

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Megan, and I love sex. Unfortunately my husband has a medical condition and sex isn't an option with him. I have turned to the internet to occupy my lust and found a sexual awakening and kinks I would otherwise have never tried. This is one such story.

I'm 30, married, petite, brown hair, hazel eyes. I don't mean to brag but I am a beautiful woman and sometimes I think that intimidates men. In my sexual frustration I have turned to some pretty odd things. One of them is bestiality. My husband owns an English Setter and although we have had intercourse, this particular story revolves around a big mistake with my neighbor's dog. Even though it was a mistake, I still get hot and bothered over it.

My neighbors are elderly and own a rather large german shepherd. So when they asked if we would mind looking after him for the week, I happily agreed. My husband, as it turned out would also be gone for a good portion of that week.

The week came and my neighbors happily showed me where everything was. They said their goodbyes and thanked me again and my stomach churned with nervous anticipation.

The car drove away and I opened the dogs pen. The dogs name was Ben and he looked big next to my small frame. I smiled and patted his head. He ran out to the corner of the yard and did his business. I walked over to my yard and he followed. I sat on my lounge chair and he sat near my feet. I was so nervous.

Our backyard is closed in by a privacy fence, and I'm very fond of being nude outdoors. However, looking at this large dog, I wasn't quite sure yet what I wanted to do. I took my right foot and rubbed his belly as I sipped on my Corona. My foot brushed his sheath and he bent licking his furry sheath and my toes. I drank some more, rubbing my foot along his sheath. The tip poked from the fur. I rubbed some more. He began hunching, more red cock exposed. I bit my lip. I got up and took off my shorts and t-shirt and bra. (I wasn't wearing panties.)

I sat back down and called him to me. He instantly smelled my arousal and took a quick lick, that shot of electric shot through me as his tongue snaked inside my ass across that sensitive area between there and my cunny inside my cunny, and finally over my clit. He gripped my leg tight humping. Claws scratched my thigh. I pushed him but he was too large. He was hunching shooting all over my lawn chair.

He dismounted and I got on my hands and knees. He needed little more encouragement. He gripped my tiny waist and pulled me to him. I moaned loudly, but he wasn't quite at the right angle. I reached back to guide him, but instead, he dismounted and began barking loudly. I tried to appease him to get him to hush, but he wouldn't.

Again he mounted me as I walked to the house. Half kneeling, half standing, he entered me and began thrusting hard. It wasn't a good angle, and for those of you familiar with it, his only semi erect cock jabbed painfully inside me somewhere. I gasped in pain but it was too late. He quickly began to swell inside me as I finally got back to my knees.

He drove his knot inside me. I could feel it, that extra pressure, stretching me. But as it did, I quivered and shook as a strong orgasm flooded my body. My pussy squeezed the hard cock inside me. My clit, rubbing against his knot and the base of his cock, tingled and pulsed. I was starting to sweat, toes curling behind me into grass and dirt. I could feel him shooting inside me. Every pulse.

And then it happened. When he was finished he turned ass to me, cock still lodged inside me. I have heard about this, but Bud, my other dog never did this. As Ben turned ass to me, he started walking away from me. I had no choice but to follow backwards, crawling after him one hand trying to keep a grip on his fur and hold him still. He pulled. It hurt being yanked backwards.

He yelped, and I was afraid one of my other neighbors heard that. I was helpless though. I finally gripped his flank and held him until he plopped from me. A mix of his cum and a little blood ran down my thighs. I was disgusted. I let him be in my backyard that evening. I showered and checked myself over. I would be fine.

Two days passed without event.

But I guess I couldn't just leave well enough alone. I undressed and called him inside my house. I took him into the tub and gave him a bath. I stroked his sheathe until he once again got hard in the bath tub. He was huge! I could not believe I had had that thing in me.

I took him out and dried him off. Shit! I wanted him right there. Right then. No. I needed him. I grabbed his knot and lowered my face down. The tip was spurting cum and I let it hit my cheeks as I extended my tongue, flicking the tip before taking him in my mouth. I moaned perhaps a bit over exaggerated. He hunched his hips slightly. I felt the cock boil in the back of my throat, warm cum spurting in my mouth. And then he jumped back, barking loudly. Shrill, high pitched bark that you can hear a mile away.

He took off from the bathroom, cock dangling and still shooting spraying everywhere. I ran after him. He stopped in the den and I grabbed a handful of fur and scolded him.

He was still eager, pawing me, so I obliged getting on all fours, and began crawling towards the living room. He mounted me. He was very clumsy, trying to crawl up the backs of my legs as his warm cock slid inside me. He started fucking me harder. I lost my balance, rocking forward on my knees, toes behind me in the air, hands splayed out before me bearing our weight.

He started whining and the best feeling happened. His knot swelled but he didn't fully tie with me and as he fucked me his knot entered then dislodged, entered, then dislodged again. I had the most intense orgasm I think I've ever had at that moment. I felt like I had to pee, and it was the first time I actually squirted. I had before been cautious about women who insisted they had ejaculated but now I can attest to their statements.

However, my joys would soon end. Ben slipped from me still humping, warm cum shooting over my ass as he poked my sensitive area between pussy and asshole. I steadied myself on one hand, reaching back to guide him back inside me. Warm fluid, his and mine ran down my leg. I grasped his cock still jabbing me. As I did, I lost my balance and fell face first against my end table. I screamed.

The dog leapt off me, barking loudly once again. I opened the back door and yelled for him to get out. Through the week, I did not learn my lesson, and kept coming back for more. Ben became a better lover, and occasionally he will get out of his pen and come over and seek some companionship, although more often than not the timing is bad. But what hubby doesn't know won't hurt him.