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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Growing up, I had a menagerie in my room. At various times, lizards, snakes, a squirrel, cats, turtles, 3 baby raccoons, and countless toads shared my space. My one constant companion was Buck the dog. Buck was a mutt, but I loved him more than anything or anyone. When I was 18, Buck was 13. His muzzle had grown white, he could barely see or hear, and his hips hurt him when he walked more than a block. Despite all of his aches and pains, he still wagged his tail like a pup whenever I came into the house.

On the worst day of my life, I packed my car to head off to college. I was in a dorm, so Buck was going to have to stay with my parents. It was the first time since I was 5 that we were going to be separated. I gave him a huge hug and pushed my forehead against his. He licked my face and slowly wagged just the tip of his tail. We both just knew that he wouldn't be around for Christmas break, and we didn't want this moment to end. My mother finally helped me up, dried my tears, and guided me to the door of my car. I took a deep breath, backed out of our driveway, and listened to Buck barking at me for the last time.

At that moment, I knew what I wanted to do with my life...I wanted to be a veterinarian.

I dedicated myself to my studies and did well in my undergraduate program. It was 1988, and I was able to get into the best vet school in the country. Only about 1 in 100 applicants gets accepted, and only 1/2 of those make it through the Doctor of Veterinary Medicine program.

In the third year of vet school, you spend a lot of your time in clinics...you're basically the low man on the totem pole (read unpaid!) at a local office or animal hospital. The good part of it was that we finally got to do what we really wanted to do...work with animals.

That's where I met Diane. I was looking at a cat so obese it couldn't lick its ass anymore. I was thinking about how I was going to tell the owner that she was going to have to clean up Fluffy's shit-crusted asshole every time he took a dump for the rest of Fluffy's life, when I heard a car's brakes screeching outside of the clinic.

As I opened the examination room door, I saw something horrible and wonderful at once. An incredibly beautiful, petite woman was holding a large boxer, covered in blood. I was transfixed by the sight of this little woman carrying 70 pounds of injured, muscular dog in her arms. Finally, the receptionist snapped me out of my trance. "Doctor! Room 2 is open!" It was the first time the receptionist had called me "Doctor." It had always been rookie, apprentice, or dumbass before that.

I hustled down the hall to Room 2 and held the door open for the beautiful brunette and her dog. I helped her put the boxer onto the table and tried to make him comfortable as I asked her what happened.

"I was running and," she started to tear up as she continued, her adrenaline fueled shock fading as she had done everything she could for her dog, "Butch was with me. He must have smelled a bitch in heat or something and bolted. He pulled the leash out of my hand and ran into the street, just as a car was passing." More tears flowed from her eyes, you could tell how much she loved her dog. "The car hit him and he flew 20 feet through the air and landed on the street. He was rigid when I picked him up. Thank god, the guy stopped. He drove us straight here. He was really nice. We got blood all over his seat, but he said not to worry about it. And he said...he said you were a great vet."

Obviously, she couldn't have known that the REAL vet was out on a lunch break. The only appointments on the books were for the fat cat, expressing a set of impacted anal glands on a mean ass Doberman, and the usual parade of animals needing their vaccinations.

Fortunately, I was very well trained. I ran my hands over Butch's torso and limbs. He was coming out of shock too. The impact had caused his system to "lock up" trying to prevent any further injuries. I could tell Butch had broken a leg and several ribs. I looked at her and said, "He has some broken bones and possible internal injuries. We're going to need some x-rays. Depending on what we find, he might need surgery..."

She looked up with eyes that pleaded me not to say anything more.

I called for a nurse and gently slid Butch onto a rolling table to take him over to shoot some x-rays. Butch's owner was spent; she was leaning forward with her hands on the edge of the cold, stainless table. I placed my hand on hers and told her that I'd do everything I could to help Butch. She looked up, pushed herself up onto her toes, and kissed me on the cheek. I felt my face flush instantly, fueled by years of a single-minded focus on academics. I moved my hand, the broken contact instantly changing our relationship back to professional.

The x-ray's confirmed my initial diagnosis, a broken foreleg and two broken ribs, but there appeared to be no other injuries. Butch had been anesthetized to keep him from moving during the x-rays. He was still sleeping comfortably when I looked him over again. He was a very handsome brindle boxer, with a classic large head and very full, muscular chest. Interestingly, he had an odd combination of features. His tail was cropped, but his ears weren't; his dewclaws had been removed, but the large full scrotum under his short tail indicated clearly that he had not been neutered. These things didn't mean much to me at the time, but they would come to mean everything in the near future.

After making sure that Butch was comfortably under sedation, I built a cast around his broken leg and wrapped his ribs. I walked out into the waiting room to find Butch's owner. I saw her sipping her coffee. She was wearing tight nylon running shorts that accentuated her long, tanned legs and a sports top which held her breasts tight against her chest and showed her muscled abdomen. I walked over to her, painfully aware of the pressure building in my pants and hoping that she didn't notice the bulge growing between my legs.

