

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I figure I'll start this off with telling you details about myself.

My name is Carol J. Lowe. As of today, I'm 25 years young. I'm about 5'6", and maybe 160lbs. I've got brown eyes, and dark brown hair with extremely pale skin.

And this is the story of how I lost my virginity to my new dog.

It all started when I was 17. Yes, I was still a virgin at 17. I'd decided to wait until I had found the 'right guy', which didn't seem like it was going to happen any time soon. I'm the kind of girl that has a lot of guy friends, and who all the guys fall for, but never gets serious with any of them. I like to flirt, and generally that's where it leaves off. Mainly just because I'm afraid of it leading to much else and getting hurt.

In any case, my parents and I had just picked up two full grown dogs from a local pound. It was my birthday weekend, and I wanted nothing more than a dog. I didn't care what kind of dog it was, but I wanted one. I'm an only child, and our first dog had died when I was 14. I missed the companionship when my parents were gone, and had -finally- talked my parents into letting me pick out a new dog. Originally the plan was to go to the shelter, and just chose whichever dog was next in line for euthanasia. I figured it would be a nice thing to save a dog from certain death, like giving it a gift on my birthday as well. The problem was that the day we came to pick out a dog, there were TWO dogs that were literally just about to be put down. I, of course, being the animal lover of the family, started sobbing, begging my parents to let us take both with us, that it's the right thing to do-that we were saving lives! After about an hour of my crying, my parents agreed. That night, we came home with two brand-new full-grown dogs; two German Shepards. I loved them both already. I had decided to name them Bruce and Buck. For both being the same kind of dog, the difference in size was astounding. Bruce came up past my belly button, a huge, hulky thing of a dog, while Buck was lucky if his head could reach my stomach at all, and was thin; lanky.

Now, fast forward a few weeks. Everything was going great with the new dogs. My parents were learning to love both of them, even if they hated that we had TWO new dogs, and they seemed to get along fairly well, minus the humping one another thing. We later found out that neither had been neutered, so they were constantly trying to prove their dominance to one another. Generally, Bruce won out.

Bruce was also somewhat of a problem to me. He liked to growl and snap at people, especially at me for some reason. I could be petting him gently, and he'd turn and bite me, often times drawing blood. My parents tried to use that as an excuse to send him back, but all I had to do was cry a bit, and I knew he could stay.

Anyways, everything was going great besides the biting thing, and my parents had decided to leave for a weekend. I said goodbye to my parents, promised not to have any wild parties, nor burn the house down, and sighed a sigh of relief as I saw them leave the drive way. Alone at last.

One of my favorite things to do when I had the house to myself was shower. I know that sounds like a silly thing, but I enjoy taking long showers. Generally if my shower lasted more than 15 minutes, my dad would be banging on the bathroom door, telling me to stop using up all the water. I smiled as I walked into the bathroom. No dad pounding on the door tonight. I didn't even bother to close the door as I began taking off my clothes. First to go were my jeans, dropping quickly to the ground. I looked into the mirror at myself and grinned. I had on a red and black thong which made my rather large ass look halfway decent. I'd always hated how large my ass was, but the boys generally liked it.

Next to go was my shirt, joining my jeans on the floor as my milky white complexion gazed back at me in the mirror. In this bra, I actually had some cleavage. It was red and black also, matching my thong. I had decent, handful sized breasts: 30b. I smiled at myself in the mirror as I took off the bra and thong. It was time to get to buisness.

Although I was a virgin, I'd often found time to play with myself. That's why I loved long showers; the feeling of hot water pounding against my back as I slipped a lone finger into my virgin hole was amazing. In the shower, I forced another finger inside me, squirming a bit from the tightness of it. I had already orgasmed a good two or three times by now, and I stepped out of the shower feeling rather good about the fact that I had 'wasted' an hours worth of hot water. Once I stepped out of the shower, I was surprised to see Bruce there. He was sitting down, watching me as I wrapped a towl around myself. I didn't think much of it. While I had many fantasies, bestiality had never been one of them.

