

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I stumbled into my apartment, carrying a bag of groceries in one arm, my portfolio under my other arm, trying to hold my laptop case, my backpack on my back, and juggling my keys. I was hot and tired and exhausted. It was first semester midterms, in my first year of college, and I was ready to quit school and join a convent. It had to be better than putting up with all this crap! And I probably had a better chance of finding a girlfriend. My social life was down to zero! I thought college was supposed to be fun! Not...work!

The phone was ringing too. So I dropped everything. Because phones rule our lives, don't you know! And ran...Hey, it could have been that girl in my Anthropology class, asking me if I needed a study buddy for the weekend. Lord knows I'd flashed her enough. I'd done everything but take an ad out in the campus newspaper. But that's what you do when you're a 19 year old lesbian still in the closet. Well, not totally, I promised myself that after the tests I'd have to chat her up. The worst that could happen was she'd laugh in my face, tell everyone I was gay, and make me feel so foolish that I'd quit school and join a convent.

Why did all of my thought processes go there? I shook my head and picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"Hi, Rachael?" It was a woman's voice, an older woman though, like...Grandma older.

"Yes, I am."

"Oh, hi dearie. I'm just calling to let you know that your wish has been approved and it should be coming true in a week or two."

"What?" I stared at the phone.

"The wish you made for your 11th birthday? I've been so back-logged, you wouldn't believe!" the old woman sighed. "I couldn't do anything about the one you made on your tenth birthday, I'm afraid...or your ninth, we just don't do things like that to other people." She was tsk-tsk-tsking me! "Even the boys who stole your lunchbox. But the one you made last year and um...oh! The last 3 years in a row, I should say..." she gave a little chortle. "I've taken care of that too, since they were all the same."

I had no idea what she was talking about! "Is this a joke? Who is this?"

"Oh no, Rachael. I'm your Faerie Godmother," her voice was kind, and then she got serious. "I don't make jokes."

"I see..." I rolled my eyes. "I'm hanging up now. Goodbye!"

Somebody, somewhere, had a very silly sense of humor, I thought. How would you get an old woman to play a joke like that, I wondered. And who would do it anyway? It was probably a frat thing. Like the time they'd stolen all of my underwear and left a note saying if I wanted it back I would have to come by the Kappa Beta house at midnight. 'Bring Jell-O' the note had said. Assholes.

And how could anyone know I'd made the same wish for my 17, 18, and 19th birthdays? That was ridiculous! Just a lucky guess, I was certain. But it did make me just a little nervous...someone might have read my diary. I moved it to a different hiding place just to be safe, and no...I'm not telling you where!

I fell asleep that night trying to remember what I'd wished for on my 11th birthday. Not because I believed that weird phone call or anything, but mostly just because I had no idea what it had been. I couldn't remember though and over the next few hectic days I completely forgot about it.

And then, one day, something very strange happened. I was supposed to be getting my period. I'm not super regular, it comes a day late or a day early once in awhile, but generally I'm on a 27 day cycle. I just count them off on my calendar and there it is. But this time it was different. Oh, it was on time, sure...but it wasn't a normal menses at all. There was some sort of creamy discharge, slightly reddish maybe, pinkish, and thin. Not a lot mind you, just enough to worry me a bit, as I'm sure it would worry anyone.

I was also very warm as well, feverish in fact, but it wasn't bad. I just felt...warm. All over, but especially down there. When I explored my sex, a little nervously, I was shocked at how warm I really was inside. And wet too, much wetter than the small discharge I'd observed might cause. There were no cramps though, no headaches of any sort. I felt incredibly horny, but that in itself wasn't so unusual. I tended to get a little more excitable during my period, even though that seemed like the worst time to want it.

And the smell! I'm a very clean person. I love my baths, I like showers, I like being clean. Almost fastidious, you might say, but not like psychotic or neurotic or anything. Anyway, I could smell myself and it was different as well, not the normal girl smell that getting my period caused. This was much more...musky. Animalistic, primitive almost. I can't explain it, except to say it didn't really smell like anything I was familiar with. Not food, certainly, not any person I'd been around, not a plant...No, it was something else. Rich and heady, and it made me dizzy when I'd rubbed my sex and held my tainted fingers to my nose.

