

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'm writing this for two purposes, the first is to tell a story of something that happened about twelve years ago. The other is to get something off my chest and this site was recommended to me as a good place for it. First the story.

Twelve years ago, while my parents were away on vacation they asked me to drop in on their house daily to check on things and feed and walk Petey, their Dalmatian. I was glad to do it, being an animal lover. All went well for the most part, instead of going over every night, I brought the dog home with me, not having the heart to leave him by himself for that long a time. Every day I'd feed him, take him out to play in the yard, walk him, all the usual sort of thing one does with a dog. We got along well, and it was fun. Until, that is, the last night.

It started out innocently enough, I had gone into the bathroom and undressed to take a well needed shower. Unfortunately, I realized I had no towels. I had done the laundry earlier and hadn't brought any clean ones back to fill the towel shelf. I put on a short bathrobe and went out to the drier to get some. Petey followed me and while I was pulling the towels out he shoved his head under the hem of my robe. I was startled when I felt his cold nose on the back of my thighs as he began sniffing me. This was something he'd never done before. I quickly straightened up and pushed his head away.

I also recall yelling, "Stop, bad dog, go away!"

He backed off, but not far. Turned out Petey was a persistent bastard, and once on the trail wasn't going to give up easily. As I said, he had never acted this way before, of course I'd never been around him without any pants or underwear on. The fact that I had just come off my menstrual cycle may have contributed to it; possibly he'd picked up the scent, I don't really know, just a guess. All I do know is he walked with me into the kitchen making a lot of whimpering sounds. In the kitchen, he scampered in front of me and I almost tripped over him, losing a couple of the towels. I yelled at him again and tried to chase him away. He retreated a few feet away and began walking back and forth half way across the room. Keeping an eye on him, I cautiously knelt and picked up the fallen towels.

Standing up and straightening out the pile of towels, I didn't notice he'd come back over by me. Before I realized what was happening, he shoved his snout through the separation in my robe, his cold wet nose sniffing me. Then suddenly his tongue lashed out and he began licking my pussy. Shocked, I felt every muscle in my body tighten. I must have looked like I'd been punched in the stomach, since I immediately bent at the waist emitting a shrill cry as I pressed my thighs together in order to stop him. Clutching the pile of towels to my chest with one hand, I shoved his head away from my crotch with the other. Petey growled at me, but somehow it was neither threatening nor intimidating. Just kind of his way of showing his displeasure at being treated that way.

I backed up a couple of steps, watching him before I turned and took the towels into the bathroom. By now I was over the shock, but realized I had been kind of turned on by it all. The feel of his tongue running across my cunt lips wouldn't go away. I knew I should have been disgusted by it, but I wasn't. Far from it, I not only was kind of aroused but actually wanted more. I knew it was wrong, but what can I say? When I heard Petey's claws on the floor behind me I knew my curiosity was going to get the best of me, no matter how perverted it might seem. Those three or four quick laps he'd given me were not to be ignored.

I put the towels on the shelf, my mind was made up. I started by petting his head and scratching his neck, just to let him understand I was no longer angry. He responded by wagging his tail and once again making those whimpering sounds followed by a couple of barks. He didn't even seem to be interested in sniffing me anymore. He followed me as I went into my bedroom, he might not have

been interested in sniffing me out, but he wasn't far from my side. Perhaps he'd gotten a pretty good whiff when he licked me and simply didn't need anymore.

Once in the bedroom I shut the door and closed the drapes, I was almost paranoid about my privacy. I turned the chair from my makeup table around and sat down. I recall sitting there for a few moments building up my nerve. My heart was beating like crazy and I could see my hands trembling while I was having some last minute doubts about the whole thing. I watched Petey walking back and forth in front of me, he seemed agitated. Finally I decided I wanted to feel that tongue again. I slumped back in the chair, sliding my hips forward until my ass was on the edge of the seat. Then I spread my thighs wide, opening the front of my robe; there was no turning back now.

Petey rushed up and started licking away. His rough strong tongue put pressure on my outer cunt lips, stimulating the flesh underneath. I shot right past the arousal stage, straight into the early stages of a rapidly building orgasm. But that was nothing, when I reached down and spread the outer lips and he made direct contact with my clitoris and inner lips the sensations were insanely intense. The course texture of his tongue on the sensitive inner flesh was sort of a seriously erotic torture. It was almost more than I could stand. I remember distinctly sitting there gasping for breath, giggling to myself between gasps as a prolonged orgasm racked my body. Petey kept on slurping away at my pussy, lapping up all the juices that oozed from my cunt. I was in an unbelievable state of ecstasy, hoping it would never end. But it did end, rather suddenly.

