

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I stood looking over the steep overhang. It was absolutely gorgeous. The valley below opened up into a serene landscape of greens and blues. The latter was the creek, issuing from a beautiful waterfall, cascading from the rocks half a mile to my left. It wasn't large by any means, but its beauty at that moment stole a beat from my heart.

I couldn't breathe. The sheer cliff beneath me dropped several hundred feet straight down before sloping off. I had a sudden flutter of disorientation and stepped back. I disturbed a few pebbles in doing so, and they tumbled over the ledge. I dared not look but I could imagine them falling; the subtle cracking sounds as they bounced off the rock face below.

I sat back own, hands clasped around my knees. The sun was nearly overhead, and I was starting to sweat again. The hike up here had exerted me enough, but now my blood was boiling under the warmth of midday sun. My white blouse clung to my breasts and I was at once glad I had worn a sports bra beneath it. I had taken my shoes off, wrung the sweat and water from my socks, and placed them on the rocks to dry. I was distinctly aware of the rocks as they began to warm beneath my bare feet.

My name is Megan, and this was to be my escape. For any interested, I'm 30, divorced, shoulder length brown hair and small perky breasts. (32b cup if you care to know) and yes, I'm shaved. I'm very minded sexually, however my husband wasn't and the boredom contributed to our divorce. It wasn't really nasty I don't guess. We had our fights, yes, but it was a blessing in disguise I suppose. I kept my few belongings. He got the dog and the house. I kept my sanity.

The past few months, I have struggled with some of my own perverse kinks I guess you can say. I struggled with an inner battle of guilt. You see, I am a zoophile, and I've always felt it was somehow wrong. Ashamed afterwards mostly. I mean no one ever got hurt. Not the dogs. They craved it. So did I. I was their bitch, in the true sense of the word. It felt right in so many ways also. To be taken in the most primal way. Submitting to them felt so good. My conflict was tearing me apart. Which is why I decided to take some time off and find myself.

I had been up here in the mountains of North Carolina for the weekend. A friend had let me spend the weekend in his cabin. I was thinking of spending longer though, and get my head together. Find out what I wanted.

I had seen several rattlesnakes, but they weren't hostile and I left them plenty of room. Other than that, I hadn't seen much wildlife other than the occasional mischievous squirrel or the state bird, the North Carolina Mosquito. I was enjoying the simple solace of nature. I thought about why I came up here. Perhaps that was my problem. Maybe I thought too much into stuff. It was different when I simply gave in to my sexual impulses.

I slipped my socks and shoes on and took one last glance out over the canyon. I hiked back down to the car and drove back to the cabin. I took a long bath and thought some more. I let my fingers drift over my breasts squeezing it as I tugged on the nipple. I traced down my belly and over the outer lips of my sex. I ran my fingers along my slit and thought of naughty things. Of being fucked proper by a large dog, fantasized of being taken right here in the woods, ravaged over and over again by a pack of wild wolves. I know it sounds awful, but I couldn't work past it. I was a zoophile.

I brought myself off several times in the tub, got dressed and went back into town. I was unfamiliar with town and started asking around. I found the animal shelter, a pitiful concrete shed with kennels inside. I walked along, looking at the shabby, skinny dogs to either side and felt sorry I couldn't take

them all with me.

That's when I saw him. A German Shepherd. He was healthy looking, well fed. My eyes drifted to his belly where I saw his sheathe. It looked fairly large. I told the guy I wanted him for security. I wasn't really lying. I lived alone. Large dog like that was intimidating. So that was that, and soon I found myself driving back to the cabin with this big smelly dog in the back seat. My crotch was all ready wet.

I took him inside and locked the doors, shut the blinds, and took him to the bathroom. He jumped right in the tub and cocked his head when I started undressing. I got in the tub too, and scrubbed him. He was very calm, letting me scrub and wash him. He licked my neck. Long tongue stretching over my skin sent shudders down my side.

