

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Being born in a rural area with little excitement might have had a lot to do with my friends and me being entertained by things others might find trivial and odd.

Swinging on an aged willow branch over a stagnant pool of water was one of our favorites because we all hoped the next one to try would have the branch break, and they would plummet face-first into the stagnant water. That only happened once when I was at the willow tree, and the victim it claimed was me. It wasn't very comfortable, but it entertained the others, which I liked.

Another of our entertainments was hunting birds and rats with BB guns and pellet pistols.

But I suppose the most curious of our fascinations came when we encountered dogs who did "that crazy, funny thing" that male dogs do. We would see them at various times, and sometimes, they would come around to where we were, and they would almost always make some attempt to hump-dance our legs.

We had no idea why they did that because we were completely clueless that the world of sex even existed. It wasn't as if that world was invisible to us; it was more that we had no awareness of it whatsoever. It might as well have been in a different universe. So when the dogs did their humpy thing, we just thought it was funny and weird and crazy and entertaining and amusing.

Usually, someone in our group would be daring enough to let one of them mount their leg and hump-dance at least for a while. That person was like a mini hero for being bold enough to volunteer so that all of us could laugh. We found it funny because the male dogs were so easy to dupe into such a thing. I can't remember a single time when one of those humpy dogs didn't mount a leg that was offered. We also were humored by the vigor and froth with which they did their thing, and because their eyes became hazier and hazier the longer they went.

I was particularly fascinated with it. I didn't know why, but I always wanted to see it and encouraged someone in our group to offer their leg. I felt almost compelled to put my leg out there if none did. But I seemed different from the others when I did it because while the others only did it briefly, I let the dog do it until he was through, which never took long. At first, that made me a hero for daring to go so long and because I was the first to come away with "sticky leg," an event that became a premier marvel and wonderment for us for days.

I enjoyed the recognition of my daring and how it seemed to set me apart from the others, but after a while, I began to hear comments that I was weird or strange because I did it more than all of the others put together. To them, I seemed less normal than before, and I must admit, I also seemed that way to myself. I couldn't understand why I loved doing it so much. If no one were around, I would do it repeatedly. I found it humorous because of how rabid the dogs seemed as they went at it, and I found it amazing how eager they were to do it. I found it crazy how their eyes hazed over when they did it, like they were in a distant world. And-overall-it just was endlessly amusing to me.

But I didn't want to be labeled a weirdo or thought of as a not-normal person. I wanted to keep my friends, fit in with them, and have things return to how they were before. So, I stopped doing it when they were around. Instead, I waited until I was alone and then went to one of the few haunts the dogs tended to inhabit. I usually found them across the culvert behind the turn-of-the-century boot store on Old Cannon Road. I would sneak around the building, slip through holes in the wire fence, and go down into the culvert, up the other side, and into the wooded brush. It wasn't the only place to find those humpy dogs, but it was the most commonplace.

The area was concealed enough that I could do what I wanted without the fear of being seen. I could

do it as often and as much as I wanted. I was free just to be amused and not have others judge me. I could indulge and overindulge and not feel like an outcast.

I went there often, sometimes 4-5 times a week, and always came away fascinated. Why did they do that humpy thing? Why were they so eager? Why did they do it like rabid animals? I had no idea what motivated them, but it had surely become my favorite thing in a small rural area with little else to do.

It was common for me to have four dogs at once, and some often did it more than one time. I recall when I had seven, which I think was the most ever. I was especially fascinated when I tried two at a time, one on each leg, and my head shook and my face smiled big with how crazy it all seemed. Two of them humping my legs like satanic whirling dervishes. After those seven, I left feeling a little guilty, but not because of letting them hump my leg because that was just fun and games. Rather, guilt came when I estimated how often I had done it with those seven dogs because some went more than once. The number I came up with was eleven! But, it might have been 14. I just don't know for sure. Doing that much in one session seemed excessive, and I worried for myself and felt guilty for that amount of excess.

I had hoped that after doing it hundreds of times, I would somehow discover why they liked it so much, but that didn't happen. I just didn't have a clue.

One thing I did notice was a growing sense of pride. It took me a while to figure out why, but that pride came from the knowledge that I was giving them what they wanted so very much—something they weren't getting from others—and that made me feel very good. Not only would the others not do it often, but they never did it long enough. They only did it for a half-minute before they laughed and shook the dog from their leg.

But I was different. I was the dog's friend. I did it often and never pulled away until they were done. It was like I was their special friend because I did what they liked, and they knew they could do it with me, and that just made me feel so good and special.

I suppose that it might have been that I lived in a backward area, or perhaps because I was a bit of a late bloomer, I had no awareness of sexual things. I had never heard anything about the subject. I'm unsure if the others knew or when they might have found out, but I knew nothing about it. The word "sex" might just as well have seemed like a misspelling of the word "six" to me. So, the humpy-leg thing was just good time fun, games, and amusement.

It did lead to other things, though.

