

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I've been into the lifestyle for twelve years now. I was recently diagnosed with both HPV and cervical cancer. Although the cancer is under control now, and I'm doing fine, I had to find a new outlet for my frustrations. This story is true and one of my past experiences.

I don't know what bestiality is like for most people, but I had some difficulty dealing with the morality of it. It took me a long time to accept who I was. And to be honest, that is when I lost all inhibitions, let loose, and had fun.

At this point, I had experience with several different dogs, but my last dog, Goliath, lived up to his name. He was huge, a tan bullmastiff, and I believe I loved him most. He had a good personality.

Anyway, I was feeling very horny and decided for the entire weekend, I would have fun with Goliath. The thought popped into my mind as I was sitting there flipping through channels; nothing was on, and here he was trying to hump my arm, holding the controller. We had had sex at this point, and quite often, but this weekend was going to be special.

I stripped off my t-shirt and got onto the floor, completely naked. The dog needed no encouragement and walked behind me. His long tongue snaked inside me, licking me to the first of many wonderful orgasms. Goliath was exceptional. Most dogs need a little training, and even though he was big and awkward, he was very natural.

He mounted me, gripping me around my waist with powerful forepaws. He was bigger than I, making it difficult to adjust myself for him under him. In effect, I think I needed training with him.

He pulled me to him. I was already wet with anticipation. His cock slipped inside me and immediately began fucking me hard. I could hear the sound of him as he bottomed out in me, could feel the pointy tip hitting my cervix, which is strange and for me is somewhere between painful and arousing, for lack of better words.

He was expanding inside me. I rolled my hips back towards him as best I could. But I could not match his pace, and suddenly, as his forepaws shifted, I knew he was close.

He exploded inside me, flooding my vagina. And I came with him, squeezing his cock still in me. When he was finished, he slipped out of me, licked me a few good times, and went for a drink of water.

It wasn't long before he was back and ready for more. He mounted me again, and this time, I was a sweaty mess. As he fucked me now, warm dog cum sloshed inside me. And for those who know what I'm talking about, it truly is something to experience.

Warm cum trickled from me and down my thighs as he continued fucking me. Oh, the sensation of his warm cock in me and the fur on my back, and just like that, pistoning in and out of me, he was cumming. This time, I remember screaming. He kept pumping in and out, cock spasming in me as my own body shook under him.

He did not knot with me either time. Again, he slipped from me, only this time he laid on his back, cock still spurting a little. Now, I don't know what the norm is, as I don't like to do it very often, but I found myself crawling over there and taking his cock in my mouth, deep-throating him. I swirled my tongue around the tip, and as he spurted, some flew up my nose.

I know it sounds comical and was, but in real life, these things happen. It took me a while to regain

my composure; by then, he was ready to go out. I let him out in the backyard, and he did his business and came back in. He jumped and grabbed my hips. My Gosh! He was ready for more.

I got back on all fours, and again he mounted me, slipping inside me and fucking me with reckless abandon. This time, he was thrusting much harder, and I could feel the huge knot. I rocked back, trying to help him tie with me. I could feel it move as he pistoned in and out, more cum running down my thighs and my belly.

His knot stretched me, and I could feel him cumming now again. Hot, powerful spurts deep inside me. Only this time, he didn't pull out but instead lay there, a huge weight on my back. I had learned to tuck my feet under me to relieve the added weight, but he was still heavy. An audible pop, and he slipped from me, cum pouring from me.

I was a mess, and he was tired.

As he slept, I was obsessed with bringing him off again so soon with my mouth if I could. I rubbed his sheath, licking the tip as it became exposed. He moaned, grumbling in the way dogs do. I pulled the sheath over his cock and took him down my throat. I moaned as I sucked on him. It made me feel weirdly powerful and perverse, and that only helped stoke the fires in me deeper.

It took a while on this try, but finally, he exploded in my mouth. I gagged, I always gag; I never am fully prepared for it, I guess. And his cock was still spurting all over my neck and chin.

I didn't bother washing up right then. I felt dirty in a good way. After a midday snack, he was ready again. All in all, that weekend was just one large marathon sex session. I paid for it the next week, as I was extremely sore, but I treasured that weekend.

The End