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BEASTIALITY STORIES



While in college, I let myself be taken over by Chamo, the family dog. During this time, I learned much about consciously or unconsciously managing my habits to lead a life dedicated to my benefit. However, in parallel to Chamo, I had many partners during this time, some that lasted months, spending incredibly good times going to watch movies, to the beach, walking around the city, to clubs, and having sex with my partners, my sense of belonging and dependency was towards Chamo, he was always present in my mind.

Chamo influenced my life in many ways, but especially in my behavior. I learned that internal desire to feel like a hembra before being a woman. This gave me a sexy touch to my thinking, also in those times, that generally happens with decent girls who are looking for the love of their life; it was not my case; I was looking for mating, not love, the guys who came with that romantic plan were wasting their time, the relationships I had with him the only thing they did was keep me in a state of constant heat and frenzy, my little thing was most of the time hot and lubricated.

I became a maniac to keep him clean, with his yellow hair shining. This obsessed me; during our time together, I loved to lie naked next to him and feel his hair on my body beforehand. This made my whole skin stand on end. My nipples got so hard that they hurt, and I liked to run them through his fur. I was like a cat wanting to be caressed, perfect erotic foreplay that put me in the necessity to be mounted.

Although it was common for us to end up mating at least two or three times a week, there were some special days for me: my hottest days and my ovulation days. When my period was approaching, I would get so anxious that I would open my mouth to breathe. Besides those being the days when my blood would boil and my cravings would increase, I also knew perfectly well that those were the days when I could conceive.

As the years went by, I found out a little more information by searching through internet pages of dubious origin where there were some stories between myth and truth, which I preferred to believe. Where they claim that a male dog cannot impregnate a woman bitch. At that time, I also took up the habit of shaving, as the fashion started in the late 90s, a place that some friends frequented. The first time my mother took me there, I felt as clean and pure as the day I was born, and I felt better when these hot days arrived. I looked for Chamo naked as a bitch in heat.

Sometimes, I would even look for him three times a day, walking before him. He would get crazy and impatient, but I liked to play with him beforehand by talking to him softly, making out with him, I liked to hug him with my legs and hands when we were lying down, caressing his bright yellow hair, rubbing my breasts on his fur, feeling his fur rub against my little thing, sometimes I would go under him on all fours to feel his fur and his member rub against my bare skin, or I would climb on his back and hug him, this filled me with lasciviousness and perversion, I could see my entrance shining with my liquids, then with all the heat in my body, I would offer him my thing so he could lick me on the floor, I would open my legs without any shame in a submissive position.

Only when I'm with him, does my lubrication reach its maximum. I don't know if it's my desire for him or the thoughts of knowing that I'm going to be mounted and submitted like a bitch. Touching myself, I notice that my hand is swimming in a sea of lubrication. My fingers enter without any problem or discomfort. He loves my lubrication that never ends; sometimes, his enthusiasm increases, and I get the impression that he wants to stick his whole snout in me. He tries to get in as deep as he can with the lashes. With his tongue, he becomes obsessed. Getting his head out from between my legs is a challenge. He has a lot of strength.

Still, his tongue enters without problem as deep as it can go, generating splashing sounds due to excess lubrication. I love it when he changes direction and stimulates other parts of my interior, caressing my inner walls deliciously. It is not unusual for me to cum sweetly like this on his face. Sometimes, his impetus reaches so much that he gives me little bites. They are so soft that he knows how much I can hold out. He doesn't want to hurt me. I defensively try to get him out of there by taking him by his head, although his bites produce small electric shocks in me, and I lose my strength from the pleasure.

My sensitivity due to my state and my excitement makes my breasts hard to the point that they hurt. Every movement I make, they swing pointed and hard. It hurts sensually and sensitively. However, delicious to the touch of my skin with his hair makes me feel susceptible, defenseless with the desire to be protected, covered, submitted, pulsations in my hot sex. It is the moment that I slide to the sofa face up with my legs bent in the air, in position to be mounted.

I am ready and willing, only thinking about his member. I play with him more once he climbs on and slides into my body. I can feel his hair brushing my body and the sheath of his member between my legs. Here, I move my pelvis to brush his member and his fur, my lubrication to the maximum. This fills me with anxiety and frenzy. I begin to breathe agitatedly. After a while of this game, I am ready to mate.

I stick to him, feeling his fur from my chest to my sex. I feel his still thin and hot member coming out of its sheath, smearing my sex with pre-cum. After several attempts, it finds my heat and enters without any problem. Everything is completely lubricated, and its splashing is heard. This sound creates shame in me, knowing that I am like this for him, thinking about how he knows I am a slut and I am like this for him. I feel he is ready to enter in a few more pumps. His knot hits my entrance once. The second time he begins to force his entry, despite my tightness resisting, our lubrication makes his forced entry inevitable.

My lubricated lips open inevitably but still offer resistance; my reflex is to want to close my legs to protect myself from the violence, but it is not possible. My legs continue bent in the air; he does not measure his strength, nor does he have consideration for me. He only does his job. His member and knot, half-grown by nature, are well lubricated to allow him to enter the narrowness of the female. As a defense, I emit small moans and place my hands on her front legs.

