

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Ever since I was a kid, I've loved and thought of dogs as fellow friends, family, and even a person you can talk to. Growing up lonely in the countryside of Iowa can make you feel and think that way quite easily. Hell, I even thought dogs were better than my species.

Growing up, my family purchased dozens of animals. My father being a farmer, I guess they needed to do that. We had horses, pigs, cows, bulls, chickens, sheep, dogs, and even an ostrich we called Phillip.

As a kid on the farm, I found all the animals amazing and quickly grew a liking to them. You can even call it a big friendship. My parents always left for work early in the morning everyday during the summer and always left me a note on the refrigerator of what to do today. At eight years old, I first received these messages and hated seeing those pieces of paper with lists of chores scribbled on them, even if it still meant I would be closer to my animalistic friends. I hated chores, but as I grew up more and more each summer, I came to like them.

As an 18-year-old, I've come to enjoy them and get excited about what comes next after the one before it. Not because I enjoyed the chores but because of the animals and what they might hold for me.

My alarm rang with the same ringtone and at the same time as it had for the past six years. I moaned as I rolled in my large bed, the mattress creating large squeaks with every roll. Eventually, my eyes slowly opened like a rusty gate, and I jumped out of bed in a single movement. I stretched quickly on my cold wooden floor, dressed in blue jeans and a brown T-shirt with a large John Deere logo.

I twisted the door knob and walked out of my room and towards the kitchen so I could find out with anticipation what my chores were today. Hopefully, I get to clean the horses today; I haven't gotten to work with them for over a week now.

I jogged into the kitchen and saw the note hiding in my refrigerator. I quickly ripped it off of its sticky substance and read. Within seconds, my eyes scaled over the note, and I found out what to do.

Suddenly, I heard a large thud at the front door. I looked away from my note and jogged towards the door. I quickly opened the door, and as expected, my favorite dog came running into the house. It was Abraham, our large Saint Bernard, almost twice my size.

"How ya doing, big guy?" I said as I knelt and started petting him behind his ear.

We've had Abraham since I was fifteen. My father found him on the side of the road when he was a pup and decided to take him home with him. Ever since then, Abraham has been part of my family.

"Let's go. First, we have to go get the horses some hay," I said as I got back to my feet and walked out the door, Abraham following suit quickly.

Abraham has always been my partner when it came to chores. He would help me herd the sheep, killing any rabbits or mice that give me a problem, etc., so Abraham and I are best friends. Another thing why Abraham is so important to our family and even our business because he breeds some of our female dogs and even some of our neighbors a couple of miles away. My dad then sells all the puppies within a year. So yeah, Abe is pretty damn important to us.

What I find weird is the fact I get boners every time I see Abe mount a bitch. I don't know why, but I wish I were down on all fours, letting Abe mount and breed me. Of course, I've controlled those urges and tried my best to ignore Abe if he's busy with a bitch. I've read about people having sex with animals. But like before, I ignored it and controlled myself.

I've never had sex before but have had a good amount of jack-off sessions after sneaking a couple of my father's Playboy magazines. I've never been good with girls and haven't even kissed or dated one, mostly because I can't practice my social skills on a farm. But I still have my animals.

Anyway, throughout the day, I did my chores one by one. First, I gave the horses hay, trimmed our bushes around the house, cleaned our tool shed, etc. By the end of the day, I was covered in sweat, and my jeans felt like they would slide off my body. Luckily, I had one more chore: clean my father's Gran Torino with Abe trailing behind me.

I walked into the garage and started to get the things I needed: clothes, check. Car cleaning supplement, check. Brushes, check. I pulled out a drawer and picked up the last thing: rubber cleaner. As I lifted it out of the draw, my sweaty hands lost their grip, and the can fell to the concrete ground and rolled under one of our work benches.

"Fucking A," I said as I put down all my stuff and bent over to reach for the can.

My hand felt centimeters away from it when the next thing I knew, I felt Abe get on top of me. At first, I thought he was playing, but I laughed and kicked him away. Next time, however, he got on top of me and started pulling my jeans off of my legs.

