

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I am not into dog contests. I know nothing about divisions, classes, or what promotes a dog to head off the line. But one of my best friends is nuts about the subject and has entered his dog in the local contest in town. I was to meet him there to see how it was coming along and to finally see his dog, which he always talked about but I never saw except in pictures.

The hall was crowded with spectators, contestants, owners, and plenty, plenty of dogs. I was late, and I took a cab because I didn't like the parking in the area. His dog, to me, was just an average dog, odd odd-looking mutt, although well taken care of and well-manicured. He had already won in a subdivision and was going for the best in a show of all-around top-dog.

Guess what, he got it. My friend, Harry, couldn't have been happier since this was all he dreamed about. He was so overjoyed. In fact, he wanted to celebrate with his friends at a cocktail party and asked me if I would take his dog, Carrey, to his house, and that I was welcome to watch the big screen TV and even crash if I wanted to.

The reason I wasn't asked to tag along was because I was an ex-alcoholic and had given up the bar scene. So, without even asking me first if I wanted to join the party, Harry asked if I would take Carrey home and feed him. The blue ribbons didn't go with the dog. Harry even lent me his car since he was joining his other dog-interest buddies.

'What are friends for,' I thought.

So, with Carrey in the back seat, I was off to my buddy's house to watch the news.

Unfortunately, Harry also had a bar in his home with two big bottles of Vodka and a small fridge with ice. What can I tell you? I fed the dog a can of dog food, Imperial brand, mind you, and poured a small glass.

"Here's to you, Harry, and your newfound fame as dog owner of the year!" I toasted. Right after the eleven o'clock news, I discovered that I had more than one glass of Vodka and was feeling woozy!

The dog, I guess he was a Great Dane with a white coat with dotted spots, got on my lap as if searching for entertainment. I petted him and noticed this dog had a boner. A striking red hot pointed out lava of an animal hard on. He was panting and pawing me with his front outward arms, and I moved him down off of me. I decided to let him out into the backyard closed the living room patio door, and locked it.

I went and took a shower, and poured another glass of Vodka on the rocks for the last call mode. Then I drifted to bed, took off my clothes in the spare bedroom, and closed the bedroom door. I did some mild exercises, and had taken everything off but my black socks. Then I hit the hay and didn't even have the energy to turn off the desk lamp next to me. Just as I was getting ready to snore, I heard scratching from the glass door next to the spare bedroom. After several minutes, I got up and pulled the drape.

It was Carrey making a lonely fuss of not wanting to be outside by himself. Just then, the phone rang, and it was Harry. He was telling me he would be home in the morning because he was staying with some friends. He sounded drunk, and I didn't mind telling him it was ok just as long as there was booze in the house. But I didn't tell him that. I just thought about it.

As I continued talking to Harry, or has he was continuing talking to me, I let Carrey through the sliding glass door of the bedroom to make him stop scratching the glass and making a fuss. I wasn't even thinking about it until I hung up the phone.

There was Carrey, alone, sitting on the floor, looking straight at me. I closed the glass door, locked it, closed the bedroom door, locked it, and turned off the light. "Do you want to sleep with me?" I kidded Carrey. But he just lay down, and he looked like he was ready for his nighttime sleep as he lay flatly on the floor. I unraveled the bed covers and crawled inside. It occurred to me that the A/C heating system was still on, and I hadn't the strength to go around looking for the manual control, so I just left it.

With all the doors closed, it was becoming warm in the secluded room, so I lay on the covers by pulling them down a bit. My mind was spinning since I had not had a decent drink in over half a year because I had never bought it since I'm a recovering alcoholic. I looked up at the ceiling, and the wooden fan was still. Just then, Carrey got excited by something and put both front paws on the bed and barked.

"Ssssh!" I told him. "Get off the bed, I'm trying to go to sleep."

Then he got on the bed, and I pushed him off sternly.

"No! Stay off! I need to get some sleep. Now stay there, and don't bother me anymore."

Even in the dark, he looked big and bold, as if searching for something, but I didn't know what.

Eventually, I dozed off, not telling how long, and it was after midnight. It was nice and cozy in that air-conditioned room I felt no problems. Harry really does have a nice house for a hard-working bachelor. I started to snore and reached over to grab the soft, cozy pillow with both arms, laying them underneath. I was in heaven. 'Good night, Harry,' I thought. 'Congratulations on your dog contest.' Then I went out!

