

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



He padded into the room, paused and glanced at the people that stared back at him with baleful looks. Three strangers, his mistress and a shadowy figure in an alcove who he couldn't quite make out. His olfactory senses informed him of the charged atmosphere. Mingled with the familiar aroma of sex and pheromones were undertones of apprehension, even a little fear. The perfumes worn by them did little to hide the musk of sweat and aroused glandular activity. His nose told him of these things and it never lied.

Two women sat on the red leather settee. A blond haired woman, dressed in some sort of loose gown printed in gaudy colours sat nearest the door. She it was who exuded the apprehension. Her discomfort was apparent in the tiny beads of sweat that broke out over her top lip. He sensed the heat of her body it wasn't a healthy temperature.

The other woman was much younger, probably in her teens. Perfume masked most of her signature, but he was able to determine that she had recently ovulated, perhaps only finished this morning. Her hair looked grey to his monochromatic eyes and, like her hair, there was nothing remarkable about her to see.

The other stranger was nursing a drink with ice in a glass. He stood against the fake fire breast, feigning a look of nonchalance, but it was quite plain that he was also emotionally charged.

His mistress took hold of the collar around his neck and uttered something unintelligible while dragging him to the younger woman on the settee. He was stroked and petted by them both by way of introduction. The younger woman shifted forward a little, hiked up her skirt and exposed a smoothly shaved cunt. It was obvious by the way he was pulled, that he was to make his acquaintance rather more personal. He sniffed at her and gave her a little nudge with his nose. Predictably, she squealed in delight and almost deafened him by clamping her legs together, trapping him in her embrace. He was used to human contact, even in the sexual sense, but he didn't know this woman and a little alarmed, he pulled back sharply. They soothed him and then brought him to the other, older woman.

Her touch when she petted him was electric. Something about her smell and the softness of her fingers aroused in him a deep longing and an immediate reaction from his sex. His nose drove straight into her mound and his tongue lashed out licking her exposed pussy from her anus to her clit. Her pleasure was quite evident in the copious amounts of fluid she secreted and her immediate moans of passion.

He shifted position slightly in order to get at her quim a little better. His tongue snaked out and hit pay dirt. She squealed like a stuck pig and sprayed his nose with her come. Dutifully, he cleaned her up and licked the mess off the red leather. She began to calm down and her breathing became regulated. His interest in her waned as she settled down. The younger of the two females had watched in fascination. Her fingers busy at her crotch while he had licked the other into a quick orgasm. It was to be her turn now. For the second time, he approached the younger of the two and gently probed her snatch with his nose. The olfactory senses confirmed that she had indeed just finished ovulating. It made for a heady aroma and he found himself getting quite excited by the prospect of shafting this one.

His tongue went to work and very quickly, she was moaning and writhing on the settee. Her juices made the leather slick and he couldn't keep up with her copious amount of lubricating fluids. She reached down and pulled the hood of her clit up exposing her cunt to him and making the bud of her pleasure poke out. He hit it with a lascivious stroke of his tongue and she groaned her pleasure. A

few more of these direct hits brought her to a shuddering and devastating climax. She pissed on him from her lack of self-control. He quite liked the warmth of her on his snout and redoubled his efforts to make her come.

Hands around his hips pulled him back and away from the young woman. He felt peeved at the intrusion but was soon back at her cunt after she had slithered to the floor and raised her knees. It wasn't long before her shudders became uncontrollable and her head lashed from side to side in the throws of an almighty come. He was pulled back again from the quivering woman. He growled his annoyance, but his mistress's hands brooked no nonsense.

His cock felt as if it was trying to leave his body. It had grown beyond his normal proportions and his knot was drying in the slight draught from the open window. He watched with interest as the young woman flipped over and lay over a couple of cushions. The cushions raised her perky little pink rear into the air; inflamed pussy lips pouting between her inner thighs stared at him. This was a scenario he knew something about. His distended cock twitched and slapped the underside of his belly and a few droplets of pre-come leaked from him, forming dew drops on the pointed tip of his penis.