Wringing out my long dark hair, I bent down to pick up my clothes. Right as I did so, I felt a cold nose bury itself between my legs. I stood up suddenly, shocked, and pushed Bruce's nose away. "Bad dog." I scolded him. I was afraid to hit him; afraid of him biting me as he had before. I ignored him, now picking up my brush to comb out the tangles in my hair. Being so short, I had to get on tiptoe and lean forward to reach where I kept my brush. While reaching, I again felt warm fur between my legs, but this time instead of a cold nose, I felt a warm tongue. I quickly turned around, pushing his face away from my crotch. "No, Bruce." This time I did swat at his nose. I wanted him to get the picture. Surprisingly, he didn't snap at me. Instead, he forced his head between my legs yet again, now dragging his tongue up my mound. I wasn't ready for it. Before he had licked me from behind, but now, now this sent shivers through me. I was frozen as he continued to lick at me. I almost started to part my legs before I realized what I was doing.

I slapped his nose again, this time my voice loud "No, Bruce." All I got out of him was a low growl before he tried forcing his face back to my folds again. I wasn't about to let that happen. I decided that I would leave the bathroom, and hope he would follow. If he did, I could run back inside the bathroom and shut the door, get my clothes on and forget any of that had happened. Not without getting myself off again, of course. My mind flashed back to what his tongue had felt like, eagerly licking m-No. I couldn't do this. I pushed past him, and out the bathroom doorway, and into the hall. As I suspected, Bruce followed me. I walked a few feet down the hall, then turned and ran back the way I had come, hoping to make it back into the bathroom.

Boy could I have not been any more stupid.

Another thing I forgot to mention about myself, is that if I am one thing, it's certainly not graceful. As I turned to head back into the bathroom, Bruce was closer to me than I had anticipated. I triped over the huge beast of a dog, and fell forward right on my face. I had made contact with the bathroom tile-with my face. When I fell, my towl had come off, lying in a heap on the floor. I layed there a moment, naked and dazed. That was all it took. Just as I was starting to pick myself up I felt Bruce's weight come crashing down on me. Still disoriented, it knocked me flat back on my face again.. But this time, when I tried to pick myself up again, my back felt fur. Warm dog fur. Even then I still didn't fully comprehend what was going on. I tried to push him off of me, but he was too heavy. As I pushed harder, a low growl started somewhere near my neck. That made me freeze, my body on all fours underneath Bruce.

It was then I felt his front legs wrap around my waist. It was then that I realized that, when I got up on all fours, I had become the perfect mount for Bruce. It was then that he started humping me, his hard cock grinding against my bare pussy. It was then that I screamed.

But it didn't matter, Bruce had hold of me tight, and was relentless in his humping, his hard (what I would later measure to be nearly 9") cock gliding over both my ass hole and pussy. I tried crawling away from him, but every movement simply caused him to hump me harder, and to growl menacingly at me. I started praying that maybe he would cum before he managed to get inside me. I mean, I was a virgin, and I could barely fit two fingers inside me. There was no way I could fit Bruce's cock.

Boy, was I wrong. After about a minute or so of unfruitful attempts to anchor his cock inside my cunt, Bruce finally hit home. I was just starting to get calm, thinking to myself that this can't last forever as I felt something rip inside me. He had finally found the right angle to thrust from, and was now hammering his cock into my poor pussy. I screamed in pain, squirming beneath him, trying harder now than ever to get out from beneath him, but just as I started to finally pull away, teeth sank into my shoulder. I froze again, crying out in pain. His grip on my shoulder lessened once he realized he had gotten his point across. As long as I stayed still, he wouldn't hurt me. Hurt me more than he was now, anyway.

His cock tore through me, and I'm sure my virgin cunt felt great to him. He had to be about two inches thick, and there was a good 6 inches already inside of me. I was whimpering at this point, trying to overcome the pain. I forced myself to think of other things; anything that could get my mind off this pain would be fine. I could hear Bruce's panting above me, slobber running off his tongue and all over my shoulder. Gross. I was still squirming under him, and tried thinking of more pleasurable things... Like when Bruce had run his tongue over my pussy.

