

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## *A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:*

*This is a short piece I've thrown together, a one shot if you will. However, this story is very special to me.*

*Because it's true.*

*The name of the cat has been changed, just in case, but all the events mentioned here are the truth. This is not a very hardcore story, but there is a strong sexual tone and several sexual events. If you're looking for hardcore fucking, There are other amazing stories here in this section of the forum that I recommend much more than this.*

*Either way, I hope you enjoy reading about my experience.*

*...I miss this cat.*

*~Cheese*

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Toby was a stray cat when my aunt found him this year. He was mostly white but surprisingly well groomed, with patches of brown tabby dotting his body. His tail was longer than his body was, and he was a healthy but very large cat. He was probably almost corgi size, to be honest. He seemed accustomed to people so it could have been that he'd had an owner before in the past, but it's impossible to say for sure. All I can say with certainty is that the cat had a way about him.

He walked around like he owned every piece of land he stepped on. He was alert but carefree. There was nothing in this world that he wasn't equal to the task of. If he didn't want to be near you, he didn't run or get frightened. He just walked away, slinking under your hand as you reached to pet him. To be honest, at first I thought he was a little stuck up and I dreaded catsitting for him.

I often would catsit for my aunt when she was out of town, which was never any picnic. They owned four cats, three of them Maine Coons, and none of them liked each other. They made a point of it to piss in the parts of the house the others liked to frequent. They would claw anything they wanted, jump up anywhere they wanted, and my aunt did nothing about it. I'd owned cats before, so it was infuriating for me to watch them do it without being allowed to admonish them. The idea of throwing another cat, a stray at that, into the mix was a daunting concept.

Sure enough, only a few months after they'd adopted Toby, I was called on to petsit for about a week.

I should probably pause here to point out that I'm a zoo. If you're not sure what that means, at least in my case, let me make it clear. I have a sexual and emotional attraction to animals. In particular, I have a thing for dogs. Though I have very limited experience, the experience I do have makes me certain that there is a desire and affection there that's near identical to what I feel for my human mate. While this had made petsitting a bit of test of willpower for me in the past, I didn't worry much. I'd never in my life had a sexual thought about housecats, and I'd never made a move on anyone else's animal.

When I arrived with my husband at the beginning of the week, everything went as ordinary. The cats peed everywhere, they clawed everything, they stole each others' food and gave me no rest from separating their constant fighting. The new cat was always out, and I was told I'd only see him when I was watering the plants out back or when he came in at night to sleep.

That first day I saw him in the yard is one I won't forget easily.

I remember thinking how big he was, how sturdy his head looked. All the cats I'd had before were so petite compared to him. And he had confidence, he barely even noticed my presence. When he did look at me, he seemed to look through me, like he'd expected me to be there all along. His gaze said "Oh, there you are. Carry on!" as if he couldn't care less that I was a stranger in his yard. On a whim, I put down my watering can and called him over. To my great surprise, he trotted over to me and rubbed his face against my hand. We were hardly ever apart from that moment on.

I'd been warned he might be a bit stand-offish, but that wasn't the case. He came whenever I opened the back door and always wanted to rub against my legs. At night, he slept at the foot of the bed, kneading the blankets and purring wildly, then migrated up to sleep by my chest or back. I'd wake up in a daze to feel the warmth of his body next to me, or through dreams feel the resonance of his purr. In the morning, I'd wake up with a smile on my lips because he was always there waiting for me, nose to nose.

My husband too tried to bond with him, but that didn't go as well. Toby chose not to make physical contact with him and was not around him unless food was involved. My husband began to joke that he was in love with me because he knew that I was a zoo. I laughed it off readily, not willing to admit yet that I was falling for him.

Once during the night my husband and I got a little wild and began to have sex in the master bedroom. I'm not a quiet lover and I was moaning into a pillow to try to muffle my cries. My husband took the pillow away and told me to let it all out.

