

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was another Saturday night at 8. She was home alone, cooking pancakes in her pajamas. It was Naomi's second year in college, living adjacent to her campus in a small studio apartment. Her new independence and daddy's credit card, let her live comfortably and free to explore her more lustful passions. Only four hours earlier she had bought a 4yr old Mastiff from a nearby breeder. A large dog even by Mastiff standards, the dog shone in charcoal black skin tight fur... and caught Naomi's eye by its bullish personality as it forcefully barked away and chased off some of its brothers from the dogs sleeping pillow.

Two weeks ago an obscene spam mail caught Naomi's attention. An advertisement for a bestiality site picturing a large image of a woman being fucked by a dog, along side another woman sucking a great dane. The obscene mail filled Naomi with an uncontrollable new erotic passion that drove her lust crazy in every day dream and kept her up at night. She has begun to miss classes and sleep, staying up all night browsing the internet for dog sex images. A few days later, over some oatmeal and orange juice an ad for a dog breeder and seller home caught her eye. No more than 2 hours, 3 phone calls, and an hour of driving later Naomi had started her lust.

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Her apartment had a slight draft, giving Naomi a slight chill up her skirt... she kept silent, knowing that the large Mastiff lay only a few feet away in the other room. Naomi did not know why she felt compelled to make no noise, only that she felt a subservient intimidation from the bullish Mastiff. The dog's large stature and frame filled the studio with a what she could only call a testosterone fog. The dog's heavy breathing billowed monotone and assertive across the room, and Naomi couldn't help but inhale the scent of saliva, fur and dick that hung in the air - sending her to a mild delirium... the result of Mastiff's intense primal noises and smells overloading her senses. By comparison, she felt meek and fragile to the dog's overbearing presence.

The steam from the frying pan wafted up her c-cup breasts, and across her neck and lips causing drips of sweat to bead down her face and over stray strands of her shoulder high chestnut hairs. She suddenly tensed. Loud paw steps resounded off her linoleum floors as the Mastiff made its way around the corner and into the kitchen-livingroom where she stood. Although she was young, she wasn't stupid. Beyond her human common sense and reason... a primal logic affirmed Naomi of her lustful passion and mild fear: the Mastiff's two hundred and twelve pounds of muscle, dick, fur and balls had taken her studio as its' territory and saw Naomi's one hundred and fifteen pounds of soft skin, womanly curves, pouting lips, heaving breasts and dripping cunt as his prospective bitch.

Maybe it was the way the dog looked at her, or how it's owner referred to him previously as "one smart dog," but even from behind her back, she knew the dog was watching her. With a thud, the Mastiff fell to his side on the carpeted floor behind the kitchen. Naomi heard a loud lapping noise, and looked around in a horny curiosity. The dog was licking its' massive sheath and balls, each powerful stroke of his tongue flopping his massive balls to either side of his bulky sheath. Just then the large Mastiff turned his head up and returned Naomi's gaze, causing her to turn back quickly almost embarrassed. In a deep grinding of muscle and meat, she knew he had gotten up. The Mastiff walked up to Naomi and just stood there in an affirmative yet questioning stare, the heavy breathing drowning out the noise of the frying pan and her own panic'd breathing.

For the Mastiff's size, he had noticeably little fat. The large bulk of his frame held at his shoulders rather than gut. As the dog made its way back and forth around Naomi curiously inspecting it's new "master," his hot steamy and stinky panting stuck to her bare legs and thighs causing goosebumps. Naomi felt petrified; scared not of a dog, but of a powerful male bull that was now judging her as

worthy enough for a bitch vessel for him to breed, ravaging her till he was satisfied and her womb overflowed with his cum. Naomi said "oh no," but her mind stole the sound so only her lips moved to silent words. She never wore panties home alone, only her skirt, but her lust had caused her pussy to wet and drip down her leg. Naomi couldn't help but feel a deep regret, a terrible error she had made to lose complete control of the situation and look like a total bitch. Her vaginal juices not only telling the Mastiff's nose she was ready to be fucked, but dripping down her leg during the time the dog had been sniffing and inspecting her - filling the beast with a sense of superiority, affirming him that his immense male features had caused her to weaken and lust.

