

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



The private time I had every afternoon was my favorite time of the day, my time to just do whatever I wanted to do in a house all alone. Most of my private time was spent getting myself off. I had discovered that playing with my ass gave me very great pleasure. Over the years, I had tried various things including fingers and small rounded objects which were around the house and were never intended for such purposes but worked well. My 2 favorite items had become the top of my bedpost, which was a small wooden ball, and a bell handle. They both had disadvantages though. The bedpost was not removable (and I liked to masturbate better if sitting or lying down) and the bell handle was too thin and if I moved quickly the bell rang.

I also had access to a small workshop which my Dad used for projects. I had made a few things there, but the only one which I really liked was a piece of rounded wood about 9 inches long. It was far too large to fit in my ass, but with a saw, a sander, and patience I had managed to carve 3 progressively bigger balls on the end and I enjoyed these a lot. My only problem was where to keep this. I can see an incredible amount of embarrassment for a girl if her family were to find her dildo, but to be a male and to have your homemade anal dildo found... well, let's not even go there. After one particularly horrifying day where my Mother actually saw it, but fortunately for me didn't realize what it was, I decided it wasn't worth the risk and it became firewood.

Well, I continued on my quest for the feeling I was looking for and the satisfying orgasm. I would find a way to orgasm every day in which I wasn't trying to build something for the next day. Hell, I would sometimes orgasm twice and rarely 3 times in my time of privacy. But I was constantly on the quest for a harder orgasm and having my ass aroused always made the orgasms more intense.

This continued until one February evening. I was following my usual routine of walking home and imagining what I could do to myself today when I noticed something strange at my house. It looked like a small pile of coal on the doorstep. When I got close enough, I realized it was a dog. When I got about 10 feet away he raised his head and looked at me. He looked quite hungry. I could see his ribs through his thick coat of black fur.

I approached him cautiously but he was friendly. I went inside, got some bread, some bologna, and a bowl full of water, and brought them out to him. He devoured the bologna first, then drank some water, then hungrily finished off the bread. As he stood there eating, I was able to really look him over. Good coat of fur, no mange. He had quite long hair (about the length of a golden retriever), but it was jet black. He was a big dog, about the size of a large German Shepherd or a small Great Dane.

I had owned 2 other dogs before. They were 2 beagles. Unfortunately one had been run over and the other had been poisoned by someone in the neighborhood. Both of these events had happened when I was about 8. Since that time I had not wanted any more. This one, however, I instantly liked.

He quickly finished the food and looked at me for more. I thought I would get him some more food and so I reached down for the bowl so I could refill it. When I bent down, he sniffed at my crotch. I had never even considered bestiality. Maybe it was just because his nose touched me perfectly on my semi hard cock through my jeans. Maybe it was just some longing I had mentally and didn't even know about. Anyway, whatever it was, as soon as he nuzzled my dick, my thoughts were immediately on sex again. Looking at him, my thoughts were "What would a dog's tongue feel like on my cock?".

I took him inside the garage where we had some privacy. I unzipped my pants and held out my now hard cock. "Here boy... C'mere boy". He walked up and smelled my cock, then his long black tongue shot out and licked me from my ballsack to the end of my cock. I thought I would fall down right then. I had never felt anything like that. Then before I could do anything he licked me again. I half

collapsed and pushed him off of me. I immediately turned around, found a chair, removed my pants, and sat down with my ass half off the front of the chair. He was following right behind me and as soon as I sat down 'Liiiiicccckkkk'. I lost myself. I was a cock being licked. No arms legs or torso... just a cock being licked.

He continued to lick my cock and as I scooted closer toward him, he also licked my nutsack. Somewhere deep in my brain a single small voice whispered to me "bad idea". Somewhere in the same bliss my hand as if moving on it's own, reached down and pulled my nutsack over to the side out of his way. At the time I did not think about it, I just did it. I also was pushing myself toward him more and more. I had no thoughts or anything now. I was just a feeling of pleasure without beginning or end.

Then I suppose because because I kept pushing myself closer and closer, he shot out that long black tongue of his and licked me from my ass to about halfway up my cock. Normally when I cum, I spurt. I've often spurted a foot or 2 when I have had myself really worked up. When I came then, I felt like my entire being contracted. Then he licked my ass again and I felt his tongue go partly in my asshole. I know I came for about 20 or 30 seconds, but it felt like I came for about 10 minutes.

