

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is a true story. None of it is made up or exaggerated. This is the first time I've ever told my story to anyone, including my Husband, which is why I am using an e-mail address on Yahoo he doesn't know about. We are married for twenty years, and have three lovely children. My husband and I have a normal sex life, (nothing kinky), and he still thinks I lost my virginity to my first boyfriend, Michael Schwarz. (Not his real name.) He has no idea I actually lost it to our family Dog.

But after reading some Bestiality postings on the Internet, (my secret indulgence), I felt the need to write down my story and share it with someone. I wanted to tell my private story of how I lost my Virginity.

MY STORY BEGINS when I was 19 years old. I was helping my Mother with some chores around the house; I was in the basement, putting the laundry from the washing machine into the dryer. My Mother was upstairs attending to my screaming newborn brother and my three-year-old sister, so she couldn't hear me shout at my dog Denver whenever he stuck his nose near my crotch. Denver was a persistent crotch sniffer, which is why we kept him in the basement as much as possible. My Mother said it's a bad habit he'll grow out of, as he often embarrasses her when he sticks his nose up under her dresses in front of company.

I was wearing a tee shirt over my swimsuit, as I have very fair skin and the tee shirt kept me from getting too much sunburn. We had a swimming pool in our backyard, and when I finished my chores, I was going to cool off in it on this hot August afternoon.

Denver kept sniffing between my legs every time I bent over to put more clothes into the dryer, and earned himself a few swats from me for sticking his nose where it didn't belong. As I finished putting the last of the clothes into the dryer, I reached up into the cabinet above to get the fabric softener sheets out. Denver followed closely and stuck his snout right up in-between my thighs and applied pressure to my vagina through the thin fabric of my swimsuit. It sent a strange chill through me, but again, I pushed him down, tossed the dryer sheet in with the clothes and closed the door. Once the machine started up, it was pretty noisy there in the basement.

Denver tried a few times to stand up on his hind legs, hopping around clumsily, trying to mount me as I headed for the basement stairs. He's tried this for months, but he was much easier to push out of the way when he was a smaller dog. I was pushing him down with my one hand, and I grabbed hold of the stair railing with the other. As I lifted my foot off the ground to walk up the first step, Denver somehow passed me on the stair and pushed me backwards! I fell off the bottom step and onto my butt on the cold cement floor with a thump! I laughed, as I wasn't hurt, and thought Denver was just being playful.

Denver was an oversized mutt Dad got us to protect the house when he was away on business trips; which was very often. Denver was a pretty large puppy, and now he's huge. He's still clumsy like a puppy, which means he's probably still growing. Someone told us he is mixed with a Bull Mastiff, which is an enormous breed of dog. When Denver stands on his hind legs, he can put his paws on my shoulders and look right into my eyes. A few weeks ago, Dad told my Mother he wanted to get the dog neutered, but Mom said that was cruel, so it was never done. I don't think Dad realized how horny and strong Denver was, but I digress.

I was a virgin, and I have never had sex of any kind. All I knew of sex was what the Nuns taught me about the Birds and the Bees in my eighth grade Sexual Education class. They covered the basic anatomy lessons with lots of warnings about 'saving yourself' for the right person, and how we should not have sex before marriage.

A girlfriend told me she masturbated, and told me how to do it. Sometimes I would rub my clit with my fingers when I was in bed underneath the covers, but I never dared to insert my finger into my vagina. I would rub my clit and feel the moisture between my legs getting stickier and warmer. However, whenever I came close to an orgasm, I always stopped. I didn't know what was happening, and I was always too afraid to go any farther, even though it felt tingly and wonderful.

I once kissed Michael Schwarz, a boy from school, at a Halloween Party. He then stuck his tongue into my mouth and it nearly made me vomit. I was very immature at 18 years old, but this experience I'm about to tell you about made me grow up FAST.

Well, after Denver knocked me down onto the basement floor as I tried to leave, I got up smiling, and I grabbed Denver's enormous head between my hands and planted a kiss on the tip of his nose. He returned my kiss with a wet lick from chin to forehead, which totally grossed me out. I went to the laundry sink and bent over it to wash my face off, and Denver stood up behind me with his paws on my shoulders, clumsily trying to jump onto my back. I felt a hot, sticky and wet hard thing being pushed roughly into the back of my thighs and butt cheeks as Denver kept jumping up behind me. I turned around, knocking him down onto all fours. I gasped when I saw his big, long red dick sticking out of the underside of his body! My first reaction was to giggle, as it looked ridiculous, just bouncing all over the place with each move Denver made.

My second thought was to get away from him, as it was growing even larger!! I turned and headed for the stairs again, but Denver ran after me at full sprint, and pulled me down onto my hands and knees with his paws! He slid his strong arms down around my waist and started to poke his big wet, red penis all over my bottom trying to penetrate me!!

I was in panic mode, and started to yell for my Mother at the top of my lungs. But with the noise from the dryer, and my siblings upstairs crying, she didn't hear me. I was frightened and I knew she wouldn't be coming to my rescue! I kept reaching behind me to swat at Denver, but he was bent over my back and was moving his butt all over the place. He didn't seem to care as I slapped and pushed him repeatedly. It was a good thing I was wearing a tee shirt over my swimsuit, as his nails were already scratching into my back and digging into my sides!

"Stop Denver! No! Get off!" I shouted, as I tried crawling away from him on my hands and knees. He clung to my back, and his rear end was starting to really jerk back and forth. He kept poking me all over my thighs and butt with that big red dick of his. I was very frightened and completely helpless. Escaping his strong grasp was nearly impossible! I was crying for my Mother to help me, but in addition to all of the other noises in the house, I now heard Mom running the vacuum cleaner in the living room above me! She would never hear me now.

Denver clung to my back and wouldn't stop trying to rape me! His hips were starting to thrust faster, driving his wet penis closer to my crotch! I tried to roll out from underneath his massive body, but he pulled me back closer to him with his paws. I twisted my hips to one side to try to squirm out of his grasp, but that only allowed his dick to push over the elastic leg opening of my swimsuit!