

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Trish, and I'm a dog. Ok, I'm not a dog, but I consider myself one. Let me tell you about this.

First, I'm 20 years old. I live with just my dad and my mate. Our house is pretty high up in a forest-covered mountain, and we have a huge yard and a nice big house. My mom died when I was little, so I grew up with just my dad.

When I was 18, I found some stuff on the Internet. I checked my email and saw a site I didn't recognize in our favorites. I clicked on it and found a site that almost disgusted me enough to make me throw up. It was a bunch of girls spreading their legs for dogs, horses, and the like.

That night, I had nightmares galore. The images of the thick animal cum streaming into those girls' mouths, the giant horse cock splitting those girls in half, the dogs getting stuck to the girls. I knew my dad was looking at those pictures and couldn't believe it. Why would he want to see girls having sex with animals?

The next day was my last day of school. I woke up and left, not talking to my dad at all. I said goodbye and went to the short day at school. I'd worn my swimsuit so I could go to the pool afterward. I had a good time and met a boy I liked, and I forgot all about what I'd seen the night before.

We lay in a private spot and made out for a little, and he slipped a finger past my swimsuit and into my virgin hole. I told him I didn't want to go further than that because I had some values of keeping my virginity and such for the right guy. But I promised I'd give him the chance to be that guy.

I left the pool around three in the afternoon and walked halfway up the mountain like usual, which was good exercise. When I got home, I thought I saw something in the backyard, but I couldn't be sure.

I walked into the house and noticed a difference right when I arrived. In the living room were two dog cages, two pairs of bowls, two leashes, two collars, and some dog food and treats. I knew my birthday wasn't coming up until school started again, so I wondered what the occasion was. I thought my grades hadn't been bad, but B's and C's were hardly a reason to celebrate.

"Daddy, what is all this dog stuff for?"

"Come in the backyard, Hunny," he yelled.

I dropped my backpack and clothing and went to the backyard in just my swimsuit. When I arrived, a huge German Shepherd was in a metal pen almost seven feet high and closed all around with a cement bottom. The yard was all fenced in, with a gate at the back.

"What's all this, Daddy?"

"Well, Hunny, I've decided to get you a dog. I figured you deserved one."

I smiled. "That's so nice of you, Daddy. Uh, where's the other dog?"

He looked at me with a confused look. "What dog?"

"There's two sets of everything in the house."

"Oh. I'm getting the other one tomorrow."

I shrugged. "So, what's his name?"

"Rex," he said. "He's all yours."

"Thanks, Daddy," I said, hugging him. "I love you."

"I love you too, Trish."

I played with Rex and had a lot of fun with him for the rest of the day. I finally locked him in his pen outside before I went to bed. I got a water bottle from the fridge before heading to bed, just like I did every night. I went up to bed, stripped down, and put on new panties and the giant t-shirt I wore every night. I took a small drink of water, lay down, and slept.

I dreamt a lot that night; something about all the stuff that was in the living room. I dreamt of what kind of dog my dad would get me the next day. I must've slept pretty well, but I got kind of cold in the middle of the night, pulled my fur blanket over against my naked body, and went back to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up, stretched, and exited my cold bed. Then I realized something. I didn't have a cold bed, and I remembered that I didn't have a fur blanket. I rubbed my eyes and opened them fully to the morning sunshine beating down on me through the trees.

"Morning Rex, high Angel."

I knew my nickname was Angel; my dad always called me that. But Rex? Who was Rex? Oh yeah.

I looked at my surroundings and found out where I was, why I was cold, and why I had a fur blanket.

I was in the outside cage, with Rex stretching beside me as he woke up. I'd been lying in the large dog house with him for some time at night. I looked at myself and found that my T-shirt and panties had both been removed.

"Hungry guys," my dad asked.

"Daddy, what's going on?"

"On all fours, Angel," he said.

I looked at him, confused. I searched for another dog in the cage. There was none.

"Now, please," he said, standing at the cage door.

A memory suddenly flashed in my mind. It was the computer, the site, the dogs, and the girls. I'd forgotten all about it until now. I knew what was going on. I knew what I was in for, and I didn't like it at all.

"Daddy, no! Let me out now."

"SIT NOW!"

Of course, I didn't. I wouldn't be like one of those girls on the site. No way, no how.

