

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Playing D1 softball for one of the nations top ranked universities is a lifelong dream come true. Having two older brothers that lived and loved baseball, always meant someone was more than willing to play catch with me ... when we could get dad and mom to join in on weekends, we'd play our form of Indian-Ball ... basically while one pitched, one batted and two were in the outfield, you stayed up to bat as long as your hits gave you the ability to reach first and get back home before being thrown out.

These games, the fact both brothers were more skilled than me, slowly made me into a skilled ball player by the time I was middle school age - that was when I joined a soft ball league for girls - with the experience I was a natural for first base and with so much batting opportunities it did not take long for me to become the lead off batter.

Our team practiced hard, played hard - as a result we started winning ... not just a few games here and there, but by midseason that year we hadn't lost a game - that started bringing in scouts from various places - some from other schools, a few from major league franchises - looking to see if there was anyone worth taking a second look.

Several things happened at the same time, I signed a lucrative NIL contract which provided me with a private home to live in, a nice vehicle to drive as well as the added pressure to perform every game. That was when I started masterbating after a game to relieve some of the tension that had built up that evening or afternoon.

Since I was a single woman, living in an average neighborhood, I also brought home a big Mountain dog to keep me company as well as protect me when it was just the two of us home.

He was two years old when I got him, named Charlie - from the very beginning he seemed to sense this was his new home, the new routine came easy - he was so soft, I loved how he felt when I hugged him Everything was falling into line and it was beginning to look like my future was on a golden road finally in my life.

We played our games on a Friday evening or sometimes on Saturday afternoon - as soon as the game was over - I'd head home have a nice long shower or sometimes soaking in a tub, then while still nude, laying on my bed - looking at the ceiling, a slow exploration of the inside of my thighs - moving my hands up and down slowly, teasing the lips on either side ... running a single finger between the folds, after a few times, pushing one single digit deep inside - starting out slowly moving in and out - as the speed increased, a second finger would be added - that's when I roll my head back, eyes losing focus - In this state, I could enjoy the pleasure for a long long time - keeping me on the edge, until I couldn't take it any longer, exploding all over my hands, covering the area between my legs as well - then I'd curl up on a ball - enjoying the wetness down there while I fell asleep.

During these sessions, Charlie would lay in the doorway, sometimes at the foot of my bed, never moving, just occasionally sniffing the air - then joining me in a deep sleep.

All year long this routine seemed to be working perfectly for me During the off season, the pressure wasn't as difficult - but I still enjoyed the routine - however on Saturday, we had no practices ... I had the entire weekend off - since my backyard is secluded for the most part - being naughty seemed like a perfect day to do this - staying nude grabbing a bite to eat, a nice cold soft drink - stretching out on my tummy on a lounge in the back, maybe soaking up some of the early morning sun.

This being the first time I'd done anything like this, it must have triggered an excitement between

my legs – a thin coat of nectar started covering that area.

A soft breeze felt good blowing over me ... slowly very slowly Charlie came up, gently licking my bare bottom. The roughness of his tongue, moving over the bare skin, felt so wonderful ... While I lay there knowing I should stop him, what was happening was like nothing I'd ever enjoyed in my life. For some reason I pulled my legs wider apart, allowing him to lick the moisture that was there. The more he licked, the more my body was leaking, hips rising up and down, butterflies all over the inside of me –

Being taken into a warm glo, I rolled on my back, looking down at him ... my pussy puffy, super sensitive from what he had been doing to me ...

Grabbing his head, that marvelous tongue now exciting my entire pussy ... never having done anything like this, both hands on his big head ... holding on while my body writhed from side to side – Suddenly I knew I was close to enjoying one of the best orgasms I'd ever had, also knew what I had allowed was so wrong ... When it hit me, my back arched, legs spread as wide as possible – the explosion covered his nose, face ... this one seemed to last longer than any I'd brought on by myself.

