

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Today was to be the day; all of the tests; the hypotheses and fights with ethical concerns had been, either worked out with scenarios considered, probed and prodded, or just discarded. Elaine, or just Laney to her group of friends, was ready. A small thrill of fear and doubt coursed through her, but she pushed it to one side and revelled in the luxury of the no expense spared comfortable room.

“Hi Laney, would you like anything?” The mechanical and electronically filtered voice of Trisha came from nowhere and everywhere at the same time.

“Uh...No thanks, I’m fine.” Laney lay back on the feather filled sling cushion and idly traced the Aztec pattern of the weave with a fingertip. She carelessly tossed the toga like wrap to one side and un-self conscientiously exposed her thighs. The fabric was diaphanous in any case and wouldn’t have hidden much, meant more for comfort a subliminal modesty wrap.

“Not long now Hon.” Trisha, although she could not be seen through the two-way mirror shared Laney’s thrill of anticipation. Why they had chosen today for the experiments consummation was beyond her. Still, it had to happen some time, so why not today. It wasn’t as if they hadn’t worked toward it for long enough.

Laney looked around the room; she had studied it many times before and knew every colour, every texture and even the slightly antiseptic smell of the cleaner droids work. For the last three years, she had been subjected to every test known to modern man and plenty of others only just invented to suit the needs of the programme. Since she had volunteered for this singular honour, her life had not been her own. The Corporation owned her lock stock and barrel.

Was it really only three years ago that she had answered the ad? What had it said? The crux had been one hundred and fifty thousand US dollars per anum. She could remember that much and the need she had at the time. The protection of a huge pharmaceutical company had also attracted her, it meant that her former lover’s financial legacy was paid off and nobody would be looking for her to ask why he had turned up in a storm drain with too many holes in him.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Trisha’s voice again. “Laney Hon, three twenty two is here. You sure you want to go through with this babe? It’s not too late to pull out.”

“Aw thanks Trish, me and old three twenty two will be just fine. Could you turn the lights down a notch or two please, and some music would be good, just a little light classical eh?”

The room dimmed appreciably and Barbers Adagio for strings, from the floor speakers replaced Trisha’s voice. “A bit less with the volume, okay” Laney shouted although it wasn’t necessary.

A panel slid up on the far wall. Blackness shone from the oblong hole it revealed. Elaine looked and waited for her first look at her new lover, the one she had been waiting for, for the past three years, the one she had undergone so much testing to meet, the one who with luck, would produce the first, and who knew, may be, the first of many.

Nothing happened for a few seconds. Time seemed to stretch, slowly; her surroundings took on a surreal appearance, as if she were looking through a telescope the wrong way. It was like a trip she had experienced once, when she was at University. That trip had almost cost her the ultimate sacrifice; she vowed never to drop acid or any other narcotic again. Apart from cannabis, she had stuck to it since. The feeling of unworldliness was just like the initial hit of the acid, when colours and shape take on whole new meanings and dimension as a kaleidoscope distorted pattern.

Three twenty two poked his nose around the edge of the opening. A tan band of fur followed his black nose. Then, hesitantly, the rest of his black and tan body left the safety of the dark hole. Elaine was impressed by the size of the Doberman; he was big even for his breed. She watched, a little scared by his physical presence and the fluid grace of muscles under the shorthaired body. She watched, immobile as he began to examine his new surroundings; watched him taking information in by the olfactory senses that were his primary source of information.

He toured the extremes of the room, moving in a counter-clockwise direction, pausing when a trace of something was revealed. He hadn't noticed Elaine; she was hardly breathing and sat transfixed by the sheer beauty of the animal.

They had suggested artificial insemination a while back, suggesting that, perhaps she wasn't up to the task, but she stuck out for the good old fashion method, saying, if I am having puppies, then I want to know the father, intimately. An argument between the various departments had ensued, but Elaine had finished the heated discussion by saying that she would pull out unless she got what she wanted and adding with her usual tack "Fuck me, it's not like I haven't been reamed before. I haven't been fucked for almost three years, I don't know about you fuckwits, but I for one could use a good fucking right now."

Her outburst had brought the house down. She won the day.

But, now it was D Day and her emotions roiled away in her mind. Her mouth dried and her tongue felt like it had grown a fur coat. A nervous tic made her arm and leg jump. The noise was below her hearing capability, but three twenty two picked it up quicker than she could think. His noble head lifted and a pair of amber eyes locked on hers. Elaine recognised a primal fear and the feeling that those eyes were searching beyond her skin and right to her soul.

