

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Misty softly punched the pillow, trying to fluff it to a more comfortable shape. "Has it only been three weeks since I met Jeff?" she questioned herself. Tonight had been her first sleepover at his place. Now here she was, trying to sleep while Jeff snored next to her. Not only couldn't she sleep, but Jeff had turned out to be a less than perfect lover. She tossed and turned, but the snoring reverberated, and sleep eluded her.

Casting her mind back, she remembered the day they'd met. "I was sitting, brokenhearted, on that park bench, watching people walk past. I still carried Turbo's leash and collar in my purse. That was the same bench where I'd watch Turbo romp around off his leash, despite the leashing bylaws - which no one followed anyway, despite numerous signs and their warnings of fines. At that point, all that was left of my beloved companion was a little grave in my back yard, the tombstone, which I'd made myself, marking that spot, and his collar and leash in my purse." She wiped away a tiny tear, thinking about that moment.

"I was looking at people and their dogs, especially a little girl throwing a tennis ball for a huge Doberman who could run faster than she could throw. The result was comical enough that it lightened my heavy heart a little. The sprinting dog overtook the ball, and had to sort of skid in mid stride and spin sideways, like he was wheel spinning, until he semi collapsed. Still, he managed to snatch the ball and trot back proudly. Both girl and dog seemed to find that game a lot of fun. People watching were smiling indulgently."

There in Jeff's bed, Misty took a slow, deep breath, struggling with her emotions. "I recall thinking about getting a new puppy, maybe another Beagle, one that looked just like Turbo... but I feared I might resent him. Obviously, he wouldn't be Turbo! Perhaps another breed would be better, my heart said. That small house of mine had just enough of a plot around it to call itself a garden, or better still, a gardenette. So I knew a large dog like that big ball-chasing Dobie was out of the question. I remember I was musing over various breeds and their relative traits." She almost punched the pillow next to her head. "Maybe I was prejudiced," she thought, "but every breed tended to add up to a negative."

Now Misty's internal dialogue shifted. She tried to imagine what Jeff must've seen as he strolled closer. "Hopefully, I was a pretty picture, sitting on that bench. He'd had seen a woman, a shade over 5 feet tall, willowy in stature, long copper hair looking soft and silky, seeming to flow in the light breeze. As he got closer, he'd have seen, if he was looking closely, that my eyes were a cheerful meadow green. Of course, since then, since he's seen my differing moods, my eyes sometime morph from that tranquil green to the colour of the sea during a storm, sullen lead-green and filled with rage - my red hair and green eyes fair indicators of the demons lurking just under the surface of my freckled skin and pretty smile." She actually grinned, remembering Jeff's reaction the first time he encountered that aspect of her.

"Where was I?" she asked herself silently, snapping back to the reminiscence of their first meeting. "I sat, enjoying the warmth of the sun, when a dog trotted up to me. While he resembled my late Beagle, I noted that he was much taller and broader. He was muscular and looked as speedy as the ball-chasing Dobie. Oh, how he carried his head - well up and showing no signs of fear or nervousness. His coat looked moderately coarse but glossy and blue in colouring. He wasn't actually blue. That was an illusion made from his black and white mottling. And he had tiny tan dots like freckles all over his intelligent face and muzzle. His eyes were chocolate brown and promised intelligence. He also appeared to have gray at the end of his tail."

Misty chuckled quietly to herself. "That just shows how much more attention I pay to dogs than I do

to humans," she thought in self-analysis. "But I did finally look at the dog's companion. He had a short 'Van Dyke' beard and mustache, and his eyes were hidden behind a pair of knockoff Aviators. His cheap sunglasses rested on a perfectly symmetrical nose. His lips were slightly full: the kind that end in a cute little smirk at the corners. The rays of sun highlighted him, displaying the dimples in his cheeks and chin and emphasized that his dark hair needed a trim. I'd estimated that he was an inch or two under 6 foot, broad at his shoulders and lean around his waist." As she remembered that moment, Misty's lips curved into a smile. "OK, maybe I do pay attention to some humans after all," she acknowledged. Still trying to get drowsy enough to sleep, she let the dialogue of their first interaction play in her head as it happened.

"Do you feed your Beagle steroids?" Misty asked, smiling.

"Oh yeah," the guy replied. "He suffers from roid-rage and chats up every cute red-haired girl he meets." He smiled. "No, he's a good ol' Bluetick, but the only thing he ever hunts is the best place to lay down."

