

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I'm hunched in the brush, miles into the forest, the brook quietly babbling behind me. I have a clear view of the packed-dirt pathway, the bright summer sun beating down on it. I'm wearing camouflage, which feels ridiculous. I'm no soldier, and I'm not a hunter—not of animals, anyway—so the camo feels like dress-up. But I can't be seen. If I'm seen, the venture isn't exactly over, but it won't be as successful as it could otherwise be. And that would be a shame, because I've been working on this for about three months.

I consult my laptop. Ping, ping, ping. They're getting closer, and my pulse kicks up a couple notches. I check my bionanite dish—the emitting signal is strong. I check the monitor to ensure all four digital video cameras—two in the brush, two in the trees—are working. Everything checks out, again. None of them have gone anywhere in the last hour since I set up.

She's coming. I start recording, all four vids at once. It's a beautiful scene. I'm excited in a way I haven't been since I began videoing my wife and Gunther a few years back.

The market, the market. The market is merciless. They all want something new, even the kindest customers, and in truth, so do I. A new challenge, and this is a big one. Like I said, if it goes south, this is three months and a few thousand dollars mostly down the toilet. It's not going to work if she knows what's going on.

Ping, ping, ping. They're almost here.

Laptop, broadcast dish, cameras and monitor. Check, check, check. If this works, I'll have at least a couple of hours of footage to play with. I'm hoping at least two of the cameras get good angles.

First the birds go silent. Then the pounding of running feet, first hers, then the trot of her companion's. Then the breathing—hers and his. Hers is faster than normal—she must be sprinting. Fantastic. She'll be sweatier, ruddier, which I kind of like.

She rounds the corner to the straightaway, her long blonde hair in a tight, braided bun. An unobstructed view of her face—perfect. She pours it on. Her tight thighs, strong flanks, black sports bra hugging those big boobs, the running shorts . . . she's proud of her body, and should be. She's obviously very disciplined.

Because she's sprinting, she's ahead of her companion, but here he comes: A magnificent Great Dane, tongue flapping, happy as can be. He's in good shape, too.

Have to time this just right. My hand moves to a switch on the emitting dish.

Three. Pulse in my head.

Two. Heart is skipping.

One. It's like a jet engine in my skull.

I push the button. The dish sends out sequence of electromagnetic pulses. A billion bionanites in the blonde's body flare to life.

The girl, she stumbles, falls to the ground, catches herself with her arms—it's a perfect fall and catch. She isn't injured. An injury wouldn't have completely queered the deal, but I don't want her hurt, and nobody else does, either. Well, most nobody else. Some of my market are into that, but I

don't cater to it. Hurting people without their consent . . . no, no, no.

I check the monitors and breathe easier. She's fallen perfectly in the camera zones—all four of them! Someone up there clearly likes me. I'll have more than enough footage to cut and splice and build on later, back home with my editing equipment.

I zoom in with the cameras, tailoring the shots. The camera at her rear captures her firm, high buttocks and curvy, muscled thighs. The cameras flanking her have a lovely view of her torso. And the one trained on her face—it's perfect, capturing the blended expression of confusion and fear.

The Great Dane, her only friend right now, is concerned. He nuzzles and pushes her side, trying to prod her up.

I imagine what it's like. I imagine what she's thinking, while she can still think. What's happening? Am I having a stroke? An aneurysm? But my head doesn't hurt . . . Why . . . why did I fall? What's . . .

Now a new confusion plays across her face. She's feeling something, something warm and wet down low. The camera at her rear shows what's happening. Her crotch already had a damp line from the running. But now the damp is spreading. Her hand flies to it, to feel. I'll wager she thinks she's lost control of her bladder, that she's peeing into her shorts. But as soon as her hand reaches that hot patch, she knows it's something else.

It's arousal. Pussy juice is swamping her shorts.

A new sensation registers on her face. There's still confusion and fear, but now there's also arousal. Stronger than arousal. Lust. Lust is eating her feelings, and it's eating her thoughts.

The hand at her crotch goes from testing to confirming to rubbing. I can't see it, but I know what's happening: The hard side of her hand is pressing her clitoris and smooshing apart the lips of her labia. Her hindquarters are now a squooshy blotched mess of stained fabric. And in her face the fear fades, even though the confusion remains. And then confusion burns out, too. The camera captures it as the human in her winks out entirely. Eyes wide and empty-dumb, nostrils flaring. She reddens, sweats. Wauling and warbling, her hand plunges beneath under her waistband to frigging herself frantically, sloppily, and—oh, my God—audibly.

Heat. The body of this blonde, strong, sprinting, big-titted beauty is in heat.

This is working out better than I'd even hoped. I'd spent three months staking out this pathway, evaluating the women running by. Two months ago, I decided the blonde was the best candidate. A month ago, I managed to fire a functional chip into her shoulder—she hollered, probably thinking it a wasp sting. Two weeks ago, on a hot, still, and humid day, she ran through a floating cloud of nanites, inhaling deeply as she went. (She shook off the coughing fit pretty admirably.) Then, I spent two weeks monitoring the nanites from afar, making sure they were doing what they were made to do—priming her, changing her without her knowledge, for just this moment.