It wasn't sexual for him, just a sign of affection. I scrubbed his back and watched the water turn black from dirt. I kept scrubbing, my hand crept around and scratched his belly. He responded by stiffening his chest, and I rubbed his sheath. He arched his back and turned and licked his cock, barely sticking out from the sheathe. I laughed and continued washing him. Afterwards I dried him off and I remained naked for him getting on all fours and crawling to the living room.

He followed intently, licking my ass, then my cunny and asshole. I arched and wriggled my ass for him and that was all it took. Some dogs I've found are natural lovers. They need little encouragement. Others don't seem to get it no matter what you do. But this dog, I hadn't even named him yet, he mounted me immediately, gripping my hips, and dry humping me. I shifted a little and then "Ouch!" His bony cock was hitting that sensitive area between cunny and ass. I reached underneath me and back and grasped him and guided him inside me. He immediately started fucking me really hard. You could hear the meaty packing sounds every time he bottomed out inside me. I could feel his welling growth in me as he fucked me.

Then he was off me, pawing me, mounting again, slipping inside me easily this time, gripping my tiny waist and fucking me so hard again. I moaned aloud, fingers digging into carpet, humping back like a woman gone mad. I was cumming hard. Needed it, if only this one last time. This would be it for me. One last long good experience and then quit cold turkey.

And good it was. My toes curled behind me as I came, could feel the hot spurts as he came in me throbbing in me. He didn't knot although it was a good size, and pulled from me. I had welts along my sides from his claws. That was ok. Worth it. Love marks I called them. He came back mounted me again. Fucking me so hard gripping me tight. The sensation of fur on my back and his hard cock inside me so deep in me, driving his knot inside me. I flexed my pc muscles and held him as he fucked back and forth cumming in me still. I lay on my shoulders and reached back and held his hind legs to hold him to me.

I closed my eyes and kept cumming. Grinding back against him. Lodged in me. Warm dog cum trickled out and down my belly tickling as it went. I was starting to sweat under him, my skin glistening. A few minutes later, he slipped from me, and I squeezed my muscles and tried to hold his cum in me. Some trickled from me anyway, adding to the mix of saliva and sweat on my inner thighs.

He circled me, I remained on all fours for him, petting him. I followed him as he sat down, cock shrunken but still extended from his sheathe, and as he laid down I rubbed his chest and took his red pointy cock in my mouth. This was a weird sensation for him and he got up and circled me again. My hand was on his sheathe. I wanted more and so did he.

He mounted me yet again, slipping easily this time inside my sloppy cunt. He fucked me hard but not

with near the intensity as the first two times. He slipped from me and I grabbed his cock, spurting over my hand and brought it behind his hind legs and took him in my mouth. He was spurting down my throat and whimpering. I swirled my tongue around his cock, bobbing my head back and forth over him, hand around the base of his cock holding him still. I felt it splash over the back of my throat and I gagged. Mixed with spit, it trickled down the corner of my mouth and down my chin. He walked around panting cock still spurting.

I crawled over to the couch still wiggling my ass, hungry for more. He came over and started licking me. Licking his own cum and a mix of mine out of me. Licked me all over the way dogs do. It felt so wonderful, long tongue snaking inside me, folding, bending inside me. He licked me to several explosive orgasms. I shoved my head into the pillow on the couch and screamed. He stopped and cocked his head at me.

I was still shaking when I grabbed him and held him to me. He was still slightly wet from the bath and he smelled so good of soap. He licked my face and I turned toward him, mouth open and it tickled as his tongue raked the roof of my mouth in an intimate kiss. Call me weird. I'll fuck a dog, but kissing one always seemed so nasty. But this, well, I call it dizzy cunt logic. I was lost in the moment.

A moment later I was straddled him, he was still sitting up, which was weird and new to me. I stroked his sheathe, and pulled it back over the knot at the base and guided him into me, still on my tiptoes, and held him to me, fucking him rather than the opposite. It wasn't as strong or as powerful but it was slow and intimate, something I never associated with dogs. He was uncomfortable however and so I slipped off him, and put my ass on the edge of the couch.