I was down by the creek with a guy who lived there. We weren't the kind of friends who hung out together, but we knew each other, and with little else to do, we decided to walk along the creek and see if anything was interesting. After some time, he brought up the humpy-leg dogs and asked why I stopped doing that. After some conversation, I admitted I did it but never with others because I had been teased too much. He shrugged and seemed to accept it, not think it was very important.

About a half-hour later, three of his friends came up the creek toward us, and we sat on logs and rocks and talked. They were a few years older, and they talked a bit dirtier than I was accustomed so I didn't say much. Then, one of them asked my friend: Was I still letting dogs do the humpy-leg thing? Since I am naturally passive and have not spoken, my friend felt he needed to speak for me. He related very well to his friends, which I had told him. Then, one of his friends said, "Hey, we got nothing else to do. Why don't we find some dogs and watch Brynn do his thing."

The idea caught fire, and I suppose because I am passive, I found myself being led behind McCurdy's

dilapidated barn by the three newcomers. My friend had left the group. I could not see any dogs, but a few whistles and calls by the others brought one into sight and another. I was prodded and encouraged, and they said they had never been critical of me in times before when I had done it in front of others, and they flattered me by saying I was the best and they wanted to laugh and enjoy the weirdness of it. Their flattery got to me more than anything, and I naively believed they thought of me as some kind of star.

I don't remember if any of the dogs did it more than once, but I do know that it took less than 10 minutes from start to finish—it never took very long. The boys hooted and encouraged, laughed and patted my back, and made me feel like it was something special. I wasn't fully convinced of their sincerity, but their flattery kept me going for the full time.

Then, things changed.

The scruffiest of the three said that the goo on my leg proved I had made those dogs very happy. I asked why that goo had anything to do with it, and he said, "Because they got off." I asked what "got off" meant, and he replied, "You know. Sex."

I shrugged. "I don't get it. What does 'sex' mean?"

"You don't know about sex?"

I shook my head.

The three of them laughed.

"Then why do you do that with the dogs?"

"Because . . . I don't know . . . it's funny, and it's crazy, and because they go after it so hard and so fast and they cling so tight and because they like doing it so much and no one else will let them do it like I will so I feel special."

The scruffy one looked at me for a few seconds before speaking. "But, you have NO idea why males like doing it?"

I shook my head.

"You just do it because they like it."

I nodded. "Yeah. But I don't know why they like it."

He looked at his friends and then back to me. "Well, we're males too and ... uhhh .... there's something very much like that that we LOVE. Maybe you would feel good about helping us like you do those dogs. We would think you're very special."

His statement confused me, but I responded, "You mean you're doing humpy-leg?" I laughed. Now, that would be funny. I've never seen or heard of that before." My laughter came from finding his statement very odd but also from an attempt to lighten a situation that seemed to have become a bit heavier.

"No. Not exactly." He looked again at his friends. His hand lightly rubbed a bulge in the front of his jeans.

"I . . . I don't get it then," I replied.

He stepped forward, and his hands went to my head, and he pushed his bulge to the side of my face. "Like this. It's almost the same, just a little bit different. You like making those dogs happy. It's even better for you if you know you're making us happy, don't you think? This would make us all very happy."

I was stymied. Frozen. I had no idea how to react. I had never imagined doing anything of the kind with anyone. I thought it only mattered to dogs. Yet, it wasn't altogether off-setting. His flattery and eagerness and the fact that I could make him happy like the humpy-leg dogs made me realize that it might be a new window opening to do even more of what I had always loved to do, only I would do it with guys and dogs. I could at least try it, couldn't I? If I didn't like it or didn't see it the way he did, I would just stop and not do it again.

"Yeah, just like that," he gruffed.

Another of the boys leaned down and spoke into my face. "Don't worry, no one will know. We won't tell anyone as long as we get what we like. Hell no! No way! No one else is going to horn in on it. The only ones who will know are us and some other buddies."

Then, the scruffy one stopped. He held my face tight to his groin, but he was no longer moving. "You know, the dogs don't wear pants. It's better without pants. They do it bare, so I want to do it bare. It's better for you, too. You'll see."

Almost instantly, his warm cock was against my face, and he was doing the humpy thing, not as fast and furious as the dogs but with the same kind of desire.

Honestly, there was nothing sexual in it whatsoever for me. It was an extension of letting dogs enjoy my leg, except it was guys enjoying the side of my face. It was fun and games and being popular, appreciated, liked, and flattered by them.

I let all three of them do it that day and felt so proud and warmed. When they were done, my face and hair were quite sticky. But they said they loved seeing me like that, and they flattered me some more, and I continued to feel as warmed and favored as I had with the humpy-leg dogs. Two days later, I let those three plus one other of their friends do it, and from there, it became a rather regular thing with the original three and sometimes their other two friends. They loved doing it a lot, which was a big part of why I loved it and let them do it. Since no one else knew about it, I felt free to enjoy it often.

