

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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A month ago, if someone had asked me if I regretted my decision to adopt a dog, I might have said yes. Today, the answer is an unequivocal no. I have no regrets except that I hadn't done this sooner.

I'm in my sixties now. All of my family has either passed away or moved on. The only living relatives I know of are my son, who has his own family now and lives on the other side of the country. They come to visit every Christmas and stay until New Year.

The other is my late Sister's daughter and her children. She has two rambunctious boys who tear up my place every time they visit and one shy girl who sits in the corner with her iPad all day. They also only show up on holidays. Does it sound like I lead a lonely life?

I do. My day-to-day consists of keeping my small house clean, budgeting my meager retirement and social security funds to make sure I have enough food, and paying my bills. What's left over, I spend, once in a while, on entertainment.

There are weekly Mahjong games down at the senior center. I have to lose now intentionally and then to keep the peace. I grew up with a Grandmother that was a Mahjong enthusiast, and when I was in High School, I got sucked into a Japanese Mahjong (Riichi) club.

Well, about a month ago, on a trip to the mall to window shop, I came across an Animal Rescue booth. They had some unusual pets with them that were up for adoption and a list of others at their shelter that would be ready in a few days.

I stopped to chat with a young lady at the booth to ask about a rather stand-out dog sitting behind her. Why did this dog stand out? Well, mostly the fact that it sat head and shoulders taller than her as she sat at the table at the front of the booth.

The other was that the dog was smiling. It wasn't a trick of light or some other affectation. It looked like a genuine smile. This caught me off guard, so I had to chat with her about it. She told me the breed was called a Kangal. They were a Turkish breed of Shepherd Dog.

She told me that they were incredibly intelligent and had marvelous instincts. Plus, they were very loyal and dutiful when they formed an attachment. They were normally calm and reserved, even around strangers, but formidable when threats or danger were perceived.

The way this one sat at the back of the booth made most of what she said pretty obvious. I was told that this one's name was Teddy, and with his sand tan coat and rings of black around the eyes and nose, he did kind of resemble a teddy bear of sorts.

She asked if I was interested in him, and when I said yes, she called him over. Teddy loped toward us and sat beside her. She invited me behind the table to pet Teddy. When it seemed that I struggled to stand using my cane, Teddy took it upon himself to walk around the table to me.

He sat in front of me and was nearly at eye level with me. Best I could tell, he was roughly three and a half feet tall at the shoulder, and as I would find out not too long after, he did indeed weigh close to two hundred pounds. Not any appreciable bit of it was fat. He was sheer muscle.

We stared at each other for a moment or so, and then I extended my hand, fingers down for him to sniff. Instead of sniffing, Teddy dipped his head and ran it under my hand, bringing my hand to rest on top of his head. When I began to scratch, he moved closer and dropped his head in my lap.

“Well,” said the cheery gal at the booth. It looks like Teddy has been waiting for you.” Then she giggled. He hasn’t done that with anyone else. There is something about you he likes.” I just hummed my agreement as I continued to scratch and pet Teddy.

When she cleared her throat, and I looked up at her, she asked if that meant I wanted to adopt him. I said I did, and she got out the necessary forms, filled out the licensing, and paid via card. I received his health forms, a collar with a personal tag engraved in a carnival-style dog tag machine, and a leash.

The gal then approached Teddy with a weird-looking device that resembled a rivet gun and a remote-controlled device with an LED screen. Teddy didn’t seem particularly disturbed, so I didn’t say a word. The device turned out to be an RFID chip that she shot into him and programmed with the details I provided.

She gave me a paper with instructions on using the Pet Portal. I could use it to make Vet appointments, buy toys, food, or other necessities, and have them delivered from a local Big Box Pet Shop. It would also provide information if Teddy went missing that would help the authorities track him.

I ordered several things on the spot that would be delivered the next day. The gal was kind enough to give me a few cans of veterinarian-approved food for his age and weight. She told me to mix half a can with about three cups of dry food twice a day. I stopped at the grocer to get some dry food.

When we arrived, Teddy seemed to take to the house almost instantly. He walked around, sniffed everything, and then came and sat next to me as I sat down in my recliner. I had fallen asleep, and it seemed like only a minute or so, but a loud bark from Teddy brought me awake. I looked around, and it was dark out.

