

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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She'd tried for months to get into an opening at the shelter. It was a crude place, one that did the minimal to get by. She'd wanted to help the animals there because she didn't feel they were well enough taken care of. So here she was, mucking out kennels that had been left from days before. She didn't work every day, or it might be done every day. No, she had the buildup from two or three days, plus whatever happened today. She felt sorry for the dogs, but once the kennels were clean, the dogs were cleaned too. Oh what fun that was.

She always started with the small dogs. Because they were sometimes the hardest to do. The big dogs tended to be lazy and could easily be hosed through the bars. Soaping up was probably the simplest part. Who didn't like a full-body massage. It was just that cold water that got to them all. It had to be cold, the shelter only provided hot water in the lounge. That was only for people, human beings.

So if everything was so bad, why was she still here? She was clinging to some hope that she was helping the animals. Of course she was helping them. The days she was there, they were treated better than ever. People constantly told her she was spoiling unwanted dogs. But they weren't unwanted, SHE wanted them. She would take them all home and give them the perfect life if only she could.

Then there was him. He'd come to her as a dog that needed rehabilitation from severe abuse and neglect. The shelter wanted nothing to do with him, but she just couldn't leave him behind. That beautiful dog with his big sad eyes. He was special to her from the moment she saw him. And oh, he taught her so many things.

He taught her how hard it was to re-house train a fully grown large dog, how easily he could simply walk by the table and snatch something without her seeing, how hard it was to give a big dog a bath when he wasn't inside a kennel. Oh yes, there were many things the dane taught her. The most recent lesson was more memorable.

It was something she'd always considered. She'd visited websites and watched videos. She'd read stories and articles. Some said it was cruelty to make love to an animal, but she just didn't know. She'd stare longingly at him while he slept, wanting so bad to see if he wanted her. It took a lot to restrain herself. To tell herself that he wasn't going to be hers forever. Then her whole world was turned upside down.

She'd taken a shower, and considering she lived alone, she left the bathroom door open and kept the curtains drawn tight. She'd walk around nude when she felt like it, but the dane never showed the proper interest. She'd purposely bent over in front of him many times, mock whined at him, and even inched towards his privates. His only response to any of this was to lazily thump his tail happily. This day, though, was different.

She stepped out of the shower and dried herself off and there he was, waiting for her. Staring at her with intense big eyes. It was a little unsettling how much attention he seemed to give her with his gaze alone. She studied him, and then she saw it. A hint of pink from inside his sheath. Seeing it made her stomach churn as she dried herself more quickly, forgetting in her excitement to wrap her hair in a towel. As she came towards him, he turned and walked away, standing at the foot of the bed. His stare was so intense it seemed to split right through her.

Desperate for something, she slowly got to her hands and knees and crawled towards him. His tail wagged and she inched closer and closer. She finally reached his side and just waited there. Maybe

he'd get shy and not want her to touch him. She didn't know what to do or how to act, she'd never done this at all before. The woman slowly reached out to rub his side, his flank, his hip. Working her hands around his hindquarters she brushed against his balls. Touching them made his tail lift and wag stiffly. She saw that his ears were up and his neck was arched high. Did he like that? Shifting, she rubbed her hand along his sheath. He moved the leg closest to her back, practically lifting it to give her more room. Oooh that must feel good. He closed his eyes and she could feel his pulse through his member. But she knew dog anatomy, he wasn't even hard yet.

Wet and totally needing him, she trembled as she gently grasped his cock, grasping behind the knot and tugging gently. His hips thrust forwards immediately. She stopped, leaving him dry-humping the air. It was his turn to get desperate and he mounted her head at first. Unwilling to take a dog cock in the mouth her first time, she ducked her head and waited for him to realize what he was doing wrong. When he dismounted, she turned herself around so that her butt was next to his side. She reached back and tweaked his knot again, and again there was dry humping. But this time his mounting was more on the right end. His paws wrapped around her waist and his hips lurched forwards. Once she knew he was getting the idea, she stopped playing with him and waited to see how far it would get.

It was frustrating. He was finally horny and wanted her. She couldn't reach herself from this position to guide him in, and he just couldn't seem to find it. She leaned this way and that each time he mounted, trying to help him get it in. He was starting to give up, and mounted what would likely have been his last time, and then he hit it.