Carrey, the dog, wasn't sleepy. He had dozed for a little while but soon became awake again. The Great Dane was still conscious of my lone stranger's body on the bed. He remembered how excited he was at having a new master in the house. The dog even became sexually excited at the obvious display of his masculine charm that sprang out in the living room. He wanted to fuck something because his dick had grown hard again. He began licking it as if trying to vanquish what nature had in store for him, but it only made it longer and moist.

Something had to be done, but what? He had already pumped on the mattress, pumped the pillows, tried the carpet, even tried to hump an overcoat. He didn't dare try anything on his master, Harry, but this stranger inside the home seemed a bit tipsy and drowsy enough. Carrey walked over to the other side of the bed cautiously, sniffing around the mattress side and looking at the stranger on top, all naked with a nice round butt.

He got up on the bed with both front paws again, but this time quietly, and began sniffing around. His main concern was that soft round butt of which a beckoning odor was amusing him. He could feel his dick getting harder and straining as he softly put his Great Dane nose into the soft round crevice and took a deep breath!

His tongue elongated with saliva as the odor and smell of a nice soft round butt was calling to him. His dick massaged itself against the walls of the outer mattress, and he got up onto the bed on all fours. Carrey began licking the open butt, although not too hard or too rough. He didn't want to wake anyone up on his private venture. His nose felt intoxicated at the raw smell of a man's butt, a

butt the dog could not ever have with his tall master. He was much too respectful to pull this one on his true master.

A total stranger was a different thing, and he put his big wet nose inside the butthole, giving it a gentle lick, long and satisfying. This made him pant even harder as he got himself to gently walk over the lone body, letting his paws hit the bed only. Carrey's dickhead did the rest as it followed the dog's body as it moved upward. The dick then nudged at the soft round top of the circled posture and began exploring.

In Carrey's mind, this was becoming way too exciting. He was only hoping for moments of non-failure as he let his long boner dickhead to hit the anus cavity. He massaged the area with his heavily wet dong doodle. The body began to rumble but didn't do much. Carrey stuck with his position and didn't budge an inch.

He nuzzled the bottom collarbone of the handsome stranger and licked the hair softly and with loving care. Carrey's big boner then put itself into the hole and, with his masculine muscle hind legs, slowly shoved it in. His doggie tongue was getting wet and long in anticipation, and his solid panting was trying to keep itself low. The stranger had passed out and was becoming a victim of solid love as his dog dick began to screw the bottom man.

It was then I got up or became awake at the feeling of having a giant body in the back of me with something large in my asshole. I tried to get up, but the big body had already wrapped itself solidly around me by this time. I could feel the hind legs of this huge creature pushing up against me, making my butt rise even higher. This thing knew what it was doing by using its force to prop my butt elevated in the air, making my knees hit the mattress to find an open spot of better leverage to jump on me.

My face could do nothing but engulf the big white pillow as it occurred to me that Carrey was plowing my butt. I then forced another fit of power to get up off the bed, and with that, Carrey put his front paws against my back to stifle me in transit.

I was being raped by this huge dog, and with no contest as to who was winning this battle, Carrey, that big Great Dane, was leading the way with his powerful force to enter my facilities with his dog boner and fuck the hell out of my ass! I could hear him whimper and pant as the unseen force was driving his tool in and out of my tight butthole. His strong paws holding me almost face down on the bed.

Just then, I began to feel his hind legs moving up against the inner sides of my legs and strongly nudging them to ease out, spreading my knees farther apart. This gave him more room to do his business, as he towered over me, making me spread eagle as he ravaged his big muscled body into mine, making his long hard dick pounce into me, thrusting the hard tool to feel the tight surroundings that were giving him so much pleasure!

Tired of holding me down and feeling confident I wouldn't try anything else, he put both his front arms around me while he let his back legs continue to fuck. His back arched in a curvature way that I have seen many rampant horny dogs used on many sexual pleasures. This dog was humping me like some kind of mate, and I could feel my hole taking his every inch. Didn't he know I was a male?

Plow after plow, the time went on, and I thought he would never finish with me. It was 3 O'clock in the morning when I felt him pouring jet juice up my rectum, but he still let himself slip and slide long after, making a big sloppy mess on the bed sheets. 'I've been fucked raw by this top dog! Top dog? Top dog,' I thought. This I would never tell Harry, and I hope Carrey doesn't learn any English.

Or the dog would say, "RRoooowrrrrr! Hubba, Hubba. Woof, woof." At least, that's how he looks when he looks at me.

"Stop licking yourself, Carrey!"

The End