I discovered that dogs like cum and like licking humans in that area. They do not stop until you make them. This is great until the hypersensitivity of just having had the orgasm of your life kicks in, but you're too weak from the moment to move. I also discovered that you can come several times in a row. He licked, I came, he licked more, I tried to stop him then stopped trying and came again. He licked more and I troed to stop him then stopped trying then came again. Somewhere about here I fell off the chair and on my ass. I managed to grab his head and I was able to pull him down to a laying position with his head on my lap but away from my now quivering cock.

I then felt something land on my face. I looked up and after a couple of seconds I realized what it was. As I said before it is not unusual for me to squirt hard if I am quite aroused, but never before (or since) have I managed to hit a 7 ft ceiling.

Well, after I recovered a little I looked at my watch and realized that my family would be getting home in about 10 minutes. I managed to get up, get my pants on, get the ceiling wiped off, and get him back outside. I went back into the house and got him some more food. There was no question. I now had a good friend, and my friend was quite hungry.

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So, every day I would come home and find him waiting. "Hi Brutus", I would call as I got home and he would be looking at me wagging that big tail. He looked like a Brutus. He had a long black coat, brown eyes and a black tongue, but he was quite muscular and almost the size of a Great Dane once he got used to me and had plenty of food. For several days I would just pet him and feed him. This was mostly because I wanted to get him healthy, but partly because I was actually sore where I had came so hard from that tongue. It had actually been slightly hard to walk and to sit for a little while.

After he had been with me long enough to get well fed and healthy (and long enough that I knew he was staying) I decided I wanted to feel this again, but I wanted a little more control so I could stop when I wanted to. I spent a while just feeding him, petting him, and becoming friends. Dogs (he and others since) were never sex objects to me, but instead friends who I was able to share my desires with without a chance of them telling anyone.

Then one particularly horny Friday evening, I was out feeding him when he decided to lick my cock through my jeans. Since this time I've come to realize that when we are horny we give off hormones

which attract others and some animals. At that time I just wondered how he was reading my mind. Anyway, I decided I would try things again. I looked at my watch and saw that in 5 minutes I would no longer be alone. "No time today boy." I told him as I patted him. Unfortunately there was also no chances on Saturday or Sunday.

The whole Monday was difficult. The only thing I could think of all day was that it's difficult to hide a hard-on in jeans. Luckily I was able to. Finally when the time to leave came, I practically ran home. I had never wanted to get home so badly in my life.

When I finally got there, Brutus was waiting. I went straight to the garage and opened the door. He was right beside me and was the first to go in. I looked at him there standing and wagging that bushy tail and panting that long tongue out. I couldn't wait to feel that tongue again. I thought about how to do this as I removed my clothes. Certainly not in the chair as last time. I thought maybe if I get on my hands and knees.

So I removed my pants and got on my hands and knees in front of him. He needed no coaxing and his tongue was running up my crack before I even got both knees on the floor. He was licking my ass and I could feel his tongue go into my ass sometimes. This felt good and I wanted to feel him go in deeper, but I had a problem. If I was to reach back to pull open my ass, I would need to lay my face on the floor which was quite chilly. It was enough for my knees.

I forced myself to get up and make him stop for a minute. I need to hold myself up, be able to play with my cock, and be able to hold my ass apart for him to lick for a while. I looked around and saw 2 five gallon buckets and some old rug that had been left over from carpeting the bedroom. I turned the buckets upside-down next to each other and put a piece of carpet on them. I then laid down with my chest on one bucket and my upper stomach on the second. This worked perfect as I was up in the air, comfortable, and could still reach my cock and balls.

I only just got laid down and had hold of my balls when I felt that wonderful tongue again. Oh, that wonderful tongue. I pulled my balls to the side as I shuddered. He then licked me from the tip of my cock through my crack. I felt so good I cannot describe it. I reached back with the other hand and pulled open my ass to give him better access and was rewarded with feeling that tongue go up inside me and lick the inside of my ass. I was in bliss. He licked me about 3 or 4 more times, then as I was about to cum what felt like 50 gallons he stopped. I almost whimpered at the loss of this feeling.

Then I felt him on my back. I felt his cock poking at my ass. My only experience was with dildos and they felt good. I didn't care. I needed to cum. I had to have something and i hoped that his cock might feel as good as his tongue. His weight on my back while I was on the buckets was intense. I was pressed hard against the buckets. I felt his front paws slide down my sides and grab my hips as my torso was firmly pressed down and locked against the buckets. Then I felt him start ramming his cock against my ass cheek harder. He was a little to the left and only hitting my cheek, but there was absolutely nothing I could do except lie there in my pinned condition.