He took time to clean every drop off of me, keeping my body floating while I enjoyed the afterglow of this new experience.

He moved away – while I closed my eyes, slipping into a pleasant nap.

Nothing happened the rest of the weekend, for some reason I was looking at him in a different way ... the way he was watching me had a hungry look in his eyes now – Monday we had a heavy practice – we were preparing for a playoff games – by the time I was back home, I needed my usual relief – but when I'd showered ... he was watching me closely, no movement, just watching.

Laying down on my back on my back, legs spread wide apart, a familiar wetness already being felt ... padding the bed, "Come Charlie".

He jumped up on the bed, faster than I'd ever seen him move – his head zeroing in between my legs, that wonderful tongue starting what I had missed – the first time he started between the cheeks of my bottom, slowly covering the pussy area then stopping after applying pressure on the excited clit.

He seemed to know exactly what I needed, but instead of bringing on the relief quickly, like I had been doing – he enjoyed the juices I was sharing – the more he licked, the faster I was oozing ... it felt like he'd been at me for well over a half hour, the build up inside me was to the max – I needed to cum, but he was still enjoying keeping me on the edge ... how much longer – I was lost – how exactly he let me explode, was also lost to me ... whatever he did, just like before I exploded – covering all of him – this time however he moved up to kiss me, sharing my juices with me, his tongue slipping deep in my throat ... my eyes closed, I'd tasted myself before but this time I tasted different, more wild like – more arousing.

We had now established a routine, when I needed relief, I'd lay on my back, patting the mattress, he'd do the rest. This satisfied me completely, I figured I'd found the perfect solution to a complete relaxation when needed.

This routine took me all the way through my university years, surprised but not so much so when an offer came for me to go professional. My teammates, coaches and trainers decided to have a party and celebrate – Along with partying I did some drinking – needless to say when I walked in my home from the garage I was feeling no pain – stumbling to the bathroom, stripping down to shower – the water felt good on me ... it helped a little, when I headed to the bedroom, my legs were still shaky –

which explains stumbling just as I reached my bed, dropping down on it, my knees hitting the ground, along with my legs - trying to steady myself, the upper body fell over the edge of the bed - Charlie had watched me stumble in - he was at the bathroom door while I showered - I scratched his head a few times as I passed, but when I fell, his head immediately moved between my legs, that tongue sliding out to start the juices flowing.

That felt so good, dropping my head on the bed, "Good boy Chucky - OMG I love how good your tongue is and how much it excites me"

He had me flying high, becoming more and more aroused with each lick ... so much so that when he stopped, jumping up on my back, it didn't make any sense to me ... that was until I felt something really hard and long slip between my legs ...he jumped closer to me, this time the hardness hit my bottom, but was a little low for my pussy - in that second it dawned on me what was happening - trying to raise up, he was far too heavy - twisting from one side to the other, "CHARLIE, no ... no, no, no, bad dog ... STOP"

But it was too late, this time he hit his mark, his huge cock penetrated me ... driving all the way in - he was so long, his girth so large, he stretched me immediately, making me gasp, my head falling to the mattress surface - almost immediately he pulled back out slamming all the way in again - the big heavy balls slapping between my legs - I had been so smart, allowing him to lick me, making me cum and never once giving any thought about what that was doing to him - now he was evening the score.

The length, the girth, the way it was slamming in and out so fast, brought on a massive climax, one that I'd never enjoyed before - one that surprised me at how intense and long lasting it shook my body.

It felt like he pounded me much longer than any guy would have, much longer than I could remember one of our dogs being impregnated by a neighbor dog when she was in heat - it felt more like a video porn show - by the time a second explosion took place - his knot was starting to try and push in - it was like his cock - huge ... I struggled every way possible to stop this, but eventually my muscles gave way just as he pushed the big ball in me.