"Hi, I'm Dr. Rick Bl****," I used the appellation, cringing inside as I saw the receptionist shaking her head. "Let me tell you first that I think Butch is going to be just fine." A twinkle returned to her eyes as I filled her in on the details of Butch's injuries and what she could expect as he recovered.

"Oh Doctor...", she said, "thank you so much. I don't think I could live without Butch." She smiled as she caught my eyes fixated on her legs. "I'm Diane. I feel like I owe you the world right now." She leaned forward, as if she were putting her other assets on display, held my hands in hers, and kissed me again.

I felt dizzy from the rush of sexual energy released by her touch. I wasn't a virgin, but I hadn't had a relationship or sex in over 4 years because of my studies. My voice trembled slightly as I told her that I wanted to keep Butch overnight. "And I'll need to see you...uh, I mean, Butch, in two weeks." I rose quickly, embarrassed by my slip of the tongue.

The real vet saw Diane and Butch the next day and in the two week follow-up visit. She had given me up as a student, but gave me credit as her best student ever based on how well I had done with Butch. My fantasies of seeing Diane again faded with time until several weeks later when I walked into the office. The receptionist said, "Good morning Dr. B! Guess whose on your appointment list today?" She giggled as she handed me the schedule, my face turning beet red as I saw the name Butch in the 11 AM slot.

I did my best to ignore her taunting and tried to keep my growing erection from tenting my pants.

My early morning appointments seemed to crawl along, and I found myself checking my watch every few minutes. Eleven o'clock finally arrived and I braced myself for whatever was might happen as I opened the door to Examination Room 3.

There she was...Diane was wearing a floral print sundress, sitting with her long, tanned legs crossed, Butch next to her on a short leash. Butch got up and barked a couple of friendly barks. Diane stood up and said brusquely, "Well hello again, Student Dr. B..." After an uncomfortable moment, she walked over to me and hugged me tightly. "You're still my hero, even if you ARE just a student." I could feel her breasts pressing against me but just left my arms hanging at my side. I know she felt my cock hard in my pants as she pressed herself against me.

"I was hoping I would see you again," Diane said as Butch pushed his wet flat face into my groin.

"Butch! Keep your nose to yourself, you naughty beast!" Butch looked up at Diane with his big, puppy-dog eyes and retreated to her side.

"It looks like he's doing great!" I said, happy to redirect the conversation. I examined Butch and was pleased to see that he was suffering virtually no aftereffects from his encounter with the car.

At the end of the exam, I wrote Diane a prescription for a pain reliever in case Butch showed any signs of stiffness. She turned her head quickly, but I caught a flash of a wicked smile on her lips. "Yes," she said, "Butch does get stiff from time to time." I had NO idea what she meant and had no time to consider it further because Diane had just asked me out to dinner.

"Sure," I stammered, "uhh...tonight would be fine." She wrote her home address and phone number down onto my hand. "Seven o'clock sharp," she whispered in my ear, "don't keep me waiting."

I thought my knees were going to buckle as she kissed my cheek and walked out of the room. My eyes were glued to her ass swaying back and forth under the thin sundress. I looked to her side and I could have sworn that Butch was glaring at me.

Naturally, the big boss kept me until the last possible minute. I had to drive directly to Diane's house still dressed in my scrubs, not wanting to risk being late and raising her ire. I knocked on her door, and she answered, wearing a short, black dress, cut low in the front and back. A slit up the side of her dress revealed no tanlines. I was incredibly embarrassed again as she looked me over from head to toe. She suddenly smiled and said, "Perfect." Butch came tearing around the corner as soon as he realized that I was in the doorway. He sniffed me all over, obviously interested in the diverse assemblage of smells from fluids I'd had squirted onto me during the day. "Get down, you silly thing," she mock scolded.

Diane swept me into her home, which was incredibly neat and tastefully decorated. The air was full of incredible scents. I found out that she was a successful interior decorator and an amateur chef. We had a wonderful evening, talking about our histories and our futures. After dinner, Diane moved us into the living room, poured an amazing glass of port, and served a crème brulee.

Butch just couldn't resist...the dessert was at nose level...and his sloppy wet tongue slid across the top of my dessert. "BUTCH!" she blurted out. He ran out of the room, knowing he had blown it. She tried to switch plates with me, but I refused. "After a day like mine, a little dog spit isn't going to upset me at all." She smiled at me as I took a bite of the wonderfully caramelized dessert.

I helped Diane clean up the dishes and was getting ready to leave or get kicked out. I had my hand on the cupboard over my head and was putting away the last dish, when Diane reached around me and squeezed her arms around me. She looked up at me and asked, "Aren't you going to kiss me?" I

lowered my head and brushed my lips against hers. She pushed her tongue deep into my mouth as I felt her hand pulling the tie of my scrub bottoms.

She rubbed my hardening cock through my underwear as she continued to kiss me deeply. I gasped as she lowered herself down my body and pulled my underwear down over my legs. Her tongue started at my balls and slid up the underside of my cock. Diane wrapped her lips around my hard shaft and moved her head rhythmically back and forth.