It also made me self-conscious and I washed myself thoroughly, using my specially formulated hygienic feminine spray, praying that those Procter and Gamble guys knew what they were talking about, because I had a test that afternoon! I taped a pad in my panties and I thought about seeing a doctor, but I hadn't even been with anyone who might have given me anything. Could too much masturbation do this? And that led me to ponder what constituted too much masturbation in the first place. I mean, I masturbated sometimes, sure, but not compulsively. A couple times a week, late at night, or in my bath, just relieving some stress, you know. I remembered what Sister Caroline had said once, when she caught me without panties in the third grade...Could this really be the long promised result of my unfortunate behavior? Was I a whore?

I slapped myself and made goo-goo eyes in the mirror. I was being stupid now. I'd give it a day, maybe two and if things didn't go back to normal I'd see my gyno. I was going to be so glad when midterms were over!

But there was other weird stuff going on that day. Buster is a big German shepherd that I pass every day on my way to school. Mostly he just sits up on his porch and sleeps, sometimes he'll come down too, but he doesn't bark or anything. He's super friendly and just wags his tail while I scratch him behind the ears.

That afternoon though, I was walking by as usual and he sat up, sort of sniffing the air. Then he started going crazy! He ran up to me, not mean or anything, but not real friendly either. He started trying to sniff under my clothing, putting his big head under my skirt and I was pushing him away, but Buster didn't care. He danced around and even barked a little, and then he'd do it again. The more I pushed at him and turned away, the more excited he became until he was barking loudly and even trying to hug me. He jumped up on his hind legs and almost knocked me over!

And then I got the scare of my life when I saw his penis for the first time. It was getting longer and hanging down a little, all red and dripping. I didn't know what that meant. Maybe he was sick or something. I started yelling at him and just then Ms. Pearson, who I knew only vaguely, came out and saw Buster and what he was doing. She ran over pretty quick and grabbed the big dog by his

collar, pulling him back and trying to settle him down. She got him in the house and I heard the door slam. Ms. Pearson was saying something, but I'd already started running towards my school.

I ran away not just because of how Buster was behaving, but also because it made me feel strange. Like there was a part of me that sort of liked what Buster had been doing. I thought he smelled...different that morning. Like almost sweet, but it wasn't. And when he'd been close to me, so I could feel his fur on my skin, my stomach got tighter and even lower, down in my sex, I could feel something...different. Like that part of me didn't mind him at all!

I've never been attracted to the male sex of any species, not even my own. It unnerved me slightly and I rubbed my forehead, feeling myself so hot now that I wondered if I'd contracted malaria or something. I was breathless and my heart pounding, but not entirely because of my haste to get away from Buster. There was something going on and I didn't know what. I couldn't go to class, I decided. I needed to get home, to lie down, and to call my doctor. But I wasn't going past Buster's house again, no way. I took a different route, the proverbial long way.

And that was even worse! Because there was another dog, a different dog that I'd never seen before and it was big. He was peeing on a tree when I came around the corner and saw him and he noticed me right away as well. Like Buster he sniffed the air first, but he never took his eyes off me. His ears flattened just a little and then lifted as he ran right up to me, sticking his nose at my crotch and sniffing me. He worked his big head under my skirt as I jumped backwards, trying to push him away, and when I felt his cold wet nose on my panties I started yelling at him too.

I was running before long, cutting through someone's back yard and slapping at the dog as I went, but he just ran with me, barking and jumping and attracting all kinds of attention until 2, 3 and then 4 more dogs joined in. All of them large and all of them male, sniffing and barking and frightening me terribly! When they got the chance they even tried to hug me, like they were tackling me or something and it was hard just to keep my balance without falling. Tripping though was something else entirely and I stumbled over a dog that must have been part wolf from the shaggy look of him, landing on my hands and knees on the grass.