Looking back, I'd have gladly let him keep licking if it would save me from this pain. I imagined a different scenario, this time instead of me swatting his nose away, I'd have spread my legs like I had wanted to, letting him lick from my ass to my clit. I imagined his rough tongue lapping against my clit, the feeling it would have if he licked inside me. I'd have leaned my head back and moaned, letting him lick every inch inside my wet pussy.

That's when I flashed back to reality and realized that this was starting to feel good. Most of the pain was gone; it was more of a dull ache now. I bit my lip, thinking of how wrong this was... How screwed up I must be to actually start to enjoy this.

That's when I lowered my head, finally fully submitting myself to him. I pushed my hips back against him, trying to time my movements with his. His dick felt warm inside my tight cunt, and I could feel precum oozing out of him inside me. That, and I could feel my juices dripping down the inside of my thighs. I spread my legs wider, moaning now. As I relaxed myself, I could feel that more of his shaft was entering me. He was finally loosening me up enough to fit the majority of his cock. I enjoyed it, pushing my ass up higher, letting my dog make me his bitch. I could feel myself on the verge of an orgasm, and I let it wash over me. I groaned, the noise sounding like some kind of snarl, and Bruce responded with his own low growl and started humping with new enthusiasm.

I orgasmed not once, but three times like this, with Bruce pounding his hard member into me. After my lastest orgasm, I felt something hard starting to hit my opening. I had felt it before I climaxed, but didn't think much of the pain. Now I felt it again-something hard, and very large hitting into me every time he thrust.

I stopped breathing. I knew what it was... It was his knot. He was trying to force his knot inside me. I began to struggle again for a moment, knowing that if he were successful that I would be in pain again. But I stopped myself, knowing that after the pain subsides, there is pleasure. And now after having Bruce fucking me like this for a while, I was starting to really enjoy knowing that I was his bitch. I wanted him to use me-I wanted him to fill me with his seed. His precum was already doing a

decent job; I could feel his hot juices flowing inside me. I wanted to feel him shoot his load inside me; I wanted all of him inside me.

As I stopped struggling, I started pushing back against him once more. With every thrust, the pain grew. His knot was hitting me over and over again. I whimpered again, wondering just how big it was when finally, with one powerful thrust, his knot entered me.

I screamed out again, unable to help myself. I felt torn in half by the massive buldge in his shaft, but the thought of me now being tied to my own dog helped me get through the pain. And soon enough, I was enjoying it again. I climaxed again, this time more powerful than ever, my pussy clutching his shaft with my convulsions. I felt him speed up just then, and finally unload inside me. I buried my face in my hands, moaning loudly as I felt stream after stream of his come shoot inside my pussy. Not a drop of it managed to escape, however. That was how tight a fit his knot was in my cunt. We stayed like that for some time, his knot in my abused cunt, my head in my hands as I slowly still rocked back and forth against him, sure to milk out every drop of his seed. After a few minutes, he started to pull away, and I lifted my head to see Buck sitting there, his dick hard and well out of its sheath as he stuck his nose between my legs, licking at my pussy and at Bruce's cock as he finally pulled it from me. Dog come as well as my own flowed down my thighs, and Buck lapped it up eagerly.

I wasn't about to make the same mistake twice, and quickly dropped to the floor, rolling on my back so that Buck couldn't mount me. Instead, I spread my legs, letting him lick out every drop of cum that Bruce had poured into me. The feeling was amazing, having that long, thick tongue lap deep inside my cunt. After a while, Buck lost interest in licking, and wandered off to some other part of the house. I, however, layed there for some time. On my back, staring at the ceiling, wondering if I should hate or love myself for letting my dog overtake me that way.

After a while, I decided that it wasn't such a bad thing, and got up and got right back in the bathroom to take another shower. I let the hot water run over my body for much longer than an hour; the water was running cold before I finally forced myself to get out. My pussy ached, my back hurt, and I was sore all over from what had just happened. But I didn't mind. I knew that even though the idea had never even entered my mind before today, that I would soon be getting very close with my new dogs.

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