I checked the time and noticed I’d been asleep for three hours, and the sun had just gone down. Feeling better, I got up, used two mixing bowls for Teddy’s food and water, and set them next to the counter. I sat down with a pre-made meal from a popular meal delivery service.

At about ten o’clock or so, I went to bed. I had laid some spare blankets and pillows out for Teddy as temporary bedding till his new bed arrived. It was then that I got a shock that told me not only that Teddy was a different breed entirely, but so was I.

I had a wet dream. Or so I thought. I hadn’t had a wet dream since I was a teenager. But this was quite vivid. I dreamed of a young gal I knew back in my thirties. For some reason, we were out on a cliff overlooking the beach. I could smell the ocean, but I was surrounded by warmth.

I woke up just as I ejaculated and found Teddy cuddled up next to me, my blankets pushed aside, the ceiling fan blowing on me, and Teddy’s snout in my crotch. He was licking my cock and balls. I sat up with a start, and Teddy just moved a few inches aside.

I was flabbergasted. I had no idea what to do. Teddy didn’t seem phased. I didn’t want to scold him, but this seemed wrong. But on the other hand, I seemed to have enjoyed it. This was all too much. I rolled over and went back to sleep. There was no further incident that night. The next day, between my chores, the delivery of Teddy’s food and supplies, and calling to let the Mahjong club know I wouldn’t be in that night, I hit the computer. I did a lot of exhaustive searching regarding animal attraction to humans, as well as specific searches regarding dogs.

What I found was equal parts fascinating and disturbing. Many breeds of dogs seek a close bond with their owners. But aside from pack behavior, it seems that we humans get our crotches sniffed

because we excrete pheromones that dogs can detect.

I also found some websites in other countries that specialize in Zoophilia. Curiosity got the better of me, and I began reading through them and watching the videos. Before that day, I would have never admitted this. I was getting turned on by the whole affair.

Videos of both men and women having sex with their Dogs. OK, so I never considered myself Gay or Bi, but I had been pegged by a few women I had dated in the past and was not averse to ass-play. But watching a Dog penetrate another man's ass with that cock was mesmerizing.

I won't go into what a Dog Dick looks like. I'm sure you know. But I found myself getting hard watching these videos. Teddy had been there with his head on my lap while I watched, and I was fairly sure he'd felt me tenting. I planned on going to the shower and rubbing one out after that and did so.

I was in the bathroom stripping and getting ready to turn on the shower when I heard Teddy pawing at the door and whining. I don't know why I did it. Morbid curiosity, I guess. But I opened the door. I stood naked in front of my new pal. With my cock stiff and jutting out in front of me.

Teddy sat there looking up at me, and I looked at him. His countenance was practically emotionless. Without thinking, I stepped back a step, and Teddy entered. He moved toward me, his snout pointed directly at my crotch.

Just inches from my crotch, Teddy's tongue shot out of his mouth, snaked up under my balls, and lapped at them with his rough tongue. It was wet and warm, and my cock came immediately to life. His sudden motion made Teddy lap higher, and his tongue scraped over the underside of my cock.

My whole body stiffened, and my knees locked as I tried to hold back the orgasm that I felt building in my gut. I'd never been aroused this easily or this intensely from any other encounter. Granted, I hadn't had sex in more than twenty-five years, but still, this was insane.

While I was waging an internal battle to hold back my orgasm, Teddy's tongue wandered down and shot between my legs, slipping wetly across my balls and forcing its way between my ass cheeks and quickly lapping at my anal sphincter. Over and over in quick slurps, he licked my asshole, and I lost it.

I grunted loudly, and a jet of semen shot out of my cock and splashed Teddy's face and all over his head. Again, Teddy didn't seem phased. He simply walked away, went to his new bed, and began cleaning himself with his paws and tongue. I was left standing there, gasping.

The next few days, I actively avoided letting Teddy get close when I was less than fully dressed. He didn't seem to notice my evasive nature and was always close. Teddy would sit next to my recliner and watch TV with me. He always liked getting petted. He ate in the kitchen with me. Teddy was an incredibly good, very loyal, very attentive Dog.