After several days, they showed me something new. They showed pictures of a boy letting it be done in his mouth and other pictures of him swallowing that sticky stuff. The three scruffers told me I would be a superstar if I let them do that. They argued that it was no different than dogs on my leg; it was still just males doing the humpy thing, just that it was a little different. And they said they would like me if I did it and that I should at least try. Their eagerness, flattery, and near-pleading were stronger than my passive and compliant nature, and I agreed. Their craving for it made me eager to do it well, and in no time, I found that I was very good at it.

In another few days, they said that I would be a mega-superstar if I could take it all the way down like other pictures in their porn magazine, and they pleaded with me to try. Once again, their eagerness and acclaim motivated me to try it, and I followed their directions on relaxing my throat and "just let it happen." In less than five minutes, his cock was all of the way down my throat, and their complimentary statements of how great I had been in learning to do it filled me with gladness. After just a few times, I could do it without choking or gagging, and they were full of flattery. And the eagerness of their movements convinced me that they liked doing it. Whatever apprehensions I

might have had initially were relieved when they explained again that it was the same thing as humpy-leg, just in a little different form.

A week later, they began a new routine. Instead of me being upright, they had me lay flat on my back, with them taking turns getting on top of me and doing the humpy thing in my mouth. They explained that the new position was almost identical to those male dogs who mounted female dogs in the fields and did that other kinds of humpy fun and games. I had never thought about that before, but it seemed right. I had always laughed with amusement at those males mounting the females. I had no idea what they were doing, but I found it funny and fun to watch. So now, I could participate in a different kind of humpy thing, and those scruffers really wanted me to do it, and they talked me up so much that I became eager. I found it as fun and funny and amusing as everything before.

Fun and games are just different forms of the same thing. I felt special for doing something special that others wouldn't do. It was easy to get me to do it often and for long periods, which made me popular, which I liked.

When our family split up, I had logged nine months of doing the humpy-leg thing with those dogs. I had been quite prolific. In those nine months, I did it an average of four times a week and almost always four times per session. That meant I did it about 16 times a week or about 65 times a month. Therefore, I did it at least 585 times in those nine months!

At the same time, I had been doing the humpy-mouth thing with those boys for seven months. They did it to me at least nine times a week or about 40 times a month. So, in those seven months, they did humpy-mouth over 280 times.

When I add those things together right now, I am astonished by the numbers! I had no idea! 585 plus 280 means I did those things over 865 times—in just nine months! Wow! Right now, I don't know whether to feel proud or embarrassed.

With great relief, I can report that no one ever knew about my private times sneaking away for the humpy-leg dogs and the humpy-mouth boys. The boys never told anyone—or at least I never heard anyone say they knew about it. There was not one minute nor one thought that ever entered my mind about any of it being sexual because at no time was I told about sex. Instead, it was all just fun, games, funny, amusing, and flattering. That's all it was to me. Fun and games. Watch the crazy males do their weird things and be endlessly amused.

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My time in the rural backwoods ended when my parents divorced and moved to separate cities. They both disillusioned me, and I didn't want to live with them. Instead, I lived with an aunt who really didn't care about my coming or going as long as she got enough support money to keep her liquor and smokes in stock. I came and went pretty much as I pleased.

She lived in Pinewood, a small old town with shady streets and small old homes. There was a convenience store down the block and a park with swings, but I didn't know anyone and wasn't sure I cared to. Besides, I would make friends at school when the school term started in a couple of months.

But I had a problem. And I think you can guess what that problem was.

There was no way I could expect to get into any humpy-leg or humpy-mouth scene in a town where I knew no one, and leash laws kept dogs from randomly wandering the streets. It was a weighty problem because I had enjoyed those great times that entertained me so much. Were they gone

forever?

On my way to the convenience store one afternoon, I passed an older man who was watering a flowerbed with a hose. He nodded, then tilted his head to call me over to talk. He said his name was Chuck. He was easy to talk to. He asked many questions. The second time I was at his place, we were inside his small home and sipping lemonade, and he was asking questions, and then — then, it all came spilling out of me— not the lemonade, but rather the stories of the humpy things back in the rural land. He nodded, seemed understanding, and then admitted he was “one of those.” When I asked what he meant by “one of those” he replied the humpy-mouth kind.

I spent the night.

It was completely exhilarating. I loved it all. He was as rabid as before him, and I was more amused than ever. Fun and games with him were very fulfilling. He was so avid and eager and practically frothing. It was funny and flattering. By 4 pm the next day, we had done it many times. After that day, I spent a lot of time at his place. He was always wanting to do it, and I found that so fascinating, and I had a great sense of warmth knowing that just as I had pleased those humpy-leg dogs and those humpy-mouth boys back in the rural land, and they had favored me so much, I was now doing the same for this older man. I felt special, just like I had with the dogs and the boys back in rural land.

Like all of the times before, I had no concept of any part of it being sexual because I still had no awareness that a sexual world existed. Chuck only spoke of our times in the “humpy” terms that I understood, and he called our times “fun and games,” and I continued to be so very fascinated with why males liked doing that. I was so amused and glad that I had met him.

*The End*