

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I took my eyes off the road for a brief second and looked at my beagle, Rocky. His head was out the window and his long ears were flapping behind him. It was a long drive. All the way from Phoenix, AZ to Colorado City, CO. Well, Mesa AZ actually. But hey, let's not get all that technical. And all for a petting seminar.

I'd received my invitation months ago and had been excited ever since. The long drive to a secluded resort in the mountains and countryside was part of the excitement and I loved to drive. The route was simple, I-17 N through to Flagstaff, then the 40-E, through to Albuquerque, then North on the I-25.

The route was great to drive, scenic with wide, busy roads. The instructions included a computer generated map and a list of what was needed for a week's stay at a privately owned and exclusive mountain lodge. The instructions read: "Pack an evening gown, and comfortable clothing to wear and essentials for the drive." The next part might sound strange to anyone who'd never participated in such a seminar: "No underwear, no perfumes, and all cosmetics have to be perfume and odor free." It finished with the cryptic: "When you reach the place on the map marked with an X.

I was happy to let Rocky have his window open, as mine was too. We'd been on the road for over 10 hours, had come over 600 miles and had just crossed the New Mexico-Colorado border. We still had over 100 miles to go, or another 3 hours, before I'd get to the rendezvous location. From there, I assumed we'd have a short drive to the secret location, where the seminar was to be held.

The sun was casting long shadows when I finally reached the place on the map marked with a big black X. It was a huge Shell gas station just off the highway. There were a few of cars in the parking lot, A couple of cars were filling up, next to a big dusty 18-wheeler, whose denim-clad trucker gave me a wink.

There were Fast Food outlets and a few people walking around, a "Doggy-do" and a Bus terminal. I dug my phone out of the center console and tapped in the number, while clipping on Rocky's leash and leading him to the "doggy-do". The phone was answered after the 3rd ring. "Hi Misty, we've been expecting you all afternoon, is everything OK?" Rocky was happily lifting his leg against the fake hydrant and relieving himself.

I smiled as I recognized the voice of our vet. "Hi Honi. Yes, everything's fine, the drive just took longer than I thought. After 745 miles and parts of two states, I'm finally at X marks the spot. I see few cars here, but no people I recognize," I replied.

"Cool. Jean-Claude will be down to fetch you in the bus. He should be there in about 45 minutes. Make sure your car is locked. There's electronic surveillance at that gas stop. Master's made sure we're completely safe and protected."

I looked around, and breathed in the cool late afternoon air. Ahhhhh, the Rockies, with high snow-capped peaks, wide grassy plains, gushing geysers and sparkling mountain streams - this is the real West of America. A land where cowboys and ranchers still raise cattle and many of the old traditions live on, and of course other lesser known and naturally far more earthy and enjoyable pursuits.

Vehicle lights flickered through the trees after about 30 minutes, a minibus came into view on a road that led directly off the Gas stop's parking lot, almost invisible to a casual observer. The handsome driver drew the minivan up alongside my car. Rocky wagged his tail recognizing the handsome driver. I gathered my small suitcase from the trunk and locked my car, clicking the lock on the remote part of the key, the lights blinked once and the horn chirped. SAFE!

I opened the sliding door for Rocky, Jean-Claude had climbed out and opened the front passenger door for me. I slid into the front passenger seat. Jean-Claude got behind the wheel and we took off up a windy road. The drive was short and the view of the mountains spectacular, Jean-Claude mostly silent except for an occasional Gallic cuss when the bus's wheels got into a rut or a hole on the bumpy road, but I saw him giving me a few approving glances. I had driven those 745 miles in a short denim skirt, flat strappy sandals and a linen midriff blouse, my bra-less breasts straining against the material of the travel ruffled blouse when the vehicle hit a pothole on the uneven road, within 45 minutes we pulled up at a huge log cabin building.

The doors of the building opened into what appeared to be a lobby of any modern hotel. Rocky sniffed and bounced his way around my legs and my single bag that Jean-Claude was bringing in for me. Honi was standing behind the Concierge desk. "Hi Misty, you know the drill, no cameras, and your baggage searched. Master's rules, obey and enjoy." She smiled.

I put my phone on the wooden counter. Jean-Claude put my back-pack next to my phone, I unzipped and opened out the meager contents onto the counter. "No contraband officer. May I enter please?"

Honi took my phone and put it in a locker behind her. Locking its door, she added the locker's little key to a room key. "You've given people the number of our landline, in case of emergencies, right?" she asked, She gave me both keys, attached to a ring.

"Yes, of course, but everyone knows I'm on vacation and better not phone me unless someone's dying!" I giggled. My job was stressful enough - no one would contact me unless it was serious.

"Ok!" Honi smiled. "Let's get you started. You're in room 13." She poked out her tongue playfully. "Lucky for some."