Misty held her hand palm down to the dog, who canted his head to one side and licked her hand. "Oh, he's gorgeous!" she exclaimed.

"Hunter, sit!" his owner commanded, and the dog immediately sunk down, sitting. "Shake hands!"

The dog offered her his right paw, which Misty promptly shook. Misty giggled delighted. "I love his name!" she gushed.

"He isn't aptly named, though. He can't hunt. He rolls up into a ball as soon as he hears anything go bang, sadly not a very good trait for a Coonhound. But he kinda grows on you, so I keep him around. I tried to get him to do a couple of other things - pull a wagon, and fetch sticks I threw. In both cases, he just sat there, looking as if I was crazy," he complained. "Oh, I'm Jeff, by the way, and you've just met Hunter," the dog owner said, holding out his hand.

Misty took and shook Jeff's hand. "Hi, I'm Misty, pleased to meet you both," Misty replied by way of introduction.

There was a companionable silence for a bit. Misty idly played with the dogs' ears, teasing and twisting them gently, the same way she had done with her floppy eared Beagle. Hunter made sounds indicating he enjoyed the attention. The two people chatted amiably about inconsequential things, as strangers do.

"How about we head towards Timmy's for a coffee?" Jeff invited. "We can pretend I'm blind and Hunter's my service dog."

"You think you can get away with that?" Misty queried.

"Don't know until we try." Jeff answered.

Now, after their first tryst in bed, Misty wasn't quite sure she had made the right decision. True, Jeff had a certain charm and macho thing going for him. And he could be incredibly funny and had the innate ability to laugh at himself. But as far as satisfying her sexual needs... well..."

Misty rolled over again, pulling the pillow over her head. She remembered how Turbo's haunches seemed to bunch as he thrust into her, the incredible way her pussy felt as his knot expanded, stretching her. She moaned softly in frustration.

“Well fuck,” she thought, with more than a little desperation. “There’s a dog just a few feet away from me, and there’s no way I can fall asleep with the cacophony and wheezing going on alongside me, especially when I feel this frustrated!” Their lovemaking hadn’t been fulfilling. Jeff wasn’t a particularly considerate lover. She’d given him a blowjob in his car in the darkened parking lot of Tim Hortons the day they met, with his dog in the back seat. Admittedly, he had a nice car. Naturally she’d swallowed. He hadn’t reciprocated. Maybe that was a warning sign she’d ignored.

She rolled out of bed and padded naked down the hall from Jeff’s bedroom to the sitting room. Even in the sitting room, the reverberating sound of Jeff’s adenoids followed her, echoing. The sitting room was semi-spartan in a masculine way, with a pair of leather sofas and a glass coffee table. On one wall was a big screen television and expensive sound system with enormous speakers. The floor was hardwood with a Western rug between the sofas and under the coffee table.

Hunter’s claws clicked on the hardwood floor as he approached her from his doggy bed, which Jeff had moved into the kitchen. When the dog reached her, he yawned and stretched, and rested his head on her knee. “You can’t sleep too, huh?” she asked quietly.

Hunter licked her outstretched hand. Misty weighed her options. Should she, or shouldn’t she? What if Jeff suddenly woke up? What if the dog didn’t understand? What if he bit her? What if it all worked out and Jeff walked in while they were knotted? Even with those thoughts buzzing around in her mind, Misty scooted to the edge of her seat, and widened her thighs. She arched her back, and sucked in her taunt belly, effectively lifting her vagina, offering it. At first Hunter looked at her quizzically. He canted his head to one side, watching carefully.

Misty moved her right hand, dipping her fingers into her pussy, which was still wet from lovemaking. She lifted her fingers to Hunter’s nose. The dog sniffed, canted his head again, closed his eyes and licked. Shivers raced from Misty’s fingers into her core!!!

Misty grew bolder, she scooted to the very edge of the sofa. She widened her knees more and used both hands to open her vagina. She coo’d softly. “There, Hunter,” she whispered, “try licking from the source.” She gently pulled his snout to the junction of her thighs with her left hand.

The dog lowered his head between her knees, moving to where the fingers of her right hand held her her vaginal lips splayed. He sniffed suspiciously, and licked tentatively. He must have liked what he was licking. No longer needing to be held, he pressed his face between her legs. His wet nose pressed into her underbelly and his tongue lapped at the sodden gash, still filled with his master’s cum.

