

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



*This story was part of a consult with a patient whom I knew personally. She described it as an event that actually took place. Every time I read my notes on the subject, I feel a little more skeptical. You can decide for yourself.*

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I was sitting at my office desk, frustrated over the lack of progress with a patient that I was counseling, when a sharp rap on the door startled me. My head snapped up and I looked directly into the beautiful face of my mentor, Professor Dianne Rogers, arguably the most intelligent person with whom I've ever been associated. She had been the driving force behind me becoming the major counsel for grieving students on campus. I could never understand how a person with such intelligence, commonsense and intuition, together with her cracker jack personality, had only reached the level of vice administrator at the university. I joyously motioned her in, for my day could only improve in leaps and bounds, for her to sit across my desk from me and talk. Prof. Rogers is 41 years old, divorced, 5' 3", 125 lbs, fizzed up auburn hair, slight freckling on her cheeks, and a Hollywood face. Her proportionate hourglass figure is very attractive, exceeded only by those magnificent breasts, which were definitely out of proportion. I would always imagine that her breasts arrived at their destination one step before the rest of her got there. You couldn't not like her if you tried, and if you did try, her charming personality would win you over soon enough. She sat down, cupped her chin, and dazzled me with her smile.

"Jeff, sweet boy, if your afternoon is free, I would like to discuss a delicate matter with you, in my office, after last class."

"Spending time with you is my hearts desire, and I shall be there."

We chatted a while, then she was gone, not giving me much opportunity to check her out as she walked away. She was a co-worker, not a patient, so I could check her out if I wanted.

At 3 p.m. I strolled into her office, closed the door and sat down. She sat staring at me for a minute, without smiling, and I feared that a stern lecture was coming my way. She continued to stare and I began to feel a little uncomfortable. Finally she glanced away and spoke.

"I need your advice, some guidance, on a sensitive situation, that requires the highest level of confidentiality. As you know, most evenings I spend time at the veterinarians office, advising them on procedures and protocols. One week ago, on a Friday evening, I foolishly let my emotions get the better of me, and I committed a serious error in judgment. I've been struggling with the repercussions, and can't quite come up with an explanation that I find acceptable to me. I need your help."

"Dianne - {yes, she lets me call her by her first name} - I would be honored and most willing to help in anyway possible, and I'm doubly honored that as my superior, you would ask for my help, but I need to ask a question. How in the world does a rock of confidence, brimming with knowledge and practical reasoning, commit an error of judgment?"

"Shut up, dear boy, but in a word - EMOTION. Now, seeing as I have failed to resolve the stupidity of my ways while knowing all the facts, means that I must abide by one of your own rules."

"Which one?"

"Confide in you by giving you all the facts."

“Oh! That one.”

