

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was late on a Saturday morning, and I was feeling restless. I had just come back from my daily run. Today, I did 5 miles. At 41, I took pride in keeping myself in shape. I was in my bathroom, about to get in the shower. I dropped the robe I was wearing and looked myself over in the mirror. My legs were toned and long. My ass, too, was high and tight from years of running. My stomach was flat even though I had two kids. The only thing that was a little out of place was my boobs. They were on the large side. When I was pregnant with my daughter, they had ballooned up to 36D and just stayed that way. They did not sag at all, but you could tell they were heavy. They made running difficult sometimes, but I was still glad I had them.

I slipped into the shower and enjoyed the warm spray. I soaped up and enjoyed the slick smoothness of my skin. My breasts got me a lot of attention, I admit. Of course, I like to show them off in low-cut tops and dresses, and I even went braless sometimes. Young men and old men would stare at them. Did I tease? Sure I did. I ran my hands over them, across the brown tips of them, making my nipples perk up and get hard. I felt their weight and fullness. They were all natural, all me. As my right hand played with a hard nipple, my left hand worked its way down lower. Down past my tummy and between my legs. I always kept myself perfectly smooth, either by shaving or waxing. My hand found what it was seeking: my swollen labia. I was very aroused, and I could not put my finger on why.

My fingers parted my lips and found my hole. Pushing inside with two, it felt hot and tight. I was slick on the outside from the soap but also on the inside from something my pussy was producing. It was sticky and slick at the same time, and there was a lot of it. I thought about what date it was, and I knew then what was going on. It was the time of the month for me to ovulate. Today and tomorrow I would be at my most fertile. Whenever this happened, I got super horny, and my pussy started to discharge this slick stuff. I guess it was lubricating itself in anticipation of getting fucked.

I found my clit, which was big and swollen. Playing with that and pulling on a nipple was going to get me off quickly. I pulled hard and rubbed faster. I felt the familiar fluttering down below. I gave into my orgasm in the shower and had to let go of my boob to steady myself against the wall. I came hard, and my knees got a little shaky. I recovered and finished washing my hair and got out of the shower. After I dried off, I decided to be lazy today, and I put one of my son's big t-shirts on and nothing else. It came down to mid-thigh. I got something to eat and drink and then decided to get on the computer in my home office.

I went to a photo sharing site where I had posted some pics of myself, some clothed and some naked. I loved to read the comments and messages from admirers. There were groups I belonged to that were based on different themes. One was about fantasies. A question was asked to the group about your deepest darkest fantasy. A few people had started to respond and I read them. I got to one a young married woman had posted, and her fantasy was to have sex with a dog. Of course, I knew this was a fantasy for some and also a reality for others. Her response was well-written and seemed very sincere. You could almost feel the desire she had for it.

I surfed around for a little while and stopped by an erotic story site. I always like reading the top-rated ones or some new ones. I went down the list and saw a highly rated-one. It was about a woman and her dog. Reading about that woman's fantasy on that other site got me curious, so I opened the story. I spent the next 30 min or so reading it and re-reading it. She described the experience in nice detail, explaining how different sex with a canine was from sex with a human. At the end of the story, she says that she has sex with her dog all the time now, and she could easily give up sex with humans. I shook my head and thought that sex with a dog must be very special for someone to consider that move.

While I had been reading the story, I hadn't noticed that I had also been playing with my pussy. My hand was under the t-shirt, and I was rubbing away. I was very slick and wet, and I read the good parts again and shuddered with my second orgasm of the day. After I was done, I wondered if I did that because I was horny from ovulating or did I get off to the idea of having sex with a dog? I was alone in the house today. My son was away at school, and my daughter was spending the weekend with a friend. There was one other in the house with me. It just so happened to be my dog. My male dog.

Now, I have had lots of kinky sex in my life. Some were pretty wild, but I will be honest: I had never even considered bestiality. Sure, I had seen my dog's cock when he was licking it, and I had seen dogs fucking before, but sex between me and a dog had never crossed my mind. That is up until right now. That woman who had the fantasy seemed so turned on by the idea, and the woman in the story loved it so much that she only wanted that kind of sex. I had pulled my fingers from my pussy and were looking at them. They were covered in a clear, slick goo. As I was looking at it, I knew my dog was on his bed in the other room. He was a 2 yr old Blue Heeler and had not been fixed. I chuckled to myself, thinking he probably would have no interest at all. Looking at my fingers again, I heard his name called. It was I who had called him and I didn't even realize it.