Neither of them moved for several seconds. The music changed, unnoticed, nothing stirred, just the silent mental communication between two animals of different species.

It was Elaine that broke the spell first by clicking her tongue against her palette. The dogs head cocked to one side and an ear lifted slightly. He looked comical in his way and she expected an eyebrow to lift like Spock's had in the old 'Star Trek' television series.

Three twenty two stepped carefully forward, his nose questing for any information about this strange turn of events. He didn't know that this was to be the culmination of ten years into an experiment of genetic manipulation; he couldn't know that he was expected to do what came instinctively with a female of his species when she reached sexual readiness. What he did know was that she had no odour. If his eyes couldn't have seen her and his ears hadn't told him she was there, she would not have existed. His nose was the primary function and it had nothing to say. Three twenty two would never be able to understand bio washing. The scientists had made a mistake there, because a dog needs stimulation through his olfactory senses.

Elaine called to him again and patted the feather filled throw by her hip. Unsure of the situation, but driven by a basic need to please, he slowly came to her and suffered first contact from her hands as they stroked his head. She still carried only a faint smell, one he didn't recognise, but it wasn't hostile.

Elaine petted the dog; it was obvious to her that he was a little worried. Ears laid back and hesitancy in his step told her of his condition. Nevertheless, he submitted to her strokes and tentatively licked her hand.

"Can't keep calling you three twenty two can we dog? How does Mutley sound?" The dog looked at

her, but didn't reply. "Genetics haven't got that far have they Mutley?" Mutley cocked his head to one side and gave her the benefit of another of his comical expressions. "You sure you ain't Spock?"

Mutley was beginning to relax now. He checked her out, but was still confused by the almost total lack of scent. Her hands felt good on his fur, strong and commanding, smoothing the hair back and dredging a distant memory of his mother's ministrations. She was warm and the pillow that she lay upon was soft; Mutley appreciated the feelings that were quite different from the steel kennel he was used to.

"How the hell am I supposed to start this?" Elaine shouted, apparently to nobody. Electronically enhanced voices could be heard and then just a single one in response.

"Try getting him aroused Laney, you know, touch him up a little, see what happens."

She carried on stroking Mutley, long smoothing caresses from the back of his head and down to his chest. Mutley enjoyed the contact and shifted so that she could continue without hindrance. Gradually, her strokes became longer, covering his sides and flanks and travelling to the hollow where his ribcage stopped. The fur there is soft and the skin particularly sensitive.

"Fuck all is happening here, short of squeezing one off, I don't think he is interested." Her hand had been nudging against his cock, but up to now, it had remained completely hidden in its sheath. More out of room discussion ensued overheard through the speaker system.

Why not try something else Laney, say, get him to lick your pussy or something. Come on girl, try will you."

Elaine pulled the fabric of her toga-robe nothing at all out of the way and began to stroke her cunt. For some reason, this did nothing for her or the dog. Disinterestedly, he glanced at her busy fingers, smelled her hairless cunt and turned away. Slightly desperate, Elaine probed her lips and separated them enough to slip a finger into her self. But, neither of them was really getting too much out of it and she gave up on the idea.

"Aw fuck this! Can't you people get me a dog whose isn't fucking gay?"

"Trust me Laney, three twenty two is not gay, but something isn't right obviously."

"Obviously, feel like a performing monkey here and the audience is brain dead. Let's call it a day and do some thinking eh?" She got up off the throw cushion and grabbed Mutley's ears, giving him a playful tug. Perhaps it was the change of attitude or some other subtle alteration, but Mutley responded and began to play right back with her. They fooled around, mock fighting and playing a sort of tag game, wrestling and just having fun. Elaine and Mutley got quite warm in the controlled environment; at last she exuded an odour of sweat and feminine perfume. To Mutley's canine thinking, she started to make sense and he liked her. She also became quite attractive to him as someone to play with.

At last, and fairly exhausted, she flopped down on a couple of the huge cushions, giggling with pure pleasure. Mutley smelled her and checked her over. Her armpits had an aroma to them and generally, she had the same smell, but to a lesser extent. He became aware of her dampness and nosed at her mound to get an imprint of her in his mind. The touch of his cold nose was electric. Instantaneously, her body responded. Mutley experimentally licked her lips and accidentally found her clit. An involuntary moan escaped her mouth and a hand full of fingers pulled her lips apart so that he could get a better access to her.

She tasted wonderful and a lubricating juice coated his tongue. Mutley crouched down and began to lick her in earnest, enjoying the reaction of her body. She smelled quite different now, a musky and basic sexual odour that pinged a chord in his brain.

