

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Bruce heard the jingle of his lead. He cocked an ear to see if it had been an accidental brush by one of the people causing it to jiggle or if it was the promise of a walk. Nobody came through the door to the living room and he didn't hear the lead again. Assuming it had been an accident; Bruce laid his head back down on his paws and resumed watching the baby crawling around the carpeted floor.

He was bored. The black box in the corner with a silvery screen that showed sometimes, other animals, sometimes other dogs, but never with any smell other than of heated electrical wires, was flickering to its self with the volume turned down. Bruce kept an eye on the child. It had recently developed a liking for his fur; pulling it painfully any time he was careless enough to get too close. For a small puppy sized infant, its grip was amazingly strong. He had lost a fair amount of the precious coat to the sticky fingers of the human puppy. The child seemed to be content at the moment, stuffing a plastic toy into its mouth and gurgling in the back of its throat.

Bruce's ears pricked up again. He had heard the lead again and also his master's voice calling to him to come. Bruce didn't understand the noises that these human partners made. They have an infinite number of unintelligible sounds, but occasionally, some were directed at him. Usually, Bruce could get an idea of what was required from the inflections. Popular ones involved him sitting at the edge of a blacktopped trail that had mechanical metal projectiles hurtling along them. He knew that these forms of transportation were dangerous and should be avoided at all costs unless you were in one. At those times, smells swished past his nose almost too fast for him to recognize them. But, the exhilaration of the wind being forced up his nose and over his sinuses was a thrill that he loved to have.

BRUCE, HERE!

He recognised the call of his master and nosed his way out of the sitting room and into the hall. The two-legged man was dangling his lead from one hand and buttoning a garment over his other garments. Bruce yipped at the promise of a walk, or even maybe, a ride in the transporter that was outside the home kennel in a smaller kennel of its own.

His lead was clipped on to the hide collar that had been around his neck now for many years. Bruce had learned to ignore the way it rucked up his fur and chaffed at the delicate skin underneath. He had also got used to the pull of the lead if he stopped to check out the state of the neighbouring dogs by the smells and scents left as messages by his fellow pets.

It was to be a walk after all. This would inevitably take him to the park that had a few trees, but was mostly grass. This was okay in his thinking, but he always held a guard up because some of the other visitors to the park were not friendly and would rather bite than play. He had made acquaintance with some of the regular visitors and learned to avoid those who had not been interested in playing tag. It seemed that most of the other dogs had been made infertile, both bitches and dogs, making them less interesting to check out. Their aromas of sexual readiness stifled leaving only the condition and health as indicators of their moods.

They arrived at the park after walking for ten minutes through the suburban streets. Bruce could hardly contain himself. Wanting to be released from the confines of the lead to dash off and run until his legs trembled from the exertion. A quick look around didn't show any of the dogs he knew. In fact, there were very few people at the park and only one or two dogs that he didn't know, but that was okay too, because he would be able to chase around and not have to worry whose territory he was invading.

Let off the lead, he took to his feet and raced across the grass. Champion runner he thought; just let me catch a sniff of a squirrel to add to the sheer fun of being a dog.

Some time later, when he had reached a point where running had lost its initial appeal; he sought out his master and trotted back. He was talking to another person, a female of the species, but not the lady of his kennel. Bruce eventually reached them and thought to make his acquaintance by sliding along the leg of his master. The female was first to acknowledge him though and he allowed her to stroke his head and the back of his neck. She said something to his master in those guttural noises they made, and petted him some more. His master however, ignored him and continued to talk, if that is what it was, to the female.

Bruce decided to check her out and put his nose to work. She had a sweet alcohol based smell about her. Bruce recognised it as perfume that the females put on themselves, probably to disguise their smell. She was not a dog person. Bruce could detect no smell of canine about her. He could detect an undertone to her, a slight muskiness that signified she was sexually receptive, but not on heat. He followed them to a wooden bench where they sat down. Bruce, needing to recover from his excursions, lay under the bench and snoozed. His need to run off the laziness of home life was satisfied for now.

He must have fallen asleep he decided, because he woke with pheromones registering in his brain. Bruce lifted his nose and opened his eyes to see just where these sexual signals were coming from. They weren't canine, but were easily identifiable as a transmitted need and willingness to mate.

