

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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My name is Billy. I am in my 40s, but this story goes back to when I was young. I grew up normal but with little experience with girls and women. Being this was the case, most, if not all, of my sexual orientation and experimenting was alone through masturbation, which I discovered at puberty. Starting, I was a steady once-or twice-a-day kind of boy. I would find the urge overtook me at various times, whether in the car, hiding somewhere or in my room, always in the shower, and I even remember doing it in restaurants or public bathrooms.

This brings me to the story I would like to share with you all. I have never shared this with anyone, but even to this day, the events that unfolded that summer weigh on me heavily and are still my go-to source of self-pleasure. It was early July, and I was just eighteen, with hot, humid, long days when it got dark extremely late. I always cut through the yards to get home more easily, and when I happened upon a window with the curtains open on the first floor, movement inside caught my attention.

What I saw inside changed my life forever. It was an older woman in her early 40s, I'd say, walking around in her bedroom in her underwear. This was truly the first time I had seen a woman with this little amount of clothes on. My heart was racing, and my pants were stirring. It felt so wrong, but I just had to touch myself, which I did through my shorts, watching her walk around folding her laundry and putting it away. I must have stood there hiding in the shadows for 20 minutes just watching this older woman until she climbed into bed and turned off the lights.

I was devastated, hoping to have seen more, and disappointed as I had not brought myself to cum. I walked home hard as a rock the whole time, building up saliva in my mouth, ran the last few blocks, got to my room, spit right into my hand, and jerked myself off, thinking about what I had just seen. The next day dragged as all I could think about was going back there, hoping to see more.

Once it was even close to getting dark, I returned and took up the same position. I must have waited for three hours, but the light never came on. The next day was even longer, and I went back again. This time, it took about 30 minutes of waiting when she walked into the room fully dressed and cleaned up. I watched intently and waited. Finally, she started to undress again, only to the point of getting down to her underwear.

I was dizzy with lust rubbing myself through. My shorts were partly pulled down, and I was fully stroking myself hard as a rock hidden only by a bush and the darkness. It proved to be too much for me, and I orgasmed so hard I shot my cum all over the side of her house, but again the lights went off, and I was left to walk home satisfied but not.

Since that night, it had been several days before I could sneak off to my post outside her window. This time, running the whole way, hoping I had not missed anything I got there just in time for her to walk in and start her undressing routine that I enjoyed so much. Cock in hand, hard and dripping pre-cum, I was ready. This time, it started very much the same as she undressed down to her underwear. She was not thin but not heavy, with a pretty face, brown hair, and full, beautiful breasts, and I could close my eyes and see every inch of her if I chose to.

There would be no closing of my eyes. Why I was there, I was transfixed on her, watching every movement, praying for her to take off more even whispering it out loud to myself. Finally, when that moment came, I watched her reach back, unhook her bra, and take it off. Her back was to me, so I just waited for her to turn around, and then I was rewarded with seeing the most wonderful set of

breasts I still have ever seen.

They swayed perfectly as she moved. Her nipples were large and semi-erect, and she rubbed them as she seemed happy to have them free. As quick as that had happened, she had left the room. I was heartbroken but still stroking myself feverishly. It was a few minutes until she walked back, and when she did, she was completely naked. I was stunned. Seeing the outline of her pussy lips and her perfect triangle bush sent my mind spinning, and again I shot my load all over the side of her house.

My cum was everywhere, including my hands which made my hand slip off my cock and hit the house. I moved sideways and put my back against the house, praying she didn't hear it. That's when things took a drastic turn. The next thing I knew, she was grabbing my arm, and I was struggling to pull my shorts up and put my swollen cock away with cum all over myself and my hands. She started dragging me towards the front door. I fought to break free, but her grip was very tight.

She was yelling at me, calling me a stupid pervert, a sick little pervert, and she was going to call the police and my parents. My head was spinning at the trouble I was in and the embarrassment. She pulled me into the house and grabbed her phone to call the police. I was trembling. I was so scared and was apologizing and pleading with her not to call the police. After an hour of this, she finally showed signs of calming down. The whole time was still begging her not to call and that I was so sorry for what I had done.

After pleading and almost crying for about 30 minutes for her to let me go and not call the police, she finally released my arm. She just stood there looking at me on the floor, practically on my knees, tears in my eyes, begging for forgiveness with dried cum on my pants and arm, and then she broke the silence and asked if I was sorry. I said yes, of course. She said are you sorry? Again, I said yes, sorry.