He came trotting into my office, all curious. I was sure he was expecting food, play, or a walk. I told him to sit, and he did. I was really nervous, and I hadn't done a thing. Maybe I would see if he would lick my fingers. I mean, if he weren't interested in that, then he probably wouldn't want anything beyond that. I said what the hell to myself, and I dipped my fingers back in my wet pussy and held them out to him. I told him it was OK to come check them out. He cocked his head to the side once, then stood up and came over to them. I don't think he quite knew what he was supposed to do. He froze for a moment, then slowly stuck his nose out, getting closer to my wet fingers, and I saw and felt him sniff. Well, he was curious, at least. Then he did it again. The third time he sniffed, his long pink tongue snaked out, and he licked my fingers. I saw his tongue go back in his mouth, and I knew he was tasting me. He came back for a second, third, and fourth helping. I guess he liked my taste.

I dipped my hand into my wet pussy a few more times, and he would lick it all off. OK, where was this going? Doing this was exciting but fairly harmless. I knew the next step was to see if he would lick directly from the source, my pussy. The only thing I was nervous about at this point was getting caught. I knew that was unlikely, but I got up and checked all the doors to make sure they were locked.

When I sat back down in my big office chair, I pulled up the T-shirt I was wearing. I was naked from the waist down now. I sat at the edge of the chair so that my pussy was easy to get to. I called him over and did the finger thing again to make sure he was still interested. He was, and so I leaned back in the chair, positioning my open and exposed pussy very close to his face. I was breathing hard and shaking a little, waiting to see what he would do. My finger was gone, but the smell he liked wasn't. He sniffed around for it, and sure enough, he found it. This was different for him, and he hesitated. Then frozen, I watched as his tongue came out again, and he licked me from asshole to clit. Oh my God, that felt so good. I leaned back and closed my eyes, hoping he would keep going.

That's just what he did. Once he found the source, it was like he couldn't get enough. He was lapping at me now. He was using very long strokes with his big tongue. No man had ever done it like this. It didn't take long for me, and I shuddered with another orgasm. That produced more fluid, which he continued to lap up. I felt another one wash over me, and I jerked a little. My clit was super sensitive by now. Almost too sensitive to touch. I needed a little break, but I didn't want him to lose interest.

I called his name and he stopped and looked at me. The way I was leaning back in my chair, his face

was visible between my two large breasts. My nipples needed attention, and I wondered if I could get him to lick them. I patted my tummy, which told him I wanted him to come up here. He jumped up, putting his forepaws on the chair at my waist and leaving his hind legs on the ground. I could feel his hairy chest on my tummy. My boobs were basically in his face. I grabbed one and directed the nipple toward his doggie mouth. He looked at it the licked it once, but that was it.

Thinking about how to get him interested, I knew if my breasts were leaking milk, he would be licking them all day. Maybe I would try to get that to happen someday. I figured the next best thing was stuff he liked already, my pussy juice. I reached down and got some and rubbed it on a nipple. Holding it to his nose he sniffed and then licked it repeatedly. His tongue was just rough enough to send shock waves through them. My nipples were rock hard and very long. I got both of my nipples wet from my pussy, and I was holding my breasts so he would pay attention to both of them.

While I was concentrating on getting this done, I felt something. Something that was hard and pointy was poking me. Mainly on my inner thigh but once or twice on my pussy lips. I scooted in my chair a little to try to get my nipple in his mouth, hoping he might even nibble on it. I guess that little shift of position was enough to cause what happened next. I felt the hot hard pokey thing hit right in the opening of my pussy which was spread eagle in the chair and very wet. As soon as it did, my dog scooted forward and hunched his hips. Right then, about 5 inches of his dog cock went inside my pussy. Immediately, he started thrusting, trying to get more in.

I was in a state of shock. Time froze for a moment for me. I had not decided to have sexual intercourse with my dog, but it was happening right now. Did I want this? Was I ready? Did I need to think about this? I panicked and pushed myself up off the chair and stood up. My dog jumped down off me, and his cock, of course, came out of me. I didn't want him to think he did anything bad, so I just kept telling him he was a good boy and it was OK. I paced around the room for a moment. His cock had been inside me. I actually had been having sex with a dog, even if it was only for a few seconds.

I was freaking out, wishing for someone to help me get past this point, and decided what to do next. I looked at him, and he was laying in the corner licking his cock. He looked at me and it was like he was smiling. He didn't care about social ramifications. All he wanted was a tight hot pussy to shove his doggie cock into. I laughed at myself and decided this was just sex. It was supposed to be fun. It didn't matter who was involved.

I decided to try it again. I peeled off my t-shirt and threw it in the corner. I wanted to be as naked as he was. I guessed the best position to have sex with a doggie is doggie style, so I got down on my hands and knees. I didn't know if I should call him over or just wait to see what he would do. My large breasts were hanging down under me. Their weight was pulling them down. The brown, wrinkly ends and long nipples were pointing down. I always loved this position because it made them swing. I needed him to get re-interested in my body. I called his name and held a boob out to him. He came over and sniffed and licked it, and then I went around my body almost like he was examining it.