“Four weeks prior to my dumb judgment, a beautiful and enormous Bull Mastiff had been brought into the shop for treatment of an infected tooth. He received antibiotic treatment and responded well. After ten days, his owner was given notice to recover him, but he could not be contacted. He stayed with us for the full four weeks, but then the rules took effect, rules that I had helped to write. After a maximum stay of 30 days, any animal not retrieved by its owner, is sent to the city pound for adoption. After 10 days any unclaimed animal is then destroyed. I knew that no one would want an adult dog and I knew that he only had ten days left to live. In all good conscience, I could not let that happen to this gorgeous animal, and so when I left on Friday evening, I brought him home with me, leaving a note of explanation for the Saturday morning crew. I left him in my enclosed porch with food and water, and went upstairs to get ready for bed when my cell phone rings. I hear this frantic voice of the Vet’s administrator calling my name, and he’s going berserk. He’s trying to warn me that the bull mastiff had been sent to the shop in error. We had received the correct dog, but the wrong paperwork. This dog should have gone directly to the operating room to be neutered. He’s a trained pornography beast, and stars in disgusting movies, and he is vicious toward women without his handlers present. He had attacked two women earlier, and he told me not to get too close to him. I could feel my heart pounding and I told him that I wished he had called earlier, because I have him with me now. He stammers out “Good God, Dianne, lock yourself in your room bolt the door and call the police.” He had frightened me out of my wits, and I leaped out of bed and ran for the door. I thought that as I had left him inside the enclosed porch he couldn’t have possibly escaped. As I reached the door, I froze in terror as Brutus the movie dog was standing there, staring right at me, snarling. I staggered backward, and he leaped at me knocking me down. I turned and used the bed to pull myself up, and I could feel him sniffing at my feet. Then those powerful forelegs gripped my waist and thighs he shoved me forward against the bed and he began to mount me. I could feel his hips thrusting at me, and he was tight up against my hips. I could feel him probing between my butt, and I thanked God that I still had my panties on. Suddenly he freed me, snarling menacingly, as he angrily clawed at my waist. He lunged forward and bit my ear, then clawed at my waist again. My mind was numb with terror, and I feared mightily for my life, but like a robot I slowly moved my hands to my waist, slid my panties over my hips and let them slip to my knees. I was in a daze and everything seemed to be happening quite slowly. I felt the awesome grip of his forelegs wrapped around my waist, trapping my arms at my sides. I could feel the warmth of his flesh as he fit tightly against my butt. It didn’t take long before I felt the probe of his penis, his slippery spray on my butt and I drew a deep breath of fear as I realized that I was about to be raped by a dog. As the dreadful penis entered me, my head was flung backward by the violent forward thrust of his hips, and I was helpless to resist. Then I felt his whole body tense up, his grip tightened, and I braced myself for his onslaught. For the next ten minutes I endured the short and powerful thrusts as he took me, and took me and took me. Three more vicious thrusts as I felt his knot and then another violent jerk upward of his hips and I took him inside me, straddling his full penis and knot as I closed tightly around it. I couldn’t move my arms, still encircled by his huge grasp, as the intense pain inside me was softened slightly by the ejaculation of his hot fluid, pumping into me in spasms. His vicious attack seemed to hesitate after about ten minutes as he lay on top of me, stiff and tight inside me. I could feel his labored breathing, his enormous head against mine, just above my ear, his disgusting drool running down the side of my face, onto my neck and shoulders. I didn’t really feel him withdraw, as my brain was reeling from the lack of air. His bone cracking grip was no longer biting into my sides and thighs, and I drew several gasps of fresh air. His odor was no longer invading my senses, and I slid helplessly to the floor. He was gone, and I haven’t seen him again.

I looked up at Dianne, briefly, and shifted uncomfortably in my chair.

“Dianne, I wish that you had given me some warning of the details of this attack before you told me

these quite intimate details. The truth is that some time ago last year, I counseled a young lady who experienced a similar attack. Unfortunately, I was friendly with her, emotionally involved with her, on my side only, I think. The degradation and humiliation that she suffered tore me apart, and I have struggled, and failed, to resolve my personal and emotional involvement. Despite the fact that you are my superior, you are also one of my all time favorite people, and I have a deep affection for you. I know that you didn't deserve what happened to you, and right now my stomach is churning in absolute horror, and I wish with all my heart that you did not have to suffer this awful fate. I honestly don't know if I can help you as much as you believe I can, because of my personal involvement. I think that you would be better off talking to a real professional."

I looked back up her and she stared at me in a caring and non judgmental way. I hate all this sexual violence committed against women, and I was struggling to breathe.

"Please help me. I cannot share this with anyone else."

I thought hard for a while, my labored breathing was slowing down the thought processes.

"Are you unable to resolve these issues because you feel that your actions caused them?"

She nodded.

"Did you ever consider the fact that this dog was responding to his training. He was chosen at birth because of his heritage and potential size. His trainers knew that he would develop into a large animal, and his parents were chosen for their aggressive behavior. Dianne, he was born, raised and trained to rape women. To him, he was doing what came naturally. I have no doubt, that after performing on the movie set in front of the camera, after raping some porn actress, he was rewarded with some chewy treat. He was probably hugged and encouraged, you know, "Good doggy, bravo" and all that. While he was under your care at the Vet's office, did you feed him any treats, did you kneel down next to his cage and talk to him in an encouraging tone? Did you look at him, admiring his stature? Did you allow him to feel your positive vibes? If you did, he probably saw you as one of his admirers, and he came after you to boost his ego after not being allowed to perform for a month. As an actor, he was looking for the applause, and you provided him with that opportunity. You are not a rape victim, in the traditional sense. You were a means to his end, and you're not to blame."