The dog's label as "gentle giant" almost seemed funny now in contrast. There was nothing gentle about the Mastiff, it's primal urges it's will that no bitch half it's own weight would deny him of. Her lower body was now almost dripping wet with the Mastiff's hot breathe, and the cold draft that once chilled that area ran under her spaghetti strap white top and caused her already stiff stature to stand colder. She cringed for every millimeter the dribble of her cum traveled down her leg. A large lick up her thigh caused Naomi to almost jump, and the large Mastiff cleaned off her cum and began licking and sniffing her calves and thighs. Naomi quaked in passion, squeezing her breasts and biting her lip. A loud guttural bark broke her groping and turned her around to an almost meandering dog. It growled and let off another soft but powerful bark. She turned around, almost pinned against the stove as the dog advanced. In her free motion, she turned off the stove dial and returned her hands nervously to her hips.

Two more low guttural barks and a lengthy growl interrupted the silence of a sexual demand, and gave Naomi her last notice that she was indeed the bitch and the bull was going to have his way. As the Mastiff closed, Naomi grabbed a small handful of the nearby margarine and spread it around her pussy lips and clit. The dog reached his head up only slightly to be waist high and with its' powerful jaw sucked her cunt dry. Her legs almost gave out beneath her, and as she glanced beneath his velvet soft fur saw the massive tip of his cock protrude from his sheath. The Mastiff pounced up slightly and grabbed at Naomi's right leg with his left arm, almost tripping her to ground. She quickly grabbed one more handful of margarine before she hit the floor to the Mastiff's second even more powerful grab. She fell on her side, but before he could mount her, Naomi quickly scuffled to the carpeted floor, afraid of what damage her knees would take on the hard kitchen floors underneath the heavy and powerful Mastiff.

Her ass went numb against the hard floor, her heart fluttered and a small pool of cum gathered beneath her. From where she sat, the Mastiff loomed over her, still sniffing his bitch. She had one last thought of fear, to back out now and forget this passion as a bad idea. The dog's deep black fur accentuated the dog's unbreaking gaze and dark eyes, hung low among the Mastiff's rippling muscle and form. It's overwhelmingly large genitalia now juxtaposed between her and the coffee table holding her keys. Naomi made her way slowly around the dog to the coffee table where she kept her keys, in some small effort to feel in control. The Mastiff obviously didn't like his bitches not doing what he wanted and pushed her over with a nudge. She cowered for a moment to the advancing beast and slowly took off her tight spaghetti strap shirt, fully exposing herself to the Mastiff... her skirt hiked up around her waist.

Still wanting oral pleasure, she rubbed the margarine all over her breasts and body, fingering a small chunk of the spread in her pussy. Naomi lay on her back, as the dog sucked the margarine off her. She moaned and shook as the bull dog lapped her stomach clean, and her nipples grazed across his teeth as he cleaned her lower breast. Naomi reached under her and spread her vaginal lips open, catching the powerful Mastiff's attention. The dog's immensely powerful jaw drove its tongue across her clit and pussy sending Naomi into ecstasy. Naomi breathed in heavily just as the Mastiff's tongue pushed into her pussy, almost choking her in delight as she came in a powerful orgasm. He continued to clean her cum, and Naomi almost faded into bliss. The dog stood over her

almost vertically, it's head between her legs and it's end near her face. Naomi could only describe a feeling she later named "cock craving" as she stared in admiration of the Mastiff's massive balls and sheath. She reached out and cupped his balls, her hands barely fitting a single testicle. Her fingertips moved from his smooth balls and onto his massive sheath, which she held almost like a soda can. She estimated about 6 inches of dick protruding from the sheath and began to worry about how massive his cock could get as she felt the subtle grooves of veins that ran over his brick hard cock. A large guttural bark and growl crashed her right back to reality as the large bull dog now grabbed her legs and hips trying to turn her over.

For all her lusting and dreaming, she was now about to be forced into sex with a large animal. She couldn't escape, she couldn't say no. The large Mastiff cock would stuff her tight pussy and she would take it whether she liked it or not, tied to his dick by his massive knot and breed till her womb lay coated with his cum. She turned around slowly, pinned between the mastiff and a futon couch, that she rested her chest on. With her two beautiful yet fragile hands, she reached behind her and held her cunt open.

The Mastiff came crashing down upon her, it's immense weight almost knocking her from the futon. The dog panted heavily as it positioned itself behind her. With a sudden jolt, the Mastiff's two large front arms closed tight around Naomi's elbows and upperbody, pinning her arms to her side - Naomi now supporting all the massive dog's weight between her breasts and the futon cushion. She struggled to free her arms, and the muscular beast gripped tighter, unwilling to let his bitch move. Her hair held tight between the Mastiff's two hundred and twelve pounds and her back - her face was held back forcefully. She cried silently in her domination by the beast. It's steamy breathe wettened the sides of her face and hung stagnant around her face, filling her lungs and mouth.