The aroma was coming from the female who was still sitting next to his master. They had shifted from sitting side by side facing out, to looking at each other half turned toward the other. The people, oblivious of him, continued to talk, both emitting sexual messages by their smells, but seeming to ignore them. Bruce had long ago figured that these animals called humans had lost the power to detect smell, probably because they covered themselves with chemical solutions that masked body odours.

But, perhaps not this time. Bruce could feel, almost tangibly, the tenseness between these two. They were touching their paws together and then Bruce saw them touch their mouths briefly. Bruce yawned to clear the mixed messages from his sinuses and got up to relieve his bladder against a litterbin.

BRUCE. HERE!

Bruce trotted over to them and had his lead put back on. The people got up and began to walk to the exit gates of the park. He was happy to lope along at their pace on the left side of his master who was still making noises with the female. When they left the park, instead of turning towards the home kennel, they turned in the opposite direction. This was unfamiliar to Bruce, but he went along with it, figuring that his master knew what he was doing.

After a little while, they stopped in front of a tall brown building. One of several kennels stacked on top of each other. The female was climbing up the stairs that led to a large glass and wooden door. She was fishing around in a bag for something, and then laughed as she found a small brass object and inserted it into the door and gave a twist.

Bruce was aware that his master was sweating a little and he detected a little fear from the aroma of him. Bruce started to feel a little apprehensive. If his master was feeling unsettled, then so would he. Without warning, the master started to climb the steps as well and entered the door that the female was holding open for him. They followed her up a couple of flights of wooden stairs that led to floors

inside the building. Noises could be heard from behind doors that were either side of the landing where the stairs stopped. So many smells invaded Bruce's nose but he had no time to check them out. Some he recognised immediately as food, but other had chemical bases that certainly were not natural. He could hear children in various stages of moods from happy to angry, but again, he had no time to investigate because his master was almost dragging him along behind the female.

She stopped in front of a door and inserted another of the brass objects into this one and gave a twist. The door opened into a neat little kennel, they all entered into it, Bruce bringing up the rear.

His master sat on a really comfortable looking settee while the female went into another room, all the while making noises. Bruce heard her making a drink. He liked the liquid they called tea, but hated the one they called coffee. She came back with two cups of tea.

Bruce lost interest in listening to them making noises and lay down by the side of the settee. Soon he was sleeping and dreaming of chasing a squirrel.

It was a noise that woke him up again. The two humans had their mouths pressed together and their hands were under the clothing they insisted on wearing. The noise had been an intake of breath from her. Bruce checked them over and identified the acrid smell of raging hormones mixed with pheromones. It was obvious that they would copulate, but seemed to be in no hurry. Bruce could never understand why these animals took so long to get to the best part. His experiences with a bitch was usually to check out her readiness, take in her aroma, taste her, then go to work in an effort to impregnate her with his seed. This entire preamble was boring and quite unnecessary in his thinking.

It took them some time, but eventually, they managed to have sex. She had screamed all the way through it and then, when it was done, sighed in contentment, lying on the carpeted floor with their legs entwined. Bruce had tried to ignore the act. It didn't really interest him, but her screams had driven him almost mad, striking a discordant note in his brain. He almost howled his own song in sympathy.

His master eventually rose up, leaving the female on the floor and walked to another room. To be friendly, and only to be friendly, Bruce went to the female and gave her a check over. Making sure she was okay. She stroked his head and sighed again. He took in the musky smell that humans have after sex and noted her readiness to go again. She was still a mess though and to help her get ready for his master, Bruce decided to clean her up by licking off the semen that was leaking from her little furred place. The taste was quite nice he thought and licked her more. He could hear her moaning again and became aware that her readiness for sex was mounting, as was her heat in this centre of sex.

Suddenly, she grabbed his head with her hands and forced his muzzle into her mound while writhing around and screaming again. This frightened Bruce a little and he tried to pull back from her sex, but she was far too strong. Bruce got a nose full of her liquid that still had some of his master's semen mixed in it. Just after she had covered his nose and mouth with her juice, she let his head go and groaned.

GOOD BOY! The master had been watching from behind and Bruce hadn't heard him. Bruce liked this mixture of sounds; it meant that he had pleased his master, something he always tried desperately to do. He bent his head into her crotch again and started to lick her furry mound, separating the lips of her sex and cleaning her thoroughly. It didn't take very long before she started to wriggle against his tongue as he lapped at her. Without any warning, her hand found his sheathed cock. Gently rubbing it up and down. Bruce wasn't entirely certain about this. The feeling was

pleasurable, but it was something that had never happened to him before. He backed off, but she gripped him a little tighter and stroked his head with her other hand, coaxing his nose back to her sex while she made encouraging sounds from deep in her throat.