I glanced at Dianne and she was staring at her hands, and I reached over and held them. After a while I got up to leave, and she followed me, meeting at the door. She reached up and hugged me, and kissed my chin. And we hugged again and a wonderful feeling of sheer ecstasy flooded my brain. I could feel this wonderful woman holding me tightly, and I could smell the perfume of her hair, and I could feel those gorgeous breasts heaving against my chest, and I said to myself, "You had better get out of here," and with great reluctance I did, glancing down momentarily to see if perhaps those mighty mammaries had left deep and matching impressions in my chest.

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I was thinking about Dianne today, as I was sitting at the table in the cafeteria. I was looking toward the passage way, knowing that her office was off to the left. I could see a student standing close to her doorway, talking animatedly to someone just inside the office. It could only have been Dianne, as although I could not see her, I could see the tips of her sweater covered breasts protruding from the doorway. I began to laugh hysterically, spilling hot coffee all over my rising admiration for this inspiring woman.

The following two weeks, however, were destined to bring about a change of thought.

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Some two weeks later, on a Saturday evening, I was returning from a conference in Atlantic City, NJ, and I remembered that I had switched off my cell phone. As I clicked it back on, I noticed that Dianne had left me a message on Friday evening. I smiled in anticipation at hearing from her, so I listened to her message. She was quite agitated as she could see several large dogs prowling outside, one having torn a hole in the screen door. Now she couldn't see them anymore except for the occasional barking in the distance.. She asked if I could come over, as she was afraid. I realized that I was only one half hour away from her shore home, and I buzzed her on the cell. Dianne sounded like her glorious old self again, brimming with the confidence of a mature woman that she is. She said that all was well, and the dogs had left, and if I would like to stop over at her bungalow for coffee, and you know I said YES, YES, YES. I reached forward and hit the bright red button on the dashboard of my Cobra. I looked in the rear view mirror as the long red cape unfurled in the breeze. I hit the gas pedal, and I surged forward. As the front wheels left the ground, I pressed down harder on the gas pedal and the Cobra gained speed. I could feel the rear wheels lift off as I rocketed up and over the trees, gaining altitude fast. This felt so much better than being in a long line of cars on the jammed packed highway. Veering to the right, I soared upwards, over the local roads until I saw the isolated row of houses in the prestigious development where Dianne lived. I lost altitude, lowered the landing gear, and touched down gently. Wow! This Cobra really flies. I steered into the driveway and climbed out, and I saw Dianne standing in the front doorway laughing.

"How did you get her so quickly. Did you fly?"

I just grinned.

She stood back in the doorway, making me squeeze past her, which felt quite pleasing. She motioned me toward the dinette and we sat down at the small round table.

"I'm certainly relieved to see that you're OK, Professor Rogers, I was quite concerned about you. What happened after you left me that message? "

"Well, I looked out of the window and I could see that same big Bull Mastiff, sitting there looking up at me, and there was an even bigger dog pacing back and forth behind him. I went over to the porch door and I stared back at both of them, and I didn't feel afraid."

"My God, Dianne, why take the chance, they're vicious, dangerous animals Why didn't you call the police?"

She didn't answer, and just ignored the question.

" I reached down and opened the door and let him in. Both of them."

I stared at her in a state of shocked disbelief. I was totally stunned, my mind was whirling, and I couldn't think clearly. I couldn't speak other than to simply ask why, but she seemed oblivious of my question. She leaned forward in her chair, and arched her back , pressing her shoulders backward and her chest forward. Dianne stared up at the ceiling , running her fingers through her auburn hair and began to twist it into a pony tail. Even at a time like this, I glanced at her breasts as the two large twins performed a magnificent balancing act on her chest, and her nipples were trying hard to escape from the confines of her blouse. I noticed that her well proportion buns had flattened out against the hard chair seat, filling her tight skirt I glanced up at her face, and she was still fiddling with her hair, and staring up at the ceiling. I knew Dianne very well, and she never acted without justification, and I sensed that she already had an answer that made sense to her. Now she seemed to be searching for an answer to my question that would satisfy my concern for her. I looked down

and sneaked a glance through the glass topped table. I saw that her knees were slightly apart, and I looked up her sexy thighs, and could just see a sliver of Victoria's Secret snuggled into her folds. Dianne finished fiddling, relaxed her body and leaned forward, her elbow on the table supporting her head with her hand. After a moment she looked directly at me, a hint of a rebellious smile on her face. Her eyes twinkled.

"I wanted to get fucked by that dog again."