"There's no one here, be as loud as you want," he whispered in my ear.

I let loose moans and screams as he fucked me, not caring about anymore who heard. After all, he was right, we were alone weren't we? Unfortunately, I'd forgotten about Toby.

As my husband neared climax, pumping me deep and hard to where it was nearly painful, Toby came running to the room. With almost no hesitation, he leapt up onto the bed and began to yowl at us. At first my husband tried to ignore him and continue with what he was doing. But then Toby ran at him, hissing and clawing at his back. My husband yelped and backed away. I sat up and began to pet Toby, crooning to him that I was ok. In a heartbeat he calmed down and began to purr, rubbing his face into my palm as I scratched at his ears.

"I think he thought I was hurting you," my husband said with a little laugh, checking for any scratch marks.

I told him that was a silly idea, but I was wrong. Sure enough, when my husband came closer to me, Toby began to growl in his throat and lashed his tail side to side furiously. The message was clear: This is mine. Back off.

After that, my husband regarded him with a sort of impressed respect. He was not an adversary, just a creature that cared about me and was willing to defend me. He found it admirable in the cat and let him be, only making passes at me when he was sure that Toby was locked outside.

There were only a few days left in my week, but I began to feel certain that Toby knew what I was and was responding to it. He slept closer to me, pressing his head against mine as I fell asleep. I would awaken in the night to find him licking my lips and nose, purring delightedly. Once I recall reaching out in a dream to hug a stuffed animal, and I remember thinking it felt so real. Half awake I realized that Toby had slipped under my arm and was sleeping sprawled out against my naked chest.

I remember feeling so light and happy, and I remember I moaned a little as I slipped back into dreams with him in my arms.

I woke to wet panties the next morning, and the realization that I was attracted to this cat.

This was something that had never happened to me before. I pondered it over the course of the next day, wondering what it was about him. Was it his soft coat? His personality? His willingness to defend me against a much larger foe? What was getting me so hot and bothered about this damn cat? I couldn't figure it out, but like a school-girl crush he made my heart flutter when he strutted through the garden. The touch of his thick and soft fur now sent chills up my spine and made a warmth grow between my legs that I thought was only reserved for dogs and men.

I told my husband, and he laughed playfully at me.

"Sounds like you're in love now!"

Whether or not I liked it, he was right.

I began indulging my fantasies slowly. I looked up videos of cats mating to see what it did for me. While it looked painful, I couldn't deny that it got me wet watching the males penetrate the kicking and presenting females. I imagined I was one of them and that Toby was mounting me. I imagined the pain, the pleasure that would come with him fucking me, holding the scruff of my neck in his teeth. I could feel the moisture spreading between my legs as I imagined it, and before long I was pleasuring myself while I watched cat mating videos.

I remember slipping my fingers inside myself, pricking with my nails so it hurt a little, and moaning Toby's name over and over. I can't even be sure how many orgasms I had thinking about being the queen to his tom.

By the time the last night rolled around I was mad with desire. But I knew I couldn't have him. He was clipped and he probably wouldn't have known what to do with me anyway, but I wanted to touch him. I kept reminding myself that he was not my cat, that he had never been mine to hold to begin with, and that I would have to be content with him sleeping at my side for just one more night. I repeated this over and over as I got undressed and climbed into bed that night.

Sure enough, Toby was there the moment I pulled the covers up around my neck.

"Hey boy," I said, tickling him under the chin. He purred and began to vigorously knead the blankets as he always did. He even drooled a little as he purred. I loved seeing him so happy.

I settled back and he climbed up onto my chest. He didn't stop kneading and to my surprise he expertly found one of my breasts under the covers.

