

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'm Xander. I'm 22 and am very gay. Came out of the womb with a rainbow flag in my hand and a disgusted look on my face from having to pass through a vagina. My family was pretty great about it, and I had a great childhood. Anyways, my brother, Xavier (my parents loved their "X's," haha), was the pinnacle of masculinity. Played sports like they were his job, worked out like it was his religion, and played women like it was a game. We shared a room growing up. Our parents were well-off, very successful real estate agents, but they wanted us to grow up close.

So, over the years, I saw him grow up from a scrawny little kid into a chiseled god. He had abs for days. Eight of them. They are so distinct you could run a railway in between them! Just the perfect specimen of a man! He wanted to put that body to good use and joined the military pretty much as soon as he turned 18. He was only a year and a half older than me, and being that we were so close, it was hard for me, but I knew he had to do it for him. It was such a joyous sorrow, but enough about that, now to the story.

It was a rainy day in Los Angeles, which was odd. We never get rain. That was the day I got the visit. I was sitting at my marble-topped dining room table, fiddling around with my new work laptop, when I heard a knock on my front door. I got up and walked downstairs, checking my snaps on the way down the steps, trying to cure the constant boredom. I got the door and peered through the hole. I saw two men in uniform. Either this was a fantasy come true, or something horrible had happened. I opened the door, and they asked if they could come in after introducing themselves and showing their credentials to me.

"Xander, in my many years of service, one thing hasn't gotten any easier, and this is that. We regret to inform you that Xavier has died in combat." The taller one named John said.

"There isn't any way to make this process easier, but we can try. Before your brother passed, he made a will. He left you his life insurance and his prized Great Dane, Brutus." Said the more muscular one. I believe he said his name was Sol.

They went back to their rental car and got Brutus, his crate, some of his toys, and a retractable leash. I thanked them and took Brutus in as I shut the door. I walked slowly to my couch and slumped over. I started a quiet sob, and it became louder with every inhale. Brutus came up and started licking my face. At first, I shooed him away, but then it hit me.

He was going through the same pain as I was. He lost his master, his rock, and his best friend. I sat up, and padded the spot next to me for him to come up. He lumbered up on top of me, and he started licking my face. He must have sensed that I was related to Xavier because there wasn't a hint of caution or distrust in him; he trusted me and acted as if we'd been lifelong pals in a matter of 45 seconds.

He was overflowing off of my lap, which seemed about right. I was about 6 foot even, slender as can be, barely weighing over 150 pounds. He started licking my face. I stopped crying and started to laugh. My mouth opened with the laughter, and he slid his tongue right in at the first possible chance. At first, I was kind of freaked out, thinking, "This is wrong..." and the thought fell basically right out of my head. He was an excellent kisser. He got his tongue so far down my throat that I thought my avocado toast was making a surprise second visit.

But alas, it was my new best friend. I pulled back off a second to love on him a bit, gave him an ear rub, and he turned on his side and started begging for a belly rub. So I obliged and scratched his ribcage, slowly moving down to his tummy. I looked down, and his red rocket was peeking out of its

hiding place. I kind of forgot about it for the rest of the days and went on my way throughout the healing process.

For the rest of the week, I just did the regular things for a funeral: made the arrangements, called the family, and picked out a devastatingly sexy black-on-black suit. It was the day before the funeral, and I was going out with my parents and other family for lunch later in the afternoon. I had to get ready, so I peeled out of my almost-week-old clothes and cleaned up my pity party from the couch; time to take a shower. I went up to my room, turned the water on, and went to grab my Bluetooth speaker; I couldn't find the thing. As I went looking around my floor, my glasses slid off my face.

I bent down and started padding the ground for my glasses when I heard Brutus thundering up the stairs. It didn't cause a second thought in my head, and I kept padding around for them. I heard him brush past my door and enter my room. I was kind of annoyed I couldn't find them because they just slid off right in front of me. I heard Brutus sniffing around and didn't think anything of it. That is until I felt a cold, wet dog nose nuzzle my bright, pink asshole.