Blood pounded in my ears and I couldn't breathe easily. I stared at her, wide eyed, trying to say something, but all I could hear was some babbling. She continued staring at me, as I desperately tried to regain my composure.

"But ....but....but why did you let both dogs in?"

"OK, OK! So I could fuck both of them."

I sat there gasping for breath, not believing a word that she had said, but the look on her face told me that it was all true. Then, for some incredible reason, I started to laugh, not hysterically, just letting go of my built up tension. She laughed a little, perhaps with some embarrassment/

"I had remembered the advice that you had given me in my office, and I believe that you were exactly right. I wasn't going to be a rape victim, and the only way that I could correct that perception in my own mind, was to accept the fact that deep down in my subconscious, I had some secret desire that I was suppressing. A desire to explore the sensation of mating with a different species. To mate with a base animal, to descend into the very depths of depravity, to become one of them, but to remain under control. If the mating was to be what I wanted, when I wanted it, then I was no longer the victim. So I fucked them both."

She fiddled with her hair again, then continued to speak.

"Brutus, the movie dog, walked past me and the other dog, a Rhodesian Ridgeback, followed him into the living room. Brutus was standing at the base of the stairs, while the other one sat on his haunches in the middle of the room. I walked over to the couch, this one here, and sat down at the end without an arm rest.

I pulled off my t-shirt, and slid my shorts and panties to the floor. Then I kneeled on the edge of the couch grasping the back of it with my hands. My face was only two feet away from the mirrored wall, and I saw Brutus move in behind me. I was fascinated by the size of my nipples, as I felt him rear up and lock his forelegs around my waist. His weight started to push me forward, so I locked my elbows and enjoyed the warmth of his groin as he pulled himself firmly between my thighs. His engorged penis began entering my vagina, and he felt bigger and stronger than the first time. His haunches were below my thighs supporting me as the short rapid thrusts began. I leaned backward toward him, as his short thrusts caused my breasts to leap off my chest, my nipples touching the mirror repeatedly, in short, quick bursts as the big girls responded to the rhythmic pounding, up and down motion of his hips. It seemed a little comical, seeing this huge animal standing up behind me, holding me tightly from behind, as we moved in unison to satisfy both our needs. Was I his, or was he mine?, I thought, as that exciting, electrifying sensation started to pulsate through my body. My hips pushed downward and back onto his shaft, and he responded excitedly, thrusting harder and quicker. My breasts moved ever forward and upward, as they made solid contact with the mirror, flattening my nipples, and I shook in ecstasy as the thrusting penis, now lubricated with my own fluid, seemed to expand and fill my vaginal channel to its maximum capacity. Three hard, powerful thrusts of his hips buried his throbbing pole deep into me. His feet did a little dance on the floor as he positioned himself firmly behind me, then one quick upward thrust and I felt the knot forming. He

jerked my hips back toward him, lunging forward, as I willingly accepted the bulging knot. Another forward lunge as I closed up around him, and one more upward thrust and I was his. Having that enormous dog cock forced into me, even though I willingly accepted it, was thrilling and my nipples were ablaze with excitement. The powerful grip tightened as I felt the rhythmic pumping of semen begin. My head rolled backward as I watched myself in the mirror taking load after load. Brutus's large head was resting on my shoulder, his drool leaking all over my breast, pooling around my nipple on its way down my chest. I could feel his facial hair brushing against my cheek. As he seemed to be watching himself in the mirror too. I was bathed in the repeated spurts of warm orgasmic canine fluids as he efficiently emptied all the contents of his ball bag into me. After several minutes of little activity he began to writhe and twist his muscular frame as he dislodged himself, and a river of semen gushed down my inner thigh. I didn't see him leave, as I slumped down on the couch, feeling the tufted leather upholstery come in gentle contact with my vaginal opening. I moved my butt over to the same place where I had been sitting, and I noticed the remainder of his dog orgasm was dripping onto the carpet between my feet, creating a small pool. My inner thigh was wet and covered with the sticky fluid, as I watched in awe as the dripping never seemed to diminish. I sat there, for a while, leaning forward, not seeing anything, not hearing anything. I was reveling in the memories of the totally awesome beast-fucking in which I had eagerly participated, and I knew that I was smiling. I pondered the question, "was he mine or was I his?", and then called it a draw.