Jeff’s snoring continued to burble from the bedroom. Hunter was greedy, avariciously licking Misty, intent on getting every ounce of the moisture oozing from her. His tongue was far longer than any human’s and far longer than her late Beagle’s. He curled it almost penis-like into her, then he would pull back, noisily lapping and dragging his tongue over every millimetre of her cunt walls.

Misty lifted both of her hands to her breasts, playing, twisting pulling and teasing her tingling nipples as Hunter licked her cunt. She gave a soft shudder and bit her lower lip as she experienced her first orgasm of the day. The dog didn’t seem to care she was cumming, he licked. He had more to lick now, as her orgasm produced another gush of tasty ooze from her leaking cunt. Sated for the moment, Misty guiltily pushed Hunter’s questing snout out from in between her legs. Her pussy, temple and heart were all beating in time. She closed her legs and sat quietly, allowing the afterglow to cool and soothe her. The snoring abruptly stopped.

She heard Jeff’s sleepy voice calling. “Babe? Where are you?”

She stood up, and Hunter followed her, his claws clicking on the hardwood as she made her way in the dark to the kitchen. "Just getting a drink of milk, Jeff. I'll be right back!"

She pulled the fridge door open, reached in, grabbed the carton of milk, and drank direct from the carton. Hunter stood by her side, watching and panting. As she put the milk back she whispered, "This is our secret, boy!"

## Part 2

Misty and Jeff had been dating for about 3 months. He was handsome, generous with money and seemed to enjoy spoiling her. In return, Misty was innovative and loved to find new and exciting places to fellate him, from car parks to elevators. She had even 'handed' him an orgasm while they stood at the bar of an overcrowded restaurant.

Her latest antic was to sit on his lap while they were seated in the last row of a porn cinema and have him ejaculate wetly in her. She pretended not to notice the approving looks he got in the lobby when they left, or the fact some of his cum had made its way down her inner thighs. Jeff loved the way she'd sink to her knees when she discovered some place they couldn't be seen, pull down his zipper and suck him off.

In the bedroom, like all modern women, Misty had definite likes and wants. She insisted on being on all 'fours' and having him take her doggy style. She was not into any missionary position sex. Neither was she averse, if he applied enough lube, to being ass fucked. He didn't mind that she seemed to like to sit naked in his sitting room after they'd made love and he'd drifted off to sleep, nor that she drank milk directly from the carton. His dog seemed to accept her, and she wasn't afraid of him, like that ex-girlfriend who had dumped him because she feared Hunter. All in all, they seemed very compatible.

Usually when they slept together, Misty would sleep over at Jeff's place, but tonight she was entertaining him at hers. She had nervously cleaned and polished and spent the hour before he arrived getting a spaghetti dinner, fit for a king, ready. She'd just changed into a tight blouse and short denim skirt and had opened a bottle of Cabernet to allow it to breathe, when the doorbell rang.

Jeff stood embarrassed at the door, Hunter beside him. "Sorry, Babe, but he insisted on coming." Misty smiled, knowing that there was no way he could safely leave his large hound to his own devices at home. If he did, he'd come back to a ruined house. "Come on in," Misty invited. "You'll have to share with him, then!" she warned. She winked at the dog. "You, too!"

The meal was delicious. Jeff congratulated himself on finding such a good cook for a girlfriend. Playfully, he tried to sneak his hand up her skirt as she leaned over him to collect his empty plate. She pulled his hand away as his fingers touched bare skin. "Dessert later, Jeff!" she giggled.

From Hunter's line of vision, he could see that she wore nothing under that short skirt.

The evening progressed. They watched the movie he'd brought on her moderate sized TV. Jeff promised himself he'd be dropping off one a lot bigger before he'd suffer watching another movie on such a small screen. Dessert consisted of Irish Coffees and a lot of kissing. The kissing led to clothes being hastily being pulled off and the two of them migrating to her bedroom.

A vision of nakedness, Misty leaned on her elbows, her ass lifted to the height he needed. His penis entered her. She adjusted her knees until he was able to begin thrusting. He gripped her, and he arched his back, thrusting as she knelt stoically. His thrusts began to accelerate. His breathing became gasps. He drew out the time his penis was inside her as long as he could. As his gasps

became ragged, his orgasm exploded. With his hot seed pumping into her waiting vagina, he growled with pleasure, feeling his cum flooding her.

Misty sank to the mattress as he pulled out of her. She twisted and snuggled as he rolled onto his back. She stroked him, caressing him, telling him how much she enjoyed his love making. Jeff glowed.

Within ten minutes, Jeff was asleep. The sound of his snoring filled every room in her small house.

