

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Summer in the South was always unpleasant: hot, humid, and with very little to do. It wasn't that I liked college. No eighteen-year-old does. It was just that, without college, I was the only guy my age living in my town. It was an old mining town, but the mine had moved on, leaving a small cluster of old houses and a few tired old stores on the main street. The highway no longer passed through, so there were seldom any visitors, and much more importantly to a guy my age, the girl in the town closest to my age was fourteen and out of bounds. The closest female to my age in the other direction (age-wise) was 32 and married with kids. At least when I was at college (freshman year), there were girls there around my age, but I felt myself doomed to be a spectator because they were all from the city, and I was nothing but a country hick.

My mother, rest her soul, died when I was nine, so for half my life, the only family I had was my dad and the dogs. Dad worked as a trash collector in the city, so most of the time, it was just me and our four dogs: Fudd, the youngest, a droopy basset hound who seemed to be unable to do anything other than sniff things; Townes Van Zandt, named for the singer, whom everyone knew as TVZ because he was a common sight on anyone's porch; the old hound Po, who had been my mother's favorite and who was older than I, and the bitch, Jinni, a soft, likable dog, about knee-high, whose name was Virginia Wolf, which I thought was pretty funny at the time, even though I didn't know who Virginia Woolf was.

I mention them all because they were like family to me, and they all thought I was a puppy because I had been running with them since I was old enough to know how. I used to run naked through the fields, laughing and tackling them, and they, in turn, would lick my face and jump on me and knock me over, and then Fudd would sniff my butt. A dumb dog, Fudd, but I loved him anyway.

But in the height of summer, it was too hot to do anything other than sit in the house in my underwear with a fan blowing on me, and all four dogs would come and lie at my feet and pant. We couldn't afford cable TV and being in a valley as we were, no one in our town could get much of anything on the rabbit ears, so usually I sat there and read.

Now, it's a myth that southern country folk are more conservative sexually; they may not show it off, but there's just as much hanky-panky going on in a small town in the holler as there is in a big city up north. There were two boys other than me in our town, although to call them boys isn't accurate because they were more than old enough to shave, as people said. But they treated me like a kid brother, and it was from them that I learned everything I knew about women and carnality, as our preacher used to call it. They sometimes got nudie magazines from the city, and when they got tired of their old ones, they would give them to me. I think my dad knew about it but never said anything; he even caught me once with my hand down my pants, reading one behind another book, but he just grinned and left the room. I guess he figured that at least I wasn't turning out queer from not having any women around. The truth was, I knew some "queers," and they seemed all right to me, no different from anybody else, but I had no desire to join them. I loved the female form too much.

So, on those hot summer days when there was nothing else to do and my dad was away in the city, I would sit in front of the fan and look at my copies of Playboy and Penthouse, worn from use and sometimes stained by unknown liquids. I would imagine what it would be like to have a girl like the one in the pictures ready and willing. I loved their rear-end shots, especially the ones where they were down on all fours and pointing their cute little backsides up into the air like they were waiting for me to come up behind them and stick my cock right in. The truth was, I was going crazy with no girls around, and my balls were full of bursting.

The other thing I enjoyed watching when it happened was our bitch Jinni in heat. Whenever she was,

that meant I would get to see some homemade porn, so I looked forward to it, even during the winter. Fudd and TVZ would go ape-shit over her while she would let them, and I got most of my biology lessons from seeing them mount her in turns, pumping away at her until they came and then a minute later popping out to let the other have a go. Watching that always made me harder than looking at pictures, truth be told, and I sometimes had to run for my room to grab something, anything, to cap over myself. Otherwise, I'd make a mess of the floor. Cumming brought momentary relief, but it always left me longing for more, for a pussy to fuck.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out a plan of action. I never really planned it. It just started with an idea and then got out of control. One day I saw Jinni being fucked with great vigor by Fudd, and when his dick popped out, pale and huge compared to his size, Jinni turned and began licking it clean. I was so fascinated by this that I came without even thinking to get a rag, my spunk splashing onto my stomach and legs. I was a mess, and I was just about to go clean up when I had the obvious thought. So before Fudd or TVZ could mount her again, I called Jinni over to me and stuck her head in my crotch.

This was not how to do it because she shied away from me like she was spooked, or maybe just because she wanted to return to her doggy debauchery. But I wouldn't let her; I was hooked now and had to know whether it would work. I let her head up from above my cock, which was surprisingly hard for having just cum, and I took a little of my jism on a finger and held it to Jinni's nose. That worked better; she licked my finger and then licked it some more, and by slowly leading her back between my legs, I transferred her attention from my finger to my crotch and stomach. She must have liked the taste because she started going at it, licking me clean and then continuing to lick. My dick rose of its own accord, and she licked that too. The rasp of her tongue on the sensitive tip made me shiver, but I didn't want her to stop. It felt so good. I tried to stay as still as I could, and she licked down over my pubic fuzz and licked the dregs of my cum off my inner thighs and balls. I was quickly approaching orgasm again from all this attention, but I could feel it building in me, much bigger than usual.

And then I was cumming again. I tried to keep my cock from splashing it all over the place, but Jinni just kept on licking me all over, and so the jism went every which way. Some even splashed onto her nose, and she stopped and delicately ran her tongue up and cleaned herself, then went back to my now-flaccid cock and cleaned me. I was exhausted from cumming twice in such a short time, plus the second orgasm had been the biggest I'd ever had, so finally, I pushed her away from my crotch and went to lie down. I could hear barking from the other room, the telltale scrabble of Jinni being mounted again, and the pant of dog coitus, but I was uninterested in watching for once. I thought about what had happened and how good it had felt, but I still felt unfinished and wanted more.

