

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



This happened many years ago. It was a year full of changes, very turbulent, with very fast events that changed my way of thinking and tendencies. I was still a virgin and starting college.

I had a group of boys and girls college mates with whom we had a great time together, very good sometimes, and we usually got together after classes. There was not as much control as there is now by the parents. The cities were not as dangerous as they are now for college students.

We usually have small parties after classes, and sometimes we drink. The most advanced thing we made was to watch porn movies in the house where we knew our parents were away working.

The tension between us was maximum, a little more, and we lost control. We all ended up rolling around together, making our first orgy. The only thing missing was probably some enthusiast to give the push or an experienced person to guide us, but it didn't happen. Within the group of friends, I also had my boyfriend, but it is not necessary to describe or name him in this story.

At home, we had a dog named Chamo. He was a mixed dog. We don't know how many times his predecessors had mixed. He had yellow hair that was inherited from our previous dog Vagabundo that was crossed with a neighboring bitch. I don't remember her name.

Chamo was a medium to big height, I can say, a little bigger than a Dalmatian, with a body like this one. When I got home, he was always affectionate with me, but he was also a little rough. I hugged him and gave him kisses. He licked my hands and face, which I wouldn't say I liked much at that time.

On the afternoons, we spent the time just the two of us in the house; he stayed on the patio, and I stayed inside the house.

However, little by little, I think it happened naturally. He licked my knees and shins under the end of my skirt. I never saw it bad or in a sexual way from him.

On the other hand, my boyfriend and I were moving forward in our relationship. From time to time, after classes, we usually left the college about two hours earlier and wandered around the city.

He had already put my hand on his penis over his pants, guided by him. He had also touched my breasts and had tried to grab my little thing. However, here comes my mother with her advice that I have been wise to follow until now.

So the days and weeks passed like that. Chamo continued with his affections, and one day, subconsciously, or rather consciously, he licked my legs up my skirt, closer to my little thing. At that time, my body changed, and I started to feel horny most of the time. My attention was drawn immediately, and I went back to see him, and I stayed in front of him. After a while of thinking, I decided to lift my skirt a little to see what happened. This was already a different situation.

I was struck by the licks he gave me, so delicately, so rough. I stopped and lowered my skirt when the sensations were too much to handle, with my breathing and my heart agitated, then I returned to his attention again and again and just stayed in front of him.

These new experiences made me think about it from the moment I woke up: attending college classes, playing volleyball in college, being with my boyfriend until I got home, and being with my parents. This new game was always on my mind.

These games also encouraged me to go a little further with my boyfriend, letting him caress my little thing, but I also started to urge him to get back home, even bothering my boyfriend to be able to leave and meet Chamo at home.

One day, in the routine game with Chamo, I decided to lift my skirt completely. Chamo, with his routine, as expected, reached where he had to reach, but not before having prevented him by closing my legs nervously several times and moving away from him. But in the end, this was a battle that he won.

Chamo, from now on, dedicated himself to licking my little thing over my underwear conscientiously. He was attracted to my juices that went beyond the fabric from my side. I was lost in lust, standing in front of him.

At times, while licking me, he gave me small bites that I had to control from time to time. My cheeks would blush, and I would relax and enjoy these games on the living room sofa until I stopped him when I had enough and I was overwhelmed. In the beginning, I still didn't completely relate it to sex, and then I ended up masturbating until I came alone in front of him.

After these games, I generally felt depressed, guilty, and bothered with myself, but it did not stop me from thinking about it all day. I was obsessed with the new experiences I was feeling. I think about it all the time, even while being with my boyfriend, comparing sensations.

My boyfriend used to kiss anxiously, as if in desperation, not as I expected. I was a little horny girl who expected more. I expected real details that did not arrive from him. I felt no connection with his attention. He touched me clumsily and at the wrong time until it got to the point where he ended up bothering me, and I rejected him.

With these events, the days and weeks passed, and at a certain point, I began to move aside my underwear from time to time to feel better, his tongue reaching directly to my skin and going deeper. This was something else until masturbating, and with the help of his tongue, I came intensely over and over again, day by day, rolling around on the couch, with his tongue that wouldn't leave me alone, wreaking havoc on me. I was completely lost in the sensations.

As it had to happen over time, one day, I decided that I no longer needed the protection of my underwear and that I could control him by myself, so, in this way, I felt freer lying on the sofa, more comfortable, more sensitive, I usually open the back door to let him enter the house and go after me directly to the sofa, I opening my legs intentionally and expecting for my male, seen Chamo approaching between my open legs.

Now, I would open my legs more freely, letting Chamo eat me completely, my ass and sex. Dogs don't mind licking everywhere. With Chamo, I learned that you can be licked completely, and I love it. I will roll over around the floor, letting Chamo lick me in many ways. With him, I also learned your ass can also be licked, and since then, I love to feel his tongue pressing against my asshole, and I got accustomed to this. Most men will never do this to you. My lips and walls were also in constant friction and coupled with his tongue. I loved this constant stimulation.