The very tip of his barely engorged member poked into her folds. The sensitive flesh felt the hot moistness of her cunt and he slid his hips forwards smoothly. For a moment he just held himself there, as if to enjoy the feeling of her around him. Then he started moving. Fast, but not hard at first, getting a feel for what he was doing. As he felt himself expanding and her arousal, he started slamming himself into her as fast as he could. She was moaning into the floor, having leaned down at this point to put him at just the right angle. His hips were practically wrapped around her ass as he pounded into her cunt, his balls slapping against her as he went. She could feel him going deeper and deeper while he expanded inside of her, spurts of pre-cum spilling into her slick canals. Before long she felt the pull of his knot and she almost cursed herself. Every time he pulled back to thrust again there was a small pain from his knot pulling at her lips, but then he'd plunge himself as deep as he could go and her moment of pleasure was there again. And so was the limbo of the two lovers, pounding and grinding one another until his knot was lodged deep inside her, his juices filling her.

He stood over her and the two of them adjusted to this new feeling. She was aware of a faint feeling of pain, as he was very well endowed. She groaned as he dropped to her side, and then turned. He pulled against her and she cried out in pain. Content that he had firmly planted his seed, he stopped pulling and just stood there. She could feel load after load shooting into her, their combined juices forced to escape around his engorged knot.

Then, there was a knock at the door.

She froze, and the dog lodged inside of her didn't even seem to notice. The knocking came again, harder this time. She started to pull against her lodged companion, but a searing pain shot through her again. There was no escaping this massive dog. She was tied and stuck until he was completely finished with her. She heard voices from the other side of the door and looked around frantically for what to do. She hadn't locked the door, and someone was knocking to come in. Finding nowhere to hide, and no way of separating herself from this canine lover, she looked away from the door when the person knocked again. They called for her, but she refused to respond.

The thought of getting caught heightened her arousal, and she could feel his pulse inside of her, flowing with the rhythm of her body. Like some taboo melody that she wasn't meant to hear. Giving up worrying about the person who wanted in, she lay her head on her arms and just stood there on all fours. She wondered how long he would last, trying to picture how it had looked when he pounded into her.

The knocking began anew and then they tried the knob. She froze, looking up. The door cracked open and a voice rang out. "Casey, are you in there?" Shit. She scrambled, ignoring the searing pain that shot through her when she pulled against the big dog. He dislodged from her with a very audible pop, and before he could even start to groom himself, she shoved him in the bathroom and closed the door. Wrapping the towel quickly around her, she looked up as her guest let himself in.

It was Rick, her co-worker and all-time best friend. He arched his brows at her scraggly wet hair and towel wrapped tightly around her. An awkward silence fell over them before she grabbed her clothes and backed towards the bathroom door. "I'm.. just going to dress myself now..." she stuttered, shoving her way into the bathroom before the dog could try to escape. He was laying there, licking himself. His cock was throbbing and still spurting it's cum. He seemed to enjoy cleaning it off and she felt a twitch in her sore folds. She'd have to try to get him to mount again, a time when she knew absolutely no one would come to visit. She stripped herself of the towel and pull on her shirt. She bent down to put her pants on and felt a cold nose against her crotch. She jumped, looking back. Her dog stared up at her with those big sad eyes. She ignored him and put her pants back on. Seeing he was done cleaning himself, she let him out and then stepped out after him.

Rick could have swore he'd seen her naked on the floor with that dog when he first glanced in. In fact, it had been almost arousing. No, that was gross. Of course she wasn't doing the dog. "Casey are you ready yet? You were supposed to help me with decorating my new place today."

"I'll be there in just a moment!" she called back, desperately trying to find her purse. There. Dressed, purse, still draining cum from her lovemaking to her great dane. It felt so dirty to think about it, but oh so good. She grinned at Rick as the two of them left, because she'd obviously made him a promise that she intended to keep.

Monty watched her leave, his tail drooping some. She'd smelled so good today, his canine body had just wanted her to no end. He gave himself a few good licks before he lay on the foot of the bed, just waiting.

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It was evening when she finally came home. The sun was setting and Rick came in with her. The two were laughing, and had some brown paper bags with them. Monty watched, then slowly climbed off the bed and went over to her. His nose bumped her crotch and she gave a sharp "no", glancing awkwardly at Rick. The dog bumped her again and she gave him a frustrated look, moving into her kitchen and setting the bags on the counter. She kept her crotch facing the counter as she started putting things away. Rick followed her, doing the same as he watched the dog from the corner of his eye. That dog wanted something from her, and it wasn't a treat.

Monty was getting frustrated. He shoved his nose as hard as he could into her backside, making her squeal and turn really fast. "Monty! Bad dog!" she said aloud, and he looked so hurt. She felt sorry immediately, but the dane just sat there staring at her expectantly.