“Oh sweet Jesus; don't stop!” She managed through clenched teeth. Elaine had swivelled onto her back and gasped her pleasure. Her hardened nipples were being treated to the pinching and rubbing her fingers gave them. Her back arched and her first orgasm in three years was imminent. Then it rushed through her body, washing over her in a tsunami of nervous energy that eventually reached her cunt and soaked Mutley's muzzle. It was followed by another equally devastating orgasm, as Mutley licked harder from the result of the first and tried to clean up her come with his tongue.

Elaine cried with joy, tears coursed down her cheeks and a feeling of exhilaration travelled over her. She needed to rest. She grasped Mutley's head and pulled him away from her. She was gratified to see that the tip of his cock had at last decided to explore the outside world. Without thought, Elaine gently grasped his sheath and coaxed out the rest. She began to carefully jerk him off and was pleased to feel the hardening effect she was having on the dog. Mutley's cock grew in her hand and coated her palm with a liberal amount of pre-come.

Continuing with the initiative, Elaine spun around and took him in her mouth; gently sucking the red tip until she had as much as she could take of him. Then she began to manipulate his cock with her tongue, caressing the animal in her mouth and letting his juice spill down her throat. His knot began to grow and suddenly burst from the protection of his furry haven. She could almost swallow enough of the dog to get the knot to nudge her lips. She grasped him behind his knot and sucked harder. He started to hump her face and soon she got a mouthful of his seed. The taste was not to her liking, she spat it out.

“This is it Mutley, time to fuck me and make babies.” Mutley, who was by now in a state of sexual frenzy didn't understand her noises, but was ready nonetheless.

Elaine turned again, knelt on all fours and presented her rear to him. She smelled delicious now; her musk inflamed his already charged nerves. He licked her again, long strokes of his tongue travelling from her clit to her anus. It took her very little time to be ready for him and she pushed back onto his tongue and let him know of her readiness.

Mutley mounted her and started to hump impatiently, but missed the mark. Several attempts to find her failed until she grasped his cock and guided him to her cunt. Once he was positioned, his cock slid into her easily and he buried it as far as he could before the automatic reflexes of his hips took over. She screamed and threw her head back in a primal desire to engulf the dog in her body. His thrusts drove him deeper until his knot pushed against her labia. His humping grew rapid and staccato, then slowed as his energy level diminished. He dismounted and licked Elaine's sex, further inflaming her. She was desperate now to feel him come inside her. She coaxed him back to his job, wriggling her pert ass in his face.

Mutley took the hint and again, mounted her. His cock seemed to know the direction of her sex without the need for her to intercede. A lunge of his hips and a locking of his forepaws around her narrow waist conspired to drive him deeply into her body once more. Elaine timed his movements and waited until she was sure of her timing, then pushed back hard into the dog and accepted his knot into her slippery cunt.

Mutley grasped her waist tighter, in a vice like grip and rammed himself into her body. He felt the end of his cock enter her womb, the extra pressure took him to his peak and he howled his orgasm and triumph out loud.

Elaine felt him explode inside of her, she could feel the jets of his white hot seed flood her womb, the sensation drove her over the edge and she humped him back, milking his beautiful cock of everything. She knew they had mated successfully. A fundamental sense told her she was going to be carrying his progeny and giving birth to the first genetic species of humanines as the boffins had called them. But, first, she had to get him out of her body and that was not going to be too easy. He was still pumping into her and releasing his come. She looked down between her breasts and was amazed and how her stomach had extended. Christ on a stick she thought, how much can this dog come. His knot still felt the size of a tennis ball and was becoming painful now.

“Jesus fucking wept Laney. That was some show you put on there. You okay or do you need some help?” Trisha sounded breathless even through the electronic enhancement.

“Could do with getting him out of me” Cried Elaine back. “Did you watch the whole thing?”

“Er, well most of it, ‘fraid I got side tracked.”

An orderly came and helped Mutley and Elaine part, then took the dog away. Trisha came into the biosphere that was Elaine’s home and sat down next to the exhausted woman.

“You okay babe? Look at your guts woman! You must have a gallon of him in there. You look three month pregnant. How did it feel?” The questions came so fast Elaine couldn’t answer them. She just patted Trisha’s hand and winked.

Several months later, Elaine gave birth to the new answer to genetically modified organ donors. This had been the purpose of the experiment and it had been successful in more than one way. Mutley became a star stud. Elaine retired from the programme and bred dogs...real dogs.