Bruce's own needs started to overwhelm him. The ministrations of her hand had brought him to a raging hard on that threatened to explode over her fingers. His cock was now throbbing outside of its protective sheath. Blood pumped to the organ and a little precum oozed out of the end. Bruce could feel the pressure mounting in his loins and the need to fuck a bitch was becoming intolerable.

She moved around and took his cock into her mouth. Fearing he was going to be bitten, Bruce jumped back with a yelp of surprise. Again, she soothed him with stroking and calming noises. Gradually, Bruce allowed her to lick his still hard cock. Then she took him in her mouth. His unease gave way to pleasure. Her mouth was warm and soft. No sharp teeth to give him any cause to worry. Her throat accepted his length and her movements were staring to get him close to the point of ejaculation. Instinctively, he started to thrust, driving his cock into her mouth and getting ever closer. But, she pulled him out, leaving him panting with lust for the bitch. She pushed him away and began to use her hands on her sex, rubbing furiously until she screamed and covered her hands with her own wetness.

Bruce's master had sat down to watch the show on the settee. He knelt down and gently turned her over onto her front. Bruce watched, wondering what was to happen next. It was plainly obvious to his nose that she wanted to rut. Wanted to be filled with either him or his master and wasn't too fussed about which of them it was. He didn't know what to do and whined his frustration.

At the sound of his whine, his master turned to him and made reassuring noises, but this did little to pacify Bruce. The reassuring noises carried on while his master was rubbing the female's sex, inserting fingers into the depths of her body. She was screaming again and her actions become more insistent. Bruce took the time to clean the semen leakage from him self and waited to see what would happen next. He had never thought about fucking another species, but now he had been aroused, it no longer mattered, he just needed to get himself off and she was very willing.

After a little while, his master stopped fingering the woman who had stopped screaming now, but was making slight whimpering noises. His master got up leaving her with her rear end hoisted in the air and her head on the floor. Bruce sniffed her sex to see how ready she was. Her juice had made the floor wet and had soaked her fur, but she was not quite ready to accept him. He licked her sex, her anus, tasting her wetness and loving the musk of her secret places. It didn't take too long before her readiness reached its crescent. Bruce mounted her, wrapping his forelegs around her waist, while his cock quested for her sex. Frustratingly, her shape and his was making this difficult and he couldn't quite get his throbbing cock to find the entrance to her.

His master must have realised the problem because he grabbed Bruce's swollen organ and guided him to the entrance of her soaked cunt. With no further aid needed, Bruce slid himself into her and began to fuck in earnest. She started to scream again as the head of his organ met with the neck of her womb. Bruce's thrusts were driving him deeper into her and he could feel his knot swelling, forcing the sheath completely out of the way. He adjusted his position a little and was rewarded by the feeling of his knot sinking into her moistened sex, passing her relaxed muscles and then gripped by the same muscles as he began to reach the crescendo of his performance.

Then it happened. His seed shot from him and liberally coated her womb and cervix with hot streams of pressurized dog cum. She writhed on his stuck organ and shouted her own release. He could feel her inner muscles working his cock, milking the last drop from him. He wanted to pull away, but her sex held him fast and wouldn't let him go. His hind legs trembled from the exertion and scratched at

the carpeted floor in an effort to drive him further into her and support his body that was relying entirely on her to stay upright. He had to stand and in trying to dismount, managed to turn around so they were facing opposite ways. This position triggered his finale release and the main load spurted into her eager cunt.

Eventually, his erection and her muscles relaxed enough for him to slide out. An amount of their fluids came with the removal of his organ along with a popping noise. Bruce cleaned her and was elated to be given a huge hug from the grateful female.

Bruce had fucked a human for the first time. To him it was something a bit strange and he enjoyed the gratification of unleashing semen into this woman. It wasn't the same as having a bitch in heat because the smell was missing that excited him as a dog, but the amount of gratified petting after was quite special. For that reason, he was quite happy to go along with it on the occasions they met this female again. He couldn't understand the opposite reaction from his mistress when he requested for her sex at home. She would smack his nose and make unpleasant noises. He soon learned that it could only happen with this one female who he associated with the park.