

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



As I peered through the creaky gate, the dogs turned their attention to me. In the dimming twilight, I could still make out one wagging his tail cautiously. Three mixed breeds, the dominant male was Max, who seemed to be a mostly Lab mix with his shiny black coat revealing a muscular chest and forelegs. It was this muscular build that had drawn my attention as, during the sweltering summer, I had seen him mount the other male dogs, never satisfying his sexual needs but leaving no doubt about his power.

The other male dogs would resist his advances, but one in particular seemed aroused by the struggle. A tall dog, mostly a hound, his shimmering cock would protrude almost 6 inches as he worked to free himself from the lust of the larger Max. Though seldom bothered by Max's advances, the smaller beagle would watch the antics while wagging his tail and occasionally licking Max intimately after his frustrating attempts. Max, with all his power and determination, had not been able to satisfy his needs.

That I was lurking in my neighbor's backyard was unsettling to me. My journey to this point had started with my observations but had recently taken on a new curiosity, a new urgency. Though I had never had sex with a man, something about Max was intriguing. His powerful walk as he patrolled the perimeter of the fence would captivate me, as his rippling shoulders and loins would protrude and flex in the sunlight.

His balls swinging halfway to the ground on the sweltering summer days had mesmerized me with thoughts of pleasing him. Max, if he was willing, was worthy of making me his bitch. Tonight, he would have his chance. My fantasies had him using me for his pleasure and me wanting only to make him satisfied. The simple request, "Would you mind feeding the dogs while we are away?" had offered me the chance.

The dogs were always friendly when I fed them, but Max seemed to take a different interest in me. He was prone to bury his nose in the crack of my ass and had, on three occasions, been able to slip his tongue inside the leg of my shorts quickly. He seemed to know my fantasies and was seducing me. I felt myself yielding to his advances until I realized my fantasies were no secret to him. Yesterday, his seduction was confirmed as I kneeled to move the food bowls.

Max jumped on my back and began probing my shorts with his stiffening cock. My mind was spinning at the thought of his sensing my desire, and though I had to escape his clutches, I hesitated and allowed him to know his behavior was OK. We had agreed. He wanted to bury his seed deep inside me, and I wanted to please him however he wished.

So, as darkness fell, I was closing the gate on my past. As I walked slowly toward the dogs the beagle happily began jumping in circles while Max approached me in a proud and knowing way. Without hesitation, he walked behind me and nudged the crack of my ass with his nose. The hound mix revealed an interest in me as the tip of his cock protruded slightly from his sheath. I slowly removed my shorts and shirt as Max immediately began licking me from my balls through the crack of my ass. My knees buckled from the pleasure as I fell to the ground without a concern about my fate.

All I could imagine was that the rough licking Max was giving me would eventually lead to the consummation of our needs. My head was spinning as I lay my cheek on the cool deck with my tight love hole presented to Max. It was as though lights were flashing in my eyes each time his tongue teased my gradually loosening hole. As I relaxed, he plunged his tongue deeper inside me until I was immobilized in ecstasy...wanting him to make me his. I couldn't have moved if I had wanted to. Max

was completing his seduction.

He stopped licking me for what seemed an eternity. I whispered for him to please start again, begging to gain more of his loving attention when I felt his weight on my back. Pressing my middle back lower to tilt my aching hole into a more lustful angle. I pressed back with my ass to show him my desire. I noticed my mouth was thick, with saliva nearly running from my lips. I spat it onto my fingers and reached between my legs to place it on my hole. The slipperiness was such that my fingers easily slid into my hole, spreading the sensuous lubricant inside me. He gently probed between my fingers as he tightened his grip around my waist, clutching me in a passionate embrace, pulling me back to his loins as he gently sampled my most intimate places with the sharp point of his power.

He felt his way gently below my hole, then above, and with thousands of years of sexual instinct, touched my hole. He inserted his loving cock an inch or so as my slippery love hole squeezed his member. He drove himself deeper into my wetness and began to stroke his lover. Slowly, at first, he drove deeper into me. As his animal lust took over, he began to drive deeper and deeper, filling me with his hot meat. I could feel my hole loosening, accepting his love as he focused all his male power into my waiting ass. He drove deep into my belly, and the sliding cock was torturing my hole to new heights. My mind was pure white as I heard my breathing grow deeper and deeper. His cock was searching my loving depths, creating a tingling sensation behind my navel. A tingling that grew with the aching in my balls on each stroke deep into my need.

My hole was only for his pleasure now. As I felt myself loosen, wanting all of his seed buried deep in my belly, his knot began straining to enter me on each lunge of his loins. I could feel my hole stretch slightly more on each stroke as my lover and master tightened his grip on my bitch waist and ground into me. I feared that I would be too small for his knot and that I may leave him without all the pleasure he deserves. I pressed my wet hole into his loins as I relaxed my wanting hole. His knot pressed against me again and again, each time stretching me to acceptance, to submission, to his desires.

As his knot dropped into my bowels, it sounded like gunshots. The pure white in my eyes began to spin as his cock drove to the depths of my soul, driving a sensation of ecstasy between my ribs. I could feel the power of his maleness deep inside me as he ground his knot deeper and deeper. Without warning, my hole tightened around the root of his maleness as ropes of jism from my cock began to stretch from my cock to the ground. Instinctively, I reached my hand beneath me to catch every drop and bring it to my lips. The salty, slippery cum was too precious to lose, fucked from me by my master and lover.

I savored the taste as Max drove his knot deep into me, pulsing the cum from my balls. The tight ring of my love hole embraced him forever, I hoped. Each time my hole pulsed from the pleasure, another hot spurt of his seed would find its place deep inside me. With each pulse, his knot grew larger and larger until I knew he had made me truly his. We would remain locked in this passion until he wished me free. His knot continued to grow, filling me with his meat and satisfaction. Soon, the knot was so large it was as though I became part of him and an extension of his lust.

His weight fell upon my back as he groaned softly. The weight further tilted my hole into him, and he drove his knot deeper yet with three loving strokes. As he lay upon my back, each of his heartbeats would send a warm surge of his seed deep inside me. My lover and I were one.

After some time, I awoke to the sensation of him tugging at my hole with his knot, trying to free himself. My only wish was that he stay with me, not to leave me, to keep his cock deep inside me for a while longer. I only want to pleasure him, and I am so certain I can find more for him at this

moment. His tugs became more insistent, then urgent, when in frustration, he turned himself around, scratching me, hurting me, to face away from me with his butt to mine. I had seen this behavior in dogs. Does this mean he doesn't love me? I feel his cock slowly turning in my ever-tightening ass with a soothing sensation. And then I noticed spurts deep in my belly, longer and hotter than before. It was his seed filling my needs. My desire. I wanted it all.

So there we were, locked in passion, me, wanting to remain forever, and my lover, tugging for freedom. He was done with me. His passion spent, his seed delivered, he wanted me gone. He pumped his seed even as he plotted his escape.

And I opened my eyes to see the beagle licking my escaped jism from the ground, and the hound mix began licking the juices from Max and me ...even as he sought to be free of me.

The End