After about 10 or 12 jabs, he hopped off me. The feeling of let down after the anticipation was horrible. I wanted to cum so bad. I NEEDED to cum, needed to feel him again. Tongue, Cock, I didn't care, but i had to have something. I reached back each side of my body and pulled my cheeks as far apart as I could. Suddenly he mounted me again. Again I felt him slide down my ribs and firmly grasp me by the hips as my torso was pinned to the buckets and completely immobile. Only this time he seemed more on target. I felt him jab me just above my asshole. Miss. then just to the left. Miss. Then just above again. Miss. Then I felt his cock head hit my ass. He felt it too and he slid his cock into me. It was hot and wonderful. He seemed to jab into my ass 3 times, each time going deeper, till I felt him hit the inner wall which separated my colon from my ass. Strangely as I felt this

I also felt something bigger enter my ass. I didn't care. I was in heaven but I wanted more. I found that he had my arms locked at my side, my chest pinned to the buckets, and my hips squarely pinned against himself. I felt totally under his control.

This was the best feeling I've ever had. I felt this hot cock filling me with hot juice and I was powerless to do anything except enjoy it. Then I felt him start to get bigger. "My ass is turning him on" I thought. I began to feel was a strange feeling. It felt like his cock was getting bigger on the back. At first I was just so into this feeling that I didn't care. I was just thinking that he wants his cock so deep that he will be in my colon and I wanted him there. I could move my ass a little, so I moved it up toward him as much as I could and pulled my cheeks as wide as I could. This seemed to turn him on more as he started giving me deep short strokes.

I then felt that strange feeling inside again. He felt like he was swelling up. Earlier it had been just inside my ass. Now with the deep lunges it felt deeper, but it was definitely getting bigger. It felt so wierd but at the same time soooo good. Then it felt so big that I was filled completely. I've never felt so completely full. It kept getting bigger. I was being filled more and more. I could not take any more, yet I was still feeling him get bigger. It felt like I had an orange in my ass, then a grapefruit. I felt like he and were so tight that we were one. I also felt something else. I could feel very good the tip of his cock. I could feel it squirting inside me and going deeper. Squirt deep inside my ass. Squirt deeper inside my ass. Squirt the opening to my colon. I was mesmerized. I had never felt so completely full and even tho it was almost painful, it was the greatest feeling I had ever felt. My mind had one singular thought: I wanted more. I pushed up as hard as I could into him. I felt this knot go deeper somehow. I also felt the now hard end of his cock enter my colon.

Waves of bliss were crashing through my whole body. My ass felt as if it were engulfing a watermelon. I felt him squirting inside my colon and each squirt sent tingles up my spine. I also kept pushing up with my ass as hard as I could. I would try to match him. As he would thrust in, I would pull my ass cheeks hard and shove my ass up and toward him. Even though I was so full it hurt, I could still get him a little deeper with a few of his strokes. Then something happened. I had thought he was cumming in me the whole time, but it must have been some kind of precum. I felt him grab me even harder, lower himself a little, and give me this blast of hot jism into my colon. At this moment I came about a gallon on the floor under us. Every time he would shove himself, I would feel him go just a little deeper, swell a little more, and send out just a little more powerful jet of doggy cum.

In a minute I was spent but he was not. It was then that I felt an even stranger sensation. Every spurt of doggie cum which he filled me with made something inside me just between my cock and ass vibrate. The tube the jist was travelling through must have been against something inside me. I was rock hard again and feeling a buildup to another orgasm. Also I could feel my lower abdomen actually swelling with his cum in it. I wanted to move, to touch myself, to fuck against him harder. I could not. I was completely immobilized. I continued to use what little movement I could get to try to drive my ass up and get him in deeper, but he was as deep as he was going to go.

I think he knew this too because he stopped fucking me and just laid there on my back for a moment. I was in complete bliss. He was just lying there, but i could still feel him pumping me full. Each gush would vibrate what I would later find was my prostrate and also wash into my colon sending more tingles. My only thought was a hope that he was not done. As if to emphasize my thought, he put his paws on my upper back and raised himself up. With his weight off my lower back I felt a rush of his cum slosh into my colon. Man it was so hot and there was so much of it and he was just giving me more and more. I felt so exquisitely full. I came again just as hard as the first.