The shock was overwhelming. I lay there, helpless to the feeling as he gently pulled at my breast with his paws, the claws barely scraping my bare skin. My nipple became erect, even more sensitive to the pricking of his claws and the rhythmic pressure of his large paws. I could feel myself getting more and more turned on with every motion. Trying to tell myself that this was a mistake, I pulled away under the covers. He tumbled back a little to rest between my legs. I could feel the warmth of his body seeping through the blankets to find my most sensitive and hungry parts. I let out a soft moan, startling him. He looked at me, ears perked and eyes wide.

"It's ok honey, I'm ok," I murmured to him, giving the side of his face a scratch.

He resumed kneading, and this time found the area directly between my legs with his paws. I debated for a moment if I should push him away or clap my legs together to make him stop. But no...I wanted this. Who cared if it was just a happy coincidence? Surely he couldn't know what he was doing to me. There was no way he was doing this on purpose. But it felt amazing. I stifled a moan so as not to scare him away and gave over to the feeling of him pawing at my clit through the blankets. I barely dared to breathe, of fear I'd miss a moment of the sensation.

I was suddenly aware that I could feel the vibration of his purr through the blanket all the way to my pussy. I raised my pelvis a little so I could feel it more. Heavenly. It was like floating. A warm vibration against my opening and a constant stimulation to my clit. What more could I ask for? I resisted the urge to buck my hips and hoped that the smell of my now rapidly increasing wetness wouldn't scare him away. He held a steady pace, and my head simply swam.

"Ooooh Toby," I whispered, closing my eyes.

All at once he stopped. My eyes shot open, desperate for him to continue, wondering why on earth he had stopped! In true Toby fashion, he had decided that the area next to my face was his now and that it was time for him to sleep. He left my aching pussy and flopped heavily down next to my cheek, still purring loudly.

At first I felt like I could cry. God, I wanted that cat inside me. I wanted to please him, taste his cum. I wanted him, plain and simple. And I knew I couldn't have him.

Well, I corrected myself, in my head I could at least.

Burying my face in his large chest, I reached down between my legs and began to gently touch myself. I was already so wet and sensitive from his touch that I could barely find my way to my clit, but once I did I began to rub. Gently at first, then more vigorously as the pleasure became more intense. I panted into Toby's fur, breathing in his intoxicating scent and feeling the vibration of his purr against my lips. Before I knew it I was nearing orgasm. I bucked my hips slightly against my fingers, remembering the images of cats mounting their queens. I told myself that was Toby fucking my pussy That I was his.

I stifled a moan by biting my lip as my pleasure released in a dripping and explosive orgasm. Toby, seeming to sense that something had changed, woke up somewhat and began to lick the sweat off my forehead. I kissed his neck and stomach as the ever pulsing aftermath rippled through my pussy.

Throughout that last night I did this over and over. I always imagined myself being fucked by that beautiful cat, feeling how soft his fur was against my ass and the inside of my thighs. I imagined the warmth of his cum shooting into me, the feeling of pain and intense pleasure as he withdrew. By the end of the night I couldn't count the number of times I'd gotten off. When I awoke, he was lying by my cheek, sleeping soundly, and I was smiling a dreamy satisfied grin.

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When my aunt returned from her vacation and asked about the cats, she was shocked to hear about Toby sleeping with me every night.

"He's usually no good with strangers!" she said in amazement. "Usually he runs or will only stay just out of arms reach."

As if on cue, Toby sauntered in and wound back and forth between my legs, rumbling jovially. I looked at him lovingly, but sadly. I wouldn't get this anymore. It would be months before I saw him

again, I was sure of it. Still, I couldn't help but reach down and sweep my hand over his soft warm back. One last moment of weakness before we said goodbye.

"He's a sweetheart," I told my aunt. "We've bonded."

"He really seems to love you!" she said.

"Yeah, I've kinda grown attached to him too."

Toby looked up at me with yellow green eyes and blinked happily. Whether he knew my feelings for him I can't say. I will never know if his actions were coincidence or if he understood the pleasure he was giving me. I just know that I had held him through the night, dreamed of being his and that, for a fleeting moment, he was mine to hold.