She handed me a sheet of paper. "Here's the agenda. We begin with a meet and greet in the bar. That's on until everyone knows everyone, if you know what I mean?" Honi giggled, as her eyes lit up. "Tonight anything goes, nothing's set, but tomorrow we have a full day of events and exhibitions. You are on after lunch with Rocky. Your front mount is going to blow people's minds, I think. You're also scheduled for an evening session, again with Rocky, after which, it's open. Naturally, it's encouraged that our dogs may interact with anyone, not specifically its owner or handler. Humans may also interact with each other, or any other species at any time. That kind of thing isn't set for scheduling ever, and can take place in any of the rooms in the Lodge. However, private sessions are permitted with only with Master's consent, and then only in your bedroom."

I giggled. "Seriously. Anyone who wants to have sex in private with someone - that couple has to do it in MY bedroom?" I joked.

Honi looked at me, her eyes crossed she poked her tongue out again at me. Turning, she grinned at Jean-Claude. "Can you show Misty to room 13? When she's ready, escort her to the bar. I'll lock and secure everything down here and I'll meet you in the bar."

I followed Jean-Claude up a set of stairs and was led to my room, Rocky sniffing behind us, his short legs allowing him to mount the stairs with easy 2 legged hops. My room was large and cedar scented with a huge window looking out over the valley and the overlapping snow-capped mountains.

It took me less than 5 minutes to unpack and hang up my clothes and arrange my cosmetics and electric toothbrush in the en suite bathroom. I slipped out of my travel-stained jean shorts and cropped blouse. Sitting on the toilet, I pulled off my sneakers and ankle socks. I started the shower and let the warm water wash away the grime and weariness of the road. Without soap I rinsed my face, shoulders hair and body. As usual, I was careful to not let any water near my pussy, wanting to

preserve my natural scent. I also held off peeing, just letting a small stream sprinkle in the shower.

Within 30 minutes, my long strawberry blonde hair was blow dried and hung loose past my shoulders. My makeup was subtly applied but with enough eyeshadow to make my gold-flecked brown eyes appear almost luminous. Perversely, I chose my lipstick to match my eyeshadow rather than compliment it. The image in the mirror stared back at me, a girl, mid twenties, short at 5'5", freckled face with high cheekbones. The drive through the desert made it impossible to hide a nose sprinkled with freckles. She was without an inch of foundation, had large eyes, freckled shoulders, and large, pink tipped breasts that seemed to defy gravity.

My waist looked beautifully narrow, and my legs were long and lean, with small feet. Maybe I'm not movie star beautiful, but pretty enough nevertheless. I slipped my feet into my 4" Valentino Rockstud Patent Ankle Strap Pumps, bending over to make sure the ankle strap was tight. I loved these strappy stilettos with the tiny gold studs - très chic.

My heels made no sound as I carefully stepped down the stairs, Rocky was sniffing everywhere. I was met by Jean-Claude at the bottom of the stairs, like myself, he was naked except for his pair of sandals.

He took me by the hand and led me through a pair of bat winged doors. The barroom was large, and the bar itself was made of redwood and polished to a gleam. My eyes traveled the length and breadth of the room. Behind the bar, Honi was holding a large drink complete with umbrella. Beside her was her master. The man took my breath away when dressed, and naked he was awe inspiring. He was at least 3" over 6 feet with short blonde hair and piercing green eyes. He was the most perfectly proportional human being I have ever seen, except for his penis which, even soft, seemed as long as my forearm.

Everyone in the bar was naked. A girl I didn't know sat wide legged on a bar stool sipping what looked like a Margarita. Her vagina was totally shaved, giving her a very "young girl" look which she complimented and accentuated by having her copper hair in twin pig tails. Like me, she was slightly tanned and freckled. Her eyes were green and intelligent, but her breasts, in keeping with a young girl look, were small. Her hips were equally narrow, and her legs long and slender like a newborn colt that's learning their agility. Her feet were buckled into a pair of simple black Prada Vitellos with a perfect 3" heel.

A friend from the previous year's seminar, Breanna, waved from a booth. Her dark hair and blue eyes looked wonderful as she smiled above her thin stemmed glass of red wine and waved me over.

I made my way to her booth, and pushed her Dalmatian, Domino, out of the way before sitting down. He gave me a yawn, slipped off the bench, and gave Rocky a perfunctory sniff, allowing my Beagle to return the greeting. Protocol observed, he pressed his snout between my knees and began sniffing and licking my crotch. I opened my knees in response, and scratched him behind his ears. "Hi Bree! Hey Domino - remember me boy?" I cooed as his tongue swiped across my vaginal lips.

Jean-Claude sauntered over holding a can of Heineken. "Something to drink, Misty?" he asked.

