

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'm not sure why I have these feelings. I guess it all started when I was about 18 years old. We had a dog named Blackey, a very smart cocker spaniel mix. He would move cattle for us anywhere we asked him to. All we had to say was Blackey, get the cows, and in a little while here, he would be coming with 25 or 30 head of cattle out in front. And acted like he had some brains most of the time. He was well-trained, and one day, he just showed up at the farm. I'm sure someone set him out. He was a great dog and a swell playmate. He and I were inseparable. We would spend every day together in the summer and go everywhere I went. He was at my heels. He was my Pal.

I had been hanging around some neighbor farm kids, older, of course, you know, 2-5 years. We would take turns sucking each other's dicks and jerking each other off. We had a great time in our barn. We could see out the big door if anyone was coming down the road. We would see them coming and hide. We had all kinds of animals. Pigs, cows, horses, chickens. A lot of dogs, most of the time, we had puppies, sometimes 10 or 12 at a time. Mostly Hounds, coon hounds. We loved to go coon hunting.

Raccoons were everywhere. We would spend the night almost every weekend hunting coons. Well, not really we hunted pussy most of the time. Well, my buddies did. I just went along for the ride. And as a small guy, I was able to score some pussy. The older guys were always getting some, and they stayed horny most all the time. We would camp out and stay up all night sucking each other's dicks, or if we crossed the hill, we could get some pussy from a farm gal who loved to fuck.

She would make me eat her pussy, before she would let me fuck her. She thought she was in control. "Oh yeah," she said. "How do you like girl cum and guy cum mixed."

I thought it was great.

We had a lot of fun. One time we caught old Dean fucking his cow. I had never seen his cock. It was huge, at least 12 inches. That old cow was just standing there, and we walked up to watch. Old Dean just kept fucking her. He slammed her pussy for 15 minutes and shot off all over her back. I always wondered why Old Dean didn't cum in her pussy. I guess he wanted to show off that cannon he was holding. We didn't hang around him much. He was a lot older and stayed drunk most of the time. He was a mean drunk, loud, and would cuss you out over nothing. He never said anything about fucking his cow, so neither did we.

He finally got married when he was in his 40s, to a girl my age. She was nice but big and ugly. I was glad she found someone, but Dean was a drunk—a mean drunk. One time he had her suck his cock in the living room with the door open. The door faced the road, and his brother and I saw this one afternoon about dark. We were just walking up the road and heard him say, "Suck it, bitch."

When we heard that, we turned our heads and looked right at the door. There she was on her knees, sucking that monster cock. She looked to be doing a good job of it, too. We watched for 15 minutes, and he finally came in her mouth, sucking for all she could. Me and Rick just stood in the road with our dicks hard and mouths hanging open. Finally, Dean looked up and saw us standing there. He smiled and told her to close the door. She got up, smiling at us, and eased the door closed.

Well, after that, we would hang out behind his trailer at night, hearing her get her pussy slammed with that monster cock. Her ass getting hammered and her screaming for him to fuck her harder, we would have our cocks out and beating the hell out of them. There was a lot of cum on the outside of his trailer under their bedroom window. We hoped she would come out and fuck us too, but it never happened.

Growing up on a farm, you have a lot of time to get into trouble. Now, don't get me wrong, we had a lot of chores. Up at 5 am, milking and feeding, mixing the formula for the calf's milk. Man, we had a lot to do before going to school, but after school was another story. We would run home from the bus stop and change clothes. Mom would whip our asses for messing up our school clothes, we would get into our play clothes and head for the barn.

The dogs were running along beside us, happy to have company. Most days, we would head for the calf stalls, our dicks getting hard on the way. We would slide down our zippers and hold our cocks between the boards. Man, a calf sucking you off is great, but when you slide your dick in its mouth, you got to be ready to pull out fast. When a calf is sucking its momma, it will butt its momma in the belly to get her to let her milk down. If it butts you in the balls, you are out for the count, and if he's not getting milk, look out. The calf will set you on your ass, holding your nuts with tears in your eyes.

Now, don't get me wrong, we are all straight guys, no gays in the crowd, and most of us are bisexual. But in the day, bisexual was not a word. You were gay or straight. I'm not sure what bisexual was at the time. I love pussy, man. I love pussy, sucking pussy, eating pussy, smelling pussy, looking at pussy, thinking about pussy. My life revolves around pussy, but I love cock, too. Sucking cock, having a cock in my ass, having a cock in my mouth, jerking a cock. I love cock.

I'm very good at cocksucking and very good at eating pussy. So what am I? Well, I'm a guy, just a guy. I'm one of the guys you work with and see at the store, at the mall, and at the old lady's house down the road that the neighbors are putting a roof on her house. I'm up on the roof for 8 hours nailing down shingles. The same guy you went to school with, played ball with, showered with. Not a pervert, just a guy.

When I was 18, Blackey jumped my ass and slammed his cock into the knot, me yelling for him to stop until it started filling good, then better and better. Cum was quirting out my cock and onto the ground, thinking, how did I let this happen. Who knows? As an older adult, I know right from wrong. Yes, I know right from wrong. But I still love the knot.

Yeah, you would say I am a perv, but in your heart, you know you need the knot. The knot is a starting point in life in rural America. We are alone most of the time with our best friend (Blackey), the dog. We spent all day together and loved each other, not knowing what love really is. Man, I could get mad a Blackey and kick the shit out of him, and he would come right back and love me, me telling him how sorry I was for kicking him. That's love, any way you look at it.

So, getting back to feelings. Blackey was my friend, and his knot was part of my friendship. He didn't know it hurt my asshole, he knew it was part of him, and Blackey loved me, and if it was ok, the dog was going to slam that knot in my ass every chance he could. Not to be perverted, but to be friends, after a few times, it was great, and I began to look forward to our times together. He was just a dog doing what dogs do. I was just a guy doing what guys do.

Well, one day, old Blackey went down the road and never came back. I missed him a lot.

Twenty years later, I still miss the knot, and I have a fine family and love my life and family. I also have a few dogs, but we keep things on the down-low. We don't want to get the neighbors upset at the guy down the road. You know he is the guy still helping to nail shingles on old widows' roofs and mowing their grass, trimming their hedges. He's not looking in the window trying to see your old lady in her panties. He is just a guy doing what guys do.

The End