I spent several days on the Zoophilia boards talking with others about my experience and how Teddy needed no prompting. I was congratulated repeatedly for taking the first step into the exciting and gratifying world of K-9 copulation.

I was told that from my descriptions, Teddy must have been sexually active with a past owner. They urged me to try having him mount me. I was told that Dogs will naturally want to mate, but if he's had experience he'll be more willing and more proficient at it.

Skepticism warred with the fact that I was horny as hell after a quarter of a century without sex. I reminisced about getting pegged and how it felt. That night in the shower, I fingered my ass to see how it felt. When I didn't have much of a reaction, I decided to order a dildo online.

After more chat with the boards, I worked out how big Teddy might be and ordered a canine-shaped dong roughly the size he should be. When it came, I used it several times in the shower. It took me a few days to admit to myself that I was enjoying the shape and feel of it. If Teddy was anything like this, I could get to enjoy him doing me.

That weekend I determined that I was going to let Teddy fuck me. My whole body shivered when I allowed that thought to take shape in my mind. So, Saturday night, when I went to the shower, I left the door open, and I knelt on the rug facing away from the door. It only took a few minutes before I heard Teddy approaching.

I let myself lay face down on my crossed arms and raised my ass into the air, and waited. Teddy came in, panting and sniffing. He walked around me several times. Nuzzled my face and licked my cheek. I whispered a "Good boy" to him, and he circled me again.

He stopped behind me and lapped at my ass. I could feel his saliva being pushed into my anus as he lapped. It also ran down my ass crack and dripped over my balls. The feeling was odd but not unpleasant. His full weight was on my back. That was when I realized how heavy he was.

I only had a moment to contemplate that when I felt him begin to thrust his hips against me. After only two or three quick thrusts, I felt it. His cock stabbed through my sphincter and pushed into my anus. I gasped out loud as Teddy began fucking me hard and fast. He was also bigger than my dildo.

I was having trouble catching my breath as Teddy slammed himself into me over and over. He never actually pulled out like my ex had done between thrusts. The dog just kept forcing himself deeper and deeper. Then he suddenly stopped, and I felt the base of his cock inflate inside me. I couldn't help yelling out loud.

It was the knot. Hell of a term, but accurate. It was spreading the walls of my anus wider than they'd ever been, and I could feel his cock in my rectum still pumping his Dog Semen into me. I buried my face and began to sob. This hurt, but I was getting used to it as long as Teddy didn't move.

Then, he moved. Teddy began to pull, and I began to gasp and cry out to him, begging him to stay, sit, or stay still. Anything, as long as he didn't try to tear my ass open. I reached back with one hand and grabbed his hind leg. I pulled, hoping to get him to stand still. It worked for a few minutes.

Eventually, the knot must have shrunk enough to allow him to pull free. When his length came out, I could feel his semen pouring out of me. Teddy was behind me in short order and was lapping at my ass. I turned my head and noticed his bright red, veiny, sharp-tipped cock dangling from under him. It was shiny and wet with fluids.

I wanted to reach out and grab hold, to stroke it. But Teddy was suddenly off to his bed to clean himself and do whatever aftercare Dogs do. When he'd gone, I closed the door and got up. I was sore, but I turned on a warm shower and grabbed the enema wand. I douched myself with warm water until the stinging subsided.

The next day, I logged on and fairly gushed about the experience. I was rewarded with many congratulations, a bunch of "ways to go," and a few jealous jabs wanting to see a picture of Teddy and me together. I saw my phone camera timer and knelt next to Teddy. It turns out Teddy is a ham and decides to give the camera a huge smile.

That picture got a lot of “Damn, he’s huge!” and “I bet his cock is enormous.” I replayed that it was pretty long and thick, and his knot was even bigger. The one thing everyone agreed upon was that they wanted to see me getting fucked by Teddy. I told them I’d consider it.

Over the next week, Teddy began sleeping in bed with me more and more. He became very protective of me. Though Teddy never actually growled or threatened anyone, the dog would always step in front of me or block someone from me if they walked too close. Standing above my waistline when we walked, he struck an imposing figure.