"A ginger ale please," I responded.

He put the beer on the table and went over to the bar, returning with a tall glass of ginger ale. After passing it to me, he sat. Domino was actively licking me between my legs now, and Rocky was returning the favor to Breanna, his snout buried in her lap, and his tail wagging like crazy.

Most of the people in the bar were gazing at a slim naked blonde girl, on a chaise in the corner. She

was on her knees, eagerly sucking a black Rottweiler's big cock. Her mouth sucked the stubby tip and one of her hands was massaging the huge whitish knot 2/3rds of the way along the shaft. With her other hand, she was simultaneously jacking off the guy that was standing next to her.

Her overly firm, white, perfectly shaped breasts had obviously been manufactured, and their hard brown nipples were jiggling up and down. I was getting turned on. What would one expect? The darkened bar was filled with naked people, a girl was sucking a dogs cock and I had a Dalmatian licking my crotch.

I left my ginger ale on the table, slid my hand between my legs and pushed my middle finger into my pussy. As I withdrew it, Domino started to lick my fingers, lapping with his well trained tongue, licking my juices from my first finger, then from the source.

I slipped my hand free as his nose pressed against my clit. I patted him and scooted forward, unashamedly spreading my knees wide. That was all he needed as permission from a human bitch to make my swollen leaking cunt his own. His tongue darted in and out of my sopping pussy. I gave an almost silent grunt as his tongue hit something extra sensitive, and a sprinkle of my pent up urine drizzled out, mixing with my copious pussy juices.

He started to lap at my 'fountain' as my widespread knees stretched my vaginal lips open, allowing him to reach every micro-millimeter of my cunt. His long tongue licking me, he worked it inside my inner folds and his nose bumped and mashed my clit. My thighs automatically widened and I gripped him softly by his ears. "Yes boy. Yes Domino, good dog! My dog fucking cunt loves what you're doing, boy!" I hummed softly as my left hand folded around the base of Jean-Claude's growing penis. Gripping it, I slowly began to stroke, up and down.

I glanced across at my friend Breanna and my dog Rocky. Rocky was standing on his stubby hind legs between her leg. His long tongue was buried inside Bree's pussy. His tail was wagging like crazy. Bree was writhing her hips on his long tongue. Her hands had pulled her vaginal lips apart to give my dog easy access. Not only was he lapping at her lips and clit but every few strokes his tongue disappeared inside her pussy, and Bee just went crazy thrusting and carefully pulling Rocky's ears trying to get him deeper.

I returned my attention to my intimacy with Domino and Jean-Claude. I've always liked Jean-Claude. Rumor is, he was famous in Formula One, but some disgrace got him banned. Nevertheless, he's incredibly sexy. At 5'5", he's the same height as I am, and slender for a guy. But his body's all whip-chord and muscle. And once you add the French accent, très sexy!

The whole scene was bizarrely erotic, and I could feel my own excitement growing and growing. I sensed that wonderful tingling between my thighs. Domino's well trained tongue was making any rational thought impossible. My breathing was getting heavier. I snapped out of my erotic trance as Jean-Claude let out a loud, "Merde je viens!" (That's "Oh shit! I'm coming!" for those of you who don't speak French.)

His body began to jerk. He was cumming, all right! Through half-closed eyes, I watched as his seed shot from his cock into the air and down onto his belly. First, from a single massive jet that flew at least 12 inches into the air! Then from a steady series of spurts, pulsating from his cock. The actual twitching felt incredibly strong, and the amount of cum shocked me!. His belly seemed covered in it, and my right hand was overrun.

His orgasm triggered mine, with Domino's teeth grazing my super-sensitive clit. For that infinite second, the world stopped turning. There was only my orgasm! Then I slumped back in the booth.

Both Jean-Claude and I were breathing heavily.

My eyes focused now on Bree, who had arched her back. She had begun rolling her hips while the Beagle between her legs lapped at her wet fuck hole. Bree squirmed on the bench seat, and bucked her hips up and down on its padding as her pleasure continued to mount. Suddenly, she shuddered, pushing Rocky away from her cunt. She partially sat up, screaming, as her cunt convulsed in climatic release! Heads swiveled toward her, and all voices were silenced, as people in the bar vicariously sharing her excitement. Collapsing back finally, her head slumped forward. She half sprawled, shuddering, as she struggled to catch her breath. With a worldly grin, I reached for my ginger ale with a cummy hand. I lifted my glass and silently toasted my companions, and then the room. The seminar was off to a wonderful start, in my opinion.

Misty woke up early in the morning. The sun shone through the wide window, she had purposely left the drapes open, filling her room with a rosy early morning hue. She stretched languidly. Laying on her side she looked out the window it was early still and she had a busy day ahead of her.