Rick arched his brows, "Seems like he wants something from you, Case."

She shot him a dirty look, waving a bottle of beer at him, "He's been dominant lately and I'm trying

to break him from it." She was a good liar, and she knew it. Okay, maybe not that good. he was giving her that skeptical look.

She turned away from him and tried to step towards the fridge. Monty latched onto her cotton pants and pulled as hard as he could with his teeth. There was a tearing sound as they came away from her body, falling to the floor. Rick was just astounded, not sure how to respond as he'd clearly been told to keep his nose out of it. Not that Monty was keeping his nose out of it, he'd smacked her forward and shoved his nose in her crotch again. Watching it gave Rick that arousal he'd felt this morning. Hell, he was already hard.

Casey stood up again, trying modestly to cover herself as she darted from the room. Monty was right behind her, sniffing at her backside. Rick grinned to himself and finished putting things away. No wonder she wanted to bring that dog home!

She got to the bed area, which was an open view from the living room, as this was just an economy apartment, and didn't get much farther than that. Seeing her near the bed, Monty jumped up on her and knocked her forwards. His nose hit her crotch again and he started licking. That luscious tongue started at the very tip of her nether regions, raking across her clit, up her slit, and across her anus. She groaned as he lapped at her, then forgot all about her house guest.

Rick started to get impatient with waiting on her. She'd invited him over for dinner, after all. He stuck his head around the corner to call to her, then saw the dog's back end sticking out from around that other corner. He walked to where he had a clear view of the bed, and his jaw practically hit the floor. His sexy co-worker was laying across the bed with her knees on the floor and her dog was eating her out! He watched in amazement as Monty's tongue shoved it's way into places it probably should have never been. He felt his own body throb in response, but he turned away quickly and went back to the kitchen. They were friends and co-workers and he had to keep it at that. He leaned against the counter and pressed his head against the cool cabinet in front of him. Focus, Rick, focus.

Casey was lost in a world of ecstasy as the massive dog started pushing his tongue deeper. He'd caught hints of that wonderful juice and wanted more. Suddenly his tongue shoved it's way into her depths and she let forth a very loud moan. Pressing herself back on the dane's face, she groaned into the blanket. He kept licking her, shoving his tongue in and then pulling it out, sending a strange sensation through her whole body. His chin was rubbing against her clit with every stroke of his tongue. She finally gave a great shudder and her orgasm came, running down her legs and coating the dog's face. He lapped it all away dutifully, then lay his head on her rump. He seemed to want permission. She remembered Rick suddenly and started to get up.

Monty shoved her back down by mounting her and hunching his hips forwards. Amazingly, he hit it after only a few thrusts and then he was inside of her, enveloped in her rich folds. He pounded, panting over her shoulder as he shoved his thick phallus deeper and deeper into her body. Rick heard the panting and couldn't resist taking another peek. What he saw almost made him mess himself in pleasure. That massive dog was riding her hard and fast, pounding himself in as hard as he could. She was loving every minute of it. He simply watched the two, thrusting and shoving at one another, until the dane turned. The man was surprised that the dog could tie with her, he hadn't realized that dogs could tie with anything but other dogs.

He walked over to the bed and sat on the edge, looking down at her with arched brows. Casey looked up and her face crumpled in surprise. She stammered, trying to find an excuse, anything to give her an alibi. Then he leaned down and kissed her.

Casey was utterly confused by Rick's reaction to her current situation. It felt like he was melting into her mouth, and the sensation of a kiss mingling with the feeling of Monty's cock deep inside of her made her whole body hum. When Rick pulled his head back, his face lingering dangerously close to hers, she opened her eyes. There he was, looking at her like they'd done this forever. She suddenly felt embarrassed. Their first kiss, first sign of attraction, was when a dog was attached to her back end.

"I thought I saw something similar this morning," Rick said smoothly, letting his eyes fall on that round, firm ass, and the dog seemingly attached to it.

Casey could only avert her gaze, leaning her head down against the bed as Monty shifted and started to pull against her. He'd shot his load and was now done, wanting to lick himself the rest of the way and then return to clean her. Rick stood and walked to her backside, staring at her nether regions. The dog's knot was making her vulva look swollen. The man felt like his pants were about to rip. Suddenly, the dog popped out of her and his massive cock dangled between his legs, the knot still large and keeping his entire member in place. Rick gaped at the size of the knot.

This was almost too much for him. He was so turned on and had already kissed her, but his other half told him that it would be best to just avoid this situation. It was just lust, after all, for his sexy friend and her massive dog.

