

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Tracy, and I am 37 years old [when I wrote this story]. I want to tell you a story about what happened to me in my younger years that substantially changed my life. You may not believe it, but that's up to you.

When I was 19, my family and I lived on a small, 40-acre farm just outside Richmond, Virginia. My dad was an engineer for a local construction firm, and my mom was a secretary for a plumbing supply company. They were usually away during the day except for those occasional days off. My older brother was often home early in the day but usually left to hang out with his friends during the summer. Frequently, I found myself alone with little to do but watch TV.

The day had begun like any other day during the summer vacation from school. Mom and Dad were gone, and I was all alone. It was ten in the morning, and I had already realized it would be a miserable summer. It was only early June, and the heat was unbearable. I showered and put on a halter top and thin, loose shorts. Being cool was the first thought on my mind that day.

I had grown substantially since the prior year and became a pretty young lady. I had suffered the curse of my monthly period starting about seven months prior and could feel the time approaching for this month. I was not too fond of it, but it did make my budding breasts tender and sensitive.

As my nipples rubbed the cloth of the top I was wearing, they stiffened. They topped off the crown of my 34B breasts nicely, although they were not big nipples like my mother had. I hoped to have her DD-size breasts, but my slender build seems to say that would never happen.

As I moved around the house that morning, the arousal caused by the constant rubbing was beginning to impact me. While I had received some explanation of sex in our school health class, and my mother had told me about "the day" I would understand it all, I was still quite unsure of what it was all about.

All I knew was a stirring in my lower belly that felt strange — good. Sometimes, in bed, I would lay there and rub my breasts. When my breasts had just started to develop, I would feel the tenderness of my nipples as they swelled. And how the area's color around the nipple stretched as the mounds of milk-producing flesh grew. I hated my training bra and could not wait to have "real" breasts.

Well, now I had them. Proud and firm, with small but sensitive nipples to tip them. Even some of the boys at school remarked on them, pointing them out at times. That made me feel good to know I was an object of their notice. My brother had repeatedly said that my "boobs were looking good." One day, Dad also told Mom that "his little girl was growing up." Mom agreed, and that conversation ended as I approached the discussion.

I did not enjoy the thought of watching TV again. The shows were stupid, and who cared about daytime game shows? So, I decided to walk around the property and enjoy the slight coolness in the morning.

I stepped onto the porch and felt a slight breeze that dried the light sweat on my forehead. Our home was at the end of a half-mile-long dirt road near the small barn where we used to store things. It also housed hay for our pet llama. Aside from our ten acres, primarily fields, we were surrounded by woods on three sides and a large cornfield on the last side. Our closest neighbor was about one mile away. Dad purchased the property, as I later learned, to have some privacy.

Well, we did. If ever, did we have visitors or salesmen come to the house? Our dog, Gus, joined me as I looked out over the field and walked. I'll never know why Dad named him that, but he was a

good dog. There is a cross between a black and tan hound and one of the neighbor's German shepherds. I looked down at Gus and said, "It's gonna be hot with all that fur." His eyes seemed to understand, and he moved along with me as I walked.

Near the edge of our property was a small grove of trees through which a stream ran. The coolness of the water often served to soothe hot feet, and often, we would sit on the banks and let the cool water run over our bare feet. Today was another of those days. I slipped off my sandals and put my feet into the water. The chill made my nipples stiffen to almost a painfully taut state. I soon appreciated the area's beauty as I lay back on the moss-covered, slightly sloping bank.

Peering through the trees, I could see rays of sunlight beaming down, lighting the foliage around me and warming my skin when it struck me. It starkly contrasted the coolness of the water running over my feet. As I lay there, I closed my eyes and relaxed.

Suddenly, I remembered hearing a wheezing noise and was startled to see Gus standing near me. I had forgotten he was there. "Gus, leave me alone," I said. Gus groaned as he moved about two feet and flopped to the ground. He, too, was tired of nothing to do, I guess.

A small fly landed on my face, and as I swatted it away, my hand brushed over my right breast. Combined with those in my premenstrual crotch region, the sensations elicited a slight groan from my lips. I liked the feeling and continued to stroke my breasts, moving my other hand up so each could pinch my nipples and massage the firm handful of flesh beneath them.

It was not long before my crotch was wet, and a very emotional feeling was in my stomach. It was not an itch but an uncomfortable sensation I could not get past. One of my hands drifted down to my crotch, and I could feel the wetness on my underwear beneath the shorts. My fingers traveled into my panty waistband and then split between the lower lips.

I shuddered with sensation as they brushed through the light hair beneath it. My finger lingered in the spot where I was most sensitive. It went slowly around the tiny hard knob, coated with my moisture. This sucked. My clothes had to come off.

I raised enough to remove my shorts and panties, carefully laying the shorts out so I could lay on them. I was naked from the waist down and was beginning to become highly aroused in the privacy of the wooded area. Gus was looking at me, panting from where he lay. Lay back again, spreading my legs to provide open access to my inner body.

I had never had sex. My virginity was well intact, but I knew enough to know that sex was what the schools saw. Not that we girls did not talk about it, too. My hand began to stroke my pleasure center lightly. Soon, my eyes were closed, and as my fingers did the work physically, my mind wandered about when I would have some hot guy make love to me and open me completely.