She then asked what I was sorry for and asked me to say exactly what I was sorry for. So I looked at her, and she said to say either what I was sorry for or she made the phone call. So, sheepishly, I said I was sorry for peeking into her window. And she said, "What else?" Confused, I looked at her and said, "I just told you." She yelled this time, saying, "Boy, you better tell me everything right now."

So again, I said I was sorry for peeking in her window, and she leered at me, and I almost whispered for touching myself, and she said what?? And I yelled back—for jerking off! That earned me a slap across my face. Then she told me that I was going to have to be as mortified, embarrassed, and humiliated as she was for her to feel justice was served. Then she told me to strip.

I shot up a look at her and knew she was serious, so I stripped down, leaving my underwear on. This again angered her, and she yelled all of it. No girl or woman had ever seen me naked; I was so terrified I was frozen and could not bring myself to do it. So she walked over to me and ripped them off of me. She just stood there looking, walking around me, yelling at me not to cover myself up, and then asked how it felt, which I replied was awful. She smiled for the first time and said good, you deserve it.

Then she told me to touch myself and masturbate in front of her. First off, I had just cum not too long ago and was the most embarrassed I had ever been. There was no way I could do that, and I told her I was sorry again, but I could not bring myself to do it. She laughed again and said I had no issue doing it outside, peeking in through her window. I just looked down and my hard penis and knew that I could not do it.

She was enraged. I could not do as she asked, so again, she grabbed me by the arm and pulled me into the kitchen, where she pulled out a chair, pushed me down into it, and told me not to move.

Next came tying my ankles to the chair legs, which put them in a spread position, and my hand behind my back to the chair, then came a blindfold.

The next thing I felt was her touching me, touching my balls and my cock, stroking it with something cold and slippery it had a greasy feel. Then she stopped, and I felt her putting it on my balls, thighs, and even on my asshole. Then there was nothing except her snickering and commenting how my dick was still not hard.

I heard her walk away, and a few minutes passed I was so terrified of what would happen next. The next thing I felt was the feeling of being licked from my asshole up my balls and my cock .. it was rough long, licks fast though I was confused as I had never been licked or had a blowjob. Then I felt something furry touch my leg, and I freaked out and started to cry. She told me not to be a baby and that she would take the blindfold off.

What I saw next freaked me out even more. It was a massive German Sheppard licking me, licking off what I now saw to be mayonnaise. She told me to be still and not see a word, or she would command him to bite me. So I just watched in horror while this beast licked off every bite of the Mayo. When he was done with his assault, I was licked clean but still not hard. She was very unhappy about this. She leaned down in my face and told me I had to learn to like what just happened and that I would not be allowed to leave until I came.

She applied more of the Mayo and stood beside me, watching the dog's tongue go at me again. I was so mortified I closed my eyes, trying not to think about it, which was pretty much possible at that point, and she made me open my eyes and watch. My cock was starting to feel raw at this point, but I tried to just focus on the feeling. Again, I was cleaned off but started showing a little bit of hard-on at this point.

She again went to apply more, and I begged her not to say I would do anything but this. She laughed again at me, said no, and continued to apply more of the Mayo. Her hands felt gentler this time, which made me a little harder. The dog returned at it, except this time, I was getting harder and harder. The dog was now licking up and down my shaft, hitting all the right spots.

I started to feel that familiar pressure up in my balls. She saw the change and kept reapplying as needed, so he didn't stop. Then I saw her taking pics and videos of what was happening, and she said It was so I would keep my mouth shut. A few minutes of this dog's tongue and I started to cum. It was the most intense orgasm I had ever had up until this point.

My cum was spurting everywhere, and she pulled the dog back and watched it drip all over me, down my cock and balls. Looking down, I was a mess and again aware of what was happening and the embarrassment set in. She let the dog go and laughed as I squirmed. I almost screamed as the dog cleaned me and hit every ultra-sensitive spot. It did not stop until I was completely clean.

She untied me, threw my clothes at me, and told me to leave and never come back. It was almost midnight. The whole ordeal had taken almost 4 hours. I was broken and humiliated. My cock was raw and so sore. I walked home and passed out.

That evening changed my life and my whole perspective on sexuality. At first, I tried to forget what happened. It was terrible to think about being that embarrassed and subjected to being naked and humiliated in front of a grown woman, not to mention being licked by a huge dog, until the point that I came all over and then made to watch and suffer through having him lick me clean.

