

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Well, its been a long time. I figure its finally time to tell my stories once again. I'm in my twenties, I graduated from college with a degree in veterinary science. I live on a ranch in the foothills above my town and run an animal rescue shelter. It's sad how many animals need homes around here.

My stories began because of the love I have for my animals, and the love they have for me. You might say it's not a traditional owner/pet relationship, but, I'm not their owner, I'm their friend, and they are my friends. Its a very mutual relationship.

I'm a very sexual person. I'm very open to new things and very open about my sexuality, if someone asks. I have sex with animals. I do not force them or take advantage of them, in fact, most of the time it's been the other way around. After the first time I was taken by my dog, Charlie, I experienced shame and guilt, and I was disgusted with myself for actually liking it. But I grew, and I learned that just because its not an act that is accepted by our society today, that is no reason to hate yourself for liking it. Let me tell you a bit about my first time, so maybe you will understand.

I had just moved into the ranch. My dog Charlie was the only animal I owned... the rest of the animals at the ranch were already there since the rescue had been run from this location for some time now.

Charlie is a wonderful dog. Loyal, playful... he'd just turned a year old and he'd sure been a horny little thing. He's a chocolate lab, a BIG chocolate lab, even for a puppy. He'd been humping everything, and I had to constantly tell him no... I felt so bad, I mean I know how it is just needing some release and no one to help you out with it. But he was still an animal. I didn't want to fix him because I needed a good guard dog, a good dominant dog that wasn't afraid of anything, well, anything except me.

Charlie had never tried humping at me or on me yet... I think he knew I just wouldn't have it. See, this was before any of my thoughts about animals had changed. I was still acting as the "Dominant Human," the master, he was still "the dog."

Well, one day as I was getting some business done around the ranch, feeding the horses (all mares, mind you) and cleaning up all the messes you have to clean when you're on a farm. Well, by the time I was done, I was filthy. I was heading back to the house and I called for Charlie and he just came bounding across the yard from behind me, he jumped at me and knocked me off balance. My knees bent and my hands hit the dirt so I was on all fours. Charlie apparently knew what he was doing and jumped on top of me from behind as he began humping away!

I couldn't believe that damn dog and I immediately backed up and began to upright myself as Charlie fell back and began whining at me. "No!" I yelled at him. I was furious. That dog had to be fixed! He followed me inside, still whining incessantly.

I went upstairs to my bedroom, I closed the door in Charlie's face. He scratched at the door and whined as I got undressed for a shower. He put his nose to the bottom of the door and exhaled loudly, as if to make sure he knew I was in there and he wasn't going to let me forget I had left him out.

I turned on the shower and let the steam build for a moment or two while I thought about what had just happened. What had just happened? I was almost turned on from it?! I put my hand over my crotch, then dipped a finger inside my slit. I was wet. What had just happened!?!

Now, as I've said before, I'm a very sexually open person, but this kinda scared me. But it turned me

on. Charlie was a big puppy. He was bred to breed, though I didn't think I could bring myself to make more unwanted dogs in the world. But he was a big dog. He had these huge paws that made picturesque prints in the dirt where he walked. They looked like you see in commercials or adverts about dogs. Thinking back to him bounding at me and jumping on me from behind, those big paws on my shoulders, his haunches slapped against me only a few times before I backed up and threw him off me. I dipped a finger inside myself again, I was getting wetter by the minute!

I stepped into the steamy shower and let the water run down my body. I couldn't stop the feeling to let the dog hump me again. There was no way.

But it sounded so hot. But I just couldn't, not even with all my clothes on. But what an exciting hedonistic idea! A big strong dog dominating a little thing like me. I've always liked the idea of being a pistol outside of the bedroom, and a submissive little slave between the sheets... ask any of my old boyfriends, and they will tell you... Bitch on the outside, sex kitten inside.

I finished rinsing my hair of the shampoo and turned off the water. I stood for a few moments pondering all the crazy thoughts going through my head, then wrapped a towel around me and went into the bedroom to get some clothes on. I had office work to do and I needed to get started. I cleared the thoughts from my head, letting the puritan guilt take over. The thoughts haunted me for a few days though.

Charlie followed me around like a shadow from that day but every time I looked at him he put his head down and whined at me. He usually slept on my bed, but I wouldn't let him. I'm sure he was confused by this. After three nights I let him sleep on my bed again. But I made sure he stayed at the foot of the bed and didn't try to lay on me or anything. As he was sleeping I began to think again of him toppling me over and going at me like I was his bitch. I began to touch myself and I could feel myself getting wetter.

"What if I just let him hump me, and see if I like it, and if I don't then I will just get up again?" I asked myself and rationalized that this would be ok. He woke as I was thinking this and I'm sure he could smell my arousal because I could practically feel the wetness dripping down my slit, my clit was so swollen and hot I thought I would cum if I touched myself again.

