

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Hi, my name is Kelly. If you like my stories, please feel free to email me, but I'm not sure if this will be as interesting as my previous works of fiction, as this is my first experience in the world of canine sex.

I was excited about going to college, and the night after graduation was the biggest party of summer. To make the dull part of the story short, I kissed another guy and my boyfriend broke up with me. I was all ready drunk, but that sobered me up enough that I wanted to get out of there, right then.

My parents were still out when I got home. They were designated drivers at another party. I didn't think it was that cool then, but I admire that about them now.

Anyway, I had come home, drunk off my ass. There are bits and pieces missing, but I remember plopping down on the couch and the family dog was sitting there watching me. I noticed his cock was out.

It was red and pointy. Small by comparison to the few men I'd been with. I remember giggling, but I found myself curious as to if it felt like a man's. Without putting much thought into it; (I blame the liquor.) The next thing I knew, there I was on the living room floor, jacking off my dog. It felt warm and rubbery, and it was leaking pre-cum. I rubbed the sheathe and his cock. He grew bigger. I couldn't believe it. He was a medium sized mixed lab but his cock was massive.

I kept stroking him and he was humping my hand. And then he was making weird whimpering noises and then like a fire-hose (nearest I can explain it) he exploded. Dog jizz shot all over my hand and up my arm. It was so warm. And there was so much of it. I couldn't believe it.

At first I thought he had peed on me. I went to the bathroom and washed off. There was even cum on my dress. Luckily that came off. How I got from there to the bed I don't remember.

When I awoke the next day, I felt horrible. I remembered everything I had done, but I was still in disbelief. I felt disgusted with myself and as a result I treated the dog very badly over the course of the summer. It was almost a year later, well not quite, but during my second freshman semester I got a dog to keep me company, and that is when the fun really started...

Should I continue?