

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is, I swear, a 100% true account of my first experiences with the world of bestiality. I have changed the names (naturally lol), but the entire content is factual.

I am the only son in a 3 girl family, born 1966 in a small rural town in Australia. I did the usual stuff growing up – school, sports blah, blah, until I hit the ripe old age of 16 when I left home. My older sister, Joan, scored a hair dressing apprenticeship when I was 12, thereby passing on to me her part-time job with a local gas station come corner store.

The owner of this enterprise was a lovely woman named Carol, a mid 30's divorcee who was a happy-go-lucky, loud, plump red head. I found out years later she had divorced her husband after many infidelities on his part – divorce being something quite rare in the mid 70's in a town that was mostly still stuck in the 50's.

I started working with Carol, doing the usual things – fuelling cars, checking oil (not that I knew what the hell I was looking at, I just pulled the dipstick out, gazed at it, poked it back, and hoped for the best), serving in the shop, and generally keeping out of the way as best I could.

The store was hardly ever busy, leaving me plenty of time to do whatever I pleased, which, at 12, mostly revolved around fantasizing about girls, and the mysteries they hold to all young boys. I'd seen girls naked, thanks to a strategically drilled hole in our family's bathroom wall, but I'd never seen IT. Never up close anyway, so the whole female genitalia was somewhat of a mystery.

One quiet Saturday afternoon, Carol had given me the slightly gross job of bagging potatoes in what was once the gas station's lube bay, complete with service trench. I was busy, if not enthusiastically filling small hessian bags with the local produce, lost in my daydreams when Boof, Carol's mixed breed dog, poked his head around the corner to say Hi.

Boof and I went way back, we were great friends; he was always up for a friendly bark when I arrived at work, and I was always happy to lend a well-placed scratch. He was a curious breed. Part Mastiff, part Collie and part Alsatian – a true mongrel, but a lovely natured pooch, roughly the size of a small boxer.

I abandoned the spuds to give Boof a scratch along his back, which never failed to make his eyes roll and his tail wag and his tongue fall comically from his mouth. He arched his back as he always does, moving himself forwards and back as the itchy spot shifted, all the while happily mumbling to himself, as dogs do. I moved my hands down his ribs, scratching away, when, as I dropped to my haunches to get a better angle, I saw about half his shiny red cock poking from its sheath!

As I was raised on a dairy farm, and not totally unfamiliar with the general mechanics of breeding (livestock at least), seeing his cock was nothing of a surprise, but the feelings that welled in me were. I had the most pressing desire to touch it!

Slowly, I reached my hand out, and very gently touched the pointy head of his semi-erect cock. Boof stood statue-still, his tongue still half out his mouth, as I softly ran my hand under his fire-engine red cock. Boof softly whined, and sort of side shifted to give me better access, and pushed his rapidly hardening cock into my hand.

I began to stroke him, my hand seeming to know instinctively what was needed, as his cock swelled and thickened, more and more pushing from the sheath until I held his full length, about 5 inches I'd say. His hips began to thrust, pushing his cock rapidly into my hand, as he began to hump. I was mazed, and extremely turned on! I stopped what I was doing, grabbed a crate from behind me to sit

on, then, as I reached for his cock again, Boof reared up, mounting my knee, his thrusts pushing me back into the wall.

I leaned into him, held his cock tight as his knot began to swell at its base. My own tiny erection was throbbing in time to his frantic thrusts, as his knot fully extended into my hand.

I encircled his knot with one hand, as the other kept milking him until I felt his rhythm begin to falter as jet after jet of hot doggie cum washed onto my leg, my hand, and the floor. Boof kept at it for a few more moments, and then slowly began to withdraw from my grip. I let him back onto his 4 legs, my hands dripping with cum, my legs shaking, my heart pounding.

I stood, quickly dropped my pants around my ankles, freeing my rock hard little cock, all 4 inches of it, the head a lovely purple color, not a single hair to be found. I rubbed frantically on my stiff little dick, my hand flying back and forth, trying to free the cum boiling inside. I'd only started to cum properly in the past few weeks, courtesy of an older friend, but that's a different story.

Boof, seeing all the rapid hand waving, had decided to investigate, and, without any preamble, ran his

incredibly hot tongue over my straining cock-head. My legs nearly gave way, my hands falling to my sides, as I gave him full rein. His soft warm tongue again flicked out, this time from my tiny hairless balls, right to the head of my cock. I shuddered with the sensations, my hips pushing forward for more. His tongue again engulfed me, this time from further back under my sack to the tip of my cock, a sensation I cannot even begin to describe.

I kicked my shorts clear of my ankles, and squatted to allow his tongue free access to my scrotum. His tongue shot out, and caught me right across my tightly puckered asshole, which caused my already rock hard cock to gain another inch I swear. Again he licked my tiny hole, dragging his tongue along my crease. Finally working out what both he and I wanted, I spun around, knelt on that cold concrete floor, with my tiny pale ass raised and spread for his tongue.

He launched his tongue with renewed vigor, I swear I could feel it inside me as I frantically pulled on my cock, his hot breath and tickly whiskers combining with his insistent tongue to push me over the edge, as I came the hardest I think I have ever come.

I stayed there, his tongue bathing my hole, my cock shrinking back to its former worm-like self. I was

still shaking a few minutes later when he wandered back out the door, leaving me satisfied, but strangely wanting more. I dressed, my cum and his pooled on the floor, my tiny ass tingling from his tongue. After a few moments, I resumed my work, the potatoes didn't seem as smelly, or the task so onerous.

This became our (me and boof) weekly event - I would find some task that required doing in the lube bay, he would always find me waiting. I would begin scratching him, but we both knew what we really wanted. His cock would already be half hard when he came in, and I'd have his cum spraying into my cupped hand within minutes. I would then present my ass to his tongue as I furiously wanked myself to orgasm.

Many years later, long after I had moved away, married, had children, and was once again in my home town visiting my now elderly father, I ran into Carol, now a mid 50's lady, still plump, until loud and happy. We spoke of old times, how the world had moved on since those early times, when Carol said something that sent my blood ice-cold. She mentioned that Boof died 2 years after I'd left, and how he always seemed to miss me, and spent most of his time in that old lube bay. I must have

been the color of beetroot, and stammered that yes, Boof and I were great mates, and spent many good times in there. She gave me a knowing smile, and mentioned had I ever noticed the window high on the wall above the work bench?

My heart had, by this time nearly stopped I'm sure, when she went on to say how much she missed her weekend shows. I stuttered and stammered, she merely smiled, kissed me on the cheek, and left me.

END