"Angel, you're getting punished if you don't sit right now."

I folded my arms and turned away.

"Fine then, no food for you this morning."

I heard a door open, but not the cage door. It was a small door for a food bowl to be slipped through. Rex got up and eagerly walked over to start eating. I looked over and saw another bowl full of dog food in my dad's hands.

"I'll take you both for a walk after breakfast," he said, returning to the house.

After Rex had eaten breakfast, my dad came out and looked in.

"So, ready for a walk?"

I sat down and crossed my arms.

"Fine then. If you go to the bathroom in that cage, you'll get a beating you'll never forget."

I shrugged, and my dad opened the cage, put a leash on Rex's collar, and then locked the cage again (with a key, of course, so I couldn't get out).

I sat there for a while, waiting for them to come back. I kept thinking that if I kept this up, my dad would give in or show me it was all a joke. But nearly an hour and a half passed, and neither Rex nor my dad returned. I started getting hungry and had to go to the bathroom badly. After two and a half hours, I felt like my bladder was going to explode, and my stomach was eating itself.

"Hello Angel," my dad said, coming from around the house, leading Rex. "Hungry?"

I nodded, standing on all fours. I knew my dad was serious, and I figured I'd better get used to this because my dad would not stop this. He smiled, opened the cage door, leashed, and led me into the yard. He didn't get far before I squatted down and unleashed what seemed like a flood of urine. I had to go so bad; it felt like I was spraying it out forcefully. And it hurt, too.

After I was done, my dad brought me inside, put Rex in his cage, and brought out my full food bowl. Dog food, of course. I looked up at my dad, hoping he was just kidding about this part.

He nodded at the food, and I proceeded to eat it. Since I was so hungry at that point, I'd take anything. I ate the food hungrily, and not soon after, I had to go to the bathroom again. My dad realized this and let me out, and I squatted in the middle of the yard, facing my dad. I pushed out my feces and let them dump in the grass. It felt wrong, but I knew I had to get used to it.

After that, my dad let Rex out, and we played around in the yard while my dad cleaned our messes up. He let us back in, and we lay down and slept while my dad watched TV. I woke up, finding myself beside Rex, curled against his stomach.

"So Angel, hunny. You're going to be a good dog?"

I nodded.

"Good girl," he said, taking a dog biscuit out of his pocket and tossing it to me. I caught it and ate it, trying to savor the taste. Bacon is not bad.

During the rest of that day, I realized how good a dog's life was. Sure, you slept in a cage, outside in the cold, and ate disgusting dog food. But, you got fed, watered, could go to the bathroom in full view of someone, and sleep all day if you wanted to. Overall, the day made me realize how good a dog's life was. So far.

One day the following week I woke up next to Rex, cuddled up to his belly in the outside dog house. When I woke up, so did he. Since I could make nowhere near as much noise as Rex, he barked and managed to wake up my dad, who had slept in. He came out, fed us, let us go to the bathroom, and then penned us back up to go to work. He put a bigger water bowl in the pen and then drove off.

Rex and I, to say the least, didn't do much. Until around two, that is. In the afternoon, Rex decided to get up and sniff around a bit. I had no idea what for, but he could smell something I couldn't, being a human. He continued sniffing for quite some time before coming back to me. He nudged me, and I stood up.

At first, I thought maybe some kind of animal was in our doghouse. Then I knew what he smelled. Rex could tell when I was in heat or most likely to conceive a baby. Well, he figured it out by smell, and I could tell he was in the mood due to his long, red, slimy seven-inch dog cock.

I simply whimpered since I'd been stripped of my talking ability (through a few punishments). He licked my virgin hole lightly with his tongue, which felt incredible. Dogs knew what they were doing, although I highly doubted that they normally did this to bitches. It hit me then that that's what I was. I was the bitch to be mated with Rex.

That's exactly what Rex intended as well. He licked me a few more times, and I braced myself when he stopped. He mounted up, scratching my sides. He leaned forward, trying to slip his red penis into my hole, so, carefully; I reached back and pushed it up a little, knowing what I was getting myself into.

He slipped in. Quick. My hymen tore on the first push, and my cavity went from tight to dog-cock size in less than a second. I whimpered and cried a little from the pain, but it was clear to me that Rex was not intent on hurting me, just mating. He leaned forward more and licked my cheek for reassurance. He was a father figure and a suitable mate for any lucky—well, bitch.