Charlie's head was up and he was looking at me intently. He finally stopped whining when I looked at him but I think he still knew he was "in the doghouse," no pun intended. I sat up and turned onto all fours. I had a nighty on and some lacy underwear. I wasn't thinking as I coaxed him over to me. He wasn't going to have it. He knew how mad I had gotten the first time. But I kept calling him, and I patted my ass cheek a few times. His tail was wagging furiously, but he was still reluctant. Of course, at this point, I was so turned on, my head wasn't on straight... Charlie was up on all fours now, his big paws and weight making a big indentation in the bedding where he stood. He sniffed at my ass as I waited there for him to try and hump me. Then, he began licking at me. He licked my ass cheeks and my underwear.

I had on a thong and it wasn't hard for him to snake his tongue underneath the fabric. Oh, how good it felt! I thought I had been wet before but his tongue licking at my panties and the warm breath coming from his nostrils as he panted and licked made me all the more!

My veterinary side kicked in and I knew he was priming his bitch for coupling. The male dog will lick the bitch until she is ready then he will take her, but then the thought was taken over by my lusty side, oh how good it felt. I wanted him to lick my pussy until I came.

It felt so good I didn't notice his red penis growing from it's sheath. It felt so good I didn't notice

myself pushing myself up against his tongue. It felt so good I didn't realize I was arching my back and putting myself into open-female position! If I could tell you what I did next, I'd be a step ahead of where I am now, but the next thing I remember is that great big dog on top of me. His great haunches were pounding against my ass, his paws were on my shoulder blades his hot breath was against my neck.

I could feel his slimy red penis poking at me. My panties! Charlie had pushed them aside with his tongue earlier! He was going to fuck me! Oh my god, my rational side kicked in. Charlie was trying to fuck me! I felt his cock push against my ass cheek, once, twice. It slid over to my ass hole. I tried to stand up but he growled in my ear. Oh my god. What was happening!?! He scraped at me with his paws and slid them down to my thighs.

Charlie was using his great big paws to push me onto his cock... he found my dripping slit and slid easily inside. I tried to get up again and he grabbed the nape of my neck with his teeth, lightly, but enough to scare me. He growled deep and pushed himself inside me a little more. He was a BIG dog, if you know what I mean.

As wet as I was, he was still having trouble pushing his cock into my pussy. He thrust again, deeper, then, deeper again as his knot began to push at my hole. His furry testicles slapped at my clit, and I came, right then and there. A burst, and explosion of orgasm rocking every muscle in my body and turning me into a quivering fool. I came long and hard, even as scared as I was, and Charlie pushed harder at my pussy with his big red knot.

My rational-veterinary side kicked in again. His knot! Charlie was trying to tie with me at this very moment. I again tried to get up, I didn't want to be stuck to my dog for an hour! My dog was breeding me! He primed me and took me and now he was going to tie with me. I could feel him trying to work his knot inside me. It was BIG... I was scared. What if it hurt?

As I righted myself he fell backwards and I felt his penis slide back out of me. Then he jumped onto me again as he wrapped his paws around my thighs and pushed himself HARD... deep inside me once more. His knot pushed at my pussy, he wriggled and humped and thrust as hard as he could, and eventually he got it inside. He was holding my neck with his teeth and I felt it begin to swell.

Dogs have a wonderful mechanism they use to insure their genes get passed on. The knot, which is a thick part of flesh at the base of a dog's penis gets pushed inside the bitch, then, once inside, it swells to complete the "tie." They can swell up to three times the original size. Once the knot reaches full size, the male finishes the process of making the bitch his by shooting his sperm out inside the bitch.

I felt him filling me up as the knot stretched my pussy. I could feel the cum breaking the seal, and dripping down my legs as he squirted his hot white juices inside me. His paws dug into my thighs, his teeth held me in place, his sperm ran down my legs. He was tied with me for a full 40 minutes while he came over and over again inside my pussy. The cum pooled on the bed at my knees. Every time I tried to move, he'd growl to put me back in my place.

Eventually, the swelled knot went down and he slid himself out of me. He began licking my pussy again, this time to make my muscles contract, to make my pussy tight so all his sperm would stay inside me. I let him lick, it felt good, and I couldn't help it. I felt my muscles clench and I came again, this time softer and quieter. It felt good, and I let it happen willingly this time.

Dog cum is messy, and as soon as I stood up, it trickled out and ran down my legs. I got in the shower and felt disgusted with myself once more. Charlie slept outside my CLOSED bedroom door

for a long time. Little did I know this was going to become my favorite thing about owning a dog.