

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



*(c) January 18, 2011 by Bob Fuzzy*

I grew up thinking I was pretty normal. My interests were the same as most men, sports and porn. I loved playing sports and I sought porn wherever I could find it. I wanted to have sex with just about every girl or woman I saw, real or not. Growing up I did not relate very well to girls. I could talk with guys. But I had no depth or ability to relate to girls.

I dated several girls. But I was very awkward. I eventually found a willing partner and lost my virginity. From there I gained confidence and eventually had sex with several other girls. But I never really had a relationship until I took the emphasis off of sex and found other ways to relate to girls.

During this period where I was dating a couple of girls for longer periods of time I went back to reading porn. That's when I discovered my obsessions with bestiality. I found "romance" novel that had some pretty explicit descriptions of a woman mating with a lion. Then I found pictures of in a porn magazine of Linda Lovelace doing it with a dog. I became obsessed with seeing a woman mate with a dog. We had several dogs growing up. Many of them met unfortunate ends by getting hit by cars.

This was the seventies and we never neutered our dogs. One used to love to hump my little brother. The dog was bigger than he was and could hold him down. I thought it was hilarious. It got erotic when the dog's large cock came out of his sheath and squirted on my brothers head or back. I thought the gay aspect was a bit disgusting. But by imagining the dog was on a girl I would get very excited. Our older sister would pull the dog off my brother. My heart would pound as I imagined the dog humping her or other girls. I would masturbate all the time to this image.

I was twenty-two when I met Trisha. She was very hot with long dark hair. She had large 36C breasts, a slender waist, a nice ass, and a very sexy manner. If she had a physical flaw it was that her legs were a little too short. But that is being very picky. She actually won a beauty contest when she was 18. She was horny all the time and we fucked each other's brains out whenever we got the chance.

My family had a pet dog then and she loved to wrestle with it. I could imagine her doing it with my dog and it made me so hot. Don't get me wrong, she made me hot. But the dog thing was gas on the bon fire.

After I graduated college and got a good job we got married and moved into a home of our own. We lived in a suburb. I talked Trisha into letting me build a fence around our back yard so we could get a dog to protect the house. Since she was home more than I was and we could not afford an alarm service, she thought that was probably a good idea.

While I had talked with Trisha about almost everything, I held back talking about my secret fantasy of seeing her with a dog. I teased her about the idea. I'd say things like "I want to fuck you like a bitch in heat" and she would assume the doggy position on all fours. I'd even say something like "I bet you wish I was a real dog with a big hard dog cock" while I fucked her and she would moan, "Oh yeah baby, do it to me."

She was sexually adventurous. She was the first girl to let me fuck her ass and she enjoyed it. She liked a good tit fuck too. She sometimes attacked me when I got home, ripping my clothes off and telling me to take her violently while she put her hands spread against the wall and begging me to fuck the shit out of her as she presented me with her ass.

We bought a dog shortly after I built the fence. It was a yellow lab puppy. I made sure it was male. I also checked out the father and made sure he looked big and packed a good sized sheath. If I could

have, I would have jacked him to really check out the equipment he carried. But I was as satisfied as I could be that we got the right dog.

The seller said we should get it neutered and Trisha said we would. I told her later that if we neutered the dog he would not be as aggressive toward strangers and would not be a good guard dog. So she agreed not to neuter Barney.

Barney was a great dog. Our big back yard became his world. He would spend the day outside and the night inside. We had good drainage and nice grass so Barney rarely got too dirty. I would give him baths and play with him when I got home every day. Trisha fell in love with Barney pretty quickly too and it was not long before he slept in our room even though he had a big dog bed by the back door.