The market, the market. It's going to reward us wonderfully for this, me and my wife. My wife and Gunther, they've stopped bringing in the good cash. Money's been tight, and my wife has been worried. I don't like it when she's worried. My wife, I love her, and she doesn't deserve that. She deserves a man who can provide. And so I'm providing. Me, the blonde, and the Great Dane.

The Great Dane, he's getting wise. He prods the blonde's crotch, firmly, with his snout. The blonde moans. The Dane, he's knocking, he's knocking, and he wants in—

The blonde. Suddenly her animal self knows: Clothing is wrong. Must come off. She's not thinking, not in the way we think. It's instinct, the same way a dog tries to remove a ridiculous sweater. Dogs shouldn't wear clothes, and neither should she.

She scrabbles at her shorts. Not quick enough. She tears them apart and tosses them away. Now her rear is high and up and gleaming on a hot summer day. The Dane, his cold snout presses into her asshole, and he laps at it, the brown rosebud, and at her pink and gooey cunt.

She hollers, but not in pain. She brings her head to the dirt path, her face pointed toward mine, but she's not seeing anything. The camera catches her perfectly, eyebrows knotted, eyes empty, panting. Her hands fly, now, to that tight bra. Off it comes, tossed away. Her huge breasts—no, really, they're teats, now—hang heavy and free. I'm pleased to see they're natural. Her nipples and areolae are mind-blastingly sensitive, so she smooshes them into the packed earth and rake up the friction. . . . oh, no, it's not enough. She pushes herself up to her elbows and grips her aerole hard with all of her fingers and PULLS—the noise she makes, it's nothing people make. Those glorious udders . . .

Damn. Losing focus. And I have to focus to keep the quality high. I need to monitor and adjust four cameras simultaneously. The Great Dane, he gets it now. His mistress, she's in heat. She needs to breed. And he loves her, so he's happy. Up he bounds, his long purple erection bouncing on her back, thrusting, trying to find entry, no, that's one of her buttocks, that's not right, whoops, that's under her, rubbing against her pubic hair, okay, that's closer, her clitoris, and she explodes with that—seriously, a squirt of cunt juice blarps out against her canine lover's belly and slarps off onto the dirt.

And then he's in. The Great Dane sinks himself up to his big doggie balls inside his mistress.

The star of my film, the human in her, momentarily bobs up from her oceanic lust to register what's happening. Her beloved pet has just succeeded in mounting her, and now he's furiously jackhammering her in a way only a dog can. Consciousness flickers, but then she's swamped by animal sensation. My blonde, she smiles the biggest, dumbest animal smile you could see on a human face. She drools into the dirt.

The dog fucks her, hard and fast, his hips a blur. Her skin is tight and her flanks firm, but she ripples anyway. The deep cries of her heat pour out of her jouncing torso in an endless and uninterrupted outpouring of brutal ecstasy.

If she had enough brains right now to think a thought, she'd be thinking: Never end. Never end. Keep me like this forever. All, all, all, all the dogs. Bring me all the dogs. But she's not thinking. All she can do is fuck.

But then the dog stumbles against her, flops fully onto her back, and his hindquarters jerk, jerk, jerk, jerk—and then he's done. He's cum. Dogs don't last long. They're not humans, they're not vain. They don't care how long they last. They mate quickly, because way back in the wild mating was dangerous, leaving animals vulnerable.

Still, he's stuck inside her and not going anywhere soon. The knot. It makes evolutionary sense. The knot gives the sperm a little time to travel, and it keeps other dogs from getting their crack at the female. Lot of competition among dogs, after all. Still, no dog likes being trapped, so he'd rather the knot subside. It'll be a few minutes.

I admire my star. The sensation of hot dog sperm splashing against her vaginal walls has quaked her into a succession of bone-deep orgasms. The blue undersides of her well-worn running shoes—she just couldn't get them off—poke out between her sated pet's back paws.

The only drawback to this whole encounter—the only thing the market and my viewers might not like— is that I won't be able to get a closeup of his knot in her hypersensitive cunt. But I don't know this dog, and I don't know how he'll react to me. And I won't take the chance that the lady-beast he just fucked won't rouse just enough to catch a glimpse of me. It's a disappointment, but the audience will just have to accept that they won't get the knot-shot.

Then something amazing happens. I've seen it on a couple of other videos, but I've not seen it in real life. The Great Dane, he swivels atop his blonde conquest, lifts his legs over her, and lands facing away from her, his ass pressed against her buttocks . . . with his cock still inside of her!

I'm gobsmacked. They look like a pair of lewd bookend, heads pointed in opposite directions. Not even Gunther did this with my wife. Not any of the dozens of times they've mated.

Then the Dane tries to pull out. But he's still fully knotted in her, and as he pulls, I can clearly see a bridge of dog cockflesh binding them together, her pussy lips pulling around his shaft. I don't need to show a knot-shot. It's clear as bright day that he's inside of her and dragging her backwards with him.