The dogs wasted no time at all and I was so confused by it all. They were barking and growling, but not at me, just at each other. I guess to decide who was the toughest. I tried to get up but the first dog, the biggest one who probably weighed twice as much as I did, was on my back, hugging me with his paws. He was so big and heavy I couldn't move at all, I could barely even scream as it seemed all the air was knocked out of me. I could feel something hard and hot and wet pressing against my bare thigh, working back and forth across my skin and it wedged itself finally in the crack of my butt, pressing against the thin cotton of my panties. The pad I wore had come loose and I felt it slipping out.

For whatever reason, maybe to fight off another dog, the big animal was suddenly off of me. I heard a lot of barking and growling and I was scrambling on my hands and knees to get clear of that little pack. I felt another dog nosing me and he caught my pad in his teeth, ripping it free completely and he jumped back with it, chewing and dropping it before picking it up again. Another dog tried to take it but then my attention was caught by some other animal, nosing my butt and licking at me, grabbing my panties in his teeth until they too ripped, but did not come completely free.

I almost got to my feet when the biggest dog returned, jumping back on top of me and stabbing once more between my legs with his penis. He didn't really have to hug me, he was tall enough so he could stand on all fours, but he did it anyway, probably because he knew I was trying to crawl away. I was screaming too, but I didn't know this street or any of the people there. Everyone would be in school already, or at work. Besides, I was in someone's back yard, not really close to anything or

anyone. I couldn't even see another house through the hedges, or the road. I didn't hear anyone coming to help me and my eyes filled with hot tears as the dog's cock finally found what he'd been looking for. All the air got knocked out of my lungs with a painful whoosh when something pushed into my sex, seemingly ripping me apart down there and pushing all the way into my tummy.

I couldn't scream if I wanted to after that, nor was I getting away. It felt like someone had shoved a red hot baseball bat into my vaginal pussy and I shuddered uncontrollably as the dog pumped me rapidly, moving it in and out with long, but incredibly fast strokes. I'd never in my life imagined anything could feel like that and strange as it sounds, the pain started going away almost as fast as it had arrived! My body just seemed to give into it, to accept it. The heat I'd been feeling all morning since I'd awoke just exploded and I literally saw stars dancing in front of my eyes. Some part of me knew I was being raped, being raped by a huge dog, but the rest of me, the rest of my body only knew that this was what I needed all along. It was why I felt the way I did.

The dog's cock had to have been huge, even though I never really got a proper look at it. While I was 19 years old, and pretty much as big as I'll ever be, I'm just 5'2" tall and barely a hundred pounds, while this dog, this Great Dane or whatever, was nearly that tall at just standing there and probably weighed a hundred fifty pounds at least. His head was next to mine and I could feel his hot breath, smell his maleness, if you can believe that, his desire for me, and it made me struggle to push back against him. To get him as far inside me as possible. There was some instinct at work within me, some primal need to mate with the beast and take his sperm inside me. I was cumming, even though I had no idea why, it was rushing through me like a hurricane, erasing any semblance of humanity that I possessed. I was fucking like a dog, on my hands and knees, on the grass, taking it and begging for more.

And that huge animal gave it to me. The bulge of muscle at the base of his penis pressed ever insistently against my pussy. It banged relentlessly for entrance and the sensation on my burning clitoris was driving me insane. When it suddenly popped inside me, stuffing me with a fresh and dizzying sensation of painful pleasure, I collapsed breathless and shaking like a leaf. The big dog whined, his deep voice guttural and passionate with animal lust. I sensed, more than felt, his cock swelling and spasming inside the tight confines of my cunt, erupting as his doggy seed flooded my burning womb. He came and came and came until I thought my belly would pop from the internal pressures of being filled with so much sperm.

He stopped moving and it took a long time before I could summon the energy to lift my head and look at him. He was standing over me, patiently looking around, with his cock still hard and stuffed in my pussy, that central part of me that had never known a man. The knot had grown so big that it couldn't get back out again and every little movement was very uncomfortable now, so I just lay there with him. When he was finally able to pull out I breathed a sigh of relief. He came free with a bit of a stretch, almost painful in a way, and a flood of juices poured down my thighs. But he was free of me at least. I started to get up when I got another surprise.