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I felt the hot breath blowing gently on my hair, and slowly looked up. The huge tan colored Rhodesian Ridgeback, the Lion Hunter, had moved up close to me, looking for his share of the goodies. His lithe, powerfully muscular body covered with short tan colored hair closely resembled a lion except for the mane. I gazed at his face and huge brow as he towered over me. I flopped backward onto the couch, and looked up at him as I spread my legs. He moved forward quickly as his enormously wide and deep chest pushed my thighs even further apart. His long snout carefully sniffed me from the middle of my inner thigh and up, pausing at the battered entrance to my vagina. Two slow broad tongued licks thrilled me as he nuzzled my sodden pubic hair. He drool filled my belly button hole, then he cautiously let his thick tongue explore the surface of my breasts. His huge paws appeared on either side of my hips as he raised himself up over me and his saliva dripped down into my hair. I looked up in amazement at the sheer mass of the animal, as I quivered gently, not from fear but in anticipation. I looked down, between my heaving breasts and subconsciously tried to close my legs. His long sheath had already disgorged at least six full inches of maleness of considerable girth, as deep anxiety began to sweep through my mind. I began to think about the shallow pool of Brutus's expended sperm in which I rested my shoulders. This beast was sliding his huge front paws under my hips and downward, gripping my waist and separating my butt cheeks. He easily lifted my hips higher and higher toward his gently swaying cock. I was beginning to experience my own orgasm at the thoughts of receiving that telephone pole sized penis. His cock was gently bouncing up and down touching my pubic hair. Then he lifted my hips a little higher, and I could feel the flattened end of his penis snuggling into the folds of my quaking wet crevice. Only my shoulders and head were in contact with the couch now, as I willingly took the first thrust as the fucking began. I knew that the first 6 or 7 inches were already tight inside me and I tensed as I accepted the second lurch as he buried another three inches. His short, powerful strokes ripped deep into me, and I thought that I could actually see the outline of that tremendous male organ inside my belly as his rapid fire strokes were jamming into me. His bag of balls was swinging rhythmically, and I could feel them beating against my anus like the clapper in a bell. I was helplessly responding to the continuing flow of my own multiple orgasms, and I foolishly try to contain my breasts as the monster's thrusting actions were hurling them in all directions as far as my flesh would allow. then he started to withdraw slowly and I could see the huge ball forming. His paws gripped tightly, and my butt cheeks spread even wider, as he pulled me toward him and thrust

forward. For a second or two, my body held firm against this onslaught, but I was no match for his tremendous strength and determination, as I felt the rock hard knot crush all resistance and he impaled me totally. My hips jerked upward involuntarily, and took one more piston like thrust as I closed around every inch of him, locking us together. I thought that I could feel every vein in the giant dog cock as it rippled and pulsed, and I could feel the hot streams of sperm traveling up through his magnificent penis, exploding into me as the ball boys worked at fever pitch to supply the copious quantities of fluid. He took several minutes to ejaculate his turbulent load, and I watched as my belly seemed to swell to accommodate everything that he delivered. My entire body was shaking and jerking in spasms as my own white hot passions swept down and engulfed his throbbing meat. My poor belly was stretched to its maximum as our mating fluids combined in a whirlpool of ecstasy.

I was slowly lowered back onto the couch. The fucking machine was thoroughly spent as his huge chest lay unsupported on top of me. My face was pushed sideways and I was looking back into the room and that beast laid his huge head on mine and we lay there panting, my hands gently touching either side of his heaving chest. My mouth was open as I labored to breathe under his crushing weight and his extended tongue lay partially inside my mouth, lapping between my own tongue and the roof of my mouth. His saliva was pooling in my throat and I swallowed it with great pleasure. Nearly one half hour later, he struggled to his feet, disgorging his penis. The pressure within me hurled the fluids down through my birthing canal and out into the open like a fountain. I lay there quietly by myself, thoroughly fucked and sexually satisfied. This time, I think, he's mine.

I stared at her, still skeptical, but totally enthralled by the details.

"My dear God , Dianne, I've just cum in my pants."

Her eyes sparkled and she leaned forward as her breasts invaded the glass table top. She quietly smiled at me.

":So did I."

In my weakened state, I dragged my sorry ass down to the driveway, and slumped down in the drivers seat. I opened the windows and moon roof to get some air, and I could hear the feral dogs running back and forth behind the bushes, and I cursed those lucky bastards. I looked up and could see the glow of the full moon lighting up the car's interior, and I tilted my head back and howled mournfully.