I started pulling away because I didn't want to lurch forward onto my glasses. I didn't hate it... I stopped padding around for a bit and let him explore my crevasses. The sniffing turned into licking... My cock got hard almost immediately. I had a cock to match my body, long and thin. 9 inches of pure, uncut cock. Ballooned up quick, fast, and in a hurry! He kept licking, and it was spurring on my desire! I then started to freak out. The thought of doing it with a dog?

Not just any dog, my dead brother's dog... But those thoughts quickly vanished, too, as that long tongue dug deeper and deeper into my asshole. I eventually found my glasses and put them back on. I turned my head to see a massive, red slab of dog cock ready to go! It put my cock to shame! It must've been over a foot long! I'd say 15 or 16 inches and almost double mine in sheer girth.

I turned around and got on my back. Put my legs back in the air, and let him keep licking my asshole. I eventually motioned him up to my face. He seemed very well trained in this kind of thing. He moved up and was on top of me. He towered over me and started making out with me again. I was great with my hygiene and kept things in tip-top shape down there, so there wasn't a trace of anything when he was shoving his massive Dane tongue into my mouth. He was huge for his breed; he was up much past my waist and had the extremities to match.

I was making out with him hard. It was intense. I was sucking on his tongue and tracing his lips with my tongue. I had noticed a drip hitting my stomach, and I finally paid attention to it and realized he had puddled pre cum all over my fuzzy abs and the base of cock. It was making my rager almost split in half! I reached down and grabbed the ferocious lad's schlong and started to jerk it a bit. He started lightly humping my hand. It was quite hot if I'm honest! I hadn't felt this good since the news was broken to me. He was leaking pre cum like an old faucet! Oh, the dog! I turned him around and raised my legs again.

He was teasing my bright, pink hole with his amazing tongue while I started teasing his cumhole with my thin, tender tongue. He was shuddering with delight as he rimmed me. I got him so turned on he stopped rimming me to howl! I started to give him a blowjob, and he started thrusting. He was pumping and pumping. His pulsing cock head was stabbing the back of my throat! I was getting it good from my dog! I slowed the blow to tease his tip and eventually backed off completely. He seemed disappointed. He kept trying to stab his way back into my mouth. I backed him off of me, and I got up and flipped so he had easy access.

He started with a rim job, and it sent shudders throughout my entire body. When I was ready, it was almost like he knew what I wanted. I said, "Brutus, fuck!" and he leaped up onto my naked body.

Once, nope, twice, nope, and third time a charm! He hit his mark, and his dog cock slid right in! All the pre cum, mixed with spit and slobber from the rim and the bow, he was more than adequately lubed up. I kept my hands around the base of his cock, because I wasn't going for the knot on the first time around the block. He was thrusting and pumping like a piston! He was a horny little fucker! He was panting and panting over me, and it was hot! He had that long tongue hanging out of his mouth and tapping my shoulder, adding to the sheer ecstasy I was feeling.

He was tensing, so I was assuming his load was near to come. He howled and then shot his first jet. Wad after wad, he just kept cumming! He was shooting for over a minute! He pulled out finally, and my ass was leaking! It was pouring out of me like a pipeline! It was amazing! I was lying there, admiring my new pup's handy work, when he started cleaning up his mess. He lapped up all of his cum off of the floor and out of my asshole. He was a very smart dog because he knew I hadn't nuttled yet. After he cleaned up his spunk, he came over to my limp body and wrapped his mouth around my pole.

I perked up immediately and watched him go up and down on my shaft as if he were human! I was getting so into it that I kind of lost control and started pushing his massive head deeper and deeper down on my cock, and not long after that; I shot my load. I erupted like a volcano, one shot, two, three, four, five... I had never cum this hard in my entire life. He kept his mouth wrapped around my cock until the cum wasn't shooting the back of his throat. He then cleaned up my pleasure mess.

He then got on top of me, and his shaft was still out, and I was still standing at attention, and he started rubbing our slobbery cocks together as he stuck his tongue in my throat. I couldn't fathom how he knew so much and didn't leave a mark on me anywhere. He was a gentle giant who acted like a human.

It led me to believe that Xavier had done more with this dog than fetch! I had to find out more! I also had to go to lunch! I was going to be late. I lost track of time due to my sexcapade with my new best friend. I got up and headed to my shower. He followed and leaped right in behind me for round two!

The End