"Knock it off, Abe!" I said as I got out from underneath the bench, trying to kick him off, but his weight kept me firmly on the ground.

Within a couple more seconds, he eventually pulled down my jeans and underwear to where my bare ass was pointing straight up at him.

"Get the fuck off me!" I shouted as I started to realize what he was attempting to do. I saw in horror as Abe's red dick grew to a giant size. Maybe ten inches long.

"Abe, stop! Abraham, knock it off!" I said as I still struggled, but I knew it was worthless. I'm gonna get fucked by my dog.

Abe thrust forward, and I felt his large dick slide right over my asshole. He continued this a couple more times before. Finally, I felt his large dick head touch my asshole. Abe must've known this was his target, and he thrust forward, shoving inch upon inch of his large doggy cock into me. I screamed as I was pushed forward by Abe's merciless fucking. I felt as if my ass clenched onto his dick, trying to push it out. Milking it in a way. Of course, this most likely made Abraham even hornier than he already was, and he pulled out slowly, then thrust back into me quickly until he was flat-out fucking me.

I moaned loudly as he fucked me like I was one of his bitches. My asshole feels like it's being ripped open. His fur covered my entire ass and warmed it, making it sweat and therefore lubricating my asshole. Who knew Abe was a fuck-machine?

I couldn't believe this was happening, me getting fucked by this giant Saint Bernard. I jolted back and forth with every hump. Feeling his furry balls bump up against my ass. Within a good couple minutes of fucking, I felt my dick start rising. I looked down and couldn't believe it. I had the biggest boner I've ever had.

Abe continued his breeding of me with more power. Within ten minutes, he was fucking like a pornstar. At least, that's what it seemed.

"Uh....oh God...get...off me, Abe," I managed to moan as I couldn't hold his weight any longer and fell to the ground. Lifting my ass into the air.

Luckily, the garage was closed, so it wasn't possible for passing motorists to see me like this. Getting fucked hard by a dog. How embarrassing. The downside, however, is that every moan I made echoed throughout the garage, making me hear my sighs of pleasure.

Feeling Abe's cock going in and out of my ass was the most interesting feeling I've ever had. Of course, it hurt like hell, but the texture of his cock almost made getting fucked feel good. I turned and saw my ass skin jiggle and bounce as his balls smacked into me. Abe's face was down, resting next to my head. I heard him breathe in and out more and more every minute I was fucked.

Abe's legs tried wrapping around mine the more the fucking continued. He was probably trying to get me ready for his doggy cum. Oh god.

"Uhhhhhh. Ahhhhhh!" I moaned.

Abe fucked me continuously for the next forty-five minutes. My entire body was sweating, and so worn out I was flat down on the cold concrete. Suddenly Abe let out a whoof and then another, and the next thing I knew, I felt what felt like gallons and gallons of cum shoot into my warm rectum.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" I moaned as Abe came and came and came. No wonder people want him to breed their dogs. It's impossible not to get pregnant from this sperm machine.

I felt his large dick grow into a knot, and now I knew he knotted me. Still cumming, he got off me and turned around, butt to butt to me. The pain was unbearable as his ten-inch, baseball-thick dick stayed inside me. Finally, the next minute I felt the last drop of cum leave him and into me. He suddenly pulled out, and a very noisy, squishy POP sound echoed through the garage. I screamed in pain as cum came rushing out of me like a waterfall. At the same time, however, I looked below me and saw my pool of cum.

I came when he came. I came when I got fucked by a dog. I looked over and saw Abe cleaning himself in the corner of the garage while I sat here on my stomach, worn out with doggy cum leaving my body like a hose.

I quickly got up, ignored the pain that was coming from my asshole, wiped the cum away and got my pants on, and ran out of there.

A couple of hours later, my parents arrived home, not suspecting a thing, as they walked in and saw me watching TV calmly.

"Can you finish the chores today?" my father asked as he sat at the kitchen table with his large newspaper.

"Oh yeah. Don't you worry?" I said. Giving off a smile.

"How about Abraham?" My mom asked. "Did he help you out with some of those chores?"

"Ohhh yeah," I said. Feeling my asshole twitch and my dick rise.

The End