I sit up a little because of the intensity. This moment is always equally intense. That forced entry always impresses and surprises me, a natural and necessary struggle to allow the buttoning and thus ensure the fertilization of the female. It makes me open my eyes, breathe heavily, and moan because of how lubricated I am; her knot comes out and goes in a couple more times until it grows enough to stay inside, giving a last deep push. I think I was made to measure for her. The coupling between the two is perfect, tied tightly, neither Roky nor Rocco have been able to compare to this animal.

Once he has forced himself inside me, the violence ends, the pleasure comes, my heat and itching, together with his hot and lubricated member, take me to a maximum level of heat and excitement, my cheeks are red hot, and he continued to expand inside me with each throb, my body adjusting to his size, I feel skewered, trapped, that feeling of fullness with the intrusion of his member, his length has also reached its maximum reaching deep, reaching my cervix, my breathing becomes slower and deeper, my body relaxes, entering a phase similar to a trance of pleasure while being inseminated, my brow furrows and I look at him, he is completely indifferent, I caress his ears, what I usually say at this moment softly is, do you want to impregnate me?

I feel our union all wet and hot, his hair caressing my skin, his member throbbing constantly, and with this, his tip hitting my walls gently with each throb. In the middle of this fullness, his super-hot

semen with His constant ejaculation hits my walls, filling me even more, every space of my being, I feel completely invaded. If I'm lucky, this manipulation of my sex lasts between 15 to 20 minutes, me with my legs bent and raised in the air, his body covering mine.

Unlike men, who pump you with their members until you reach orgasm, with dogs, the manipulation is different. They stimulate you differently. It is the throbbing and ejaculation of their member inside you that slowly and constantly raises your level of excitement little by little, maintaining your pleasure at a level until you feel that your heart wants to burst out, in a total frenzy, but delaying your orgasm, after a time of pleasure and stimulation, the spasms in my stomach begin.

I begin to push towards him slowly while he continues to fill me. His continuous throbbing and ejaculation cause my convulsions. Due to the lubrication, I move around his knot that turns and rearranges without a problem. I put my hands on his back as if it does not escape now. Little by little, an explosive orgasm begins to possess me slowly. My body moves with the spasms, my head explodes in sensations, my breathing becomes labored, and I explode in a phenomenal orgasm flooded with a sea of semen and lubrication. The spasms continue, cumming and cumming again. I raise my head a little in the spasms while my hands continue to hold him. I feel my intense and prolonged orgasms—more spasms. Slowly, my body begins to come out of the trance and relax, but still hard-knotted to him.

But his manipulation continues. Now, I enter a state of lust and total frenzy. I begin to move my hips in circles to feel everything, and my sex rotates around his lubricated and hot knot, which repositions itself with each movement. It is not unusual that in my state of ovulation, I have chain orgasms. Without leaving one, I enter the spasms of the next one, maintaining a state of uncontrollable frenzy. I look at him with fury. I lower my hand towards our union, the entrance of my little thing hard as a rock due to the intrusion of the knot and very lubricated around it.

I am fascinated to see my body and my legs fused in his fur, my legs remain bent in the air at his sides, his member that invades my interior and especially its tip, with its constant throbbing and its insemination calms the heat and irritation of my interior in my state of ovulation, his semen fills every space inside me, this sensation is what makes it different from any other, taking me at a maximum level of pleasure, my hands return to his back, a second orgasm begins to take over my body, my right leg begins to move with spasms and ends up on the floor, and the other rests on his body, my breathing is labored, my body is sweaty from the effort, my hair is stuck to parts of my small breasts, I am nailed against the chair, so I come sweetly for the second time, all stuffed as I am, with spasms and continuous contractions sticking me against his body, my light moans mix with his labored breathing.

My sex is being exploited to the maximum, my fullness to the maximum, while his stimulation continues constant. After a while, in my constant frenzy, I feel him begin to pull gently, and little by little, his member begins to expand my entrance. Sometimes, in this process, small jets of our liquids can come out under pressure. Contrary to the beginning, the expansion of my sex is slow, and it feels incredibly good.

His knot begins to open a field to come out. Once outside, my lips and entrance slowly return to their original position. This transition knows how sometimes to give me one more orgasm that makes me close my thoughts and tremble in spasms. I have been inseminated once again. I can feel that feeling of pregnancy in me. His member still throbs and ejaculates, monstrous, deformed, and shiny. How could I hold that inside me? To culminate, he will finally lick my little thing with my legs raised and bent for his access, a delicious ending for my sensitive sex.

After these matings, I interacted with people once I was used to being mounted by Chamo when I

went out. My friends or family would tell me, what's wrong with you? You're crazy... you looked radiant! And things like that, such as Chamo's influence in my life, that I remember when choosing our furniture for the house with my husband, I made sure it was of a similar height and shape to what I had at my parent's house. Although, at that time, we didn't even have a pet.

The End