As I slumped in the chair lost in sexual pleasure, Petey suddenly reared up, placing his paws on my chest. He was trying to mount me. Being eaten out was one thing, letting him screw me was something else. Shocked, I sat bolt upright, sliding my ass back in the seat, blocking his access to my pussy. However, one hand went instinctively down to deflect his cock and accidentally grabbed hold of it. When I gripped it, Petey began humping away at my fist. His prick didn't seem to be very big at first and was already dripping fluid from its tip. I don't know why I continued to hold on to the thrusting cock; curiosity, sheer depravity, fear, or a combination of all these things. All I know is I did hold on while he fucked my fist and I could feel his pecker quickly swelling and expanding in my hand. The lump at the base of his dick was out and pressing into the bottom of my fist. He stopped humping and stood still for a moment or two, then he came on me. It didn't really shoot out like I would have expected, but just flowed out in a low pressure pulsating stream. When the flow stopped or slowed to a dribble, that I can't really remember, I released his cock and Petey turned around, dropping back down on all fours. He wandered over to the corner of the room and began to lick himself, leaving me sitting there smeared with dog cum. Now I really needed that shower.

To be honest, I was really kind of grossed out at this point. It was bad enough I'd let a dog eat me out but then, however inadvertently, I'd given him a hand job. This was one long shower as I wanted to wash the whole thing away from me, physically and mentally. The next day, I took Petey home and turned him back over to my parents when they returned. End of story, or so I thought. As far as I was concerned, my sexual experience with animals was over. It was, physically.

While I never totally forgot about it, I never really gave a lot of thought about my night with Petey, it was just one of those stupid things you do that you push out of your mind. But, about a year ago, I started having dreams about it. Not dreams about it as it happened, but dreams that Petey actually fucked me. I haven't been able to figure out why this has been happening, but it has been reoccurring frequently. Now this isn't something you can just talk to anybody about, so I thought about who I could unload on. One person came to mind; Gina.

Now Gina, is a distant relative, our mothers were either cousins, or second cousins, I'm not really sure which, so I'm not too sure just what Gina and I are to each other. But that doesn't matter, we're the same age and grew up together. An attractive woman, Gina is openly bi-sexual and definitely a

wild woman when it comes to sex. She married an older man with money who doesn't really care about her wild ways as long as he gets his share. Among the stories in the family about her, are rumors of bestiality. Who better to talk to?

When we ran into each other one day, I invited her over for coffee and she accepted. While we were talking about this and that, I asked her about the bestiality rumors, just kind of blurted it out suddenly. She didn't appear to be surprised, angry or insulted, I guess I wasn't the first who questioned her about it. She just looked at me quizzically and wanted to know why I asked. So I told her about my experience with Petey. She listened with a knowing smile until I finished my story.

"Awesome thing, isn't it?" she asked.

I told her I wasn't sure. Then I told her about the dreams. She just shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know, maybe you've always wished you went all the way."

I assured her that I didn't think so.

"Well, if you decide that you do, let me know, it can be arraigned."

I was literally dumbfounded, I was looking for advice, or counseling, not to be pimped out to a dog. If Gina had come on to me herself, I would not have been half so surprised. Now I want to point out one thing, Gina was actually more than just attractive, she would have, and apparently has had, no trouble getting men or women, depending on which mood she's in (bi-sexual, remember?) and I think I can say I'm not unattractive myself. I'm only saying this not out of vanity, but because I would have thought women who were talking about sex with animals were the ones who couldn't find a human partner. And, yet here we were, talking about a blind date with a canine.

I turned down her offer, but she told me about some web sites to look at, including this one. She told me if I ever changed my mind just let her know. Then we parted ways. The problem is the dreams have gotten more frequent and more vivid. Usually I'm being fucked in public, people will stop and talk with me and nobody seems to take note of the dog screwing the hell out of me. Sometimes my ex-husband is one of the passers-by and the dog will tell me (that's right, sometimes the dog can talk, I told you they were strange dreams),

"All right, let's show him what he's missing. Let him know he passed on you and now you're mine." And with that he'll start humping furiously while I stick my tongue out at my ex. Occasionally, I give him the finger.

One thing is always the same, I wake up before the dog cums. I'm not sure if that's a good or bad thing. I have however woken up highly aroused and felt the need to masturbate.

That's the end of it, I don't know what it all means, not a clue. Could be guilt, embarrassment, shame, or just plain perversion; I never took psychology in school. To anybody who's read through the whole thing, thanks. Thanks for letting me vent, thanks for letting me share. If you have any insight, feel free.