He got to my backside, and that piqued his interest. He found my smell again and started to lick my pussy. This was nice, but that's not what I wanted him to do. I patted my ass and my lower back trying to get him to hop up on me. He put his head there but didn't quite get the message. He was close enough to me that I could reach back and grab his front legs and gently pull him up there.

Once he got his chest on my lower back, he immediately wrapped his forelegs around my waist. He scratched me a little, but that was OK. He shuffled forward and started hunching his hips. I looked between my legs and saw that his cock was hard and about halfway out of its sheath. I needed to

lower my hips down some to improve the alignment. He really didn't have long legs. We were getting close, and I reached back and gently guided him. This was so crazy and I wanted this so bad. There would be no problem with lubrication. My pussy was dripping. I managed actually to get the tip to touch my entrance. He pushed forward, and it went back into me. That was when I discovered the difference between having sex with a dog and a human.

Most guys start slow and try to last a long time. They stroke slowly at first, enjoying the feeling and trying to hold back. Only at the end do they stroke quickly as they cum. A dog, however, is like a jackhammer right from the beginning. My dog was absolutely hammering my pussy. It was just rapid-fire strokes. His cock was a good thickness and pretty long. My tight pussy was gripping it, but he was getting more and more in me. I looked down at my boobs, and they were flopping all around from the hammering.

His cock felt so hot. It was way hotter than a guy's. I had seen it out of its sheath before, and I knew there was more to go to get in me. His one purpose was to shove as much of his hot hard, doggie cock inside me as possible. This was an amazing fuck, and I just tried to relax and enjoy it.

I was on my elbows and knees, and I was actually pushing back into his thrusts. Just as I felt the tip of his cock hit bottom, I felt something else. A hard mass at the entrance to my pussy. I knew this was his knot, and I reached back with my hand to feel it. I guessed it to be about the size of a lemon. He was trying to get it in me. I was already pretty full of his cock. He kept pressing it in, and I let him. The tip of his cock was pressing right into my cervix, and he wanted to go further. I guessed he stretched something in me because I felt his knot pop inside me. As soon as that happened, he stopped thrusting. He held very still.

I was breathing hard, too, and decided to take a break. He was deep inside me, and I felt a warmth there. It was way up inside me, like into my uterus. His cock was throbbing too. He was cumming. My dog was actually cumming inside me. His sole purpose was to deposit as much of his sperm inside this fertile bitch. As his cock kept squirting in me, I felt a swelling just inside my pussy. In the story, the woman had described her dog's knot swelling and I knew that was happening to me now. How big it would get, I had no idea.

I have always had a tight pussy. Guys with big cock can eventually get inside me, but they tell me it feels like a custom glove on their cocks. My pussy was gripping my dog's cock now. His knot had swelled up to, I guess, its max size. I was not moving when he climbed off me to one side, swinging his leg over. He was facing away from me now, and we were butt to butt. I had no experience with dog sex, so I just held still.

His cock was still throbbing in me, and I had no idea how much doggie cum he was depositing there. He held still for a moment with us still attached. He then tried to pull out of me. He didn't pull hard, but hard enough for me to tell it wasn't coming out. He was stuck in me. For a second, a little wave of panic hit me. How long was this going to last? This could not be easy to explain. The throbbing was slowing down some, and he pulled again with the same result. My pussy still had a very firm grip on his knot and cock.

I was able to look at a clock and figured out that we had been hooked together for about twenty minutes. I felt him pull again and it seemed like we made some progress. A couple of little tugs and another longer pull, and I felt it move, and all of a sudden, it popped out of me just like that. The rest of his hot doggie cock followed.

When he was out of me I just laid down on the carpet in my office. I had just had sex with a dog for the first time. I was full of his cum, and he had made my pussy his. I laid there for a little while, then

struggled to my feet. I was actually sore all over. He had given me a real pounding. I looked at my carpet and saw the mess. I would have to clean that and, of course, use a towel or something next time. Was there going to be a next time?

I went back to my bathroom to clean up. I ran the bath instead of the shower. Climbing in the warm, sudsy water, I relaxed. I leaned back and closed my eyes. I felt great but realized I hadn't had an orgasm during the actual sex with my dog. I guess I was too preoccupied with the logistics and the new feelings. As I lay there, I rubbed my lower tummy. I knew his doggie sperm was in there, well past my cervix, way up inside my tubes. I was ovulating, so I knew there was a good chance my egg was there, too.

Logic told me that his sperm was bouncing off my egg, trying to get it. That was a fact. I knew that was actually happening. Nature probably wouldn't let one of his sperm penetrate my egg, or if it did, it wouldn't split and develop or implant. I had already made the decision that we would try it again. I was not sure when, but I wanted to cum myself the next time on his dog's cock. Maybe the next time I ovulate.

The End