A new dog took his place, this one not so large, but no less eager to mate with me. I'd given up fighting and I'd forgotten that there were at least five dogs there. But my pussy was buzzing, it was still hot and humming and now the emptiness felt terrible. I didn't resist the dog's long hard cock as it pushed easily inside me, churning all the dog sperm and sex juices inside me. I just lay there, feeling good all over, occasionally moaning, sometimes whimpering, or crying out when he'd touch me someplace extra sensitive. I think I came a hundred times that day as every one of those dogs took me. Maybe a thousand, or a million, it doesn't matter. It was all just one big long orgasm and by the time the last dog had finished I was exhausted.

Dog sperm was literally pooled on the grass between my legs. My thighs were covered with our

juices, completely soaked as if I'd taken a bath in it. My panties were shredded, my skirt torn and wet as well, stained by our mating. My blouse was ripped and I had scratches along my ribs from some of the smaller dogs who had tried to hold me tightly as we fucked. My eyes were puffy and my nose was running. I had bruised lips from unknowingly biting them and my hair was a tangle, wet with perspiration and dog saliva. The dogs looked much the same and I got the impression as they wandered around me that they weren't done yet. But I was. I had to be. I'd been fucking dogs for at least two hours.

I managed to get to my feet, stumbling and sort of half running. I went between houses and found myself close to Ms. Pearson's house, still being trailed by those five dogs that had mated with me already. I knew she was home at least, Buster or no Buster, so I ran to her porch, not bothering with knocking and opened the door, slipping inside and slamming it behind me. Buster came running into the room first, barking and then jumping around me wildly while I tried weakly to defend myself. Ms. Pearson arrived a moment later, pausing as she stared at me in shock, and then grabbing Buster's collar for the second time that morning and dragging him into another room.

Ms. Pearson got me into the bathroom, undressing me and getting me into a hot bath as I did my best to tell her what had happened. It probably made very little sense, telling the woman that I'd been attacked and raped by five dogs, but the evidence was unmistakable. She washed me gently, trying to soothe me as best she could and eventually I think I calmed enough that I could at least try to relax. But it was difficult, my heart was still pounding and I felt sore all over, especially between my legs. When Ms. Pearson washed me there, using just her fingers to gently probe my vagina, it hurt a little, but gradually that went away and even started feeling good.

As my senses slowly returned I felt myself more than a little embarrassed. I'd burst into this woman's home, a woman I barely knew, and now she was bathing me. She was attractive, perhaps 30 years old, with soft hazel eyes, a delicate, smiling mouth and short brown hair. Her kindness in caring for me had resulted in she herself getting more than a little wet. The long t-shirt she wore was damp and clung to her body, seductively. I couldn't help looking at her large firm breasts, the dark outline of her nipples plainly visible. I swallowed nervously, feeling my cuntal muscles contracting around her fingers and I gave a soft gasp, realizing that she was no longer merely washing me.

"How are you feeling, Rachael?" she asked me and I struggled to keep my voice steady, afraid to look into her eyes.

"You know who I am?" I asked, because she'd really surprised me.

The only reason I knew her name at all was that I'd asked one of her neighbors once who owned the big friendly dog I saw every day. All the guy had said was her name, Ms. Pearson. I'd seen her, on occasion, but only distantly. I'd even thought about her, once or twice in a less than innocent way, but generally my fantasies focused on more immediate prospects - The girls I saw every day in my classes.

"I watch you on your way to school," she smiled and ran a fingertip up from my sex and across my taut tummy. "Almost every day. I just never had the nerve to..." it was her turn to blush slightly, "...to do this."

She sat back, using her wet hands to remove her t-shirt as I stared, pulling it over her head and exposing herself to me. She stood up, wearing only small white panties, and she removed those as well, stepping into the tub carefully, allowing us to arrange our legs and bodies so we could face each other in the hot bubbly water. Her toes slid around my waist, her legs over mine as I did the

same, hugging her slightly with my feet. It was nice and strange and totally unexpected

"How did you know I'm a..." my voice faltered.