"I'm sorry," Casey said, leaning back so that she was sitting on the floor, her legs curled under her. She stared at her knees and looked so forlorn. Rick knelt down next to her.

"Hey, Case, it's okay. Do you see me saying anything bad? Do you think my body is repulsed?" he asked her softly, lifting her chin so that he could see her face. Well, he certainly didn't seem upset, in fact he had seemed to like it. He'd kissed her during the tie, after all. "Well now, I'm going to use your bathroom for a few minutes and you can re-compose yourself. Is that okay with you?" She nodded dutifully and glanced over at Monty, who was making shorting noises as he cleaned his groin. Then she stood up and put on some clean, and untorn, clothes and returned to the kitchen.

Dinner itself seemed normal between the three. Monty sat at his corner of the table, snatching up anything that came too close, and the two humans talked about things as if nothing had just occurred. Before long they had finished and the two returned to the kitchen to mutually put things away, joking with one another along the way. Monty stood in the archway to the kitchen, watching his master move around the room. As he watched he started to softly pant, his tail wagging slowly. Rick noticed and looked over at the dog, his gaze followed by Casey. There was an awkward silence as the three stared at one another. Dinner was over and things were washed and put away, and the air of anticipation gave Casey chills. Obviously she'd created a monster out of this dog and Rick wasn't inclined to leave so easily tonight. In fact, he was thinking of how she'd look naked under that big dog. Missionary style.

Without much warning he scooped her up in his powerful arms, her tiny frame easily carried. He pushed past the big dog and carried her to her sleeping area, staring into her eyes along the way. Her mouth gaped as their eyes met and a strange feeling of arousal rushed through her. He had plans for her, he really wasn't put off by Monty breeding her.

Rick lay her on the bed and slowly worked at undressing her without having her sit up or even stand. Monty stood about six feet from the large bed, watching as his master was stripped down by the man. Anything that helped him, he wouldn't argue with. Rick grasped Casey's hips and pulled her to the edge of the bed, guiding her feet to the floor. Even still he felt it was taboo for him to touch her anywhere sexually, but to strip her and position her was perfectly fine. He pulled off his shirt before

crawling across the bed and sitting himself at her head, his legs on either side of her.

Monty was a bit confused about this, but knew what he wanted. He also knew where to get it. The big dane strode over and shoved his nose into her cunt, rubbing it upwards. She jumped slightly, her eyes still locked with Rick's. The dog liked this position even more when it came to tasting her. His juices lingered there with her own and he started lapping at her thighs and bud gently. Then his tongue raked from the bottom of her slit to the top, pushing hard against her clit. Her back arched and she closed her eyes as Rick's eyes trailed down her naked body to the area the dog was focused on. While Casey was enveloped in her pleasure, he reached down and unfastened his jeans, freeing some of the pressure that was starting to build.

Finally Monty tried to mount. At first he wrapped himself around her legs, but it didn't feel right. Then he started to figure it out. His legs wrapped around her waist and she shifted so that she hung off the bed a little. The dog started thrusting, finding it harder to find that wet opening. A couple of times he went too low, but Casey instinctively lifted herself out of reach to his arched form. Then, she got the idea to arch her back a little more. This lined her up perfectly and Monty felt himself hit that perfect spot. His hips slammed forward and he pounded himself into her. Immediately Casey was moaning, rolling her hips against him as he shoved himself wildly inside of her. His knot was hitting all the right places, and something on him was grinding on her clit.

Rick was amazed at how quickly she was enraptured in the act. Just as she'd looked up to see his approval, the dog had found his mark and her whole face had melted into that of ecstasy. Rick took advantage of the moment and stood from the bed, letting his pants and boxers fall to the floor. Then he crawled back across the bed and lay across it, his stomach even with her head. There he lay as the dog spasmed and pounded and pushed until he was finished. With her legs on either side, and the position they'd "bred" in, he couldn't dismount. So, instead, the big dog pushed against the bed and reached his head down to lick around their joining. His tongue found a slight groove where it not only hit his base behind the knot, but also raked across her clit. The result was little tastes of their mingled juices. Reveling in this flavor, he lapped away. His tongue was rasping against her clit and he was throbbing inside of her and his hot breath was driving her wild. Before long, she had another orgasm and it gushed around his cock and slickened up her walls. A few moments later, Monty backed off and went to his cushion to clean himself.

Rick gently moved Casey all the way on the bed and lay next to her, letting her feel his arousal.