Misty rolled silently off her bed and padded into the sitting room.

Hunter made his way to her. It'd become routine for him. After his master fucked her, she would come out of the bedroom, sit silently and let him lick her until she shivered. He had come to associate her shuddering as a need for him to stop licking, even though, when she shuddered, she tasted a lot better. He preferred the way she tasted after she shuddered, so he'd lick harder and faster until she did.

Tonight, the house was different, but the routine began the same. She moved to the edge of her seat and opened her legs for him. Immediately, he began to lick her. He noticed her breathing become fast and shallow. His master was still snoring, and he began to press his nose into her cunt.

Suddenly she scooted back. Hunter looked up, confused. Didn't she want to shudder? He canted his head as if to ask her. Misty gripped him, pulling him closer to her, and pulling his front paws to either side of her. She reached down, her hand sliding across his chest and across the soft skin of his belly. She rubbed his cock! Hunter felt her fingers. She'd gripped him and began to pump his cock. Nature took its course, and it began to grow hard. She finally found the two vein-like bones behind his knot and she began to expertly manipulate those two sensitive bones. His cock surged from its sheath and his hips began thrusting.

Misty slid under the dog as he began to thrust mindlessly. She turned and slid down on to her knees while Hunter reared, his hips bucking wildly. She reached around blindly as her hand sought Hunter's still growing cock. Her hand encountered Hunter's half exposed cock - only his knot still remained encased in the sheath. The dog was spurting copious amounts of precum as she guided him toward her cunt.

His master had filled her a few minutes before, and now Hunter was intent in flooding this bitch with his seed. She guided him into her. The soft moist cunt seemed to grip him, exciting him with its softness. His knot had pushed itself out of the constriction of his sheath and now it slammed mercilessly against the soft lips of her cunt.

He growled, panting and thrusting like a jack-hammer, Suddenly as his knot slammed against her cunt lips and her cunt started to swallow him, he instinctively pulled back, only to have her shove herself backwards, forcing his knot to sink into her!

Misty felt the almost inflated knot slot home, and the dog suddenly pulling back. She instinctively thrust back, and he slotted home for the second time. She gripped him with her hand keeping her in her so that his knot would finish its inflation, sealing her. From the bedroom, she could hear Jeff's uninterrupted snoring. Above her she could hear Hunter panting furiously.

His cock tip softened ever so slightly, and then a warmth flooded her. Hunter began to fill her! The wet flood and expanded, pulsating knot riding under her clit created sensual overload. The weight of the dog on top of her, and the softness of his belly skin on her back was too much for her to hold back! Her orgasm exploded! She had to bite her lip as she shuddered, the intensity of that orgasm so

great that one orgasm became two, then ultimately three, before the dog who had filled her with a cup of his hot seed managed to back pedal and rip himself free. His knot was still the size of two golf balls as he pulled out of her, leaving her cunt gaping wide. The steady wheeze and swirl of Jeff's snoring never missed a beat. But Misty could barely hear it, her rapid heartbeat loud in her ears as she wafted in a hazy cloud of bliss.

Misty and Hunter fucked four more times that night. Each time, Hunter learned. By the fourth time, his mount was effortless, but he'd lost a lot of his ardor. He humped her a few times and spurted his seed for about a minute before ripping his still fully hardened knot from her.

It was early in the morning when Misty slid back into her bed. Jeff was still snoring. As she moved, he reached for her, and she snuggled next to him. The dog had filled her with his seed, and she felt slightly bloated as she lay listening to the man beside her. She drifted off to sleep as the sun began to rise.

Misty woke up with a start. She was laying on her belly and Jeff was above her. Instinctively she drew her knees under her as Jeff's cock slid along the cleft of her ass. She managed to lift up as he thrust forward, his cock sliding into her cum filled cunt, still widely dilated by his dog's knot.

Feeling horny as he awoke, Jeff had rolled on top of her as she slept. He felt her stir under him as he slowly slid his cock along the cleft between the soft orbs of her ass. Misty stirred and she seemed to lift under him. Suddenly his cock slid into the warmth of her pussy. Incredibly, she was far wetter than he'd ever experienced before. His began his thrusts into her wet cunt. Very aroused, he thrust faster and faster and she bore his weight without protesting. As their bodies met, her pussy made exciting wet slapping sounds where she leaked. She seemed so wet! He moved faster and faster, not finding much friction- only slick wetness! He groaned as he ejaculated noisily into her, grunting with pleasure. Hearing him, Misty smiled a secret smile.