Rocky was still between her ankles. He was a real bed hog but perhaps that was one of the many things she loved about him. She reached for him and she fondled his ears; he growled at her playfully, "It's time to get up, we've got lots to do today." She drew her arm back, and looked down at the dog. He sniffed the carefully shaved, hairless junction between her thighs, and then licked her. Rocky had a very long, talented tongue. This time, a shiver of pleasure ran through her body. His tongue was very motivating. Her mind raced - should she let him do this to her before the seminar began, but by now Rocky was licking her in earnest, his snout pressing in between her wide spread legs. Misty squirmed, her cunt starting to drool. She cautiously put a hand to the dog's head. Her fingers lovingly stroked the soft fur of his face and floppy ears, as he buried his nose deeper between her legs and began to tongue her cunt exactly the way she loved.

Misty spread her toned legs as far as she could, offering her dog an irresistible invitation. Rocky's penis had stiffened and the pink tip was clearly visible poking outside his sheath. He continued to lick, long lavish slurps, pressing his nose against her clit just like she trained him to. Her breathing quickened as his haunches began to undulate, she rolled over onto her stomach, she drew her knees under her belly before lifting her ass to the height he needed. From long practice he mounted, his furry body pressing down firmly onto Misty's back. Misty snaked her right arm under her belly, and her hand gripped his thrusting penis, quickly Misty managed to guide Rocky's erection into her waiting cunt. They worked together with practiced ease. The dog began to frantically work his hips, hammering his flat tipped penis into her greedy cunt. He whined and whimpered with pleasure, as Misty met his thrusts with her own. "Oh fuckkk....kkkk, this feels so good!" She breathed. "Fuck me hard Rockstar! Yesssss!" she hissed, Rocky began to jack-hammer, his hot pink penis thrusting eagerly into her, the lump three quarters of the way down his shaft began to swell, as her orgasm exploded. Rocky thrust hard into his owner, his hot taugt balls slapping the supersensitive zone between Misty's cunt and ass. Misty felt alive with pure lust, she so loved the sensation of being filled with Rocky's canine penis. Her body responded to the dog's furry body, the soft fur of his underbelly rubbing against the skin of her back. Her whine was almost primal as she felt another orgasm quickly approaching. She squealed and shuddered, while her cunt was contracting greedily around the rock-hard knot. He growled contentedly as his balls pumped out thick streams of fresh dog cum into her insatiable cunt. Misty collapsed as hot jizz filled her. So much hotter than man cum it felt like Rocky was pissing hot oil inside her. She sprawled headfirst on the bedclothes, keeping her thighs tightly shut keeping him and what he continued to ejaculate inside her. She was so in love with being this dog's bitch, slowly she spread her thighs out in a half daze waiting for Rocky to pull out.

Originally she made all the decisions, when and where and how. This was no longer the case. Still,

up to the moment he mounted she had some modicum of control. However as soon as his pink blunt penis penetrated her cunt the roles were reversed, and she became his bitch. He was in charge. After the initial training when she taught him that he could fuck her with impunity their relationship changed. Yes she was still his owner. But that too had evolved. Now he decided when he wanted to fuck; and again when he was done fucking her. Consequently Misty spent a great deal of her free time on her knees with her ass lifted into the air; knees spread apart with her boobs pressed into the floor, chair, sofa, mattress or wherever Rocky was at the time... Rocky liked to fuck his bitch, and fuck her often, to the point that if he discovered a bitch of own species in heat he was mostly indifferent. But became insistent and churlish until Misty complied to his sexual demands.. He especially appreciated how she smelled after sex with him. His scent, his bitch. He had been to these seminars before, and understood his bitch would be fucked by other dogs, but he would make sure he was her first of the day and her last, and that her cunt gaped open and leaked his cum, His bitch might fuck other dogs today but she would realise she was his first and foremost.

The rosy morning glow brightened as the sun rose. Rocky kept his penis inside her pulsating cunt, while waiting for his knot to soften. He had learned that his bitch loathed it when he ripped his knot from her when he was done. Still rampant above her, he waited for his knot to shrink. He licked the beads of perspiration from between her shoulder blades, while she lay stoically beneath him on her belly. Finally he decided he had had enough of her cunt, he began thrusting again but in reverse, he tore his fist sized knot from her heated core followed by a gush of cum that pooled on the sheets. Misty squealed in pain. Her cunt giving of a lewd farting sound as the air which had been compressed inside her by the knot and copious amounts of cum that had not been forced into her womb, squelched and oozed out her widened sloppy cunt. "Asshole mutt!!" she muttered. Her gaping cunt throbbed and the labia were an angry red where the knot had popped free. Shit her cunt would remain dilated for hours. She could have sworn if Rocky was human, the sonofabitch would be smiling.