The hottest summer days came on schedule, and our house became like an oven. I took the dogs and escaped the stifling closeness by going up the hills a little until there were more trees and much-desired shade. I knew of a spring that fed a small hidden creek and figured that would probably be the coolest thing. We only wanted to lie on the ground and pant when we arrived. I pulled off all my clothes like the country bumpkin I am and got myself a good spot in the boll of a large tree. The breeze and the shade helped cool the air somewhat, and with the heat problem solved, my mind turned to other pursuits. I had brought a magazine for this activity, but I was hoping the dogs would give me a show, and I wasn't disappointed.

Old Po found a shady spot, flopped over, and promptly snored, but the other three dogs were happy to be free of the house and sniffed the air and each other. When they remembered that Jinni was in heat (which took them some time), I got the show I wanted, but I pulled the bitch closer to me so I had front-row seats. I'd never paid close attention to the dogs mounting Jinni; I always watched from a distance, but now I coaxed Fudd up over her back and saw his cock, still astonishing me with its

length, drooping from its sheath as it slowly inflated. It stiffened, and then he was jabbing it into the bitch's backside, thrusting wildly until he finally slammed home and began to fuck for all he was worth. It didn't take him long to finish, and the knot, when it popped from Jinni's pussy, was not as large as I had expected.

I let TVZ do his own thing while I sat back and watched and stroked my cock in time with his thrusts. At almost the exact instant he came inside her, I spewed my load, careful to make sure it all landed on me so there would be something to clean up. Unlike the first time, Jinni smelled cum in the air and came right over, dragging poor TVZ behind her, his cock still stuck inside her. I didn't even have to offer Jinni a taste; she dove right in, and her rasping tongue on my tender cock-head was like torture but exquisite torture. I lay back and let the bitch clean me, my dick rising to full force without me doing a thing to help it along. This time, my orgasm was longer in coming, and Jinni seemed to be done licking me, so she turned and trotted away, leaving me on the edge of my seat. I could have wrung her neck right then if I hadn't been so desperate for release.

I thought for a moment about finishing myself off, but seeing Jinni's retreating rump waggle to and fro gave me another idea, one which I had to think about. I wondered if I could put my cock in Jinni somehow, obviously not to make puppies but just as a substitute for the real thing. Jinni was like my sister, almost human to me in many ways, and I had no problem with the idea of incest. It could be the southern blood, or it could be that no one ever taught me differently, but for whatever reason, the only thing holding me back was the worry that either I would hurt her or she might hurt me.

All this time, my cock, instead of slowly deflating, remained at a raging hardness, which finally made up my mind. I had to do something, and I would just be careful. I even went quickly and washed my cock in the spring, and the cold water, like ice from underground, finally caused my cock to retreat, though my balls were still bursting with juice. I whistled for the bitch, and she trotted up, tongue wagging. I could see her rump dripping from a recent ejaculation, and my limp cock suddenly came back to life.

I had no idea what to do, so I thought like a dog for a minute. Getting behind Jinni, who seemed willing to take me on, I knelt and tried to put my hard cock at the same level as her wet pussy. This was easier said than done, but I finally managed it by squatting rather than kneeling. My cock, by this time, was raging with the same fury it had held a few minutes ago, and looking down, I realized that it was much smaller than Fudd's cock, and I laughed at my worries. Jinni's privates were putting out a lot of heat, and her backside wiggled slightly as if inviting me in.

So, I was just another dog to her, which was fine. Gingerly taking my cock in hand, I slowly pressed the head against her lips, feeling the warmth turn to fire on my turgid cock-head. I remembered the frenzy with which Fudd had slammed his home, so I figured I didn't have to worry about style. With this out of my mind, I just pushed.

If that sounds anticlimactic, let me assure you it was not. The first time your cock enters a woman or female animal of any kind, you know what you've been missing. It was better than I had imagined, hot and wet and soft but moving at the same time. I was able to quite easily push my entire length, not very impressive compared to the dogs, into the bitch's tight passage. When I was in all the way, her tail up against my stomach and the fur of her legs tickling my balls, I just sat there on my haunches for a second, savoring that beautiful feeling of being inside. I don't know what Jinni thought about all this, as she must have been used to rougher treatment, but she didn't seem to mind.

Then, with all the skill of a pubescent boy in his first pussy, I started wildly thrusting and promptly popped out of her, pressing my cock into her leg. The fur was almost enough to tease me over the

edge, but I concentrated all my strength on holding back, and finally, the threat subsided. Penetrating her the second time was just as nice as the first, something which I don't think could ever get old. This time I was more careful, pumping my hips against the bitch's rump with more control until I couldn't stop myself, and I came.

God, did I cum. It felt like my entire life force was pouring out of my balls, through my cock, and into Jinni's doggy pussy, to mingle with the spunk of Fudd and TVZ and make some weird puppies. I fired spurt after spurt of jism into her, clutching her rump to me hard, and for the first time, I couldn't help but moan in the throes of climax. All other orgasms to that point were wiped away, and only this one crowning climax remained.

Eventually, I started breathing again, let go of my bitch's rump with shaking hands, and sank to the ground, my now-spent cock flopping out of her, gooey and warm. I know she licked me clean, but I was already asleep, dreaming dreams of other pussies, some human, some not, into which I came again and again.

*The End*