The following weekend, I laid a foam mattress and an old blanket on the living room floor. I used couch cushions as a bolster for me to lean over. This time, I played with Teddy beforehand. I even stroked his cock a little. It was hot in my hand and a bit rough to the touch.

When I rolled over and laid over the cushions with my ass in the air, Teddy went right to work. This time, the penetration wasn’t as shocking, and when he pushed the knot in, I was ready. I had to admit, I was getting addicted to being fucked by my large muscular hound.

I was even getting more comfortable and playful with him in the bed. I even found myself using him as a hugging pillow a few times. One morning I was awakened by him lapping at my cock and balls. When I came, and he began cleaning his face, I looked down to see his cock was out and hard.

“Fuck it!” I thought, and a second later, my hand was resting on one of his rear legs, and his cock was in my mouth. It was salty and rough but otherwise had no real taste. I sucked and was treated to a thin stream of Dog cum. It was slightly bitter but, again, not unpleasant.

I ordered a new tripod and a selfie stick, as well as a ring light online. I set up the tripod to be able to record from behind Teddy while I was getting fucked. I’d use the selfie stick for later to capture me giving him head. I was going to supply the trolls with the videos they asked for.

That night, I let Teddy mount me again, and this time, he noticed the camera. He sniffed it a few times and smiled into the lens. Then Teddy jumped up onto my back, paws on my lower back. He was too high to enter me, and I wondered what he was doing.

That’s when I looked back and caught him dismount, and his cock was out. He walked back toward the camera and allowed the lens to capture his dick in all its glory before coming back over and mounting me in such a way as to push himself into me straight away. I gasped and yelled, “Holy Fuck!”

I did that just for the video. I’d always thought that each time Teddy rammed me but never vocalized it. I allowed myself to audibly huff and puff and gasp as Teddy had his way with me. I grunted and announced when I felt his knot take hold.

When Teddy finally pulled free, he circled and laid down. I got up, took my phone from the tripod, and attached it to the selfie stick. I purposely allowed it to capture my erection which was pulsing right now, and I proceeded to suck Teddy’s cock.

Later that evening, as I was watching videos on video editing, Teddy came over and stuck his head in my lap. I had it bad now because I got an instant hard-on when I felt his warm fur through my thin sleep trunks. I let him lay there and reached back under his tail for his cock and fondled his sack.

I turned in the chair to allow him to wiggle his nose under my shorts and lick my balls. So I began scratching his hindquarters with both hands. I blindly reached under his tail again for his sack and pressed my thumb against a soft spot. Teddy stopped licking for a moment, then continued. I

pressed again.

My thumb entered a hot tunnel. I'd poked my thumb into the dog's ass, and it didn't object to it. I couldn't believe the thought that went through my mind. But why not? He'd been having his way with me. Why not the other way around? I got up and walked behind Teddy and squatted down a bit.

Teddy stood stock still, almost as if he knew what was coming. I spat in my palm and rubbed my cock, then pressed the head against his sphincter. The hairs of his ass tickled, but that only made me throb even more. I grasped his hindquarters and shoved him. My cock went in balls deep in one stroke.

Teddy huffed and began panting hard. It'd been a long time since I'd done this. Fucked anyone. It felt good to thrust with my hips again while my cock was buried in a hot hole. I only pumped about five or six times before I couldn't hold it and shot rope after rope of hot cum into Teddy.

When I finished, I slumped to the floor and sat there, legs crossed, panting. I looked up and saw the red light flashing on my laptop that indicated my built-in camera had been recording. I'd been testing with short clips. Well, now I had a full video of me fucking Teddy to add to my upload.

I decided to create three separate videos to upload. It took almost two days for the videos to get approved and posted to my profile. But once they had appeared, I had dozens of comments and hundreds of emails from forum members. In a matter of hours, I went from zero followers to over five hundred.

My Teddy was a hit, and so many guys wanted to 'Become his Bitch,' Well, that wasn't happening. I told them I was the jealous type, but I didn't mind sharing my experiences with them since they'd all been so supportive. We do a new show for them about twice a month. The rest of the time, it's just the two of us.

The End