"A lesbian?" she shrugged and leaned forward, cupping my breasts in her hands and massaging them. "I didn't, I could only hope."

I moved my hands slowly to touch her, to do to her what she was doing to me. I rubbed her hard nipples with my thumbs, slowly and gently, just exploring her body and yielding to her similar efforts.

"What's your name?" I whispered as she leaned forward finally, bringing her hand to the back of my neck and pulling at me, bringing my lips to hers.

"Emily." she sighed and I felt the tip of her delicate sweet tongue in my mouth.

We didn't have sex, not proper sex. The hard, sweaty grinding sort that I'd always dreamt of, but something better. We made love in that bathtub. Kissing and touching, moving around sometimes to press ourselves against each other in new and wonderful ways. It was slow and deliberate and left both of us barely satisfied in that cooling water.

We rose from it slowly and dried each other off, between kisses and caresses. Emily took me by the hand, leading me to her bedroom and putting me on her bed. I took her in my arms, spreading my legs and finding her soft sex pressing to mine, rocking gently, working our clits together, our plump lips sliding and tugging for sweet purchase as she rode me.

"Am I dreaming?" I asked her and Emily smiled.

We fucked hard that glorious afternoon, doing all the things we wanted to. I felt her mouth on my cunt, her teeth and lips devouring me like an animal might. I did the same, stiffening my tongue so that I might push inside her, feeling the walls of Emily's sex squeezing at me as she came. I drank her, and fingered the woman hard, working her body into a jerking marionette. I played upon her nerves as if they were strings, kissing her as she danced for me. At other times I writhed with the agony of pleasure, every fiber of my being manipulated and twisted into a confusion of the senses. She owned me, utterly and I took her as only a woman can understand.

When we found ourselves at last, weak and giggling children to our desires, we kissed and touched but only carefully. Breast to breast and hip to hip, infatuated and lost in our newfound world.

"I love you." Emily told me and I wept, echoing her words over and over.

"I've longed for this, for you..." I told her. "I wished a thousand times I'd find the person I was meant to be with."

"Don't leave me." she stared into my eyes and I shook my head.

"Never."

And then it occurred to me. My wishes, for my birthdays. They had been to find my true love. Now here it was, in my arms. A woman with whom I knew, completely and unmistakably in heart, I knew she was the one.

I realized something else as another thought, another memory returned, and I sat up with a sudden

start.

"What is it?" Emily looked up at me, her face filled with concern.

I told her the story of my phone call. Of that strange prank I'd almost forgotten. How she'd told me that my birthday wishes had been granted. I kissed my pretty Emily as I told how I'd wished for her these past years and she smiled at me, happy that I'd done so.

"But...What did you wish for on your 11th birthday?"

I lay back down next to her, needing to be held as I told her my story.

"When I was ten, my next door neighbors had a dog. A Cocker Spaniel named Pepsi. She'd had puppies a month before my birthday and I wanted one so badly. I begged my parents to let me have one of them, but my dad wasn't a dog person. Not an animal person at all and he refused. He'd get me anything else but a puppy, he said. Roller skates, a new bike, whatever I wanted."

"But not what you really wanted," Emily sighed, because we all have stories like that.

"Yeah," I nodded. "So when my birthday came and we had a party and it was time to blow out the candles on my cake..." I giggled, just a little. "I wished that I could have puppies."

"You wished you could have a puppy?" Emily smiled, "What's wrong with that?"

"No," I kissed Emily's nose and turned to my side, facing her so my itching nipples would rub across hers. "I remember it exactly now. 'I wish I could have puppies.' That was my wish."

"I don't understand, what's wrong?" Emily searched my face with her soft eyes.

I put her hand low on my tummy, covering it with my own. I was in heat. I could feel it, I thought. I could sense what was happening inside me as clearly as I sensed the love Emily and I shared. Wishes are powerful things when they come true.

"I think I'm pregnant."