I think my second orgasm caused me to jerk because he began humping me again. Unfortunately he

was as deep as he could bury himself, but the movement felt good and got me hard again. Then he did the strangest thing. He hopped off of me. I don't know if you have ever experienced a slow motion moment. Some people have described them from having car crashed or falling. I had one then. From the time he hopped off me till the time his front paws were on the floor to my left could not have been more than 1 second, but I went through this:

He jumps.. Oh, ah, I can move.. oh please don't be done this feels so good... oh shit something is pulling me, oh my insides are being pulled out... oh my he's completely stuck inside me... oh he is still coming and I feel it, oh please stand still.. oh it feels so good.

There was a discomfort when he moved and a pain if he pulled, but it was all overshadowed by a bliss. Then he picked up his back leg, put it over me, and turned around. It was at that moment I discovered that his knot was not round. First of all, I was feeling discomfort from the pull. Second, I was in amovement that something so big and embedded so deeply could possibly spin, thirdly the spinning put enough force on my prostate to drain yet another orgasm from me, and fourthly his moving pulled his cock back a little which aimed his hot spurts of cum at a place just inside my colon. I don;t have a clue what that spot was, but it owned me and I was a willing slave. Fifth, somehow after he spun and pulled against me, he jism was not just squirting out, but coming out with a force that made me think of a pulsing water hose.

I wanted off the bucketsso I could ease the pressure to the inside of my ass a little. I was trying to pick myself up, move the bucket, and get back down. Doing this while thoroughly impaled on a dog cock is not a maneuver I recommend. I got the one out from under my chest first and then found myself teetering on the other. My chest was hanging down, my arms were pushing so I wouldn't pull against him, and the other bucket was pushing my upper abdomen which served to greatly increase the fullness of my lower abdomen, which he was adding to every spurt. I decided I had to do something, so I pushed with both feet and with my hand and raised myself enough to move the bucket.

This was better, but I was still attached and despite myself that constant spurting was driving me to another orgasm. He then decided to walk away. The spurting got harder. It is difficult to crawl backward and orgasm at the same time but it is possible. Thankfully he went only a step or 2 and stopped. I was impaled fully. I honestly felt myself as a small brain which had grown on the end of his massive cock. I was, however, a small brain in extasy. When he pulled it hurt, but the pain was not a sharp excitement giving pain. It is a dull move with him or be ripped pain which only lasts for a second quickly followed by the extasy of feeling even more dog cum spurt into my distended but insaitable colon.

It was amazing. I was attached to this dog's cock and helpless. I had so much dog cum in me that my lower belly sloshed as I moved and was definitely swelled, I was being pulled around the floor of my garage by my poor ass, and the only real thought I had was "Please don't stop".

Out of curiosity I reached around to feel my ass. I was shocked and amazed. I could feel my open ass and feel the end of a great knot just inside it. My brain knew it was there, but for my fingers to actually feel it gave me new feelings. I don't know if it was the shock or a renewed spurting, but I found myself blissfully cumming again. Then he began to squirt even harder. I was definitely having trouble holding all the cum inside my colon, but I had little choice as the only time any had ran out of me was when he turned. He kept squirting harder and harder till I was sure my intestines would give way any second.

Then he became quite still. He looked back at me and licked my ass and the exposed base of his cock a few times, then I felt the knob start to go down. As it went down, some of the cum in my ass began

to come out around it. He began to lick that and as I felt this relief and this wonderful tongue on my ass along with the knot sliding and the feel of hot cum dribbling down my inner thighs and my balls. I grabbed my cock and came one last time as I felt him finally slip out of me.

I laid down on the dirty floor, totally exhausted, with gallons of dog cum running out of my poor stretched ass and onto the floor. All of me from my stomach to my knees ached and wanted rest. I looked at my watch as I lay there. I found a renewed energy. In about 5 minutes I would no longer be alone. I quickly put Brutus outside. He was annoyed to have his self-cleaning interrupted, but he went. I started to dress, but realized I was completely covered in dog cum and dirt, with an almost constant stream of dog cum running out my well used ass.

I looked at my watch again. I have to risk it. I ran from the garage to the house totally naked, dropped my clothes in the laundry bin, and got into the shower. No sooner had I gotten in the water than I heard the door close. "Where are you?". "I'm in the shower", I yelled back. "I saw the dog outside the door." I froze in panic. "He looked hungry. Have you fed him today?". "Not yet, I will as soon as I'm done". "Hurry up! I'll not have you neglecting that dog, not after you argued so to keep him!". "I will as soon as I'm done showering. Don't worry, I won't neglect him. I promise". And I never did neglect him either.