The mistress released her hold on his collar and pointed him in the right direction. It was an entirely unnecessary action, because he had already decided that he was going to spear this hairless cunt with the whole of his dick. He jumped onto her back, grasping the slim hips and began to hump her rear, trying to find the entrance to her slicked sex. Even in the position she had adopted, he found it almost impossible to centre his aim of attack. Help came from his Mistress's hand; she grasped him gently between thumb and forefinger and guided his missile to its chosen silo.

He rammed the whole of his purple veined cock into her depths. She screamed but did not resist his initial thrusting instead, she raised her rear a little higher and made his entry into her a little less fraught with the danger of him bending his cock too much. The angle still wasn't quite right, but it mattered not a whit to him as he pounded her pussy with his raging hard on. Someone grasped his hips again and effectively slowed him down from the frenetic humping he had been giving her. The hands controlled him, pulling and pushing alternately into a rhythm that he found to be very satisfactory. The main difference being that he was not going to just blast a load into her in the few seconds or so that it normally took for him to reach his orgasm. It also meant that, instead of burrowing into her and getting the usually deep jerky thrusts, his whole length slid in and out of her moist tunnel. It was altogether a much nicer feeling for him.

He fucked her for some time, feeling her muscles contracting and sucking him into her womanly depths. She felt quite cool inside to him to start off with, but soon the friction and passion raised her temperature to match his own. She writhed and squirmed while panting and moaning. Her body twitched while she reached climax after climax. She mouthed words that he could not understand, but took to be encouragement. The pace increased until he shot a load of his come into her mound. He dismounted and performed his duty in cleaning her of his semen. It had not been the most satisfying human fuck he had had. His Mistress was a quite small woman who rarely managed to get his knot inside her, but occasionally, she brought her friend over who was far more accommodating and always got him tied. Those were the times he really let go his wad.

The young girl got up and rushed from the room clutching her dress to her breasts. He could hear her crying as she ran, but didn't know why and didn't really care. He cleaned himself and prepared to settle down in a corner. The other occupants talked and drank while they waited for the girl to return. He didn't understand what they were saying, but knew he was the topic from the glances directed at him.

Soon, the girl came back, smelling of soap and clean water. She had re-dressed and seemed to have

calmed down.

The older of the two women called to him. He wasn't sure if he should go to her and looked to his mistress for some sign. She clucked her tongue at him and nodded, he needed no other encouragement and approached the woman as she sat on the settee.

She stroked his head and tickled him behind his ears. The pleasure of her fingers was sending him into deliriums. It was a particular favourite of his to be fondled around his ears and took him back to his puppy days. Her fingers traced the muscles in his neck, kneading the fur of his hackles and causing shivers of pleasure to travel up and down his spine. This lady knew how to get him to respond and manipulated him with ease. She slipped off the settee and joined him on the floor. At some point, she had removed the printed gown and was now, completely naked. Her breasts brushed his ears as she reached to stroke his back and haunches. Her hard little nipples became harder still as they rubbed against the grain of his shorthaired fur. She was unshaven, something of a novelty to him. Both his mistress and her friend always kept their boxes clean. He turned into her embrace and quested her vagina with his nose.

They sorted positions out, with her on her back and he placed between her thighs. His nose picked up the heady aroma of her natural sweat and the exuded slick of her anticipation of sex. The combination of an animal smell of her and pheromones acted like an instant aphrodisiac to the dog. He licked and slurped at her while his cock twitched and slapped his belly and the floor simultaneously. This woman was hot. Her fingers drove into her cunt, pulling the lips and hood up and apart to allow him access to her inner folds and the swollen hub of her clit. He matched her increasing passion and paced himself with the furious rubbing she had started. In a few short minutes, he was rewarded with a taste of beautifully aromatic woman come. He drank her in and swallowed as much as he could, gratefully feeling the tingle of it as her juices washed over his taste buds. She sat and grasped his head, forcing his snout to pass between the out folds of her cunt and into the very depths of her. Far from panicking and pulling away, he shoved his long nose further into her and was again rewarded with a golden shower of come.