I had never had such an amazing blowjob. In fact, I hadn't had any sex in so long that I was ready to cum in less than a minute. "Oh gawd, Diane...I'm going to cum," I said, expecting her to take her hot mouth off of my dick. But she didn't. She sucked harder, putting her hand around the base of my cock and jacking me off...pushing me over the edge. I spurted thick gobs of semen into her mouth and felt her moving her tongue around as she swallowed my cum.

She held my cock in her hand and kissed the tip. She stood up and grabbed my hand, pulling me toward her bedroom. She literally threw me onto her bed, straddled me, and pulled her dress up over her head, revealing her naked, lithe body. If anything, she was more perfect in real life than any fantasy I had conjured up since our first meeting.

Diane held my still hard cock in her hand and started to rub my head against her wet opening, when I heard Butch growling between my legs.

"Fuck," she said, "god dammit, Butch. Give me a break." She lowered her wet cunt onto me, moaning as I filled her with my cock. Butch barked...not a friendly one either. She pulled herself off of me. "I'm sorry," she whispered, "I can't do this."

"Why?"

"It's Butch."

"What about him?"

She hesitated. And then told me that Butch was jealous of me. "I don't understand, Diane." She paused again, and explained that some people love their pets more than I ever could have imagined. She told me that she had raised Butch from a puppy to satisfy her carnal desires. She lay on her side, looking at me, expecting me to grab my clothes and bolt. But I didn't. I reached over to her and asked her to tell me more as Butch growled at my feet.

She told me that she removed his dewclaws as a newborn pup, so he wouldn't scratch her as he mounted her; how she had trained him to let her suck his cock and to mount her from behind, and eventually from the front. I listened, mesmerized.

"Would you...would you show me?" My cock throbbed even harder than when she was sucking me. The thought of her fucking Butch was so far outside of my reality.

Diane looked at me. "Really?" I nodded. Silently, she slid off the bed and opened her closet. She grabbed a pair of heavy cotton socks and a thick bathmat which she laid next to her bed.

At the sight of the socks, Butch changed his attitude instantly. I was no longer present as far as he was concerned. Diane slid the socks onto his paws and reached between his legs. The pink tip of his cock was emerging from his sheath. She gently pushed the sheath back toward his balls and his cock started to swell immediately. She pushed him onto his side and kissed and licked the now swollen pink cock.

Butch had a huge cock. It must have been three inches longer than mine and thicker as well. As Diane started to suck Butch, his “knot” began to swell at the base of his cock, eventually getting to the size of a tennis ball. I had read all about how dogs mate, had seen them actually fucking, and even dissected their sexual organs, but none of that prepared me to watch Diane blowing her muscular boxer. As her lips wrapped around his shaft, Butch started to buck his hips and a thin cum-like liquid started to spew from his cock. Diane let the fluid drip out of her mouth and onto the bathmat.

Silently, she stopped and got on her hands and knees on the bathmat. She lowered her head and raised her ass. Butch knew instantly what to do. He jumped onto her back, his “mittened” paws holding her around her chest, and started to thrust his cock into the space between her legs. Diane reached down and guided him to her opening. As he felt her warmth around his cockhead, he started to buck into her hard and fast. I knew cum would be spurting from his cock as soon as he started to fuck her. His fluids filled her cunt and then dripped down her legs.

I watched closely as Butch pounded his cock into Diane, his knot slapping hard against her pussy lips. She spread her legs further apart and the knot slipped in and out of her trained cunt. She moaned as clenched her ass and held his knot inside of her.

From my textbooks, I knew that bitches had special muscles that held the knot inside of them, allowing the dogs to tie. For Diane to do it, she must have built up the muscles of her vagina. I also knew that dog’s cum is hotter than humans, but I had to feel it. Butch was still pumping his cum into her cunt as I reached between her legs. The cum leaking out of her was hot...like someone with a high fever. I rubbed the jizz into the soft skin of Diane’s inner thigh, hearing her moan as I touched her.

Diane held Butch in for a few seconds after he stopped pumping his hips. He pulled himself out of her with an audible slurp and a half-cup of cum spewed from her gaping cunt onto the now wet bathmat.

She looked over at me and smiled. “I can’t believe you’re still here. I was sure you’d leave.”

“Not until I’ve fucked Butch’s bitch.” We laughed and then I mounted her from behind as Butch sat in the corner licking his still dripping cock. I slid into her well-stretched, cum-filled cunt easily. Diane clamped down onto my cock with the muscles of her vagina giving me indescribable pleasure.

I knew then that I was going to marry Diane one day. And I did. Butch eventually passed on, but we’re now training Butch III. Diane has also helped me open an office devoted to helping people learn to love their pets more. Word of mouth has brought customers from all over the country. We’ve been able to help 100’s of people train their dogs. The one notable failure being the woman who was trying to train a dog she had had neutered when he was a puppy.

Other cases have been more interesting...but those are for another time.