This set off the granddaddy explosion of all times ... it came over me so fast, I had no way of knowing what was happening - feeling like wave after wave of pleasure took hold of every fiber in my body - when the warm seed started to flood me, I had no energy left to enjoy the feelings. Laying there, it didn't feel like a single muscle could move - even my eyes had lost focus and was just staring to the side of the bed at nothing in particular.

When he moved so we were locked bum to bum, I could barely grab the bedding, preventing me from being drug all over the room A gush of liquid rushed out of me when he pulled free. His tongue quickly started to clean it up, making sure to clean me everywhere our combined juices had been.

I stayed in that same position for the longest time, eventually crawling up on the bed, the area between my legs so sore it hurt to move in any position. Pulling a light blanket over me, curling up in a ball on my side, sleep took over all of me.

Waking at least fourteen or more hours later, I just lay there, remembering all that had happened, the way I had felt - it was my fault for allowing to lick me that first time, now he had taken me ... I wasn't sure what our relationship would be from now on - did this mean I'd have to get rid of him ... could I keep him with so much happening? So many questions - finally heading to the bathroom, a

nice warm soaking bath was called for.

Looking between my legs in a full length mirror I have in the bathroom, the vaginal lips were swollen, puffy looking and super super sensitive to the touch. Lightly rubbing a single finger over the area, rolled my eyes back in my head

The bath helped, finally rinsing off, deciding to stay nude, headed to the kitchen to get something to eat, as well as something to drink, I was starved and thirsty.

Charlie was out back, but was looking at me while I took care of the immediate needs. Taking my drink out back, both of us were looking at each other Eventually he stood, moved towards me ... my breathing became heavy and strained - the closer he got, my body seemed frozen in place.

He didn't stop, pushed his head between my legs, deep into my crotch - the long tongue covering my bottom, drawn forward exciting the entire area.

My body shook, a small whimpering sound escaped ... "OMG no, please don't use me again ... I beg you not today"

The second lick, buckled my knees, dropping me in front of a lounge - a massive submissive wave took over me, turning to allow him to lick me while I moved in the position he required.

He jumped up on my back, this time his cock found its mark in the first try - This time it took him a few pumps to trigger my first explosion - dropping my head, thinking, 'He would use me when he wanted, use me as long as he needed me ... this certified me as his fuck bitch

The rapid pumping was just fast enough to spike my arousal to the peak, but somehow he wanted me to be here but not go over the edge. His movement in and out of me, settled into a rhythmic motion - making me twist from side to side - trying desperately to get the much needed edge - he however was not allowing it - eventually the knot slipped in, but still no relief on my part -

The big ball moved back and forth easily inside me, while he pumped a warm liquid deep inside, flooding my opening -

I felt like a caged animal, twisting from side to side - we were locked, he had filled me with his cum, I needed to cum ... needed it in the most intense way Clawing at the lounge, begging him to help me - finally just when he pulled out of me, it triggered the orgasm that had eluded me for so long Thrashing while my hips bucked over and over My juice combined with his - creating a huge puddle on the cement ...

This time he didn't clean me, instead moved a little ways away, rolling on his back, his legs sprawled wide open - his cock still hard as ever, now coated with the cream we'd created. I knew what he expected - crawling on all fours to him, taking hold of the shaft, first I licked the underside, then circling the head, swallowing as much as I could take, while my tongue danced around it - cleaning up every drop - moving then to the top and side, finally ending up cleaning his balls that were coated with the juices.

Then like the submissive slut he'd created, moved back to where I had been kneeling - leaning over to clean up the puddle that had burst from me

He had rolled to one side, I slid up next to him - my back pressing against his body, one leg over me, pulling me closer - this was my first day understanding who now owned me.

Normal routine, he'd fuck me in the morning - on weekdays I head into work, when I came home at night he'd take me again and most times once more before we settled in for the night. Weekends he'd take me three to five times each day - Many times he'd allow me to give him a blowjob - something he enjoyed, but only allowed it a few times each week, most of the time he'd just fuck me and fuck me and sometimes fuck me again..