I could almost say we were making love for the next fifteen minutes. He pumped himself in and out of me, keeping a steady but slightly fast pace. Every push-in was pleasurable due to the knob at the base of his penis hitting my clit. Every withdrawal was equally as pleasurable, hitting every nerve in my newly opened vagina.

Then it started. The final part of the mating. Rex's knot began to grow, and it grew big. So big that it felt twice the thickness of his cock. And it was stuck in me. But Rex managed to continue humping me, despite the limited area he had to move in.

Finally, he plunged his cock deep into my pussy and stopped. I felt the cock throb and his thick semen began filling my womb. And I mean my womb. Bypassed vagina, cervix, and all. I was sure it would shoot right up my tubes and hit an egg without a problem. His cock kept pumping out more and more until, after a minute, he stopped.

But, due to his thick knot, we were stuck. My dad came home a few minutes later and found Rex lying on top of me, both of us stomachs down. Rex was letting his knot subside, and I was lying there, still receiving tiny orgasms every attempt Rex made to pull out of me. I could feel the thick

goop holding his seed dripping out of me and was surprised he still couldn't get out.

My dad came into the cage to pet us, but Rex growled to protect his new bitch. Me. My dad backed off until five minutes later, when Rex finally was able to pull out and walk away from me. I felt a few globs of semen slip out of me onto the cement, but I stood up and walked over to my dad.

"Good girl, Angel. Good boy, Rex," he said as Rex cleaned himself off.

I walked into my dog house and laid down, letting Rex's cum swim up into my womb, trying to find an egg (or eggs, I wasn't sure yet) to fertilize.

Nearly two weeks later, I missed my period. Even after another week, it still hadn't shown up. Rex and I had continued fucking since our first time. Rex, however, found a new personality in me after I became pregnant. I even noticed it after a while. I growled at him whenever he tried to mount me and even turned around and bit his nose once. I was protective of the baby (or babies) growing inside me. I was still unsure how they would turn out, as a human, dog, or some mix. I didn't even know how long they'd be in me.

A few months passed, and one night, I felt it. I was sleeping next to Rex when my uterus told me it was time. At this point, I knew there would be more than one baby. How I'd gotten so many was unknown, but it would be at least three. I nuzzled Rex awake and then pushed him out of the doghouse. He knew what was happening and lay down at the door to the pen. I quickly arranged our blanket for my birthing, then lay down against the wall.

It was painful as the first baby breached my cervix and came through my vaginal canal. After only two pushes, the first puppy came out. And that it was: a puppy. German shepherd and all. I was happy because I hadn't wanted some freaky human/dog mix.

I forgot all about that problem as the second puppy began its journey through my cervix. It, too, found its way out in two pushes. So did the next three. The sixth puppy only needed one push, followed by an additional push to get out the extra blood, tissue, and fluids in my womb. I began cleaning them off using the towel and then scooped them over to my tits, where two latched on with their tiny teeth. It hurt, but I tried to ensure all six got something from me.

After an hour of my six children competing for my filled tits, they settled down and curled up next to me. Rex stood at the door, but I growled to let him know he wasn't welcome in. He understood, sat down, and stared at his and my creations. Then he turned, lay down, and guarded the dog house for the rest of the night.

When morning came, my dad came out and found out not to mess with my puppies. I growled, and when he smacked my nose, I bit him. He went to smack me again, and Rex's teeth made a bigger mark than mine had. My dad left me and my puppies alone for a while. After a week of keeping my eyes on Rex at all times, I finally allowed him to watch the puppies if I was eating or going to the bathroom. He was a great father, just as he had seemed so when he impregnated me.

A few more months went by, and finally, my puppies were old enough to get sold. It seemed I'd had so little time with them, but they were ready to be alone. My dad let me keep one, and Rex and I chose our littlest (the last one I'd birthed).

My dad named him Laser because he was so fast. I couldn't care less because he was "My Little One" to me. After the puppies were sold (which was heartbreaking since I couldn't watch them), Rex, Laser, and I spent time running around and playing.

Since then, I've had three more litters with Rex (fifteen puppies). I never kept anymore since I already had Laser and Rex trying to contend for my womb. However, I never let Laser do me because I considered him a son over anything else.

The End