His cock throbbed from wanting her and was now quite wet from the amount of pre-come that had escaped from him. She must have noticed, because she suddenly flipped over onto her knees and hands. He mistakenly thought she was getting prepared for him to mount her, but instead, she grabbed his aching cock and buried it in her throat and started to return the favour he had done for her. Her head bobbed up and down while she created little vacuums with her lips and tongue. He could feel his own fluids being sucked out of the end of his dick and her muscles move as she swallowed it. He tried not to hump. He tried very hard not to hump, because that was what his mistress had taught him. Being small, she could not handle him entering too far into her mouth, but he couldn't maintain the discipline and automotive nervous reactions over-rode his training. He thrust forward and was gratified in feeling his cock slip past her tonsils. She seemed to want him to continue, she had grasped his haunches and was pulling him into her. He thrust with greater force and was humping her throat with his knot banging against her lips.

Neither of them could keep it up. He was on the verge of shoving his knot past her teeth and ejaculating into her mouth. She was fast becoming dizzy from lack of oxygen and her exertions. A mutual pattern had been realised between them, each seeming to know instinctively when to stop. A natural affinity was born where they could languish in the bond of sex and what was next and the line at which to quit.

He gave her the benefit of a few more laps at her cunt. It was almost like a relaxant, allowing them to calm down and step back from the precipice of final orgasm. Her pussy lips had swollen and become infused with blood just as his cock was now totally infused and ready to go.

She remaining in a kneeling position and presented her rear to him for inspection and his attention. He didn't refuse her. The few minutes of lapping had worked and brought him back from the verge. He mounted her, but instead of furiously humping, as he normally would do, he used his recently learned technique and slowly and carefully, sought the entrance to her cunt. He needed no outside help this time. The point of his cock found the engaging entrance and, by shuffling forward between her parted knees, eased his length into the depths of the woman.

He fucked her slowly, feeling his cock slid into her, getting deeper each time. He felt the end nudge her cervix and then open the neck of her womb on the next slow thrust. Her body accepted the intrusion willingly and sucked hungrily at him. His momentum carried him further into the woman until his knot was stretching her outer lips. He thrust gently for a few more times, making sure of his aim and her readiness to accept him, then, when he was absolutely certain of his positioning, he gave one huge, powerful lunge.

Her cervix opened like a rose bud might and allowed him to pass into her very deepest places. His knot passed her lips and was engulfed inside her. He pulled back a little, but not enough to come out, then, slowly, he pushed forward again, lifting a leg and burying himself to the very depths. Her muscles clamped him and encircled the gap between his knot and balls, trapping him and making sure he was not going to get away. It was the signal to both of them that this was it. In one of those magical moments, when two beings are completely in tune, they thrust together. She pushed back on him while he drove himself into her cunt in a frenzy of mutual lust.

He grasped her neck between his teeth at the base of her spine where neck and skull join while she reached behind her and grabbed his legs. The combination of their respective acts took them to a natural, mutual climax. She shuddered and gushed her come while he gave one last final thrust and drove further than he had before. His hot semen flooded her body and mingled with her own juices. In unison, they sighed and relaxed. He was stuck firmly in her body and hardly had the strength left to support him self. She was little better, but managed to keep them upright.

After some ten minutes had passed he managed to withdraw. Her head hung in exhaustion, hair hanging limp and damp from sweat. Her pussy clenched as he vacated her, making a little sucking sound. Come dribbled from between her swollen and ravaged lips, which he quickly cleaned up, producing a shiver of reaction from her. Sated, they fell into a heap together, while the onlookers silently filed out of the room to leave them in peace. He had never had a fuck the like of that before. At the same time, her felt almost human and all canine. Almost human in the sense that he had made a connection with this woman and canine in the manner of which he had taken her. She had similar thoughts, but in reverse. She felt canine, a bitch in heat and belonging to this magnificent animal, a little human in the knowledge that she could engineer this meeting of kindred lustful soul in the future.

It would be hard for him to return to the half-hearted fucks he managed with his mistress. Having experienced this totally overwhelming event, nothing would ever satisfy him again like she did. On her part, she knew she would not be going home to her husband. She was going to make a bid for the dog and see if she could have him for herself for good and all.

End.