The time passed without recognition, and as I enjoyed my activity, I realized Gus had moved near my left side and was sniffing the area just above my hand. I reacted swiftly when his tongue slid out and licked my inner thigh. It was chilling. "GUS!" I shouted. He just stared at me, not understanding what he had done. I am not sure I did either.

Gus took another swipe with his tongue, licking directly into my center as I continued. I nearly exploded. The feeling was so great I was paralyzed. I lay there as his tongue licked all of the moisture from me and hit nerves that made me shudder.

I finally had what was my first orgasm and lay on the bank shuddering as wave after wave of emotion drained from my head out onto Gus' tongue. Soon, I was exhausted. I pushed Gus away and

rolled onto my side. I remained there for ten minutes, too weak to move from that spot. What would it be like to have a man inside filling me if this had been so good? My stomach felt still there, and I could feel emptiness. Little did I know Gus would solve that dilemma.

I decided to go to the house and therefore had to get dressed. The little grove of trees was private enough, but walking home half-naked would not happen. I rolled to my belly and onto my knees. At that point, Gus must have recognized the opportunity and seized the moment.

Gus was mounted on my back before I knew what was going on. His front legs wrapped tightly around my tiny waist. His hips were thrusting, but he was not making contact. I tried to get him off and screamed, "Gus, get off of me now!" That effectively did nothing. Suddenly, Gus was close enough. His one hundred-pounds-plus size had allowed him to pull me to him.

I felt something stabbing at my ass and realized what was happening. "Oh MY GOD," the dog's going to enter me. Gus seemed only to tighten his hold as I tried to get free.

Suddenly, I felt a stab of pain. Then his hard, pointed cock penetrated me, rupturing my virginity and entering my body. The pain subsided rapidly, and the feeling of pleasure began to overtake my body. My breasts and nipples ached. I wanted to massage them but could not get a hand up.

He continued to thrust his cock into me, and eventually, he was as deep as possible. His thrusting subsided, and I thought he was finished. Was I ever wrong? As I pulled forward, I could feel something holding us together. I now know he was hung in me, but I did not at the time. I began to cry as I believed he had injured me.

There were slight blood trails on my inner thigh, and now I could not get him out of me. For what seemed like an hour, he stood with me under him. I remember feeling his pulse and how full I felt. Without warning, he suddenly fell out of me. Along with him came a lot of fluid. I collapsed to the ground, exhausted.

After a short while, I used the water in the stream to wash my inner thighs. After dressing, I returned to the house, where my brother said, "You look like you have been in a fight." I said nothing and hoped he had not seen more of Gus' cum running down my inner thigh. I showered and changed again. I needed to feel clean.

For about a year, I was not interested in sex after that. Then, boys came into my life. Unfortunately, Gus had already gotten what they wanted. But they seemed happy to shove their cocks into me anyway. I must have gotten fucked 100 times in my senior high year. I craved sex from everyone who wanted to sleep with me. At age twenty-five, I wondered how it would be to let a dog again mount me, knowing much more than when it first happened. My opportunity came when a neighbor in my apartment complex asked if I could take care of her dog for a day while she attended a family event.

I agreed and was amazed when I discovered a huge and loveable Saint Bernard. And better yet, an un-neutered male. As I fed and walked him that evening, I wore a heavy top and easy-to-remove shorts. After eating, I took my new lover for a walk and then back to his apartment home. I locked the door and pulled out my shorts. I purposely wore no panties. I positioned myself on the sofa so that Will could sniff my cunt. He tentatively began but soon had the idea and was lapping my hole like no man ever did.

I was glad I had decided to do this. I was ready for it. Will continued until he was willing to fuck something. He was fucking air and trying to mount. I slid my buttocks to the edge of the sofa, giving him access. Will was now directly above me, and his massive cock was an inch from my opening. Still

humping the air, I reached down and guided the tip of his cock into my slit. That was all it took. Off like a jackhammer, Will began humping like mad.

I eased further toward him, giving him more access to me. As his cock swelled and went deeper, I was going nuts. Then I felt it. His knot had begun to grow and was trying to enter me. I relaxed, and his hard piston-like humping suddenly forced that plumb size knot past my pussy lips and right into me. I almost passed out with pleasure. I have never been fuller. My cunt was stretched entirely to fit his cock, and now he grew even larger.

I fully believe his knot was the size of an orange when he stopped humping. Being so wholly filled, I could feel each spasm in his cock and each jet of cum shot from him. He pumped cum into me for fifteen minutes, and I begged him not to stop. We remained locked for about 20 minutes before he could withdraw. A gush of about a cup of cum and other fluid rushed from my cunt when he did. I lay limp like a rag from experience.

Once I regained my strength, I cleaned up and dried the floor of fluids. I patted Will on the head and went home to crash. The next day, Cindy, Will's owner, came over to thank me. I told her, "No thanks necessary. Will is such a good dog."

She looked at me strangely, like she might have understood just how good. I got the opportunity to play with Will several more times, each more intense than before. Then he and Cindy moved away. But it doesn't matter. I still live with two dogs, a Great Dane and a Mastiff. All the men I fuck comment on how big the dogs are. I can only agree.

The End