And her? I didn't know someone in a coma could cry out in pleasure, but there you have it.

The dog tugs, rests, drags her a bit more. It's kind of hilarious. She gets dirtier. And then with a pop and a yip, he pulls free, and she collapses. I zoom in with the cameras at her face and rear. She's sleeping it off, dog sperm leaking out into a vile puddle. The Dane sniffs at it, nuzzles her rear, laps at her sex, and she moans. He comes around to her face, licks it tenderly, his mistress. He loves her, is devoted to her. And now they're closer than ever.

I flick off the electromagnetic pulses. The nanites in her go dormant. This part of the show is over. But I'm keeping the cameras rolling. I'm curious for the denouement, as I'm sure my customers will be.

It takes about 10 minutes for her to stir. She pushes herself up, wobbly and coughing. She's a muddy mess, the dirt sticking to her body. She sits—her face, tits, belly, and knees are filthy. She's been playing in the dirt.

She looks hungover—bleary and disoriented and disturbed. I imagine what's she's thinking: What happened. What on earth happened. Then a sudden horror: she's butt-fucking-naked on an isolated dirty path under the high summer sun. She fumbles for her bra, frantically yanks it on, then finds her running shorts—they're worthless, rent into scraps. Oh, God. Raped, I was attacked and raped, that must be it, God, my dog, my dog, why didn't you protect me—.

And the camera nails the moment. She brings her hands to her mouth and stares at her faithful, beloved enormous Great Dane. She remembers, remembers all of it. Her dog just fucked her. And she just fucked her dog. Without hesitation or fear or remorse. And she never wanted it to end. All the dogs, all the dogs.

Her face fractures. Screaming and red and broken, she backs away from her pet.

The Dane is disturbed. His mistress is acting strangely. He comes toward her. She shrieks, tells him to go away, go away, go go get away from me, what did you do, what did you make me do.

Blaming the dog. Blaming the guy. Such a stereotype. But I guess that's not unexpected, here. I'll let it pass.

The dog comes closer. She picks up a large rock and chucks it at him, hard. It goes wide because she's too freaked out to aim. He walks closer and she grabs another rock. She's lucky this time—it hits his flank, and the Dane yelps and backs away to watch his mistress from a safer vantage.

Go away, go away, go away, fuck you, fuck you, GOGOGO. She's hardly coherent. I'll need to do a little sound editing so the viewers get what she's saying.

She turns and sprints. She's so fit that her thighs and buttocks barely wobble. The dog gallops after her, but she hears him, grabs for another rock, stumbles and faceplants. The dog comes to her, is on top of her. And she kicks him, once, hard, squarely in the head. He yelps and runs the other way.

Oh, come on. This is cruel. I understand why she's doing it—her whole life has just blown up around her—but even so, she should know better. The dog, he didn't do anything wrong. He thought he was helping.

The dog sits maybe 20 meters from his mistress. She gets up and tries to wipe sweat and tears away, but all that gets her is a fresh layer of mud around her eyes. Then she sprints away. The dog doesn't follow. Now she's gone, running for safety and sanity. But she's wearing only a bra and running shoes, her well-worn labia tickled by the cool race of air. I hope she can make it back to her car before anyone sees her. She's been embarrassed enough.

The dog, he's just sitting there, confused, his mistress having betrayed him. I turn off all the cameras and think about what to do. A few minutes later I emerge from the brush. The dog barks at me—no surprise—but there's nobody around for him to defend, so the barks aren't too earnest. I walk out slowly and present my hand. He smells it, then smells my neck and face. He nuzzles my crotch—yes, of course I've been leaking, I'm not a fucking saint—and I push him away. That's a little embarrassing. For a moment I think I understand how the blonde feels.

I check out the dog's tags. His name is Arthur. Good boy, Arthur. Maybe we'll name that thing of yours Excalibur.

Eh, maybe not. Too obvious.

For about 15 minutes I hang out with Arthur, building trust. I gather up the cameras and pack up my equipment. I take one last look around. The knee—, face—, and boobprints of that fantastic blonde are still visible, but the hot sun has dried out the sweaty mud. The snaky yellow puddle of dog cum is still obvious, though. That'll take longer to go away.

This whole thing went perfectly. I'm so excited I can barely think about what to do next. Buzzing thoughts of an acreage and a milking barn and dozens of tanned, naked, very fit women herded along bubble through my brain. No way. A ranch like that is impossible. Right?

As I head for my van, poor Arthur at my side, I mull over the immediate problem. My wife won't want another dog. We don't have room, and I wouldn't do that to Gunther, anyway. And I'm sure as hell not going to give Arthur to the pound. He's sweet as hell. So I decide to bring him back to the blonde, in real life, at her home. I chipped her, after all, so I can find her no matter where she lives. And she doesn't know me, anyway. She's never seen me. All she'll know is that some Good Samaritan is bringing her dog back to her.

I imagine myself at her door, ringing the bell, and her opening it, seeing me and Arthur. I wonder what her face will look like. I wonder if I'll learn her name.