him but don't blame me if you can't walk properly afterward or ditch whoever it is your fucking at the moment. You'd also better be able to be on your hands and knees for a while."

As I said that, I saw my sister put her finger into my jizz and then pop it into her mouth before waiting to taste it and quickly doing it again.

"Breakfast of champions, Sis?" I asked cheekily, which got me a nod along with a broad smile.

About another five minutes later and with my sister seated on the lounge behind me watching everything and asking me the occasional question, I felt Ralph slip off of me clumsily and then the most intense pain in all my life around my asshole as the dumb mutt tried moving away while being still trapped inside of me. My scream of pain and shouting at my startled sister to grab the dog had her momentarily frozen in place until another shout to her about the dog had her dashing over to hold onto Ralph.

I explained the problem to her but told her I had no idea how to help. This was when my sister's worldly knowledge came to the fore. She told me about the male dog knot and how it would soon

shrink enough to slide out of me. But it didn't quite shrink small enough, and his exit was painful, although admittedly fast. It left me to crouch down with my head in my hands and breathe furiously, trying to mask the pain in front of my sister.

His withdrawal also meant I was helpless to stop a lot of his sperm from squirting out of my anus and onto the floor. Having my sister say the appropriate: "Ewwww" sound and tell me I'd better get my pants back on and clean it up.

She meanwhile led Ralph outside into the backyard before coming back to see me getting gingerly upright and putting on my undies and shorts again, although slowly, as I still hurt back there. I staggered out to the kitchen, grabbed a pair of sponges and a roll of paper towels, and went back in and knelt on the floor to clean up the mess. While doing it, I was unable to prevent making a wet sloppy farting noise in my underpants which I knew were now stained.

"Christ on the cross, Chris. Get a shower and make sure if you've shit your undies, to throw them in the garbage and not into the dirty clothes basket, will ya," Suzy told me.

After I'd cleaned up the room, showered, and checked for any bleeding, which there was, my sister loaned me one of her sanitary pads to put in the clean undies I was now wearing. My sister and I had a long talk about what had happened to me today, and we both made a pinkie promise together. We worked out a time and place for my sister to experience Ralph as well.

*The End*