I patted my belly and he seemed to understand. He reared up between my legs and I guided him inside me once more. He could not fuck me as well this way, but I wrapped my legs around him hooking my ankles together as I rolled my hips to meet him. Soon he was swelling once more inside me.

I don't know if it was because he wasn't nearly as big as before, or the fact I was so well fucked and lubricated that his knot slid inside me but did not tie. It passed in and out of me as I guided him hand around the base, fucking myself with this huge doggy cock. I came hard, shaking as he came inside me as well. He licked my breasts wildly as he came inside me. I hooked my legs tighter around him, squeezing him. He let out a yelp and until then I hadn't realized how hard I had been squeezing.

He pulled from me. I was sweaty and shaking. My inner thighs trembled. He was still cumming, cock laid across my belly, spraying my bare torso; belly and breasts to my neck. I rubbed behind his ears. He licked his cum off my chest. I rubbed the remainder into my skin.

He lay next to me, and I draped a leg over him. I remained naked, and he intently watched TV with me. A few hours after our first session, he was eager to go again and so was I. I lay on my back on the floor and he circled me pawing as dogs often do. I rubbed his sheathe with my foot, but in reality, although his red cock came inching out, it wasn't the best position. My leg started to cramp. I patted the couch.

He eagerly jumped onto the couch. Sitting, his cock jutted out. I lay back again, me on the floor, him sitting on the couch, and placed a foot to either side of him, jerking him with my feet. He started to stand, but stopped partially crouching. Now for those of you who are new to my kinks, I have sensitive feet and love doing things like foot jobs and having my feet massaged and licked. I know its weird and probably most of it in my head, but 'strange' is 'normal' for zoophiles I guess.

He started humping crouched, fucking my feet. Warm dog juice spurted along my foot and up my legs. "You like that boy? You like fucking mommy's feet?" I whispered. He kept humping, I took one foot and placed between his cock and his belly and rubbed along the length with the other. That must have felt good because he started really fucking my feet. He was spraying everywhere.

He stopped, standing up and licking my dog cum covered feet. His warm tongue licked between my toes, over the balls of my feet, soles, everywhere. I bit my lip and rubbed my clit, sliding three fingers inside my wet hole. Then he was off the couch again, pawing me. I rolled onto hands and knees and he wasted little time. He took a few quick licks of my rump and then he was on me, in me, fucking me like some crazed animal. I could feel him pulse and throb and cum in me. His knot swelled inside me, and I held him there. He went still on my back and I was sweating again, hair matted to my forehead.

He remained in me for a while and I started to think of new stories to write, and thought of "Raped by Wolves" while I sat there. This large dog on my back. The sensation of fur on my back and cock twitching inside me. Hot breath on my neck. I bit my lip and grind my hips against him.

How can I leave this behind? Why, after the sexual high fades, do I feel so bad with myself? When this feels so good. So right. My cunny hurt. By this time we had fucked numerous times. My skin was covered in dog cum, saliva, and sweat. I could feel it squishy between my toes. I still held him in me, but my stomach was starting to really hurt. I had scratches along my sides. He finally deflated enough he slid from me, warm torrent of dog cum spilled from me, pooling on the floor. The air smelled of our sex. I could smell my own sex and a smell that I can describe as only dog. Those of you familiar with dog sex know what I mean.

I felt nasty and loved it. My last day of fun. He came behind me and licked my ass and cunny clean again. I bit my lip and enjoyed the feeling.

After, I dressed, still full of dog cum. I could feel it some time later leaking from me. The dog, who I never could name, followed me everywhere. He continued to lap at my legs. I would take him several more times that night and that was that. My friend that owned the cabin took the dog. So it's not like if I change my mind, I can't at least see him. But my days as a zoophile in real life are over.

I will continue to write though, albeit just fantasy. This has been a true story yes, but I always embellish a little. If you wish to contact me feel free. I'd love to get feedback and also love to hear ideas. Thank you everyone.

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