At one point, lost in lust and wanting to go further, I also decided to inspect him. I had already had my boyfriend's member in my hand under his pants, but without grabbing it so that he wouldn't think I liked it, I hadn't seen it yet. The first time I tried to touch him, he growled at me. He bared his teeth, Making me retreat, scared and with a prude's face, but after a couple of times of carelessly touching him while we were playing and rolling around in the living room, he liked it. He began to take out his things because of my caresses, and finally, I started to masturbate him after practicing a

lot; everything at that time was mutual learning; I had no reference to learn about it.

It wasn't after masturbating him many times that his knot accidentally came out half-grown from his hood, and then it grew and grew and didn't stop growing. My heart was pounding to have this monster in front of me. I was amazed by what it was. Passing right in front of my eyes, I had no idea what that ball was for at that moment, and I thought maybe it was a defect of being a mixed-breed dog.

I was stunned watching how that member grew in front of my face until it became a bright red member, a monstrous and voluminous member who did not stop swinging back and forth while ejaculating on the floor. My heart was beating hard, my cheeks flushed, and my mouth was also watering. From then on, I liked to masturbate him with my hand. It was my new passion. I love to feel my hand lubricated by his juices. In parallel, I also started to masturbate with my boyfriend.

There was a moment when I couldn't resist having his member a few centimeters from my mouth, feeling the heat and humidity that I loved from him, and I decided to try it. I was so lost in desire, and my heart wanted to come out with the whore. From my tongue, I began to try it. The first few times, it was not something that captivated me. But over time, I swallowed him as much as I could. I was impressed by the amount of liquid he exuded. The process was very wet and lubricated, the first member I had in my mouth even before my boyfriend. I was lost in perversion.

I liked this way of discovering things without rushing at my own pace. When I wanted to move forward, he was just there at my disposal for every step forward that I wanted to make, without pressure like my boyfriend, without fights, without arguments, no questions, just with the massive that day-by-day infatuated me.

But all these actions were also leading me to a nervous breakdown. I have no one to talk to about these experiences with my friends. With neighbors? With the college teachers? With my parents? Books?. I was really going crazy. One day of desperation, I went to the college library as a veterinary student and asked for books on veterinary medicine and types of dogs... there was nothing that could solve my problem in my head. It was the beginning of the 90s, and with no internet, my temper was unbearable, especially with my parents.

With all these intense situations going through my life, the day came when my boyfriend convinced me. We arrived at my house, and as soon as we closed the door, we kissed wildly. He was crazy. I couldn't control him anymore. He ate my breasts, and they hurt sweetly. This filled me with lust while I got all wet. He was eating my neck. I was already on edge, and I could feel him between my legs. He had me against the wall as soon as we closed the door of the house. I told him to stop with difficulty until we reached my room. I had already made the decision. I was demonized.

I walked to my room, and he followed me behind while he groped my butt. When we got to the room, I pressed myself against a wall and looked at him like what are you making me do. I started to pull down my underwear, which surprised him and made me stop realizing what I was doing. Still, my underwear had already fallen to the floor; only my skirt covered my sex; I decided not to do anything else on my own; he unbuttoned his pants and took everything off, and I could finally see his erect penis pointing toward me. I felt dizzy, and I looked at his member covertly.

He approached and took off my top, leaving me only in my bra, and finally unzipped my skirt, which fell to the floor, making me feel defenseless at that moment.

We started kissing, and I was already lost in desire, feeling his skin and his member against my skin. He kissed me as if desperate, which I didn't like very much, but I didn't care because he wanted to

be taken.

Seeing that he wasn't doing anything else, I walked and got on the bed, putting myself on my back. He approached my face, and I knew he wanted me to suck him. After looking into his eyes for a moment, I put him in my mouth. It was slippery. This was the second penis I had tried. After passing my tongue over it and tasting it for a while, I let it go, wanting something more. He climbed into bed with me. His movements showed that he was nervous.

He licked my thing clumsily. It seemed like he didn't like it very much, the only thing I thought, it's not the same, but I was still totally wet, his skin was soft and firm, and the only thing I wanted was to be penetrated, to have him inside. He lined himself up next to me and inserted the tip of his member, and then he started pumping. I completely forgot my mother's condom advice. This was delicious, although a little confusing.

I can't talk about pain, but only at the beginning for a while. I felt him deeper and deeper, opening the way, the friction of his member on my walls for the first time. I felt full, and he continued pumping as if desperate. I felt how my body coupled with his member again and again. He continued pumping until I felt his body shake. He moved harder, and then he stopped. I knew he was done, so I just asked him what was going on. What was going on? I was still in ecstasy in confusion, then he fell on me, and I knew it was over. He hugged me.

I thought, and I remember that the girls from college told me that this happened the first time, that one usually didn't orgasm the first time. I didn't say anything, and I accepted it like that. I just stroked her hair while I thought about what had happened. After a while, her presence made me uncomfortable. That's when I told him that my parents would arrive soon so he could leave. Once I closed the door of the house, I looked for Chamo, and just out of curiosity, I made him lick my thing standing, standing, and leaning on the couch. There, I felt a little adoration but also relief with his licks, and then I stopped. I didn't want anything else for that day.

*The End*