With an almost silent heave, the Mastiff pushed his large cock into Naomi's pussy. She yelped a small cry, as the beast's massive dick stuffed and spread her pussy to new limits. Each hump, echoed across the room as the Mastiff's powerful hips slapped across Naomi's reddening ass and pushed Naomi forward, pushing her face deeper against the futon back. Inch by inch Naomi was pushed harder against the futon, and inch by inch the Mastiff forced his massive cock deeper into Naomi's cunt. Each hump brought the Mastiff's massive 11" by 7" gliding back and forth between her cervix and CDS. Her vaginal lining clung tight to the dick and stretched backwards with each out stroke. She screamed in joy and came intensely.

The apartment was now a cave of primal sounds. The beast's hips slapping against her red ass, it's heavy panting drowning out Naomi's meak moans and screams. A rough sliding noise and slurping as the Mastiff's massive member tore into Naomi's tight soft innards. She couldn't look back, her hair still caught underneath the beast, but felt a small stream of hot cum pouring down her leg.

The Mastiff's cock robbed her of her consciousness as she was overtaken by the pleasures of a bitch. Her pussy clenched tight around the Mastiff's huge dick and she screamed and shook as she felt her womb fill with hot cum. Then she felt a smacking across her cunt. A large wet bulb slamming repeatedly into her pussy. She cried a soft "No!" recognizing what was about to happen, the Mastiff was about to tie her, completely robbing Naomi of any free will as his dick enslaved her with its' knot. Naomi screamed out loud uncontrollably as the Mastiff's knot pushed inside her. In an instant, she felt the knot swelling rapidly. She came again and again, moaning uncontrollably as the larger than a baseball sized knot tied them together and pushed against her clitoris and gspot. The Mastiff loosened his grip, allowing Naomi to free her arms, and undo her hair from under his chest. She lay almost breathless, every pant of the large beast signaling another dump of cum filling her womb. She moaned softly now and came three more times as she watched the clock move from 3:15 to 3:30 am.

With a heavy tug and audible gushing of liquid, the Mastiff pulled his member inch by inch from inside her tightly gripping pussy and started cleaning up her mess. Naomi almost collapsed onto the floor. She lay on her back with her arms on either side, regaining her breathe and seeping with saliva and cum in extacy. A hard lapping across her chest opened her eyes, to the beast still standing over her with an erection. She got on her fours, and made her way slowly to the backside of the Mastiff. She softly kissed and sucked his still spurting cock, occassionally sucking on each of his testicles one by one. Her mouth slowly filled with hot cum as he slowly continued to spurt. She grew over confident in her fellatio and almost choked as he surged with one final load that rimmed her mouth. The dog looked back and her, and returning the gaze she swallowed. The Mastiff laid down, and she curled up beside him, resting her head at his groin, sucking and licking at his balls, massaging her throat which she could feel coated in his cum. She fell asleep.

She awoke several hours later, alone on the floor while the dog lay over her on the futon. She glanced at the clock cursing "christ, I can't be late again!" She had a class Sunday at 11am, and it was now 10. She got up and searched for a shirt, and she made her way over to her mini skirt. Pulling the mini skirt up her calves, the Mastiff bounded from the futon and grabbed her waist. She collapsed to the ground, sitting on her ass as her mini skirt was caught tangled between her heels. She looked almost frightened as her Mastiff stood in front of her. His head low between his massive shoulders and muscles, gleaming with moisture from her hot studio. Cowering before the advancing beast, she looked at the large red cock between its legs and his massive balls swinging behind them. In an emotion similar to awe, she lost herself among the dogs physique and tried to accept that fact that she was his bitch, and that she belonged to him... her body and mind bound in chains to the beasts primal lusts.

With another glance at the clock, she arose to her knees muttering in a timid voice, "Not right now! I have class!" She made her way to the coffee table again, before being knocked to the floor. Her miniskirt caught again around her knees and she fell before the Mastiff defeated. Looking between her legs, she saw it all in slow motion. The fur-clad muscle bound hips positioning behind her, his two powerful arms gripping her body. She bite her lips together and watched as the hard throbbing red cock stuffed her pussy as his balls slapped her ass. She cried in joy again, as she watched the clock slowly turn to 11:01am. She was now a beasts bitch, a meat hole to be stuffed for his pleasure and filled with cum.

He warns me when I leave the carpeted part of the apartment, watches me when I shower, and ravages me my every waking moment. My friends can no longer come over because of the sexual demands he makes. If I am not being fucked, I spend my time with his balls and dick beneath my lips. He has learned to hide the keys and guard the door. I am his territory now, his bitch.