

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My first part-time job was after school, walking my neighbor's Great Dane, a huge puppy of a dog. The first few times, he'd easily jerk his leash put of my hands and make me chase him forever. Finally, I got the idea of keeping treats in my pockets and not chasing him but letting him come back to me. Then he'd call me to get a treat, but it was better than chasing him. So, I guess it wasn't all his fault when he got excited as we wrestled in the grass. I'd seen his pink before. I'd seen him take our neighbor's poor collie.

But when he jumped on my back and began humping me, I'd never even thought about making it with a dog. I'd hastily dug treats out of my shorts pockets to distract him and wriggled out from under him. I'd looked around, red-faced and embarrassed, but the people in the park hadn't noticed. My only experience at the time was with a coach and my music teacher. Being a nerd with a skinny figure and long legs didn't attract any girls, not that there were many around.

I'd only kissed, made out, and jerked them off at that point. I knew they wanted to fuck me. Each had swore it wouldn't hurt and not to listen to the other boys. Not that I'd had anyone to ask. Posey, my Great Dane walking buddy, became my confidant. He enjoyed lying on me or beside me as I told him what had happened that day. Posey's owner was an older lady who worked in the city and sometimes stayed overnight. She'd leave a note or give my aunt a call so I'd be sure to let Posey out and feed him. He'd be so lonely I finally asked if I could stay overnight. They both agreed when school let out for the summer. By that time, Coach B and KB had fucked me a few times.

It'd hurt far more than either has said. They stopped treating me so special after their first time. Then made me do it even if I didn't want to. I'd told Posey, of course, each time I did it. He'd always know, I think. He'd be extra nice and let me cry on his shoulder. The first time I stayed over at Posey's, we stayed up late eating popcorn and watching a scary video.

I didn't mind when he slept in bed with me after the movie. After that, I'd watch Posey at least once a week. One day, it poured rain, and being bored, I'd dug around looking for a pack of cards or a toy and found a big leather collar and a harness in a drawer. Posey had got really excited. I had to put them away and get him interested in one of his chewie toys to get him calmed down. After he'd dozed off, I'd gone back and snooped at the other things in the drawer.

I didn't know about sex toys, but I knew what lubricants were. And I knew after I opened the little album that Posey and his mom did it. And from most of the photos, she loved for Posey to do it to her. I saw a few photos with another woman who had her head turned, but it didn't occur to me till the next day that the red sapphire ring she wore belonged to my aunt.

That night, after the rain had stopped, I'd taken Posey for a walk. All I could think of was how betrayed I'd felt. Why hadn't they told me? I'd have understood. And I kept thinking of how Posey's mom looked. So happy. Smiling. I'd never felt happy when I'd been fucked. I'd never smiled. By the time we'd walked home, I'd decided to let Posey do me. Then I'd chickened out. Posey didn't mind since I'd not told him. That next day, my aunt asked whether some scratches I had on my arms and legs were from Posey. I'd said no, but she hugged me and said she was happy that me and Posey were becoming such close friends. Maybe that's why Posey's mom had the harness and collar out.

She showed me how to put it on Posey, have him hop up on the bed, and attach a leather rope from the bedposts on each side. That was to keep him in position afterward. He'd have to shrink before I could move from under him adequately. Then she'd showed me the lubricants, gave me and Posey a hug, and left. I'd sat there on the bed forever before getting undressed. Then I got scared. I'd unhooked Posey, and we made breakfast and watched the Jetsons, then the Lone Ranger. Posey had

whined and licked his pink, and I'd started feeling guilty, just like Coach B and KB made me feel when I didn't want to do it. So I took him back to the bedroom room and hooked his harness back on, then the tether straps lubed my hole, put some on his pink, and scooted underneath him.

I didn't realize how heavy he was until he put his front legs on my shoulders. I didn't know how slobbery he was till he drooled on my neck and put my neck in his mouth. And when I felt his pink begin to poke at me, I didn't think it'd hurt. But I'd been wrong. It hurt so bad. I tried scooting away, and Posey's grip tightened on my neck. I cried and screamed but he kept on pushing in, just like Coach B and KB did. But then he'd gotten still, and I'd felt him swell. Then he began humping, grunting, and growling as I felt his pink go deeper and felt warm love cream fill me. He kept filling me. It felt so good.

I giggled thinking now I understood why his mom was smiling in the photos. He let go of my neck and licked my ears and head before I felt him shrink inside me. Then he stayed still as I lowered my butt, and he slid out of me. I figured since Coach B and KB always wanted me to lick their cocks afterward, I rolled over and hurried down to clean his hanging pink off. He'd started dancing in place and whining when I did that. So I quit and untied him, took the harness off, and he hopped down and ran to the door to go outside. I got my shorts and t-shirt on, put his leash on, and took him out. I decided I preferred Posey to Coach B or KB, so from now on I would date only Posey.

The End