It was days before I was able to get a hard-on and masturbate. Well, try to, at least, but all my usual thoughts were not working. My usual porn magazines helped a little, but after 20 mins of trying, I was not able to stay hard. I figured I was tired or still not right from what happened to me last week. I let a few more days go by before I tried again. Same thing. I could not get hard, but my balls hurt. I knew I needed to cum and bad at this point. I remember the last time I had gone a week without shooting my load.

So, being worried something was wrong, I started to think about what had happened to me, going over the details, thinking maybe the dog had done something to me. Then it happened. I was hard, not only hard but throbbing hard, so I quickly started jerking off, thinking about a girl in school. But I lost the feeling, and now my balls hurt. I was so frustrated I went to bed.

The next day, I was walking home from school, and I saw my neighbor (I knew her name to be Karen) walking a huge dog (I also now know his name was Max.) I panicked and hid behind a parked van until they passed. I was not seen; however, I noticed my cock was rock hard. WTF? I said to myself I could not get hard all week, but I saw this stupid dog, and I did. I just proceeded to walk home, but while on that walk, I stayed hard the whole time, and I couldn't help but wonder why, and then it hit me that it must be the dog I must be getting turned on by that stupid dog.

I went home happy to tear my clothes off and get myself off, but as soon as I started, I lost it. Now I was severely pissed, and my balls hurt like they never had before. Was I this messed up from that experience that now the only thing that turns me on is that dog? I refused to believe that was the point I was at.

Again, I went to bed, totally frustrated.

The next day was a Saturday, and I woke up with the same pain but worse, this was crazy. I had not cum in almost two weeks, and I needed to so bad I was kind of going crazy. I was getting to the point of desperation, wondering if I should talk to my mother .. but how the hell does one do that? It wasn't easy to talk to your mother about it; my father was never home and not the talking type. I determined I had to go back and talk to Karen.

So I walked over there and knocked on her door after turning around about six times and backing out. But I finally did. I needed answers; I needed to understand what was wrong with me. She answered the door, gave me a weird smile, and told me never to return and what the hell I wanted. I replied that I wanted just to talk and ask her something.

She mumbled something, about at least I used the door this time and wasn't being a little perverted peeper. She let me in, and I stood in her foyer, not even remembering why I was there, but I kept looking for the dog. She saw me looking, told me the dog (Max) was in the yard, and again asked what I wanted.

I just stood there again, wondering why the hell I was there and what I was supposed to say that I was not able to jerk off, and I didn't know why. Finally, after maybe two minutes, she seemed annoyed that I was bothering her and said to either spit it out or get out. I tried to speak but nothing would come out. She slapped me in the back of the head. I was jolted back to reality, and I blurted out, "I can't cum."

She just looked at me and said what did you say? And I repeated I can't cum. So, she said what do you mean you can't cum? Is your dick broken? I said no, I just can't get hard anymore. Again, confused, she said so your dick is broken? And again, I replied no, I just can't get hard unless I think

about Max.

She then erupted into a hysterical belly laugh. She then said so, wait, you can't get hard unless you think about my dog, you little sick pervert? Hearing her say it out loud did make it sound worse and I just shook my head yes. Again, she laughed harder this time. I felt humiliated and embarrassed again, apologized for returning, and started to leave.

Karen grabbed my arm and said not so fast. She says, so you mean to tell me in the last two weeks since our little episode, you can only jerk off and cum thinking about my dog. I said not exactly, and she replied then what?

So sheepishly, I told her that in the last weeks, I was not able to cum or even get a hard-on, and the only time I was able to get hard was when I saw her walking the dog, and then I tried but still could not cum.

Again, she laughed, saying how a young man like me should not be going two weeks without cumming, and asked if my balls hurt, and I replied yes, very much so. She told me to pull my pants down, and I said what? So she walked over and pulled them down herself and grabbed my cock, and started stroking it.

After a minute or two just laughed as it was barely hard. I was mortified and scared that I would never cum again. She walked out of the room and came back in, holding Max by the collar, and my cock jumped up and started to throb.

Again, laughing at me and talking to Max about how he must have done an excellent job and had an admirer. She put him back outside and came over to me and told me to leave, and I was a sick little pervert and that I got what I deserved for peeking at her. I left lost as to what to do and again humiliated leaving her house. I walked home and tried a cold shower, letting the water pour over my balls, which did help with the pain. I told myself there was no way this could last and went to bed.

The End